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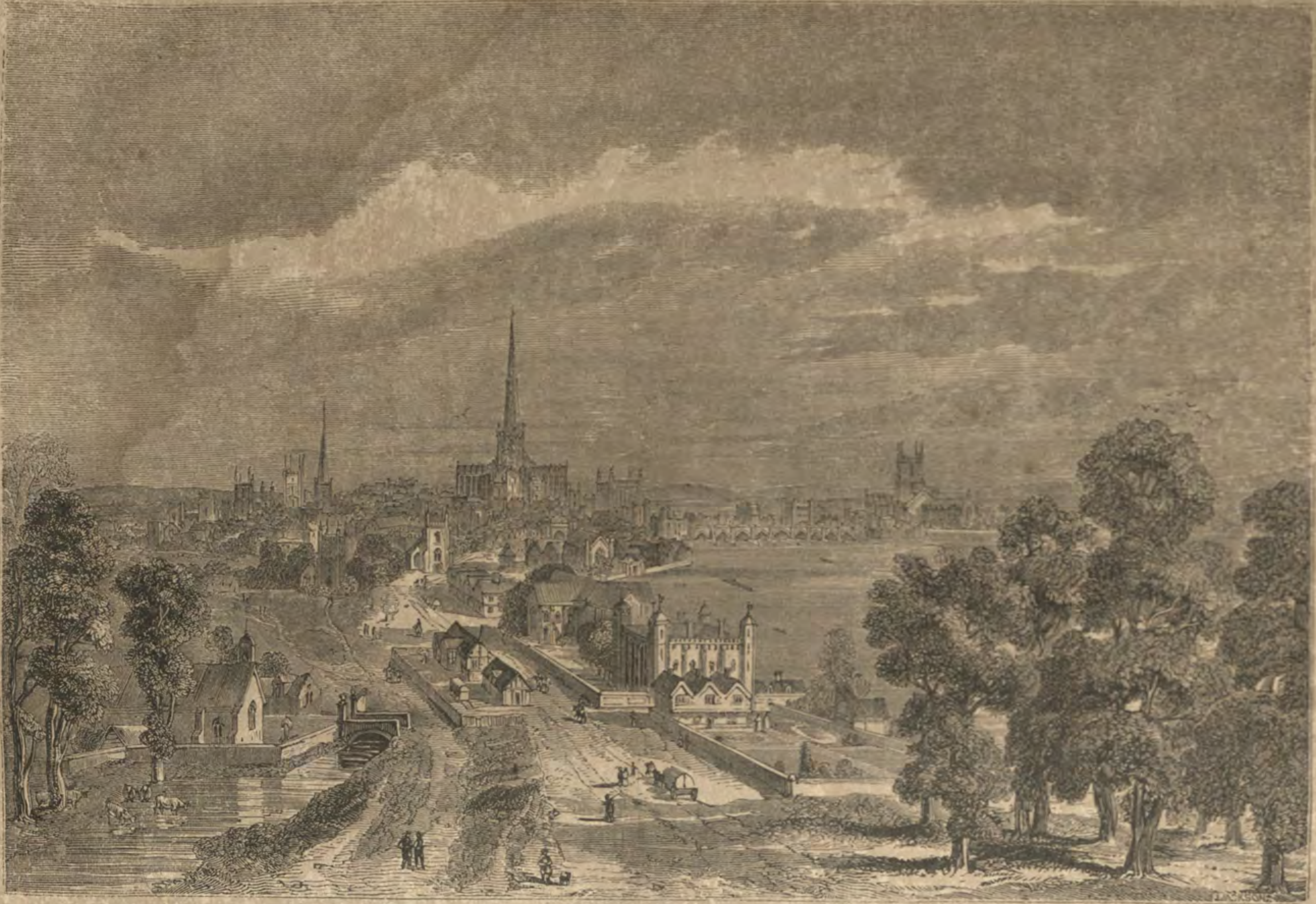

RESTORATION OF THE ANCIENT THOROUGHFARE FROM WESTMINSTER TO LONDON.

LONDON.

EDITED BY CHARLES KNIGHT.

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VOLUME I.

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⁂ In the Introduction, or rather Prospectus, of 'LONDON,' we have said—"If the encouragement of the public should enable this work to be carried forward to something like a general completeness, its miscellaneous character may be reduced into system by chronological and topographical Indexes." That encouragement has been bestowed; and the Editor ventures therefore to hope that the plan which he conceived of producing a new work on London, "wholly different from any which has preceded it," has been carried out in a manner which may enable him to look to its completion within moderate limits, when its "miscellaneous character" will appear not wholly without a plan. In the mean while, the following Analytical Table of Contents will be of some assistance to those readers who may desire to use the volume for reference.

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'I pray you, let us satisfy our eyes
With the memorials, and the things of fame,
That do renown this city.'

It was an afternoon walk for the stranger who thus desired to 'see the reliques' of some ancient Dalmatian town, whose Roman monuments covered a few acres. But London! in what time shall we visit her 'memorials,' so as to '*satisfy* our eyes?' What amount of labour does it require to become acquainted with her 'things of fame?' A week, or a month, may indeed enable us to *see* those 'reliques' which every one sees; but 'memorials' as true and as interesting lie perishing or hidden in dark corners; and there are 'things of fame' in the meanest alleys. Their chief value, however, consists in the associations which they suggest; and these do not always lie upon the surface. To comprehend *modern* London we must 'make a stand upon the ancient way, and then look about us;' to be properly interested in *ancient* London we must turn from our old Chroniclers, and Topographers, and Poets, and Memoir-writers, and look upon its living scenes, ever changing in their outward forms, but essentially the slow growth of a long antiquity.

We propose *in this spirit* to produce a new Work on London; and the principle which we have thus indicated of looking at the Present through the Past, and at the Past through the Present, requires that our Work shall be wholly different from any which has preceded it. It will neither be a 'Survey' of London, nor a 'History' of London. Its arrangement will neither be topographical nor chronological. It will not travel 'with tedious steps and slow' from Portsoken Ward to Westminster; nor begin at the beginning with King Lud, and end at the end with Queen Victoria. Nor will it, in point of fact, be ambitious of *any* classification. London, which Camden has called *totius Britanniæ epitome*, is too vast a thing to be analysed, and sorted, and labelled,—at least in a book which will endeavour to combine amusement with information. The greatest and the meanest features of such a city lie mingled together, in the same way that the mightiest and the minutest works of Nature are presented to the observing eye. That traveller is to our minds the most faithful, the most entertaining, and perhaps the most scientific, who, whilst he is measuring the height of an Alpine mountain, makes himself familiar with the habits of the little marmot that burrows in its crevices.

The plan of publication which we shall adopt will also, in some degree, determine the *miscellaneous* character of the proposed work. We shall publish a *Weekly* Sheet, devoted, for the most part, to some portion of the great total of London which shall be complete in itself. This subject must necessarily be of no abstract nature—no mere disquisition upon remote and lifeless matters—but something which *can be seen*, and thus copied for the reader's eye, or made more intelligible by the *graphic art*. OUR LONDON WILL BE PICTORIAL. The several artists of eminence who will be engaged upon this undertaking will labour upon a well-defined principle—*that of uniting to the imaginative power the strictest fidelity in every detail of Architecture and Costume.* In the same spirit will the writers work. The time is past when it was thought that what was accurate could not be amusing; and in the great subject before us, whether in its modern or its ancient aspects, the truest delineation will, unquestionably, be the most interesting.

Of the probable extent of this work the editor can at present form no very exact notion. It is the less necessary that he should do so, as every *number*, every *part*, and every *volume*, will be, as far as it goes, complete in itself. If the encouragement of the public should enable this work to be carried forward to something like a general completeness, its miscellaneous character may be reduced into system by chronological and topographical Indexes. But, as it proceeds, it will have all the charm of variety. For example:—A Memoir on the Maps of London for three centuries, showing the gradual spread of the great Babel, may fitly be in company with a picture of its locomotive facilities, through all the phases of Wherry, Sedan, Hackney Coach, Cabriolet, Omnibus, and Steam-Boat. We may linger about Smithfield, with its horse-races of the days of Henry II., its tournaments, its wagers of battle, its penances, its martyrdoms, its Bartholomew fairs, and its cattle-market, without feeling that any of its associations are incongruous or unworthy of description and reflection. The Cock-Lane Ghost is a matter of history as much as the records of that fatal Traitor's Gate of the Tower, over which might have been written the terrible words of Dante—

> 'All hope abandon, ye who enter here.'

The City Poet, with his tawdry Lord Mayor's state and doggrel verses, belongs to the social history of London as distinctly as the classical inventor of the Masques in which James and Charles delighted. The Christmas revels of the Lord of Misrule in the Temple, and the triumphant entry of Henry V. after the battle of Agincourt, have each had their historians, and they may each form episodes in our pages. Tempest drew from the life the Cries of London in the days of Anne, and they may be found in company with some account of Catnach's ballads in our day. The glorious picture-satires of Hogarth may tell us of a generation that is past, whilst the splendid caricatures of Gillray may slide into the generation that is present.

There are many aspects of Society in London which are not fit to be described; there are scenes, past and present, which are improper to be exhibited to the general eye. Those which a parent would not wish his child to look upon will never be delineated in this book. We shall not, however, from any false refinement, confine ourselves to what is the most agreeable. All reasoning beings should know that there is crime, and ignorance, and suffering, and sorrow, in such an immense city, as well as propriety, and elegance, and comfort, and pleasure.

But, by a careful attention to what we are and what we were—to our improvements, as well as to some things in which we begin to find out we have not improved—we may indirectly show how the condition of every Londoner is to be ameliorated; and how, by diminishing ignorance, we may diminish crime; and, by cultivating innocent pleasures, do something to drive out unlawful excitements.

We have a few observations to add. Such a work as we hope to produce may interest every English reader, whether he be a resident in London or in Australia. It treats of the largest city in the world,—whose inhabitants are in intercourse, commercial, political, or religious, with almost the whole human race,—which has been the scene of the most stirring events of history,—which has been a city of progress from its first foundation,—which has sent forth its literature through four centuries to the uttermost ends of the earth,—and which is full, therefore, not only of material monuments of the past, but of the more abiding memorials which exist in imperishable books. If the *Tabard* Inn at Southwark is now but a waggoner's yard, with its accompanying liquor-shop and tap-room, we have Chaucer's immortal picture of 'that hostelrie,' and its guests—

'Well nine-and-twenty in a compagnie
Of sundry folk;'—

and he will tell us

'The chambres and the stables weren wide.'

If *East Cheap* has lost all its ancient characteristics in the improvements of London Bridge, Lydgate will show us that *there*

'Pewter pots they clattered on a heap;
There was harp, pipe, and minstrelsy.'

If *Finsbury* and *Islington* are covered with interminable rows of houses, Ben Jonson shall call to mind 'the archers of Finsbury, or the citizens that come a-ducking to Islington ponds.' If *Spring Garden* be no longer green, Garrard, the gossiping correspondent of the great Lord Strafford, shall inform us of its 'Bowling,' its 'Ordinary of six shillings a-meal, continual bibbing and drinking wine all day long under the trees, and two or three quarrels every week.' If the *Devil Tavern*, with its Apollo Club, has perished, Squire Western's favourite song of 'Old Sir Simon the King' shall bring back the memory of Simon Wadloe, its landlord, with Jonson's verses over the door of the Apollo Room. If the *River Fleet* no longer runs across Holborn, Pope shall recall that polluted stream,—

'Than whom no sluice of mud
With deeper sable blots the silver flood.'

If the glories of White's, and Will's, and the Grecian, and the St. James's, have passed away, in the fall of Coffeehouses and the rise of Clubs,—if the stranger can no longer expect to walk without obstruction into a common room where wit is as current as tea and muffins, and a Dryden stands by the fire with a young Pope gazing upon him,—he may yet live in the social life of the days of Anne, and people the solitary Coffeehouses with imaginary Swifts, and Addisons, and Steeles. Such, and so various, are the literary 'memorials' of London; and these literary 'memorials' are, in truth, amongst her best antiquities. As a *city of progress*, her material remains of the past are comparatively few; but the mightiest of the earth—those who have made our language immortal and universal—have dwelt within her walls, and their records have outlived brick and stone.

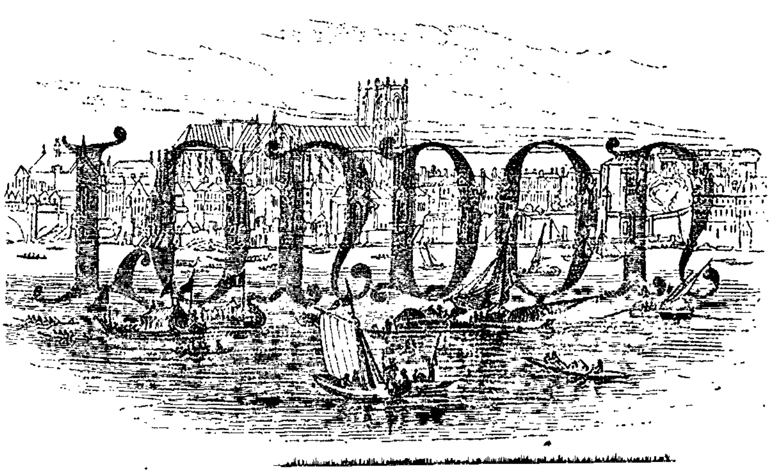
To one of observation, and reflection, and adequate knowledge, everything in London is *suggestive.* In her *external* features we read the history of her *past,* and the description of her *present social state.*

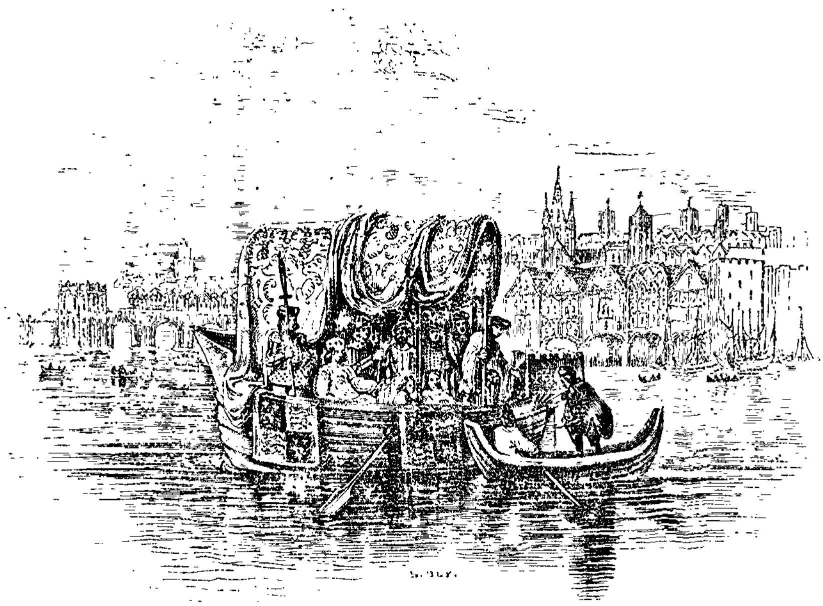
> 'The things of fame
> That do renown this city,'—

Churches, palaces, theatres, exhibitions, courts of justice, prisons, hospitals,—parks, squares, streets, bridges, wharfs, docks, warehouses, markets, shops, factories, inns,—pavements, sewers, gas-lights, water-pipes,—post-offices, railroads, steam-boats, public carriages—have each their tale of that mighty stirring of Humanity which in its aggregate is a spectacle of real sublimity unequalled in the world. It is the more sublime and the more wonderful that all this mass—with its manifold associations of Government, Municipal Arrangements, Police, Supply of Food, Population, Disease, Mortality, Industry, Wealth, Poverty, Crime, Religion, Charity, Education, Literature, Science, Arts, Amusements, Dress, Manners, Domestic Life—is ever-growing and ever-changing. While we are putting down the figures the facts are shifting. We shall not, therefore, trouble our readers with many figures. But the *great* aspects of London humanity are written in tolerably permanent characters, whether of the past or the present. It will be our duty sometimes to digest the abiding facts that are not likely to elude our vision or our grasp—sometimes to

> 'Catch ere she flies the Cynthia of the minute.'

If what is permanent, and what is fleeting, shall be found equally without attraction, the fault will be in ourselves and not in our subject. The interest of that subject we believe to be universal. The features of such a city, physical and moral, present and antiquarian, if truly and strikingly presented, are to be looked upon with interest and curiosity, by the stranger as well as the citizen who daily hears the sound of Bow-bell. London is not England, as Paris is said to be France; neither is she the head and England the body, as used to be set down; but she is so identified with the whole empire—she absorbs and returns again so much of the general prosperity—that what belongs to her belongs to all. To the *British* public, then, we offer, in confident hope of *their* support, *our*





[Richard II. and Gower.]

I.—THE SILENT HIGHWAY.

ONE of the most remarkable pictures of ancient manners which has been transmitted to us is that in which the poet Gower describes the circumstances under which he was commanded by King Richard II.

"To make a book after his hest."

The good old rhymer,—"the moral Gower," as Chaucer calls him,—who probably resided in Southwark, where his monument may yet be seen in the church of St. Mary Overies, had taken boat; and upon the broad river he met the king in his stately barge. It was an accidental meeting, he tells us. The monarch, who had come most probably from his palace of Westminster, where even thousands ministered, it is said, to his luxurious tastes, espied the familiar face of the minstrel, and stopped him upon that great highway of London, which was an open road for the meanest as for the highest. He called him on board his own vessel, and desired him to book "some new thing." This was the origin of the '*Confessio Amantis.*' But the poet shall record the story in his own simple words:—

"As it befel upon a tide,
As thing which should then betide,
Under the townė of New Troy,
Which took of Brute his firstė joy;

In Thames, when it was flowing,
As I by boaté came rowing,
So as fortune her time set,
My liege lord perchance I met,
And so befel, as I came nigh,
Out of my boat, when he me sygh,*
He bade me come into his barge:
And when I was with him at large,
Among other thingés said
He hath this charge upon me laid,
And bade me do my business,
That to his high worthiness
Some new thingé I should book,
That he himself it might look,
After the form of my writing.
And thus upon his commanding,
Mine hearté is well the more glad
To writé so as he me bade."

Nothing can be more picturesque than this description, and nothing can more forcibly carry us into the very heart of the past. With the exception of some of the oldest portions of the Tower of London, there is scarcely a brick or a stone left standing that may present to us a memorial of "the king's chamber"† of four hundred and fifty years ago. There, indeed, is the river, still flowing and still ebbing,—the most ancient thing we can look upon,—which made London what it was and what it is. Nearly all that then adorned its banks has perished; and many of the stirring histories of the busy life that moved upon its waters have become to us as obscure as the legend of "New Troy." But the poet calls upon our imagination to fill up the void.

One of the most ancient pictorial representations of London which exists is of a date some fifty years later than the poem we have quoted. It is found in a manuscript preserved in the British Museum, and represents the captivity of the Duke of Orleans in the Tower. The manuscript itself, which consists of the poems of the royal captive, was probably copied in the time of Henry VI.; but the illumination purports to represent the London of an earlier date, with its bridge, its lofty-spired cathedral, its numerous churches, its gabled houses. Under these walls we may imagine the poet and his patron to have glided, amidst crowded wherries, and attendant barges, and the merry sounds of song and clarion, and the shouts of the people. Often had the "imaginative" king so passed between his palace of Westminster and his Tower of London. But the state was to end in misery, and degradation, and a solitary and mysterious death.

The 'Prologue' of Gower, in the true spirit of the romantic times, tells us of the town which was founded by the Trojan Brute. Here was the fable which the middle-age minstrels rejoiced in, and which History has borrowed from Poetry without any compromise of her propriety. The origin of nations must be fabulous; and if we would penetrate into the dark past we must be satisfied with the torch-light which fable presents to us. We commend, therefore, the belief of the good citizens of London, who, in the time of Henry VI., sent the king a copy of an ancient tract, which says of London, "According to the credit of chronicles it is considerably older than Rome; and that it was, by the same Trojan author, built by Brute, after the likeness of great Troy, before that built by Romulus and Remus. Whence to this day it useth and enjoyeth the ancient city Troy's liberties, rights, and customs."* This is dealing with a legend in a business-like manner, worthy of grave aldermen and sheriffs. Between Brute and Richard II. there is a long interval; and the chroniclers have filled it up with many pleasant stories, and the antiquarians have embellished it with many ingenious theories. We must leap over all these. One ancient writer, however, who speaks from his own knowledge,—William Fitz-Stephen, who died in 1191,—has left us a record in his 'Description of London,' which will take us back a few hundred years further. The original is in Latin. "The wall of the city is high and great, continued with seven gates, which are made double, and on the north distinguished with turrets by spaces: likewise on the south London hath been enclosed with walls and towers, but the large river of Thames, well stored with fish, and in which the tide ebbs and flows, by continuance of time hath washed, worn away, and cast down those walls." Here, then, six hundred and fifty years ago, we find the river-bank of London in the same state as described by Sir Thomas More in his imaginary capital of Amaurote:—"The city is compassed about with a high and thick stone wall, full of turrets and bulwarks. A dry ditch, but deep and broad, and overgrown with bushes, briers, and thorns, goeth about three sides or quarters of the city. To the fourth side the river itself serveth as a ditch."† The Saxon chronicle tells us that in the year 1052 Earl Godwin, with his navy, passed along the southern side of the river, and so assailed the walls. A hundred and fifty years after, in the time of Fitz-Stephen, the walls were gone. About the same period arose the stone bridge of London; but that has perished before the eyes of our own generation.

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* Saw.

† *Camera Regia;* which title, immediately after the Norman Conquest, London began to have.—CAMDEN.

There is another passage in Fitz-Stephen which takes us, as do most of his descriptions, into the every-day life of the ancient Londoners—their schools, their feasting, and their sports:—

"In Easter holidays they fight battles on the water. A shield is hanged on a pole, fixed in the midst of the stream; a boat is prepared without oars, to be carried by violence of the water, and in the forepart thereof standeth a young man, ready to give charge upon the shield with his lance. If so be he break his lance against the shield and doth not fall, he is thought to have performed a worthy deed. If so be, without breaking his lance, he runneth strongly against the shield, down he falleth into the water, for the boat is violently forced with the tide; but on each side of the shield ride two boats, furnished with two young men, which recover him that falleth as soon as they may. Upon the bridge, wharfs, and houses by the river-side,‡ stand great numbers to see and laugh thereat."

The sport, which may be still seen amongst the watermen of the Seine, and of the Rhine, was the delight of the bold youth of London in the days of Henry II. Fitz-Stephen tells us of this amongst the sports of the people generally; and the circumstance shows that they were accustomed to exercise themselves upon their noble river. Four centuries afterwards Stow saw a somewhat similar game:—"I have seen also in the summer season, upon the river of Thames, some rowed in wherries, with staves in their hands, flat at the fore-end, running one against another, and, for the most part, one or both of them were overthrown and well ducked." Of the antiquity of these customs we have evidence in two drawings of a beautiful illuminated 'History of the Old Testament,' &c., of the fourteenth century, in the British Museum. Howel says, "There was in former times a sport used upon the Thames, which is *now discontinued:* it was for two wherries to row, and run one against the other, with staves in their hands, flat at the fore-end; which kind of recreation is much practised amongst the gondolas of Venice."*

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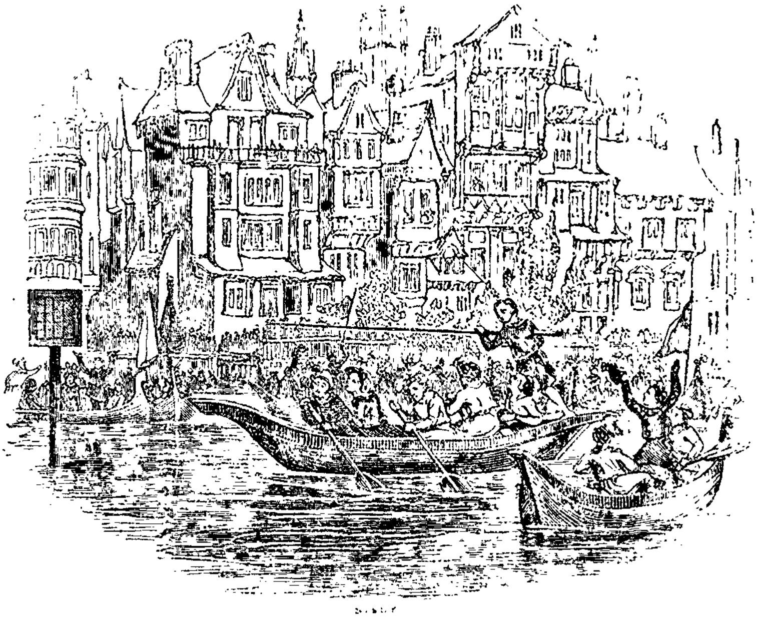
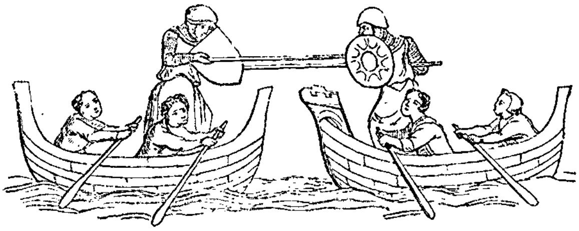
* Stow, book i.

† Utopia, b. ii. c. ii.

‡ We give the translation of Stow, but he appears here to have taken a little licence with the original:—"*Supra pontem et in solariis supra fluvium.*"



[Water Quintain.]



[Water Tournaments.]

From the time of Fitz-Stephen to that of Gower we may readily conceive that the water-communication between one part of London and another, and between

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* Londinopolis: 1657.

London and Westminster, was constantly increasing. A portion of London Bridge was moveable, which enabled vessels of burden to pass up the river to unload at Queenhithe and other wharfs. Stairs (called bridges) and Water-gates studded the shores of both cities. Palaces arose, such as the Savoy, where the powerful nobles kept almost regal state. The Courts of Law were fixed at Westminster; and thither the citizens and strangers from the country daily resorted, preferring the easy highway of the Thames to the almost impassable road that led from Westminster to the village of Charing, and onward to London. John Lydgate, who wrote in the time of Henry V., has left us a very curious poem, which we shall often have occasion to refer to, entitled 'London Lyckpeny.' He gives us a picture of his coming to London to obtain legal redress of some grievance, but without money to pursue his suit. Upon quitting Westminster Hall, he says,

"Then to Westminster *Gate* I presently went."

This is undoubtedly the Water-gate; and, without describing anything beyond the cooks, whom he found busy with their bread and beef at the gate, "when the sun was at high prime," he adds,

"Then unto *London* I did me hie."

By water he no doubt went, for through Charing he would have made a day's journey. Wanting money, he has no choice but to return to the country; and having to go "into Kent," he applies to the watermen at Billingsgate:—

"Then hied I me to Billingsgate,
And one cried *hoo*—go we hence:
I pray'd a bargeman, for God's sake,
That he would spare me my expense.
Thou scap'st not here, quoth he, under two pence."

We have a corroboration of the accuracy of this picture in Lambarde's 'Perambulation of Kent.' The old topographer informs us that in the time of Richard II. the inhabitants of Milton and Gravesend agreed to carry in their boats, from London to Gravesend, a passenger, with his truss or farthell, for two-pence.

The poor Kentish suitor, without two-pence in his pocket to pay the Gravesend bargemen, takes his solitary way on foot homeward. The *gate* where he was welcomed with the cry of *hoo*—ho, ahoy—was the great landing-place of the coasting-vessels; and the king here anciently took his toll upon imports and exports. The Kentishman comes to Billingsgate from Cornhill; but it was not an uncommon thing for boats, even in those times, to accomplish the feat of passing through the fall occasioned by the narrowness of the arches of London Bridge; and the loss of life in these adventures was not an unfrequent occurrence. Gifford, in a note upon a passage in Ben Jonson's 'Staple of News,' says somewhat pettishly of the old bridge, "had an alderman or a turtle been lost there, the nuisance would have been long since removed." A greater man than an alderman—John Mowbray, the second Duke of Norfolk—nearly perished there in 1428. This companion of the glories of Henry V. took his barge at St. Mary Overies, with many a gentleman, squire, and yeoman, "and prepared to pass through London Brigg. Whereof the foresaid barge, through misgovernment of steering, fell upon the piles and overwhelmed. The which was cause of spilling many a gentle man, and other; the more ruth was! But as God would, the Duke himself, and two or three other gentle men, seeing that mischief, leaped up on the piles, and so were saved through help of them that were above the brigg, with casting down of ropes."* But there were landing-places in abundance between Westminster and London Bridge, so that a danger such as this was not necessary to be incurred. When the unfortunate Eleanor Cobham, Duchess of Gloucester, was condemned to do penance in London, in three open places, on three several days, she was brought by water from Westminster; and on the 13th November, 1440, was put on shore at the Temple bridge; on the 15th, at the Old Swan; and, on the 17th, at Queenhithe. Here, exactly four centuries ago, we have the same stairs described by the same names as we find at the present day. The Old Swan (close to London Bridge) was the *Old* Swan in the time of Henry VI., as it continued to be in the time of Elizabeth. If we turn to the earliest maps of London we find, in the same way, Broken Wharf, and Paul's Wharf, and Essex Stairs, and Whitehall Stairs. The abiding-places of the watermen appear to have been as unchanging as their thoroughfare—the same river ever gliding, and the same inlets from that broad and cheerful highway to the narrow and gloomy streets.

The watermen of London, like every other class of the people, were once musical; and their "oars kept time" to many a harmony, which, if not so poetical as the song of the gondoliers, was full of the heart of merry England. The old city chronicler, Fabyan, tells us that John Norman, Mayor of London (he held this dignity in 1454), was "the first of all mayors who brake that ancient and old-continued custom of *riding* to Westminster upon the morrow of Simon and Jude's day." John Norman "*was rowed thither by water*, for the which the watermen made of him a roundel, or song, to his great praise, the which began,

'Row the boat, Norman, row to thy leman.'"

The watermen's ancient chorus, as we collect from old ballads, was

"Heave and how, rumbelow;"

and their burden was still the same in the time of Henry VIII., not forgetting, "Row the boat, Norman."† Well might the first mayor who carried the pomp of the city to the great Thames, and made

"The barge *he* sat in, like a burnish'd throne,
Burn on the water,"

deserve the praises of watermen in all time! We could willingly spare many more intrinsically valuable things than the city water-pageant; for it takes us even now into the old forms of life; and if it shows us more than all other pageants something of the perishableness of power and dignity, it has a fine, antique grandeur about it, and tells us that London, and what belongs to London, are not of yesterday.

We every now and then turn up in the old Chronicles, and Memoirs, and Letters that have been rescued from mice and mildew, some graphic description of the use of the river as the common highway of London. These old writers were noble hands at scene-painting. What a picture Hall gives us of the populousness of the Thames!—the perfect contrast to Wordsworth's

"The river glideth at his own sweet will"—

in the story which he tells us of the Archbishop of York, after leaving the widow of Edward IV. in the sanctuary of Westminster, sitting "alone below on the rushes, all desolate and dismayed," returning home to York Place in the dawning of the day; "and when he opened his windows and looked on the Thames, he might see the river full of boats of the Duke of Gloucester his servants, watching that no person should go to sanctuary, nor none should pass unsearched." Cavendish, in his 'Life of Wolsey,' furnishes as graphic a description of the great Cardinal hurrying to and fro on the highway of the Thames, between his imperious master and the injured Katharine, when Henry had become impatient of the tedious conferences of the Court at Blackfriars sitting on the question of his divorce, and desired to throw down with the strong hand the barriers that kept him from the Lady Anne:—"Thus this court passed from session to session, and day to day, in so much that a certain day the king sent for my lord at the breaking up one day of the court to come to him into Bridewell. And to accomplish his commandment he went unto him, and being there with him in communication in his grace's privy chamber from eleven until twelve of the clock and past at noon, my lord came out and departed from the king, and took his barge at the Black Friars, and so went to his house at Westminster. The Bishop of Carlisle, being with him in his barge, said unto him, (wiping the sweat from his face,) 'Sir,' quoth he, 'it is a very hot day.' 'Yea,' quoth my Lord Cardinal, 'if ye had been as well chafed as I have been within this hour, ye would say it were very hot.'" Between Westminster and the Tower, and the Tower and Greenwich, the Thames was especially the royal road. When Henry VII. willed the coronation of his Queen Elizabeth, she came from Greenwich attended by "barges freshly furnished with banners and streamers of silk." When Henry VIII. avowed his marriage with Anne Boleyn, she was brought by "all the crafts of London" from Greenwich to the Tower, "trumpets, shawms, and other divers instruments, all the way playing and making great melody." The river was not only the festival highway, but the more convenient one, for kings as well as subjects. Hall tells us, "This year (1536), in December, was the Thames of London all frozen over, *wherefore* the king's majesty, with his beautiful spouse Queen Jane, rode throughout the city of London to Greenwich." The interesting volume of the 'Privy Purse Expenses of Henry VIII.' contains item upon item of sums paid to watermen for waiting with barge and boat. The barge was evidently always in attendance upon the king; and the great boat was ever busy, moving household stuff and servants from Westminster to Greenwich or to Richmond. In 1531 we have a curious evidence of the king being deep in his polemical studies, in a record of payment "to John, the king's bargeman, for coming twice from Greenwich to York Place with a great boat with books for the king." We see the "great Eliza" on the Thames, in all her pomp, as Raleigh saw her out of his prison-window in the Tower, in 1592, as described in a letter from Arthur Gorges to Cecil:—"Upon a report of her majesty's being at Sir George Carew's, Sir W. Raleigh, having gazed and sighed a long time at his study-window, from whence he might discern the barges and boats about the Blackfriars stairs, suddenly he brake out into a great distemper, and sware that his enemies had on purpose brought her majesty thither to break his gall in sunder with Tantalus' torment, that when she went away he might see death before his eyes; with many such-like conceits. And, as a man transported with passion, he swore to Sir George Carew that he would disguise himself, and get into a pair of oars to ease his mind with but a sight of the queen." In the time of Elizabeth and the First James, and onward to very recent days, the North bank of the Thames was studded with the palaces of the nobles; and each palace had its landing-place, and its private retinue of barges and wherries; and many a freight of the brave and beautiful has been borne, amidst song and merriment, from house to house, to join the masque and the dance; and many a wily statesman, muffled in his cloak, has glided along unseen in his boat to some dark conference with his ambitious neighbour. Nothing could then have been more picturesque than the Strand, with its broad gardens, and lofty trees, and embattled turrets and pinnacles. Upon the river itself, busy as it was, fleets of swans were ever sailing; and they ventured unmolested into that channel which is now narrowed by vessels from every region. Paulus Jovius, who died in 1552, describing the Thames, says, "This river abounds in swans, swimming in flocks; the sight of whom, and their noise, are vastly agreeable to the fleets that meet them in their course." Shakspere must have seen this sight, when he made York compare the struggle of his followers at the battle of Wakefield to a swan encountering a tidal stream:—

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* Harl. MS., No. 565, quoted in 'Chronicles of London Bridge.'

† Skelton.

> "As I have seen a swan,
> With bootless labour swim against the tide,
> And spend her strength with over-matching waves."*

But there were those, during three centuries, to whom the beauties of the silent highway could have offered no pleasure. The Thames was the road by which the victim of despotism came from the Tower to Westminster Hall, in most cases to return to his barge with the edge of the axe towards his face. One example is enough to suggest many painful recollections. When the Duke of Buckingham was conducted from his trial to the barge, "Sir Thomas Lovel desired him to sit on the cushions and carpet ordained for him. He said, 'Nay; for when I went to Westminster I was Duke of Buckingham; now I am but Edward Bohun, the most caitiff of the world.' "† But these exhibitions, frequent as they were, occupied little of the thoughts of those who were moving upon the Thames, in hundreds of boats, intent upon business or amusement. In the beginning of the seventeenth century the river was at the height of its glory as the great thoroughfare of London. Howel maintains that the river of Thames hath not her fellow, "if regard be had to those forests of masts which are perpetually upon her; the variety of smaller wooden bottoms playing up and down; the stately palaces that are built upon both sides of her banks so thick; which made divers foreign ambassadors affirm that the most glorious sight in the world, take water and land together, was to come upon a high tide from Gravesend, and shoot the bridge to Westminster."‡ Of the "smaller wooden bottoms," Stow computes that there were in his time as many as two thousand; and he makes the very extraordinary statement, that there were forty thousand watermen upon the rolls of the company, and that they could furnish twenty thousand men for the fleet. The private watermen of the court and of the nobility were doubtless included in this large number. It is evident, from the representations of a royal procession in the early times of James I., that, even on common occasions, the sovereign moved upon the Thames with regal pomp, surrounded with many boats of guards and musicians:—

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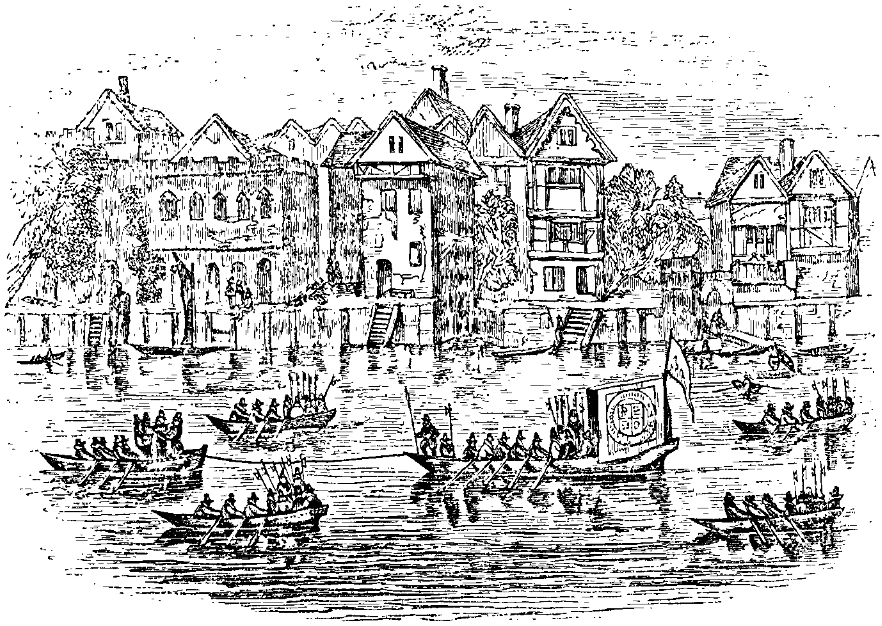
* *Henry VI., part III.*

† *Hall.*

‡ *Londinopolis, p. 403.*



[Procession of James I. on the Thames.]

The Inns of Court, too, filled as they were not only with the great practitioners of the law, but with thousands of wealthy students, gave ample employment to the watermen. Upon the marriage of the Princess Elizabeth to the Palatine, in 1613, the gentlemen of the Inner Temple and Gray's Inn presented a sumptuous masque at court. "These maskers, with their whole train in all triumphant manner and good order, took barge at Winchester Stairs, about seven of the clock that night, and rowed to Whitehall against the tide: the chief maskers went in the king's barge royally adorned, and plenteously furnished with a great number of great wax lights, that they alone made a glorious show: other gentlemen went in the prince's barge, and certain other went in other fair barges, and were led by two admirals: besides all these, they had four lusty warlike galleys to convoy and attend them; each barge and galley, being replenished with store of torchlights, made so rare and brave a show upon the water, as the like was never seen upon the Thames."* When Charles was created Prince of Wales, in 1616, he came from Barn Elms to Whitehall in great aquatic state. In 1625, when Henrietta Maria arrived in London (June 16), "the king and queen in the royal barge, with many other barges of honour and thousands of boats, passed through London Bridge to Whitehall; infinite numbers, besides these, in wherries, standing in houses, ships, lighters, western barges, and on each side of the shore."† What a contrast does this splendour and rejoicing present to the scene which a few years disclosed!—"The barge-windows," (says Mr. Mead, the writer of this letter,) "notwithstanding the vehement shower, were open: and all the people shouting amain. She put out her hand, and shaked it unto them." The Whitehall, to which the daughter of Henri Quatre was thus conveyed, had another tale to tell in some twenty-three years; and the long tragedy of the fated race of the Stuarts almost reaches its catastrophe, when, in a cold winter night of 1688, the wife of James II. takes a common boat at Whitehall to fly with her child to some place of safety; and when in a few weeks later the fated king steps into a barge, surrounded by Dutch guards, amidst the triumph of his enemies, and the pity even of those good men who blamed his obstinacy and rashness: "I saw him take barge," says Evelyn,—"a sad sight." But let us turn from political changes to those more enduring revolutions which changes of manners produce.

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* Howes' Continuation of Stow's Annals, p. 1007.

† Ellis's Letters, vol. iii. p. 196.

We have before us a goodly folio volume of some six or seven hundred pages, closely printed, and containing about seventy thousand lines, for the most part of heroic verse, entitled "All the Works of John Taylor, the Water-Poet, being sixty and three in number, collected into one volume by the Author."[*] John Taylor, who made this collection of his tracts in 1630, was literally a Thames waterman, working daily for his bread. He says,

"I have a trade, much like an alchemist,
That oft-times by *extraction, if I list,*
With sweating labour at a *wooden oar*
I'll get the *coin'd, refined, silver ore;*
Which I count better than *the sharping tricks*
Of cozening tradesmen, *or rich politicks,*
Or any proud fool, ne'er so proud or wise,
That does my needful honest trade despise."[†]

The waterman's verses are not so ambitious as those of the Venetian gondolier, Antonio Bianchi, who wrote an epic poem in twelve cantos; but they possess a great deal of rough vigour, and altogether open to us very curious views of London manners in the early part of the seventeenth century. Taylor is never ashamed of his trade; and he cannot endure it to be supposed that his waterman's vocation is incompatible with the sturdiest assertion of his rights to the poetical dignity:—

"It chanc'd one evening, on a reedy bank,
The Muses sat together in a rank;
Whilst in my boat I did by water wander,
Repeating lines of Hero and Leander:
The triple three took great delight in that;
Call'd me ashore, and caus'd me sit and chat,
And in the end, when all our talk was done,
They gave to me a draught of Helicon,
Which proved to me a blessing and a curse,
To fill my pate with verse, and empt my purse."[‡]

In one of his controversies—for he generally had some stiff quarrel on hand with witlings who looked down upon him—he says, addressing William Fennor, "the king's rhyming poet,"

"Thou say'st that Poetry descended is
From Poverty: thou tak'st thy mark amiss.
In spite of weal or woe, or want of pelf,
It is a kingdom of content itself."

Such a spirit would go far to make a writer whose works would be worth looking at two centuries after the praise or abuse of his contemporaries was forgotten; and so homely John Taylor, amongst the race of satirists and manner-painters, is not to be despised. "The gentleman-like sculler at the Hope on the Bankside" (as he makes Fennor call him) lived in a poetical atmosphere. He probably had the good fortune to ferry Shakspere from Whitehall to Paris Garden; he boasts of his acquaintance with Ben Jonson; and the cause of his great quarrel with Fennor is thus set forth: "Be it known unto all men, that I, John Taylor, waterman, did agree with William Fennor (who arrogantly and falsely entitles himself the King's Majesty's Rhyming Poet) to answer me at a trial of wit, on the 7th of October last, 1614, at the Hope Stage on the Bank-side; . . . . . . and when the day came that the play should have been performed, the house being filled with a great audience who had all spent their money extraordinarily, then this companion for an ass ran away and left me for a fool, amongst thousands of critical censurers." Taylor had taken his waterman's position in a spot where there was a thriving trade. The Bankside was the landing-place to which the inhabitants of Westminster, and of the Strand, and of London west of Paul's, would daily throng in the days of the Drama's glory; when the Globe could boast of the highest of the land amongst its visitors; when Essex and Southampton, out of favour at court, repaired thither to listen, unsatiated, to the lessons of the great master of philosophy; when crowds of earnest people, not intent only upon amusement, went there to study their country's history, or learn the "humanities" in a school where the poet could dare to proclaim universal truths in an age of individual dissimulation; and when even the idle profligate might for a moment forget his habits of self-indulgence, and be roused into sympathy with his fellows, by the art which then triumphed, and still triumphs, over all competition. Other places of amusement were on the Bankside—the Paris

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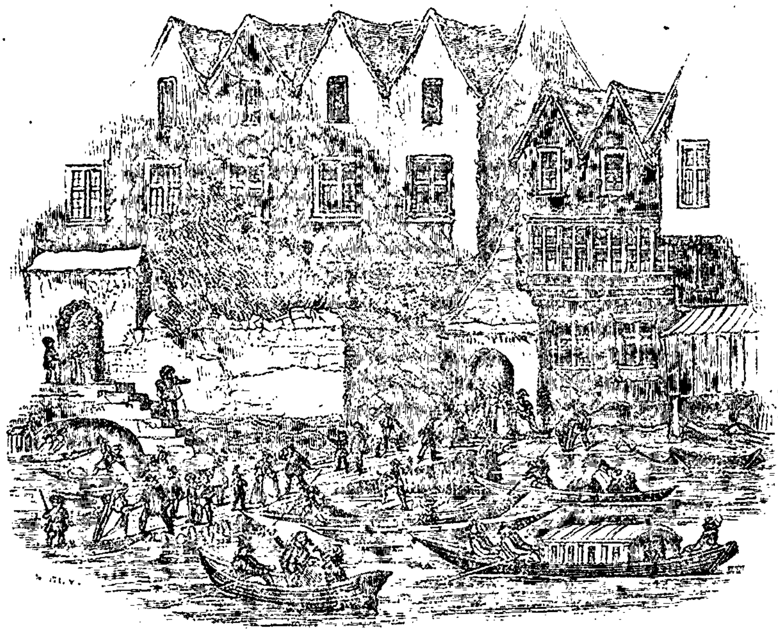
[*] Taylor, after the publication of this volume, printed about fifty more tracts, in prose and verse.

[†] Taylor's Motto, p. 50.

[‡] Ibid., p. 55.



[Palace Yard Stairs, 1641.]

Garden, the Rose, and the Hope playhouses; and in earlier times, and even when the drama had reached its highest point of popular attraction, on the same spot were the "Bear-houses"—places of resort not only for the rude multitude, but to which Elizabeth carried the French ambassador to exhibit the courage of English bull-dogs. Imagine Southwark, the peculiar ground of summer theatres and *circi*, with no bridge but that of London, and we may easily understand that John Taylor sang the praises of the river with his whole heart:—

> " But noble Thames, whilst I can hold a pen,
> I will divulge thy glory unto men:
> Thou in the morning, when my coin is scant,
> Before the evening doth supply my want."*

But the empire of the watermen was destined to be invaded; and its enemies approached to its conquest, after the Tartarian fashion, with mighty chariots crowded with multitudes. Taylor was not slow to complain of this change. In his 'Thief,' published in 1622, he tells us that,

> " When Queen Elizabeth came to the crown,
> A coach in England then was scarcely known;"

and he adds, "'tis not fit" that

> " Fulsome madams, and new scurvy squires,
> Should jolt the streets at pomp, at their desires,
> Like great triumphant Tamburlaines, each day,
> Drawn with the pamper'd jades of Belgia,
> That almost all the streets are chok'd outright,
> Where men can hardly pass, from morn till night,
> Whilst watermen want work."

In a prose tract, published in the following year, Taylor goes forth to the attack upon "coaches" with great vehemence, but with a conviction that his warfare will not be successful: "I do not inveigh against any coaches that belong to persons of worth or quality, but only against the caterpillar swarm of hirelings. *They have undone my poor trade,* whereof I am a member; and though I look for no reformation, yet I expect the benefit of an old proverb, 'Give the losers leave to speak.' "† He maintains that "this infernal swarm of trade-spillers (coaches) have so overrun the land that we can get no living upon the water; for I dare truly affirm that every day in any term, especially if the court be at Whitehall, they do rob us of our livings, and carry five hundred sixty fares daily from us." This is a very exact computation, formed perhaps upon personal enumeration of the number of hired coaches passing to Westminster. He naturally enough contrasts the quiet of his own highway with the turmoil of the land-thoroughfare: "I pray you look into the streets, and the chambers or lodgings in Fleet Street or the Strand, how they are pestered with them (coaches), especially after a mask or a play at the court, where even the very earth quakes and trembles, the casements shatter, tatter, and clatter, and such a confused noise is made, so that a man can neither sleep, speak, hear, write, or eat his dinner or supper quiet for them." The history of this innovation we shall have to recount in a future paper. The irruption of coaches must have been as fearful a calamity to John Taylor and his fraternity in those days, as the establishment of railroads has been to postmasters and postboys in our own. These transitions diminish something of the pleasure with which we must ever contemplate a state of progress; but the evil is temporary and the good is permanent, and when we look back upon the past we learn to estimate the evil and the good upon broad principles. Half-a-century hence, a London without railroads, that inns and stages might be maintained, would appear as ludicrous a notion as that of a London without carriages, that John Taylor might row his wherry in prosperity, gladdened every day by the smiles of ladies, "whose ancient lodgings were near St. Katharine's, the Bankside, Lambeth Marsh, Westminster, Whitefryars, Coleharbor, or any other place near the Thames, who were wont to take a boat and air themselves upon the water,"—and not have to complain that "every Gill Turntripe, Mistress Fumkins, Madam Polecat, and my Lady Trash, Froth the Tapster, Bill the Tailor, Lavender the Broker, Whiff the Tobacco-seller, with their companion trugs, must be coach'd to Saint Alban's, Burntwood, Hockley-in-the-hole, Croydon, Windsor, Uxbridge, and many other places."* Peace be to honest John Taylor. He was the prince of scullers; for he rowed in a wherry "that had endured near four years' pilgrimage," from London to York, on one occasion; made what he calls "a discovery by sea from London to Salisbury," on another voyage; and passed, "in a sculler's boat," from London to Hereford, on a third adventure. He never bated "one jot of heart or hope," and yet the coaches, and other evil accidents, drove him from his waterman's trade, and he finished his eccentric career as a victualler at Oxford, writing against sectaries and schismatics, and filling bumpers to prerogative, on to a good old age.

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* Praise of Hemp-seed.

† The World runs on Wheels.

The revolutions of half-a-century made wonderful changes in the aspect of the Thames. The Restoration found the famous old theatres swept away, and the ancient mansions towards the east invaded by the traders. Wharfs took the place of trim gardens; and if the nobleman still kept his state-boat, the dirty coal-barge was anchored by its side. D'Avenant has given a description of this state of things, which he puts into the mouth of a Frenchman:—

"You would think me a malicious traveller if I should still gaze on your misshapen streets and take no notice of the beauty of your river; therefore I will pass the importunate noise of your watermen (who snatch at fares as if they were to catch prisoners, plying the gentry so uncivilly, as if they never had rowed any other passengers but bear-wards), and now step into one of your peascod-boats, whose tilts are not so sumptuous as the roofs of *gondolas*, nor, when you are within, are you at the ease of *chaise à bras*. The commodity and trade of your river belongs to yourselves; but give a stranger leave to share in the pleasure of it, which will hardly be in the prospect or freedom of air; unless prospect, consisting of variety, be made up with here a palace, there a wood-yard, here a garden, there a brewhouse; here dwells a lord, there a dyer, and between both *duomo comune*. If freedom of air be inferred in the liberty of the subject, where every private man hath authority, for his own profit, to smoke up a magistrate, then the air of your Thames is open enough, because 'tis equally free."†

It is easy to perceive that during the progress of these changes—all indicating the advance of the middle classes, and the general extension of public accommodation and individual comfort—the river was every day becoming less and less a general highway for passengers. The streets from Westminster to St. Paul's were paved, after a fashion; the foot-passenger could make his way, though with some danger and difficulty; and the coach, though sometimes stuck in a hole, and sometimes rudely jostled by the brewer's cart, *did* progress through the Strand and Holborn. But the time was approaching when the great capital would find out that one bridge was somewhat insufficient, and that ferries and wherries were uncertain and inconvenient modes of passage from one shore to another. Westminster Bridge was finished about 1750. In sixty or seventy years later, London could number six bridges, the noblest structures of the modern world. Alas, for the watermen! They were a cheerful race, and Dogget did a wise thing when he endowed the river with his annual coat and badge. But they have gradually dwindled—and where are they now? They are not even wanted for the small commerce of the Thames. Steam-vessels bring every possible variety of lading up the river, where formerly the little hoys had their share of a coasting-trade; and the market-cart has entirely appropriated to itself the vegetable burthens of Covent-garden. Steele has given us a lively description of a boat-trip from Richmond in an early summer-morning, when he "fell in with a fleet of gardeners." . . . . . "Nothing remarkable happened in our voyage; but I landed with ten sail of apricock-boats at Strand bridge, after having put in at Nine Elms, and taken in melons."* Things are changed.

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* The World runs on Wheels, Works, p. 238.

† Entertainment at Rutland House, D'Avenant's Works, 1673, p. 352.

Howel, amongst his enumeration of the attractions of the city, says, "What variety of bowling-alleys there are!" And when the idler was tired of this sport, and would turn his back even upon shuffle-board and cock-fighting, he had nothing to do but to step down to Queenhithe or the Temple, and have an afternoon of such recreation as can now only be found at a distance of five miles from London Bridge. "Go to the river," continues Howel; "what a pleasure it is to go thereon in the summer-time, in boat or barge! or to go a floundering among the fishermen!" Imagine a waterman, in these our days of his decay, tired of waiting for a fare at Westminster, strike out into the mid-stream with his draw-net! What a hooting would there be from Blackwall to Chelsea! Or conceive an angler, stuck under one of the piers of Waterloo Bridge, patiently expecting to be rewarded with a salmon, or at least a barbel. Yet such things were a century ago. There are minute regulations of the "Company of Free Fishermen" to be observed in the western parts of the Thames, which clearly show that the preservation of the fish, even in the highway between London and Westminster, was a matter of importance; and very stringent, therefore, are the restrictions against using eel-spears, and wheels, and "angle-rods with more than two hooks."† There is a distinct provision that fishermen were not to come nearer London Bridge than the Old Swan on the north bank, and St. Mary Overies on the south. Especially was enactment made that no person should "bend over any net, during the time of flood, whereby both *salmons*, and other kind of fish, may be hindered from swimming upwards." Woe for the anglers! The salmons and the swans have both quitted the bills of mortality; and they are gone where there are clear runnels, and pebbly bottoms, and quiet nooks under shadowing osiers, and where the water-lily spreads its broad leaf and its snowy flower, and the sewer empties not itself to pollute every tide, and the never-ceasing din of human life is heard not, and the paddle of the steam-boat dashes no wave upon the shore.

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* Spectator, No. 404.

† *Stow's London*, book v.

We have seen a Frenchman's description of our Thames as a highway; and it may be well to look at the same author's picture, in the character of an Englishman, of the Seine, and its conveyances:—

"I find your boats much after the pleasant shape of those at common ferries; where your *bastelier* is not so turbulently active as our watermen, but rather (his fare being two brass *liards*) stands as sullen as an old Dutch skipper after shipwreck, and will have me attend till the rest of the herd make up his freight; passing in droves like cattle; embroidered and perfumed, with carters and *crocheteurs;* all standing during the voyage, as if we were ready to land as soon as we put from the shore; and with his long pole gives us a tedious waft, as if he were all the while poching for eels. We neither descend by stairs when we come in, nor ascend when we go out, but crawl through the mud like cray-fish, or anglers in a new plantation." * London, at all periods, could exhibit better accommodation than this; though D'Avenant's Frenchman complains of the landing at "Puddledock." But we select the description, to contrast the Parisian passage-boat of 1660 with the London steamer of 1841. Our readers will kindly accompany us on a quarter of an hour's voyage from the Shades Pier to Hungerford Market.

We have stood for a few minutes on the eastern side of London Bridge, looking upon that sight which arrests even the dullest imagination—mast upon mast, stretching farther than the eye can reach, the individual objects constantly shifting, but the aggregate ever the same. We pass to the western side, and descend the steps of the bridge. We are in a narrow and dirty street, and we look up to the magnificent land-arch which crosses it. A turn to the left brings us to the river. A bell is ringing; we pass through a toll-gate, paying four-pence, and in a few seconds are on board one of the little steam-boats, bearing the poetical name of some flower, or planet, or precious gem. As the hand of the clock upon the pier approaches to one of the four divisions of the hour, the boat prepares to start. The pilot goes to the helm; the broad plank over which the passengers have passed into the boat is removed; the cable by which it is attached to the pier, or to some other boat, is cast off. The steam is up. For a minute we appear as if we were passing down the river; but, threading its way through a dozen other steam-winged vessels, the boat darts towards the Surrey shore; and her prow is breasting the ebbing tide. What a gorgeous scene is now before us! The evening sun is painting the waters with glancing flames; the cross upon the summit of that mighty dome of St. Paul's shines like another sun; churches, warehouses, steam-chimneys, shot-towers, wharfs, bridges—the noblest and the humblest things—all are picturesque; and the eye, looking upon the mass, sees nothing of that meanness with which our Thames banks have been reproached. In truth, this juxtaposition of the magnificent and the common fills the mind with as much food for thought as if from London Bridge to Westminster there was one splendid quay, curtaining the sheds, and coal-barges, and time-worn landings which meet us at every glance. The ceaseless activity with which these objects are associated renders them even separately interesting. We see the goings-on of that enormous traffic which makes London what it is; and whilst we rush under the mighty arches of the iron bridge, and behold another, and another, and another spanning the river, looking as vast and solid as if they defied time and the elements; and also see the wharfs on the one bank, although the light be waning, still populous and busy,—and the foundries, and glass-houses, and printing-offices, on the other bank, still sending out their dense smoke,—we know that without this never-tiring energy, disagreeable as are some of its outward forms, the splendour which is around us could not have been. But the boat stops. Without bustle, some twenty passengers leave us at Blackfriars Bridge, and as many come on board. The operation is finished in a minute or two. We are again on our way. We still see the admixture of the beautiful and the mean, but in another form. The dirty Whitefriars is the neighbour of the trim Temple. Praised be the venerable Law which has left us one green spot, where trees still grow by our river-side, and which still preserves some relics of the days that are gone! Another bridge, perhaps the noblest, is again passed; and the turrets and pinnacles of Westminster are spread before us, with the smart modern mansions that have succeeded the old palatial grandeur of the seventeenth century. The sight is not displeasing, when we reflect that the ground upon which once stood some dozen vast piles, half house and half fortress, is now covered with hundreds of moderate-sized dwellings, filled with comforts and even luxuries unknown to the days of rushes and tapestry, into whose true sanctuaries no force can intrude, and where, if there be peace within, there is no danger of happiness being disturbed by violence without. But we are at Hungerford-wharf. The greater portion of the freight is discharged, ourselves amongst the number. The boat darts through Westminster Bridge, and farther onward to Vauxhall; and in another hour some of its passengers are miles on the road to Southampton. We are in the Strand as the gas-lights are peeping; and we are thinking of what the Strand is, and what it was.

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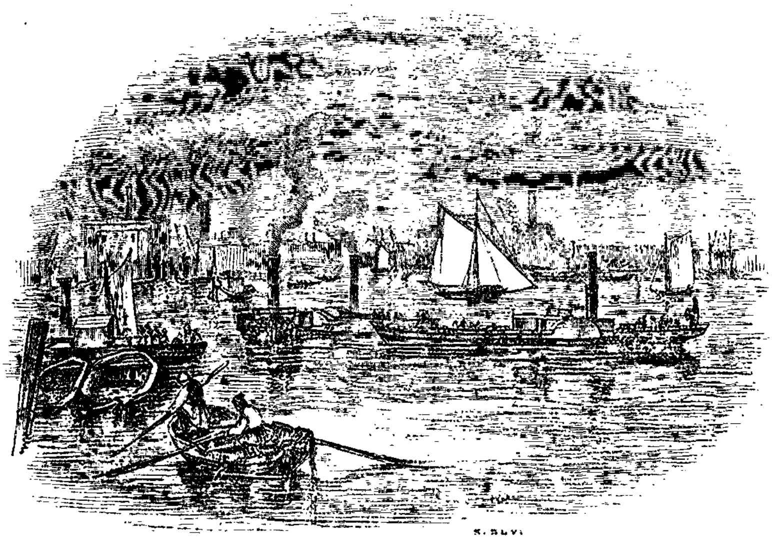
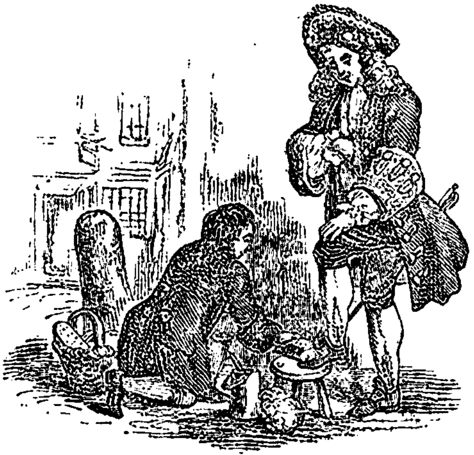
* Entertainment at Rutland House, p. 356.



[London and Westminster Steamers—Hungerford Stairs.]



["The foot grows black that was with dirt embrown'd."]

II.—CLEAN YOUR HONOUR'S SHOES.

In one of the many courts on the north side of Fleet Street, might be seen, somewhere about the year 1820, *the last of the shoe-blacks*. One would think that he deemed himself dedicated to his profession by Nature, for he was a Negro. At the earliest dawn he crept forth from his neighbouring lodging, and planted his tripod on the quiet pavement, where he patiently stood till noon was past. He was a short, large-headed, son of Africa, subject, as it would appear, to considerable variations of spirits, alternating between depression and excitement, as the gains of the day presented to him the chance of having a few pence to recreate himself, beyond what he should carry home to his wife and children. For he had a wife and children, this last representative of a falling trade; and two or three little woolly-headed *décrotteurs* nestled around him when he was idle, or assisted in taking off the roughest of the dirt when he had more than one client. He watched, with a melancholy eye, the gradual improvement of the streets; for during some twenty or thirty years he had beheld all the world combining to ruin him. He saw the foot-pavements widening; the large flag-stones carefully laid down; the loose and broken piece, which discharged a slushy shower on the unwary foot, instantly removed: he saw the kennels diligently cleansed, and the drains widened: he saw experiment upon experiment made in the repair of the carriage-way, and the holes, which were to him as the "old familiar faces" which he loved, filled up with a haste that appeared quite unnecessary, if not insulting. One solitary country shopkeeper, who had come to London once a year during a long life, clung to our sable friend; for he was the only one of the fraternity that he could find remaining, in his walk from Charing Cross to Cheapside. The summer's morning when that good man planted his foot on the three-legged stool, and desired him carefully to turn back his brown gaiters, and asked him how trade went with him, and shook his head when he learned that it was very bad, and they both agreed that new-fangled ways were the ruin of the country—that was a joyful occasion to him, for he felt that he was not quite deserted. He did not continue long to struggle with the capricious world.

> "One morn we miss'd him on th' accustom'd *stand*."

He retired into the workhouse; and his boys, having a keener eye than their father to the wants of the community, took up the trade which he most hated, and applied themselves to the diligent removal of the mud in an earlier stage of its accumulation—they swept crossings, instead of cleaning shoes.

The last of the Shoe-blacks belongs to history. He was one of the living monuments of *old* London; he was a link between three or four generations. The stand which he *purchased* in Bolt Court (in the wonderful resemblance of external appearance between all these Fleet Street courts, we cannot be sure that it was *Bolt* Court) had been handed down from one successor to another, with as absolute a line of customers as Child's Banking-house. He belonged to a trade which has its literary memorials. In 1754, the polite Chesterfield, and the witty Walpole, felt it no degradation to the work over which they presided that it should be jocose about his fraternity, and hold that his profession was more dignified than that of the author:

"Far be it from me, or any of my brother authors, to intend lowering the dignity of the gentlemen trading in black ball, by naming them with ourselves: we are extremely sensible of the great distance there is between us: and it is with envy that we look up to the occupation of shoe-cleaning, while we lament the severity of our fortune, in being sentenced to the drudgery of a less respectable employment. But while we are unhappily excluded from the stool and brush, it is surely a very hard case that the contempt of the world should pursue us, only because we are unfortunate."*

Gay makes "the black youth"—his mythological descent from the goddess of mud, and his importance in a muddy city—the subject of the longest episode in his amusing Trivia. The shoe-boy's mother thus addresses him:

> "Go thrive: at some frequented corner stand;
> This brush I give thee, grasp it in thy hand;
> Temper the foot within this vase of oil,
> And let the little tripod aid thy toil;
> On this methinks I see the walking crew,
> At thy request, support the miry shoe;
> The foot grows black that was with dirt embrown'd,
> And in thy pocket gingling halfpence sound.
> The goddess plunges swift beneath the flood,
> And dashes all around her showers of mud:
> The youth straight chose his post; the labour ply'd
> Where branching streets from Charing Cross divide;
> His treble voice resounds along the Mews,
> And Whitehall echoes—'Clean your Honour's shoes!'"

The cry is no more heard. The pavements of Whitehall are more evenly laid than the ancient marble courts of York Place, where Wolsey held his state, and Henry revelled; and they are far cleaner, even in the most inauspicious weather, than the old floor beneath the rushes. Broad as the footways are—as the broadest of the entire original streets—the mightiest of paving stones is not large enough for the comforts of the walker; and a pavement without a joint is sought for in the new concrete of asphaltum. Where the streets which run off from the great thoroughfares are narrow, the *trottoir* is widened at the expense of the carriage-road; and one cart only can pass at a time, so that we walk fearless of wheels. If we would cross a road, there is a public servant, ever assiduous, because the measure of his usefulness is that of his reward, who removes every particle of dirt from before our steps. No filth encumbers the kennels; no spout discharges the shower in a torrent from the house-top. We pass quietly onwards from the Horse Guards to the India House without being jostled off the curb-stone, though we have no protecting posts to sustain us; and we perceive why the last of the shoe-blacks vanished from our view about the time when we first noticed his active brothers at every corner of Paris—a city then somewhat more filthy than the London of the days of Anne.

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* The World, No. 57.

He who would see London well must be a pedestrian. Gay, who has left us the most exact as well as the most lively picture of the external London of a hundred and twenty years ago, is enthusiastic in his preference for walking:

> " Let others in the jolting coach confide,
> Or in the leaky boat the Thames divide,
> Or, box'd within the chair, contemn the street,
> And trust their safety to another's feet:
> Still let me walk."

But what a walk has he described! He sets out, as what sensible man would not, with his feet protected with "firm, well-hammer'd soles;" but if the shoe be too big,

> " Each stone will wrench th' unwary step aside."

This, we see, is a London without *trottoirs*. The middle of a paved street was generally occupied with the channel; and the sides of the carriage-way were full of absolute holes, where the ricketty coach was often stuck as in a quagmire. Some of the leading streets, even to the time of George II., were almost as impassable as the avenues of a new American town. The only road to the Houses of Parliament before 1750 was through King Street and Union Street, "which were in so miserable a state, that fagots were thrown into the ruts on the days on which the King went to Parliament, to render the passage of the state-coach more easy." * The present Saint Margaret's *Street* was formed out of a thoroughfare known as Saint Margaret's *Lane*, which was so narrow that "pales were obliged to be placed, four feet high, between the foot-path and coach-road, to preserve the passengers from injury, and from being covered with the mud which was splashed on all sides in abundance." † The pales here preserved the passengers more effectually than the posts of other thoroughfares. These posts, in the principal avenues, constituted the only distinction between the foot-way and carriage-way; for the space within the posts was as uneven as the space without. This inner space was sometimes so narrow that only one person could pass at a time; and hence those contests for the wall that filled the streets with the vociferations of anger, and the din of assaulting sticks, and sometimes the clash of naked steel. Dr. Johnson describes how those quarrels were common when he first came to London; and how at length things were better ordered. But the change must in great part be imputed to the gradual improvement of the streets. In Gay's time there was no safety but within the posts.

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* Smith's Westminster, p. 261.

† Id. p. 262.

"Though expedition bids, yet never stray
Where no ranged posts defend the rugged way;
Here laden carts with thundering waggons meet,
Wheels clash with wheels, and bar the narrow street."

In wet and gusty weather the unhappy walker heard the crazy signs swinging over his head, as Gulliver describes the Red Lion of Brentford. The spouts of every house were streaming at his feet, or drenching his laced hat and his powdered wig with unpitying torrents. At every step some bulk or shop-projection narrowed the narrow road, and drove him against the coach-wheels. The chairmen, if there was room to pass, occupied all the space between the wall and the posts. The "hooded maid" came sometimes gingerly along, with pattens and umbrella (then exclusively used by women), and of courtesy he must *yield* the wall. The small-coal man, and the sweep, and the barber, *took* the wall, in assertion of their clothes-soiling prerogative; and the bully thrust him, or was himself thrust, "to the muddy kennel's side." The great rule for the pedestrian was,—

"Ever be watchful to maintain the wall."

The dignity of the wall, and its inconveniences, were as old as the time of James and Charles. Donne, in his first Satire, describes the difficulties of one who took the wall:—

"Now we are in the street; he first of all,
Improvidently proud, creeps to the wall,
And so, imprisoned and hemmed in by me,
Sells for a little state his liberty."

The streets, in the good old times, often presented obstructions to the pedestrian which appear to us like the wonders of some unknown region. In the more recent unhappy days of public executions the wayfarer passed up Ludgate Hill with an eye averted from the Old Bailey; for there, as Monday morning came, duly hung some three, and it may be six, unhappy victims of a merciless code, judicially murdered according to our better notions. Then was the rush to see the horrid sight, and the dense crowd pouring away from it; and the pickpocket active under the gallows; and the business of life interrupted for a quarter of an hour, with little emotion even amongst the steady walkers who heeded not the spectacle: it was a thing of course. And so was the pillory in earlier times. Gay says nothing of the feelings of the passer-on; he had only to take care of his clothes:

"Where, elevated o'er the gaping crowd,
Clasp'd in the board the perjur'd head is bow'd,
Betimes retreat; here, thick as hailstones pour,
Turnips and half-hatch'd eggs, a mingled shower,
Among the rabble rain: some random throw
May with the trickling yolk thy cheek o'erflow."

People used to talk of these things as coolly as Garrard wrote to Lord Strafford of them: "No mercy showed to Prynne; he stood in the pillory, and lost his first ear in a pillory in the palace at Westminster in full term; his other in Cheapside, where, while he stood, his volumes were burnt under his nose, which had almost suffocated him."* The cruelty is not mitigated by the subsequent account of Garrard, that Mr. Prynne "hath got his ears sewed on, that they grow again, as before, to his head."† If the mob round the pillory was safely passed, there was another mob often to be encountered. Rushing along Cheapside, or Covent Garden, or by the Maypole in the Strand, came the foot-ball players. It is scarcely conceivable, when London had settled into civilization, little more than a century ago,—when we had our famed Augustan age of Addisons and Popes,—when laced coats, and flowing wigs, and silver buckles, ventured into the streets, and the beau prided himself on

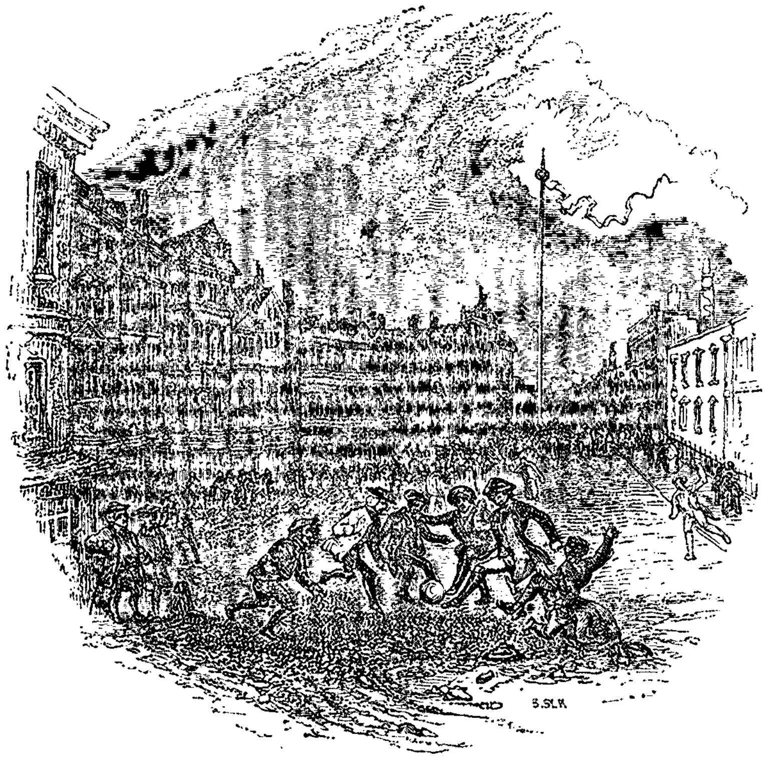
"The nice conduct of a clouded cane,—"

that the great thoroughfares through which men now move, "intent on high designs," should be a field for foot-ball:

"The prentice quits his shop to join the crew;
Increasing crowds the flying game pursue."‡

This is no poetical fiction. It was the same immediately after the Restoration. D'Avenant's Frenchman thus complains of the streets of London:

"I would now make a safe retreat, but that methinks I am stopped by one of your heroic games, called foot-ball; which I conceive (under your favour) not very conveniently civil in the streets; especially in such irregular and narrow roads



[Foot-Ball in the Strand.]

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* Strafford's Letters, vol. i. p. 261.
† Id. p. 266.
‡ Trivia.

as Crooked-lane. Yet it argues your courage, much like your military pastime of throwing at cocks. But your mettle would be more magnified (since you have long allowed those two valiant exercises in the streets) to draw your archers from Finsbury, and, during high market, let them shoot at butts in Cheapside." *

It was the same in the days of Elizabeth. To this game went the sturdy apprentices, with all the train of idlers in a motley population; and when their blood was up, as it generally was in this exercise, which Stubbes calls "a bloody and murthering practice, rather than a fellowly sport or pastime," they had little heed to the passengers in the streets, whether there was passing by

> " a velvet justice with a long
> Great train of blue-coats, twelve or fourteen strong;" †

or a gentle lady on her palfrey, wearing her "visor made of velvet."‡ The courtier, described in Hall, had an awful chance to save his "perewinke" in such an encounter; when with his "bonnet vail'd," according to the "courtesies" of his time,

> "Travelling along in London way,"

he has to recover his "auburn locks" from the "ditch" that crosses the thoroughfare.

The days we are noticing were not those of pedestrians. The "red-heel'd shoes" of the time of Anne were as little suited for walking, as the "pantofles" of Elizabeth, "whereof some be of white leather, some of black, and some of red; some of black velvet, some of white, some of red, some of green, rayed, carved, cut, and stitched all over with silk, and laid on with gold, silver, and such like." So Stubbes describes the "corked shoes" of his day; and he adds, what seems very apparent, "to go abroad in them as they are now used altogether, is rather a let or hindrance to a man than otherwise?"§ These fine shoes belonged to the transition state between the horse and the coach; when men were becoming "effeminate" in the use of the new vehicles, which we have seen the Water-Poet denounced; and the highways of London were not quite suited to the walker. Shoes such as those are ridiculed by Stubbes as "uneasy to go in;" and he adds, "they exagerate a mountain of mire, and gather a heap of clay and baggage together."

In asking our readers to look back to the period when London was without *coaches*—when no sound of wheels was heard but that of the *cart*, labouring through the rutty ways, with its load of fire-wood, or beer, or perhaps the king's pots and pans travelling from Westminster to Greenwich—we ask them to exercise a considerable power of imagination. Yet London had no coaches till late in the reign of Elizabeth; and they can scarcely be said to have come into general use till the accession of James. Those who were called by business or pleasure to travel long distances in London, which could not be easily reached by water-conveyance, rode on horses. For several centuries the rich citizens and the courtiers were equestrians. All the records of early pageantry tell us of the magnificence of horsemen. Froissart saw the coronation of Henry IV., and he thus describes the progress of the triumphant Bolingbroke through the city:—" And after dinner the duke departed from the Tower to Westminster, and rode all the way bareheaded; and about his neck the livery of France. He was accompanied with the prince his son, and six dukes, six earls, and eighteen barons, and in all, knights and squires, nine hundred horse. Then the king had on a short coat of cloth of gold, after the manner of Almayne, and he was mounted on a white courser, and the garter on his left leg. Thus the duke rode through London with a great number of lords, every lord's servant in their master's livery; all the burgesses and Lombard merchants in London, and every craft with their livery and device. Thus he was conveyed to Westminster. He was in number *six thousand horse.*"* The old English chroniclers revel in these descriptions. They paint for us, in the most vivid colours, the entry into London of the conqueror of Agincourt; they are most circumstantial in their relations of the welcome of his unhappy son, after the boy had been crowned at Paris, with the king riding amidst flowing conduits, and artificial trees and flowers, and virgins making "heavenly melody," and bishops "in pontificalibus;" and having made his oblations at the cathedral, "he took again his steed at the west door of Paul's, and so rode forth to Westminster."† By the ancient "order of crowning the kings and queens of England," it is prescribed that, "the day before the coronation, the king should come from the Tower of London to his palace at Westminster, through the midst of the city, mounted on a horse, handsomely habited, and bare-headed, in the sight of all the people."‡ The citizens were familiar with these splendid equestrian processions, from the earliest times to the era of coaches; and they hung their wooden houses with gay tapestry, and their wives and daughters sate in their most costly dresses in the balconies, and shouts rent the air, and they forgot for a short time that there was little security for life or property against the despot of the hour. They played at these pageants, as they still play, upon a smaller scale themselves; and the Lord Mayor's horse and henchmen were seen on all solemn occasions of

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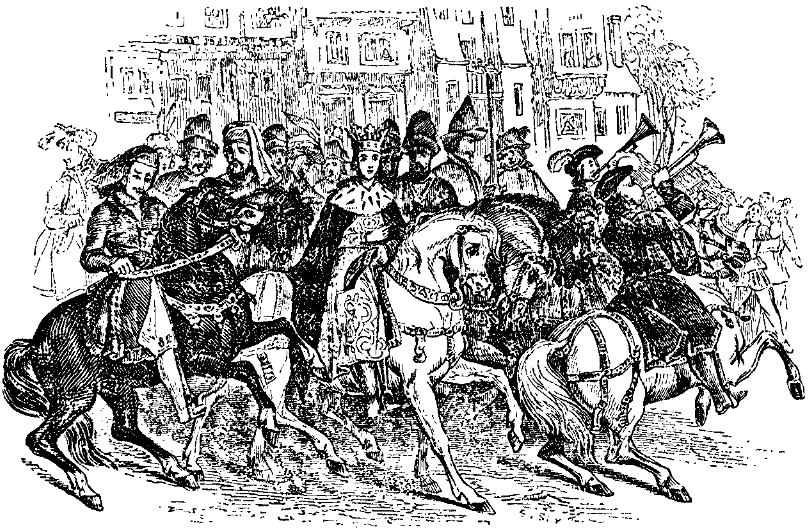
* Entertainment at Rutland House.

† Donne.

‡ Stubbes.

§ *Anatomy of Abuses.*



[From an illumination, Harl. MSS., 2278.—Temp. Henry VI.]

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* Lord Berners' Froissart.

† Fabyan.

‡ Liber Regalis, quoted by Strutt in his Manners, vol. iii. p. 422.

marching-watches and Bartholomew fairs. The city-dignitaries seldom ride now; although each new sheriff has a horse-block presented to him at his inauguration, that he may climb into the saddle as beseems his gravity. The courtiers kept to their riding processions, down almost to the days of the great civil war; perhaps as a sort of faint shadow of the chivalry that was gone. Garrard tells us, in 1635, how the Duke of Northumberland rode to his installation as a knight of the garter at Windsor, with earls, and marquises, and almost all the young nobility, and many barons, and a competent number of the gentry, near a hundred horse in all.[*] The era of coaches and chairs was then arrived; but the Duke of Northumberland did not hold that they belonged to knighthood. Fifty years earlier coaches were shunned as "effeminate." Aubrey, in his short memoir of Sir Philip Sidney, describes the feeling about coaches in the days of Elizabeth: "I have heard Dr. Pell say that he has been told by ancient gentlemen of those days of Sir Philip, so famous for men-at-arms, that 'twas then held as great a disgrace for a young gentleman to be seen riding in the street in a coach, as it would now for such a one to be seen in the streets in a petticoat and waistcoat; so much is the fashion of the times now altered."[†] Our friend the Water-Poet looks back upon that to him golden age with a similar feeling.

Nor was the use of saddle-horses confined to men in the early days. Chaucer thus describes his 'Wife of Bath:'—

"Upon an ambler easily she sat,
Ywimpled well, and on her head a hat,
As broad as is a buckler or a targe,
A foot-mantle about her hippés large,
And on her feet a pair of spurrés sharp."

When Katharine of Spain came over in 1501 to marry Prince Arthur, a horse was provided for her conveyance from the Tower to Saint Paul's, upon which she was to ride "with the *pillion* behind a lord to be named by the king;" but it was also ordered that "eleven *palfreys* in one suit be ordained for such ladies attending upon the said princess as shall follow next unto the said pillion."[‡] The great ladies long after this rode on horseback on ordinary occasions. Elizabeth commissioned Sir Thomas Gresham to purchase a horse at Antwerp; and the merchant-prince writes to Cecil in 1560:—"the Queen's Majesty's Turkey horse doth begin to mend in his feet and body; which doubtless is one of the readiest horses that is in all Christendom, and runs the best."[§] Of poor Mary of Scotland, the Earl of Shrewsbury, after conveying her to Buxton, writes to Cecil in 1580:—"She had a hard beginning of her journey; for when she should have taken her horse, he started aside, and therewith she fell, and hurt her back, which she still complains of, notwithstanding she applies the bath once or twice a day."[‖] The "horse-litter" appears to have formed a connecting link between the saddle and the coach. When Margaret, daughter of Henry VII., set forward for Scotland, she rode on a "fair palfrey;" but after her was "conveyed by two footmen one very rich litter, borne by two fair coursers very nobly drest, in the which litter the said queen was borne on the entering of the good towns, or otherwise to her good pleasure."[¶] The litter was, as we here see, a vehicle of ceremony. Hall, the great chronicler of sights, thus describes the conveyance of Anne Bullen to her coronation:—"Then came the queen in a litter of white cloth of gold, not covered nor bailed, which was led by two palfreys clad in white damask down to the ground, head and all, led by her footmen. . . . So she with all her company and the mayor rode forth to Temple Bar, which was newly painted and repaired, where stood also divers singing men and children, till she came to Westminster Hall, which was richly hanged with cloth of arras, and new glazed. And in the middest of the hall she was taken out of her litter." Up to the time of Charles I. the horse litter continued to be used on state occasions; but it gradually became exclusively employed by the rich and aged, at a period when coaches were still terribly rough vehicles. Evelyn, in his Diary, states that he travelled in one with his sick father, in 1640, from Bath to Wotton; and this, Markland says, is the latest mention of the conveyance which he can find. There is a later mention of it, in a bitter attack upon the old republicans, in 1680: "Can we forget that horrid accident when Major-General Skippon came in a horse-litter, wounded, to London? When he passed by the brewhouse near St. John's Street, a devilish mastiff flew, as at a bear, at one of his horses, and held him so fast that the horse grew mad as a mad dog; the soldiers so amazed that none had the wit to shoot the mastiff; but the horse-litter, borne between two horses, tossed the major-general like a dog in a blanket."* Nothing can be more exact than this description of a litter.

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[*] Strafford's Letters, vol. i., p. 427.

[†] *Lives*, p. 554.

[‡] Harl. MS., quoted in Northumberland Household Book, p. 449.

[§] Burgon's Life of Gresham, vol. i. p. 300.

[‖] *Lodge's Illustrations*, vol. ii. p. 239.

[¶] Leland's Collectanea, quoted in Markland's valuable paper on the early use of carriages, Archæologia, vol. xx. p. 447.

Of the elder vehicles that preceded coaches, whether rejoicing in the name of chare, car, chariot, caroch, or whirlicote, we have little here to say. Their dignity was not much elevated above that of the waggon; and they were scarcely calculated to move about the streets of London, which are described in a Paving Act of 1539 as "very foul, and full of pits and sloughs, very perilous and noyous, as well for the king's subjects on horseback as on foot, and with carriages." There appears little doubt that the coach first appeared about 1564; although the question was subsequently raised "whether the devil brought tobacco into England in a coach, or else brought a coach in a fog or mist of tobacco."† Stow thus describes the introduction of this novelty, which was to change the face of English society:

"In the year 1564, Guilliam Boonen, a Dutchman, became the queen's coachman; and was the first that brought the use of coaches into England. After a while, divers great ladies, with as great jealousy of the queen's displeasure, made them coaches, and rid up and down the countries in them, to the great admiration of all the beholders; but then by little and little they grew usual among the nobility and others of sort, and within twenty years became a great trade of coach-making."

In little more than thirty years a Bill was brought into Parliament "to restrain the excessive use of coaches."

One of the most signal examples we can find of the growing importance of the middle classes is exhibited in their rapid appropriation to their own use of the new luxury which the highest in the land ventured at first to indulge in, timidly, and with "jealousy" of the queen's displeasure. It was in vain that Parliament legislated against their "excessive use;" it was equally in vain that the citizens and citizens' wives who aspired to ride in them, were ridiculed by the wits and hooted by the mob. As in the diffusion of every other convenience or luxury introduced by the rich, the distinction of riding in a coach soon ceased to be a distinction. The proud Duke of Buckingham seeing that coaches with two horses were used by all, and that the nobility had only the exclusive honour of four horses, set up a coach with six horses; and then "the stout Earl of Northumberland" established one with eight horses.* Massinger, in "The City Madam," exhibits Anne Frugal demanding of her courtly admirer—

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* Last Speech of Thomas Pride. Harl. Miscellany.

† Taylor.

> "My caroch
> Drawn by six Flanders mares, my coachman, groom,
> Postillion, and footmen."

The high-born and the wealthy soon found that those who had been long accustomed to trudge through the miry streets, or on rare occasions to bestride an ambling nag, would make a ready way with money to appropriate the new luxury to themselves. Coaches soon came to be hired. They were to be found in the suburban districts and in inns within the town. Taylor (he writes in 1623) says, "I have heard of a gentlewoman who sent her man to Smithfield from Charing Cross, to hire a coach to carry her to Whitehall; another did the like from Ludgate-hill, to be carried to see a play at the Blackfriars." He imputes this anxiety for the accommodation of a coach to the pride of the good people, and he was probably right. He gives us a ludicrous example of the extent of this passion in the case of "two leash of oyster-wives," who "hired a coach to carry them to the green-goose fair at Stratford-the-Bow; and as they were hurried betwixt Aldgate and Mile-end, they were so be-madam'd, be-mistress'd, and ladyfied by the beggars, that the foolish women began to swell with a proud supposition or imaginary greatness, and gave all their money to the mendicanting canters."† The rich visitors who came to London from the country were great employers of coaches; and Taylor tells us that the "Proclamation concerning the retiring of the gentry out of the city into their countries" somewhat "cleared the streets of these way-stopping whirligigs; for a man now might walk without bidding *Stand up, ho!* by a fellow that can scarcely either go or stand himself.‡" It is easy to conceive that in those days of ill-paved and narrow streets the coaches must have been a great impediment to the goings-on of London business. Our Water-Poet is alive to all these inconveniences: "Butchers cannot pass with their cattle for them; market folks, which bring provision of victuals to the city, are stopped, stayed, and hindered; carts or wains, with their necessary wares, are debarred and letted; the milk-maid's ware is often spilt in the dirt;" and then he describes how the proud mistresses, sitting in their "hell-cart" (Evelyn tells us this was the Londoner's name for a coach long after), ride grinning and deriding at the people "crowded and shrouded up against stalls and shops." D'Avenant, some forty or fifty years later, notices the popular feeling: "Master Londoner, be not so hot against coaches." But the coaches flourished, in spite of the populace. The carman might drive up against them, and the coachman, "with six nobles sitting together," might be compelled to

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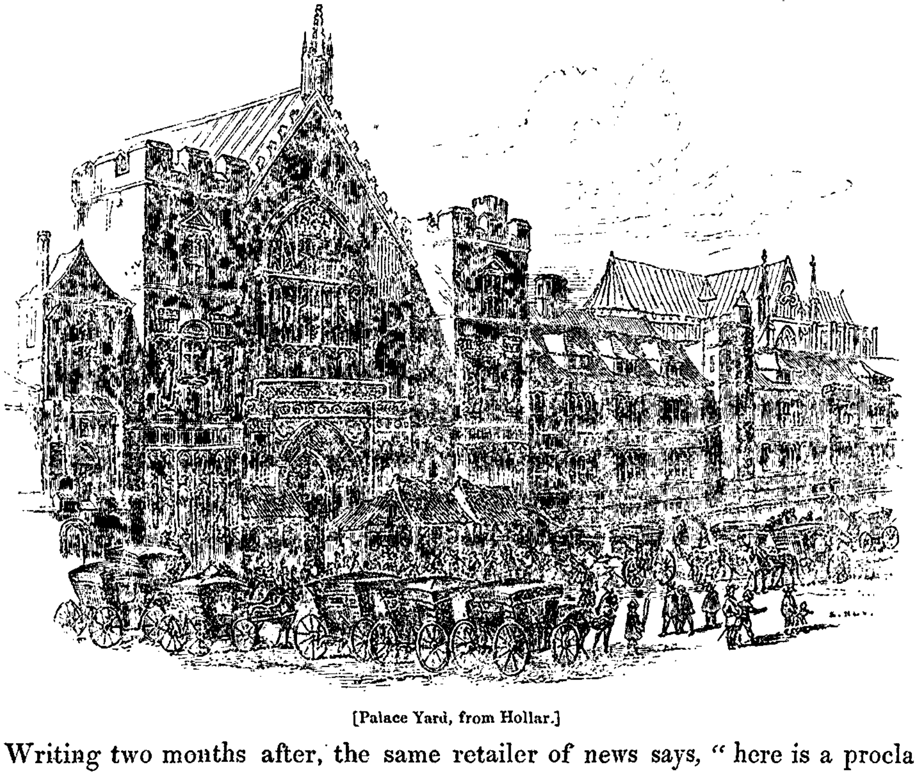
* See Wilson's Memoirs.

† World runs on Wheels, p. 239.

‡ Id.

"stop, and give place to as many barrels of beer."[*] They flourished, too, in spite of the roads. "It is a most uneasy kind of passage in coaches on the paved streets of London, wherein men and women are so tost, tumbled, jumbled, rumbled, and crossing of kennels, dunghills, and uneven ways."[†] It is affirmed in a pamphlet quoted by Markland, entitled "Coach and Sedan," that in 1636 the coaches "in London, the suburbs, and within four miles compass without, are reckoned to the number of six thousand and odd."

It was two years before the date of this calculation that the first hackney-coach *stand* was established in London. Garrard thus describes it in a letter to Strafford: "I cannot omit to mention any new thing that comes up amongst us though never so trivial: here is one Captain Baily, he hath been a sea captain, but now lives on the land, about this city, where he tries experiments. He hath erected, according to his ability, some four hackney-coaches, put his men in livery, and appointed them to stand at the May-pole in the Strand, giving them instructions at what rates to carry men into several parts of the town, where all day they may be had. Other hackney-men seeing this way, they flocked to the same place, and perform their journeys at the same rate. So that sometimes there is twenty of them together, which disperse up and down, that they and others are to be had everywhere, as watermen are to be had by the water-side. Everybody is much pleased with it. For, whereas before coaches could not be had but at great rates, now a man may have one *much cheaper*."[‡]



[Palace Yard, from Hollar.]

Writing two months after, the same retailer of news says, "here is a proclamation coming forth about the reformation of Hackney-coaches, and ordering of other coaches about London. One thousand nine hundred was the number of hackney-coaches of London, base lean jades, unworthy to be seen in so brave a city, or to stand about a king's court." In 1635 he writes, "Here is a proclamation coming forth, to prohibit all hackney-coaches to pass up and down in London streets; out of town they may go at pleasure as heretofore." It is perfectly clear that the King might proclaim, and that his subjects would not hearken to him, as long as they found hackney-coaches essential to their business or pleasure. We have an amusing example of the inefficiency of such meddling, twenty-five years after. Pepys, in his Diary of 1660, writes, "Notwithstanding this is the first day of the King's proclamation against hackney-coaches coming into the streets to stand to be hired, yet I got one to carry me home." We think we hear his cunning chuckle as he hires the coach, and laughs at the law-makers.

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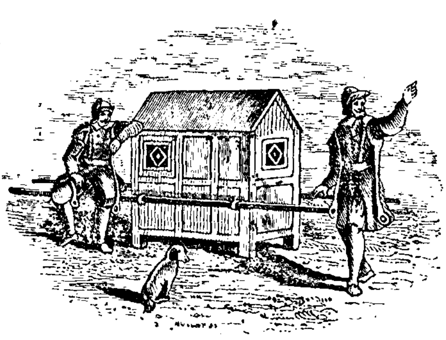
[*] D'Avenant. [†] Taylor. [‡] Strafford's Letters, vol. i. p. 227.

When Prince Charles, afterwards Charles I., returned from his faithless wooing of the daughter of Philip IV., he brought with him three sedan-chairs of curious workmanship. Such a mode of conveyance was unknown to the English. They had seen the fair and the feeble carried in a box, supported by a horse before and a horse behind; and they felt, therefore, something like what we have felt at the sight of an election rabble harnessed to the wheels of a popular candidate—they felt that men were degraded, when the favourite of James and Charles, Buckingham, first moved into the streets of London, borne in his sedan on men's shoulders. "Baby Charles" had presented "Steenie" with two of these luxuries of foreign growth. Wilson says, "When Buckingham came to be carried in a chair upon men's shoulders, the clamour and noise of it was so extravagant, that the people would rail on him in the streets, loathing that men should be brought to as servile a condition as horses." The very year of the expedition of Charles and Buckingham to Spain, 1623, was Massinger's "Bondman" produced. Charles and the favourite returned to London early in October; the play was first acted on the 3rd of December. It contains these lines:

> "'Tis a strong-limb'd knave:
> My father bought him for my sister's *litter.*—
> O pride of women! Coaches are too common;
> They surfeit in the happiness of peace,
> And ladies think they keep not state enough
> If, for their pomp and ease, they are not borne
> In triumph *on men's shoulders.*"

Gilchrist and Gifford think that this was an allusion to Buckingham. If so, and there can be little doubt of the matter, the vain favourite must have paraded with his new luxury, "degrading Englishmen into slaves and beasts of burden," (as a writer of that day expresses himself,) upon the instant of his return.

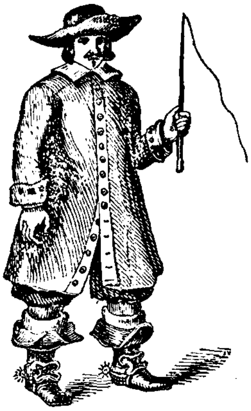
But the popular clamour was as ineffectual against the chairs as against the coaches. In 1634, Garrard, writing to Lord Strafford, says, "Here is also another project for carrying people up and down in close chairs, for the sole doing whereof Sir Sander Duncombe, a traveller, now a pensioner, hath obtained a patent from the king, and hath forty or fifty making ready for use." The coachmen and the chairmen soon got up a pretty quarrel; and in 1636 we find published the amusing tract, entitled "Coach and Sedan, pleasantly disputing for place and precedence." The title exhibits to us the form of the sedan, with its bearers *touting* for custom—and we have a description of the conveyance and its men, which, with the engraving which accompanies it, clearly enough shows that the chairmen no longer bore the "litter" on their shoulders, palanquinfashion, but that they quickly adopted the mode of carrying which has lasted till our own day, however the form of the thing carried has changed.



Sedan.—1638.

We have now the coach and the chair fairly launched into the streets of London, of which they held joint possession for more than a century and a half. We have no doubt that the chair was a most flourishing invention. The state of the pavement till the middle of the last century must have rendered carriage conveyance anything rather than safe and pleasant. Dulaure tells us that before the time of Louis XIV. the streets of Paris were so narrow, particularly in the heart of the town, that carriages could not penetrate into them.* D'Avenant's picture of London, before the fire, is not much more satisfactory: "Sure your ancestors contrived your narrow streets in the days of wheel-barrows, before those greater engines, carts, were invented. Is your climate so hot that as you walk you need umbrellas of tiles to intercept the sun? or are your shambles so empty that you are afraid to take in fresh air, lest it should sharpen your stomachs? Oh, the goodly landskip of Old Fish Street! which, had it not had the ill luck to be crooked, was narrow enough to have been your founder's perspective: and where the garrets (perhaps not for want of architecture, but through abundance of amity) are so made, that opposite neighbours may shake hands without stirring from home."

The chair had a better chance than the coach in such a state of affairs. In the pictures of coaches of the time of Elizabeth, the driver sits on a bar, or narrow chair, very low behind the horses. In those of Charles I. he sometimes drives in this way, and sometimes rides as a postillion. But the hackney-coachman after the Restoration is a personage with a short whip and spurs; he has been compelled to mount one of his horses, that he may more effectually manage his progress through the narrow streets. His coach, too, is a small affair. D'Avenant describes the coaches as "uneasily hung, and so *narrow*, that I took them for sedans on wheels." As the streets were widened, after the fire, the coachman was restored to the dignity of a seat on the carriage; for, in the times of William III. and Anne, we invariably find him sitting on a box. This was a thing for use and not for finery. Here, or in a leather pouch appended to it, the careful man carried a hammer, pincers, nails, ropes, and other appliances in case of need; and the *hammer*-cloth was devised to conceal these necessary but unsightly remedies for broken wheels and shivered panels. The skill of this worthy artist in the way of reparation would not rust for want of use. Gay has left us two vivid pictures of the common accidents of the days of Anne. The carman was the terror of coaches from the first hour of their use; and whether he



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* Histoire de Paris, tome ix., p. 482.

was the regular city carman, or bore the honour of the dustman, brewer's man, or coal-heaver, he was ever the same vociferous and reckless enemy of the more aristocratic coachman.

"I've seen a beau, in some ill-fated hour,
When o'er the stones chok'd kennels swell the shower,
In gilded chariot loll; he with disdain
Views spatter'd passengers all drench'd in rain.
With mud fill'd high, the rumbling cart draws near;—
Now rule thy prancing steeds, lac'd charioteer:
The dustman lashes on with spiteful rage,
His ponderous spokes thy painted wheel engage;
Crush'd is thy pride, down falls the shrieking beau,
The slabby pavement crystal fragments strew;
Black floods of mire th' embroider'd coat disgrace,
And mud enwraps the honours of his face."

The dangers of opened vaults, and of mighty holes in the paving, fenced round with no protecting rail, and illuminated only by a glimmering rushlight in a dark street, seem to belong altogether to some barbaric region which never could have been London:—

"Where a dim gleam the paly lantern throws
O'er the mid pavement, heapy rubbish grows,
Or arched vaults their gaping jaws extend,
Or the dark caves to common-shores descend;
Oft by the winds extinct the signal lies,
Or smother'd in the glimmering socket dies
Ere night has half roll'd round her ebon throne;
In the wide gulf the shatter'd coach o'erthrown
Sinks with the snorting steeds; the reins are broke,
And from the crackling axle flies the spoke."

But long after Gay's time the carmen and the pavement made havoc with coaches. If we open Hogarth, the great painter of manners shows us the vehicular dangers of his age. Bonfires in the streets on rejoicing nights, with the "Flying-coach," that went five miles an hour, overturned into the flames;* the four lawyers getting out of a hackney-coach that has come in collision with a carman, while the brewer's man rides upon his shaft in somniferous majesty;† the dustman's bell, the little boy's drum, the knife-grinder's wheel, all in the middle of the street, to the terror of horses:‡ these representations exhibit the perils that assailed the man who ventured into a coach. The chair was no doubt safer, but it had its inconveniences. Swift describes the unhappy condition of a fop during a "City shower:"—

"Box'd in a chair the beau impatient sits,
While spouts run clattering o'er the roof by fits;
And ever and anon with frightful din
The leather sounds;—he trembles from within!"

The chairmen were very absolute fellows. They crowded round the tavern-doors, waiting for shilling customers; but they did not hesitate to set down their box when a convenient occasion offered for the recreation of a foaming mug.§ They were for the most part sturdy Milesians, revelling, if they belonged to the aristocracy, in all the finery of embroidered coats and epaulettes, and cocked hats and feathers. If they were hackney-chairmen they asserted their power of the strong arm, and were often daring enough as a body to influence the fate of

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* Night. † Second Stage of Cruelty. ‡ Enraged Musician. § Hogarth's Beer Street.

Westminster and Middlesex elections, in the terror which they produced with fist and bludgeon. But they are gone. No Belinda now may be proud of

"Two pages and a chair."

They glide not amongst the chariot-wheels at levee or drawing-room. The clubs want them not. They have retired to Bath and Oxford. We believe there is one chair still lingering about May Fair; but the chairmen must be starving. The Society of Antiquaries ought to buy the relic.

Walpole has somewhere a complaint of the increase of London, that it would be soon impossible for the chairmen to perform their functions. This sounds very like the notion that the noble and the rich could ride in nothing but chairs. These were the days when the private chair had its "crimson velvet cushions and damask curtains," such as Jonathan Wild recovered for the Duchess of Marlborough, when two of his rogues, in the disguise of chairmen, carried away her chair from Lincoln's Inn Chapel, while the "true men" were drinking. The town has increased beyond Walpole's calculation, and that is, in some measure, the reason why the chairs are *gone*. The town did not stop in its increase to consider the chairs. But there is another reason. The rich and the high-born have wisely learned to be less exclusive than of old; and as they must now-a-days wear coats of the same fashion as humbler men, so must they ride in their own carriages, with no other perceptible difference between the carriage of the duke and his tailor than that of the blazonry. Pepys tells us of "my Lady Peterborough being in her *glass-coach* with the glass up, and seeing a lady pass by in a coach whom she would salute, the glass was so clear that she thought it had been open, and so ran her head through the glass."* This hints of the days when Ladies were learning to ride in glass-coaches, having just passed through the transition state of open coaches, and curtained coaches, and coaches with talc windows. How ashamed the wife of John Gilpin would have been not to have known better! And so when everybody rode in coaches the lords and ladies set up their chairs. The times are altered. We have seen a peer in an omnibus.

It is very difficult to conceive a London without an omnibus or a cabriolet. Yet who amongst us does not remember the hour when they first appeared? For some two hundred years, those who rode in hired carriages had seen the hackney-coach passing through all its phases of dirt and discomfort; the springs growing weaker, the "iron ladder" by which we ascended into its rickety capaciousness more steep and more fragile, the straw filthier, the cushions more redolent of dismal smells, the glasses less air-tight. But it is of little consequence. Nobody rides in them. The gentlemen at the "office for granting licences for carriages plying for hire in the metropolis" tell us that licences are still granted to four hundred hackney-coaches. Alas, how are the horses fed? Are the drivers living men who eat beef and drink beer? We doubt if those huge capes ever descend to receive a fare. Are they not spectre-coaches—coachmen still doomed to sleep upon their boxes, as the wild huntsman was doomed to a demon chase—for propitiation? The same authority tells us that there are fifteen hundred cabriolets to whom licences are granted. These we know are things of life. They rush about the streets as rapid as fire-flies. They lame few, they kill fewer. They sometimes overturn us:—but their serious damage is not much. We borrowed them from the French on a fine May morning in the year,

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* Diary, 1667.

1820. It is remarkable how slow we are in the adoption of a new thing; and how we hold to it when it is once adopted. In 1813 there were eleven hundred and fifty cabriolets upon the hackney-stands of Paris—"Cabriolets de place,"*—and we had not one. Now, we have fifteen hundred of them. Our English one-horse hackney-carriages have run through every variety of form; and have at length settled down into as comfortable vehicles as men can ride in. But we rejected them when they were proffered to us a generation or two ago. We have before us the copy of a drawing in the splendidly illustrated Pennant in the British Museum, in which we see Temple Bar, with heads still blackening upon spikes over the arch, and beneath it a carriage of which that below is an exact representation. There is also a print without a date, giving the same delineation of the same vehicle; and this tells us that it is "the carriage of the ingenious Mr. Moore." Like many other "ingenious" persons, Mr. Moore was before his age; and in another half-century his carriage, or something very like it, finds favour in our eyes as one of "Patent Safety."

We have ridden in one of the hundred omnibuses that run from Paddington to the Bank with an elderly gentleman who told us that in his day there was only *one* stage from that then suburban neighbourhood to the commercial centre, and that was never filled. There are now above seven hundred omnibuses and short stages—for the most part omnibuses—in the Metropolitan District—that is, licensed to run within ten miles of the General Post Office. They carry some sixty thousand people daily, and receive annually in fares about three-quarters of a million sterling. The omnibus was tried about 1800, with four horses and six wheels; but we refused to accept it in any shape till we imported the fashion from Paris in 1830.

And now then, patient reader, seeing that you have borne this introductory gossip about London locomotion, we are in a condition to

"beguile your time, and feed your knowledge,
With viewing of the town."

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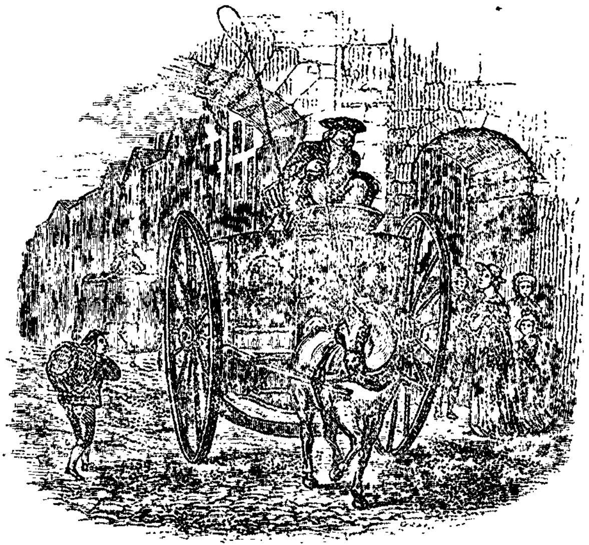
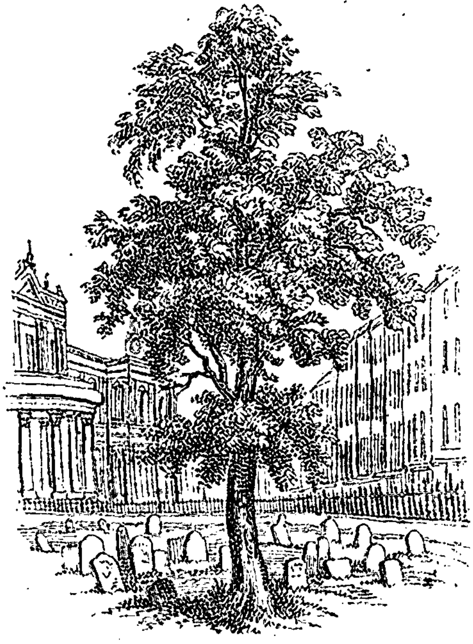
* Dulaure.

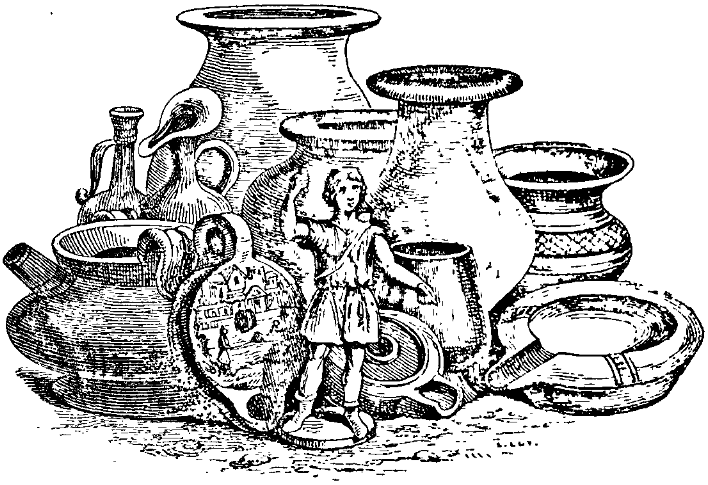




[Elm in St. Paul's Churchyard.]

III.—PAUL'S CROSS.

A few years ago, it seems, a tree grew, but even that no longer marks the spot, where stood of old the famous Paul's Cross, towards the eastern extremity of the vacant space on the north side of the Cathedral. The greater part of this space appears to have been a burying-ground, and no doubt the chief one belonging to the City, from the most ancient times—from the erection of the first sacred edifice, whether Christian church or heathen temple, on the mount now crowned by St. Paul's, or possibly from the origin of London itself. Sir Christopher Wren, who dug deep into all parts of the ground in laying the foundations of the present cathedral, discovered no indications to confirm the tradition that the site had been originally occupied by a temple of Jupiter or Diana; the precious fragments of bucks' horns, ox-heads, and boars' tusks, that had so charmed the antiquaries, had all disappeared, or become transmuted, like fairy coin, into much more worthless ware—into bits of wood and shreds of pottery. But he found under the choir of the old building a *presbyterium*, or semicircular chancel, of Roman architecture—a structure of Kentish rubble-stone, cemented with their inimitable mortar—which proved that the first Christian church had been the work of the Roman colonists; and he also clearly ascertained that the northern part of the churchyard had been a depository for the dead from the Roman and British times. Layer upon layer, there they lay—and still lie—the successive possessors of the land; uppermost, the graves of later generations; next under them, our Saxon forefathers from the days of Ethelbert and St. Austin, some more honourably and securely entombed within sarcophagi formed of great upright and horizontal flags, most embedded in cavities lined with chalk-stones—in either case the one enclosure serving for both grave and coffin; then, the Britons of the period between the departure of the Romans and the establishment of the Saxons, their dust mixed with great numbers of ivory and box-wood pins, about six inches long, the fastenings apparently of the now mouldered shrouds in which the bodies had once been wrapped; and, lowest of all, eighteen feet or more below the surface, other remains such as these last, but interspersed with fragments of Roman urns, revealing the burial-place of "the colony when Romans and Britons lived and died together." *



[Roman Antiquities found on the Site of Paul's Cross.]

The churchyard appears to have been first enclosed, and that only in part, by Richard de Beaumeis, who was Bishop of London in the reign of Henry I. But we find no mention of the Cross till long after this time. Yet the earliest notice of it that has come down to us describes proceedings which have all the air of old usage, and, at any rate, are not likely to have originated in the age when we thus first hear of them, or in any preceding one since the Norman Conquest, although they may possibly have been then revived after having been discontinued from the time of that revolution.

Suddenly, in the latter part of the reign of Henry III., during the struggle between the King and the barons—in the midst, we may say, of the birth-throes of English liberty—Paul's Cross rises up before us, the central object of a picture as startling to our preconceptions of the time as of the place. The field of the dead is covered with an excited living throng, an assembly of the people met to pass judgment on their civic rulers, whom the King's minister, speaking from the Cross, charges with extortion and oppression. It is the *Comitia* of the citizens of

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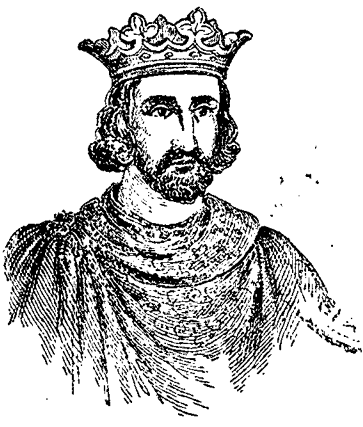
* *Parentalia*, p. 266.

London, held in their Forum, around the orator haranguing them from the Rostra. It appears that about the beginning of the year 1258, Henry, having found, or pretending to have found, in the royal wardrobe at Windsor, a roll of parchment sealed with green wax, and filled with a number of accusations against the Lord Mayor and aldermen of London, though no one could tell whence it came, commanded John Mansell, who is called one of his Chief Justices, forthwith to summon a Folkmote at Paul's Cross, and there to read the document to the citizens. The word is Saxon—*Folkmote*, a people-meeting, as *Witenagemote* is a legislative assembly, a meeting of wise men or counsellors. And the thing also was probably a relic of the old Saxon freedom, though whether now, or when first revived, if ever lost, no record tells. But the assembling of a folkmote on this occasion is not mentioned as if it were something unheard of, or even new to that time. Only one day's notice is stated to have been given: the day was the 26th of January, the morrow of the festival of St. Paul; and when Mansell made his appearance, accompanied by the Earl of Gloucester, the other Chief Justice Henry de Bathon, and others of the King's Council, both the people and their magistrates were there to meet him. Mansell, having first ordered the charges to be read aloud, so that all might hear them, then called upon the people to inform him who those rich men were that, as asserted by the unknown accuser, had been favoured in the collection of the late tallage exacted by the king from his good subjects of the city of London; and whether the mayor and aldermen had applied any part of the tax to their own use. The old civic chronicler, Fabian, himself an alderman, and a great venerator of his order, makes the impeached functionaries, in indignant consciousness of innocence, to have shown the boldest of fronts—in fact to have driven Mansell from the field with disgrace; and, certainly, the extortion and oppression have quite as much the look of being on the king's part as on their's. At least, if they had been fleecing their fellow-citizens of the commonalty, his majesty was clearly resolved that, by hook or by crook, he should have his share of the plunder. And first he set to work by crook, making loud profession of his regard for nothing so much as the rights and interests of the most numerous class of his subjects, and seeking to effect his despotic purpose by the aid of the most popular institution in the country, perhaps that he might both gain his end and damage the institution at the same time. In the course of the affair, which it does not belong to our present subject to relate in detail, several other public meetings were held both at Paul's Cross and in the Guildhall, at which the people were addressed by Mansell and others of the King's ministers. On one of these occasions it is insinuated that the multitude which gathered around Paul's Cross did not properly deserve to be considered a meeting of London citizens—of those entitled to attend a folkmote; many strangers, or foreigners, non-freemen, and even servants or bondmen, having joined the assemblage. An irregularity this which would be apt to occur when there was anything very interesting to be discussed or transacted at these



[Henry III.]

popular open-air diets. In the end, after the accused aldermen, deserted by their fellow-citizens, had been coerced or terrified into the payment of handsome sums by way of ransom or bribe, the business was settled by the calling of another folkmote at Paul's Cross, on the day before the feast of St. Leonard, at which the king himself was present, with the chief men of his court; and where such of the aldermen as had not previously made their peace were formally taken back into the royal favour, and reinstated in their offices—Henry even professing to be now satisfied that there never had been any ground for the charges made against them! Thus the sponge, having been squeezed, was set down again, nothing the worse, in its old position, to suck up more moisture for the next occasion.

But whatever may have been the amount of practical abuse, we see from this account that, in so far at least as concerned the city of London, the government of England, in the thirteenth century, was by no means either a pure despotism, or even a monarchy merely counterbalanced by an aristocracy. There was also a living and active element of democracy in the constitution, which, however unenlightened, yet required to be constantly managed and propitiated, and served at any rate to preserve the instinct of popular liberty in men's minds and hearts throughout the worst times. It may be presumed, both from the name and from the notices that have been preserved of its proceedings, that the London Folkmote was composed of the entire free commonalty of the city—of all that portion of the male inhabitants constituting what was properly called the Folk or People, as distinguished from the resident strangers or natives of other countries (the *Metoikoi*, as they would have been called at Athens), and also from persons in a servile state, whose condition throughout England at this date much more nearly resembled that of the slaves among the Greeks and Romans than that of those we now call servants. It was evidently not an assembly of delegates, like the Common Council of the city at the present day; but a body like that now called a Common Hall, or assembly of the whole Livery or freemen, of which, indeed, the Folkmote seems to have been the original form. The district meetings of the Livery are still called Wardmotes, as they appear to have been in the time of Henry III.*

Fabian records another Folkmote, or Folmoot, as having been called at Paul's Cross by King Henry III., after the feast of Candlemas, 1259: "where," says the chronicler, "he in proper person, with the King of Almain (that is, his brother Richard, Earl of Cornwall, who had got himself many years before this elected King of the Romans, or Emperor of Germany), the Archbishop of Canterbury, and many other nobles came, when the king commanded unto the mayor that every stripling of the age of twelve years and above should before his alderman be sworn, the day following, to be true to the king, and to his heirs, kings of England, and that the gates of the city were [should be] kept with armed men, as before by the King of Romans was devised."* Henry was at this time preparing, under the advice and with the support of his brother, to break through the trammels imposed upon him by the assembly of the barons held about a year before at Oxford, commonly called the Mad Parliament. The next year he sent to Rome for an absolution from the oath he had then been compelled to take; and in 1262, on the second Sunday in Lent, "he caused to be read at Paul's Cross a bull obtained of Pope Urban the Fourth, as an absolution for him and for all his that were sworn to maintain the articles made in the parliament of Oxford."†

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* Mansell, the chief justice, whose high-handed style of going through with his work, and skill withal in wielding the fierce democracy, Henry found so serviceable in the above contest with the London magistrates, was, like many of the most eminent statesmen and lawyers of those days, a churchman. He is sometimes designated the King's Chaplain; but for munificence of spirit, as well as for the place which he held in the King's favour, Mansell may be styled the Wolsey of the thirteenth century. The following notice is given by Stow, in his 'Survey,' on the authority of Matthew Paris:—"In the year of Christ 1256, the fortieth of Henry III., John Mansell, the King's counsellor and a priest, did invite to a stately dinner the kings and queens of England and Scotland, Edward the King's son, earls, barons, and knights, the Bishop of London, and divers citizens; whereby his guests did grow to such a number that his house at Tothill could not receive them, but that he was forced to set up tents and pavilions to receive his guests; whereof there was such a multitude, that seven hundred mess of meat did not serve for the first dinner." In his 'Annals,' Stow adds—"The like dinner had not been made by any chaplain before." Mansell is affirmed, in the Chronicle of Mailros, to have held three hundred benefices in the English Church.

From a writ of *quo warranto* of the year 1287, the 15th of Edward I., it appears, according to Dugdale, that the ground on which Paul's Cross stood, described as lying eastward from the church, and as that on which the citizens of London had been anciently wont to hold their Folkmotes, was claimed as belonging to the king, and had only newly come to be used for the interment of the dead. The people, it is stated, used to be summoned to the folkmote by the ringing of a bell, hanging in a tower which stood on the ground. This tower is conjectured by Dugdale to be the same that is mentioned in the time of Henry I., in a charter of Bishop Richard de Beaumeis, in which the bishop grants to one Hugh, the schoolmaster, and his successors, the habitation at the corner of the turret where William, the dean, had already placed him by his (the bishop's) command; "doubtless," says Dugdale, writing in 1658, "the place where the schoolmaster of Paul's school dwelleth at this day." This tower was called the Clochier, or Bell Tower; and in another document of the beginning of the reign of Henry III., which Dugdale quotes, it is described, under the Latin name of the *Clokarium*, as situated in the corner of the greater cemetery of St. Paul, towards the *Forum*—for such is the classical term here applied to the part of the churchyard appropriated to the holding of the Folkmote. Stow, in whose younger days this tower was still standing, gives the following account of it:—"Near unto this school (St. Paul's), on the north side thereof, was, of old time, a great and high Clochier, or Bell-house, four-square, builded of stone; and in the same a most strong frame of timber, with four bells, the greatest that I have heard: these were called Jesus bells, and belonged to Jesus Chapel; but I know not by whose gift. The same had a great spire of timber, covered with lead, with the image of St. Paul on the top; but was pulled down by Sir Miles Partridge, knight, in the reign of Henry the Eighth. The common speech then was, that he did set one hundred pounds upon a cast at dice against it, and so won the said Clochier and bells of the king; and then causing the bells to be broken as they hung, the rest was pulled down." "This man," adds Stow, with evident satisfaction, "was afterward executed on the Tower-hill, for matters concerning the Duke of Somerset, the 5th of Edward the Sixth."‡

In 1285, two years before the issue of the above-mentioned writ of *quo warranto*, the churchyard was, apparently for the first time, completely walled round, in conformity with a licence granted to the dean and canons by King Edward I., upon information given to him, that by the lurking of thieves and other disorderly persons in the night-time within the ground—which, although partly enclosed, was yet accessible to any body—divers robberies and homicides, not to speak of much immorality of other kinds, had been ofttimes committed therein. The licence, which was dated at Westminster, on the 10th of June, "for the honour of God and holy church, and of those saints whose bodies were buried therein, as also for the better security of the canons and officers belonging thereto," gave permission that the ground should be inclosed "with a wall on every side, with fitting gates and posterns therein, to be opened every morning, and closed at night."*

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* See also Stow's Annals, eod. an.

† Ib.

‡ Survey.

After the reign of Henry III., we read of no more Folkmotes being held at Paul's Cross. Indeed, a few years after the accession of Edward I., as we have just seen, the assembling of the Folkmote seems to be spoken of rather as a thing that had been than that was still in use. It is remarkable that the same period in our history which witnessed, if not the original institution, at least the complete establishment, of the Commons' House of Parliament, should have been that in which this ancient court of the commonalty of London fell into desuetude, or lost its importance with its old form and character. But the age of the introduction of representative government was perhaps naturally that of the decay and extinction of government by assemblies of the whole people.

The northern part of St. Paul's Churchyard, however, still continued to be the Forum of the Londoners, and the Cross to be the station from which, in those days, when as yet there was no printing and little reading, announcements and harangues on all such matters as the authorities in church or state judged to be of public concern were poured into the popular ear and heart. Stow, who by the bye places it "about the midst" of the churchyard—and in fact it was only a very little to the east of Canon Alley—describes it as "a pulpit-cross of timber, mounted upon steps of stone, and covered with lead;"† and this was probably its form before as well as after his day. We may conjecture that it came first to be used for ecclesiastical purposes after the ground on which it stood was taken into the churchyard in the reign of Edward I.; at least the earliest occasion on which it is recorded to have been so employed was in the year 1299, when, according to a notice in Stow, "the dean of Paul's accursed at Paul's Cross all those which had searched in the church of St. Martin in the Field for an hoard of gold, &c."‡ A curse pronounced from this famous pulpit was sure to be heard far and wide upon earth, whether it went up to heaven or not.

Very soon after this date we begin to hear of sermons regularly preached from Paul's Cross. In 1361, Michael de Northburgh, bishop of London, in bequeathing a sum of a thousand marks to be placed in a chest in the treasury of the Cathedral, to form a sort of *Mont de Piété*, or fund for loans upon pledges (but without interest), directed that if in any case at the year's end the sums borrowed were not repaid, then the preacher at Paul's Cross should in his sermon declare that the pledge would be sold within fourteen days, if not forthwith redeemed. The good bishop, by the bye, did not contemplate benefiting the lower orders of his countrymen only by this judicious charity. In those times, when the little commerce existing was still in great part a commerce of barter, money was often scarce even with those who had plenty of everything else; accordingly it was here provided that, while a poor layman might borrow to the extent of ten pounds from the fund, the dean or any of the principal canons of the Cathedral might have a loan of twice that sum, a citizen or nobleman one to the same amount, and the bishop of the diocese one of forty or even of nearly fifty pounds.* It would be interesting to know if any of the noble or right reverend borrowers was ever proclaimed as a defaulter at the Cross; and also whether on occasion of such occurrences it was customary for the preacher to adapt his discourse to the case in hand, as would seem to be implied by the regulation that he should make the announcement in the course of his sermon. It is easy to conceive how forcibly he might illustrate certain of the moral duties by the happy application of this method—how the precept might not only be sent home by the example, as by the blow of a hammer, but the example itself might, according to the Horatian rule, be made more stimulating by being addressed to the eyes as well as to the ears of the congregation, through the actual exhibition of the forfeited pledge from the pulpit—of the humbler tradesman's holiday suit or best yew bow, the merchant's bale of broad-cloth, the nobleman's silver drinking-cup, or the bishop's holy book or richest mule-trappings. Indeed the register of this ancient pawnbroking establishment would be altogether one of the most curious relics of the middle ages if it could be recovered; but it has no doubt perished long ago, as well as the good bishop's legacy itself, with the chest, secured by three keys, in which it was kept, and the pledges of the last borrowers, upon whom probably the Reformation, or some other earlier convulsion, came suddenly some fine morning, foreclosing all redemption.

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* Dugdale, p. 12.

† Survey.

‡ Ib.

But to return to the sermons. In 1388 the then bishop, Robert de Braybroke, in certain letters addressed to his clergy, describes Paul's Cross—"the high cross standing in the greater churchyard of our cathedral"—as the station from which the word of God was in use to be preached to the people in the most public and distinguished part of the cemetery. The object of the bishop's letters was to call upon his clergy to stir up their flocks to contribute to the repair of the Cross, which "was then grown ruinous by reason of winds and tempests." It is said to have suffered, with many other buildings, by the earthquake which was felt all over the south of England on the morning of the 21st of May, 1382. Stow records that in Kent especially "it sunk some churches and threw them down to the earth."† The restoration of Paul's Cross was taken up as a matter in which the church over the whole kingdom was concerned. Other letters, inviting the faithful to assist in the good work, were written by the Archbishop of Canterbury; "as also," continues Dugdale, "the Bishops of Ely, Bath, Coventry and Lichfield, Llandaff, and Bangor sent out at the same time, promising indulgence of forty days to all such as (de peccatis suis vere penitentibus, confessis, et contritis)‡ should contribute thereto." It is affirmed that considerable contributions were in this way drawn from the pockets of the people, but that Braybroke and the other bishops, instead of applying the money to the pious purpose for which it was professedly collected, put it, or the greater part of it, into their own pockets. What seems to be certain is, that no considerable repair of the Cross was executed at this time, nor till about half a century afterwards, when it was rebuilt by one of Braybroke's successors, John Kemp, who held the see from 1422 to 1426.* Dugdale notices that Kemp's arms were to be seen in sundry places of the leaden cover of the Cross.

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* Dugdale.

† Annals.

‡ "For their sins truly repenting, having made confession, and felt contrition:" the condition expressed in all papal indulgences.

One of the earliest sermons, if not the very earliest, recorded to have been preached at Paul's Cross, is still preserved, and may be found printed at full length, from a manuscript of the time, in Fox's Book of Martyrs. It was preached on Quinquagesima Sunday, in the year 1389, by a certain learned clerk of the name of R. Wimbeldon, and is altogether a highly curious specimen both of the language and of the popular theology of that age. When we state that the zealous martyrologist strongly recommends it to his readers as "a godly and most fruitful sermon," it will be understood that it is no declamation in honour either of pope or saint. Indeed it might almost be suspected, from the strain in which he runs on, that Wimbeldon had adopted most of the opinions of his reforming contemporary, Wyclif; unless it was that before the Reformation the peculiar tenets which now distinguish the Romanists were really not wont to be so much insisted upon in preaching to the people as they naturally came to be after they were made the main subjects of contention between the two hostile parties that divided Christendom. Nor does it appear that a man brought his orthodoxy into question in those days merely by inveighing, however freely, against the corruptions of the church, and the pride, luxury, ambition, hypocrisy, or other vices of the clergy. Many other productions of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries have come down to us, besides this sermon of Wimbeldon's, in which a tone is taken in regard to such matters that would hardly have been ventured upon by any Romanist in a later age; we need only mention the Visions of Pierce Ploughman, many of Chaucer's poems, and the History of Matthew Paris; but, although the followers of Luther were afterwards fond of claiming the authors of these works as fellow-reformers, and altogether of their faith and party, it does not appear that any one of them was in his own day regarded as other than a good Catholic, for all his philippics and sarcasms. Wimbeldon takes his text from the parable of the unjust steward, as related in the sixteenth chapter of St. Luke—selecting the words "*Redde rationem villicationis tuæ,*" which he translates, "Yield reckoning of thy bailly," and applies to the different classes of men with much sharpness and good sense, enlivening his address, ever and anon, with a legend from St. Augustine or some other of the old fathers, or an illustration from the every-day occupations of his hearers, in the happiest style of popular oratory. The entire discourse occupies eleven of Fox's long and closely-printed columns.†

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* Dugdale, on the authority of Godwin de Præsulibus. Kemp, whom Dugdale here, by mistake, calls Thomas, was afterwards successively archbishop of York and archbishop of Canterbury, besides being lord chancellor and a cardinal.

† We transcribe a few sentences, modernising the old spelling, where it does not affect the sound, to give the curious reader a taste of what sort of preaching was to be heard at Paul's Cross nearly five hundred years ago:—"Right as ye seeth," Wimbeldon begins his explanation of his text, "that, in tilling of the material vine, there ben divers labours; for some cutten away the void branches, some maken forks and rails to bearen up the vine, and some diggen away the old earth fro the rote, and *lain there fatter*; and all this offices ben so necessary to the vine, that, *if any of them fail, it shall harm greatly other* [*or*] destroy the vines; for, but

Early in the next century Paul's Cross figures in a transaction so curiously characteristic of the times, and in its whole course so startling to modern manners and notions, that the relation ought not to be attempted by any modern pen, and we will therefore give the details in the homely but graphic words of the old chronicler. "On Easter-day in the afternoon," Stow records under the year 1417, "at a sermon in St. Dunstan's in the east of London, a great fray happened in the church, wherethrough many people were sore wounded, and one Thomas Petwarden, fishmonger, slain out of hand: wherefore the church was suspended, and the beginners of the fray, which was the Lord Strange and Sir John Tussell, knight, through the quarrel of their two wives, were brought to the Compter in the Poultry. The Archbishop of Canterbury caused them to be excommunicate, as well at Paul's Cross as in all other parish churches of the city. The 21st of April the said Archbishop sate at St. Magnus to inquire of the authors of that disorder, where he found the fault to be in the Lord Strange and his wife; who, upon the first of May following, in Paul's Church, before the Archbishop, the Mayor of London, and others, submitted themselves to penance, which was enjoined them, that immediately all their servants should in their shirts go before the parson of St. Dunstan's from Paul's to St. Dunstan's church, and the lord bare-headed, with his lady bare-footed, Reignold Kenwood, Archdeacon of London, following them; and at the hallowing of the church the lady should fill all the vessels with water, and also offer an ornament of ten pound, and the Lord Strange should offer a pix of five pound."* A scolding match, or, for aught that appears, an actual rencontre of talons or fisticuffs, in the church, between the wives of a knight and a nobleman—the flying to arms of probably the greater part of the congregation—the blood made to flow in all directions—the slaughter outright of the poor fishmonger—make an appropriate prologue of the savage and horrible to the comedy that follows, of the procession along Fleet Street, led by the parson in his canonicals, and brought up by the bare-headed lord and bare-footed lady; while, in admirable keeping with the absurdity of the whole exhibition, the principal part of the performance is vicariously sustained by the poor shivering menials—a pretty long string, we may suppose, of both sexes,—who, one would think, might not unfairly have been presumed to have suffered penance enough already in the service of a mistress requiring so sharp a discipline to keep her in order. It is a comfort to find, however, that the termagant

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if [unless] the vine be cut, she shall wax wild; but if she be railed, she shall be overgo with nettles and weeds; but if the rote be fatted with dong, she for feebleness should wax barren;—right so in the Church beth needful these three offices; priesthood, knighthood, and labourers. To priests it falleth to cut away the void branches of sins with the swerd of her [their] tongue. To knighthood it falleth to letten [prevent] wrongs and thefts to ben done, and to maintain God's law and them that ben teachers thereof, and also to keep the land from enemies of other lands. And to labourers it falleth to travail bodilich, and, with their sore sweat, getten out of the earth bodilech livehood for hem [themselves] and other parties." Even this simple passage is not wholly unsuggestive as to the state of things in England in that day, were such our present subject. The only other quotation we shall make is of a few sentences from Wimbeldon's picture of the clergy of his day. "How the life of priests," he exclaims, "is changed! They be clothen as knights, they speaken as carls, other [or] of winning as marchants; they riden as princes; and all that is thus spended is of the goods of poor men and of Christ's heritage. . . . . In these [things] travaileth prelates, that ben too much blent with too much shining of riches, that make them houses like churches in greatness, that with divers pointries coloren their chambers, that with divers clothings of colours make images gay; but the poor man for default of clothes beggeth, and with an empty womb crieth at the door."

* Annals.

was obliged to fill the water-vessels with her own noble hands, and, apparently, unassisted and unattended by either servants or husband. These are the incidents that paint an age. Nothing can bring more forcibly home to us than such a strange narrative as this the difference between the London of our own day and that of three hundred years ago. It makes one wonder if the sun shone then as it does now—if our ancestors of that remote date were actually wide awake, and did not move about in a sort of mere somnambulous condition—at any rate, if they possessed any sense of the ludicrous or faculty of laughter, that they could look on gravely while such fantastic tricks were played before high heaven.

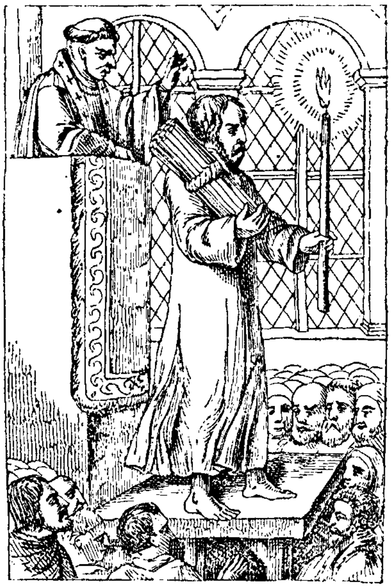
Another remarkable appearance, also of a penitential character, that was made at Paul's Cross some years after this, is likewise described, with all its details, by Stow—the recantation of the learned and pious Reginald Pecocke, bishop of Chichester, who "having laboured many years," says the annalist, "to translate the holy scripture into English, was accused to have passed the bounds of divinity and of Christian belief in certain articles." On the 4th of December, 1457, he was brought to Paul's Cross, and there renounced his heresies, and made profession of his deep contrition and entire submission to holy church in a formal harangue "in his mother tongue," which Stow gives at full length. And "after this," concludes the account, "he was deprived of his bishoprick, having a certain pension assigned unto him for to live on in an abbey, and soon after he died." And, doubtless, he himself then felt that it would have been better had he died somewhat sooner.

Little more than two years before these high-handed proceedings against Bishop Pecocke, which may be regarded as a sort of commencement of the war between the old and the new opinions in religion, the first swords had been crossed at St. Alban's in the war of the Roses, which was to make the best blood in the land flow like water throughout the greater part of the next quarter of a century. Passing over that space, comprising the remainder of the reign and life of Henry VI., and the whole of the reign of Edward IV., we come, in what may be called the last act of the long, tumultuous drama, to perhaps the most remarkable day in the history of Paul's Cross. It is towards the latter end of June, in the year 1483. The young king, Edward V., who had been escorted from Hornsey to the bishop's palace, close by the cathedral, on the 4th of May, by the lord mayor, the sheriffs, "and all the other aldermen in scarlet, with five hundred horse of the citizens in violet," had been soon after, along with his brother, carried "from thence through the city honourably into the Tower, out of which after that day they never came abroad;" Crookbacked Richard directed all things as Lord Protector; Lord Hastings, arrested in the council-room at the Tower on the morning of Friday, the 13th of June, had had his head immediately struck off, "upon a long log of timber," on "the green beside the chapel;" the Lord Grey, with his fellow-prisoners, had been executed before the gate of Pontefract Castle, on the same day; Lord Rivers lay there in his dungeon, about to follow his friends to the scaffold; Lord Stanley, the Archbishop of York, and the Bishop of Ely, were all under the lock and key of the tyrant; "then thought the Protector, that, while men mused what the matter meant, while the lords of the realm were about him out of their own strengths, while no man wist what to think, nor whom to trust, ere ever they should have space to dispute and digest the matter and make parties, it were best hastily to pursue his purpose, and put himself in possession of the crown, ere men could have time to devise any way to resist." The story has been told, as Herodotus himself might have told it, by Sir Thomas More; and we shall follow his lively and graceful narrative with little abridgment. The first concern of Gloucester and his confederates was, how the matter "might be first broken to the people, in such wise that it might be well taken;" and for this purpose, while they took into their counsels Sir Edmond Shaw, the lord mayor, that he "upon trust of his own advancement, whereof he was, of a proud heart, highly desirous, should frame the city to their appetite," they also associated to themselves "of spiritual men such as had wit, and were in authority among the people for opinion of their learning, and had no scrupulous conscience;" and "among these had they John Shaw, Clerk, brother to the Mayor, and Friar Pinker, Provincial of the Augustine Friars, both Doctors of Divinity, both great preachers, both of more learning than virtue, of more fame than learning. For they were before greatly esteemed among the people, but after that never. Of these two the t'one had a sermon in praise of the Protector before the coronation; the t'other after; both so full of tedious flattery, that no man's ears could abide them." With Pinker's sermon, which was delivered at St. Mary's Hospital, on Easter day in the following year, we have here nothing to do: More states that he "so lost his voice, that he was fain to leave off and come down in the midst." As for Shaw, it was determined that he should forthwith lay before the people the Protector's claims as the legitimate heir to the crown, in a sermon at Paul's Cross. Accordingly, on Sunday the 22nd of June, the Doctor presented himself in the pulpit at the Cross before a great audience,—"as alway assembled great number to his preaching,"—and taking for his text the words from the Book of Wisdom, *Spuria vitulamina non agent radices altas*—"Bastard slips shall not strike deep roots," he proceeded to address the multitude. The introductory portion of his discourse consisted of an attempt to show that heaven, although it might sometimes suffer the legitimate line to be set aside for a season, never permitted it to be ultimately or long supplanted by those born out of wedlock, or their descendants, especially if the offspring of adultery. "And when he had laid for the proof and confirmation of this sentence," continues More, "certain examples taken out of the Old Testament and other ancient histories, then began he to descend into the praise of the Lord Richard, late Duke of York, calling him father to the Lord Protector, and declared the title of his heirs unto the crown, to whom it was, after the death of King Henry the Sixth, entailed by authority of parliament. Then showed he that his very right heir of his body lawfully begotten was only the Lord Protector. For he declared then that King Edward was never lawfully married unto the Queen, but was before God husband under Dame Elizabeth Lucy, and so his children bastards. And, besides that, neither King Edward himself nor the Duke of Clarence, among those that were secret in the household, were reckoned very surely for the children of the noble Duke, as those that by their favours more resembled other known men than him. From whose virtuous conditions he said also that King Edward was far off. But the Lord Protector, he said, the very noble prince, the special pattern of knightly prowess, as well in all princely behaviour as in the lineaments and favour of his visage represented the very face of the noble duke his father. This is, quoth he, the father's own figure, this is his own countenance, the very print of his visage, the very sure redoubted image, the plain express likeness of that noble duke. Now was it before devised, that, in the speaking of these words, the Protector should have come in among the people to the sermon-ward, to the end that those words, meeting with his presence, might have been taken among the hearers as though the Holy Ghost had put them in the preacher's mouth, and should have moved the people even there to cry King Richard! King Richard! that it might have been after said that he was specially chosen by God, and in manner by miracle. But this device quailed, either by the Protector's negligence, or the preacher's over-much diligence. For while the Protector found by the way tarrying lest he should prevent those words, and the Doctor, fearing that he should come ere his sermon could come to these words, hasted his matter thereto, who was come to them and past them, and entered into other matters ere the Protector came. Whom when he beheld coming, he suddenly left the matter with which he was in hand; and, without any deduction thereunto, out of all order and out of all frame, began to repeat those words again:—'This is the very noble prince, the special pattern of knightly prowess, which, as well in all princely behaviour as in the lineaments and favour of his visage, representeth the very face of the noble Duke of York, his father; this is the father's own figure, this is his own countenance, the very print of his visage, the sure undoubted image, the plain express likeness of the noble duke, whose remembrance can never die while he liveth.' While these words were in speaking, the Protector, accompanied by the Duke of Buckingham, went through the people into the place where the doctors commonly stand in the upper story, where he stood to hearken the sermon. But the people were so far from crying King Richard! that they stood as they had been turned into stones, for wonder of this shameful sermon. After which once ended, the preacher got him home, and never after durst look out for shame, but kept him out of sight like an owl. And when he once asked one that had been his old friend what the people talked of him, all were it that his own conscience well showed him that they talked no good; yet when the other answered him, that there was in every man's mouth spoken of him much shame, it so strake him to the heart, that within few days after he withered and consumed away."

It has been sometimes stated, that another famous exhibition, got up by the Protector at this crisis with the same view of winning the voices of the multitude—his exposure of poor Jane Shore—also took place at Paul's Cross; but this is a mistake—the penance imposed upon the frail, but merry and kind-hearted mistress of Edward IV., was to walk before a cross carried in procession through the streets. Her story, therefore, likewise so interestingly told by More, may stand over for the present. But very soon after this date, it became customary to adjudge persons who performed penance—especially the unhappy followers of the new opinions in religion—to stand before Paul's Cross during the sermon after they had been paraded in the procession. Thus, Fox tells us, that on Sunday the 17th of January, 1497, "two men, the one called Richard Milderale, and the other James Sturdie, bare fagots before the procession of Paul's, and after stood before the preacher in the time of his sermon." "And upon the

Sunday following," he adds, "stood other two men at Paul's Cross all the sermon time; the one garnished with painted and written papers, the other having a fagot on his neck. After that, in Lent season, upon Passion Sunday, one Hugh Glover bare a fagot before the procession of Paul's, and after with the fagot stood before the preacher all the sermon-while at Paul's Cross. And on the Sunday next following four men stood, and did there open penance at Paul's, as is aforesaid: in the sermon time many of their books were burnt before them at the Cross." Again, he notes that in 1499 "many were taken for heretics in Kent, and at Paul's Cross they bare fagots, and were abjured. And shortly after, the same year, there were thirteen Lollards afcre the procession in Paul's, and there were of them eight women and a young lad, and the lad's mother was one of the eight, and all the thirteen bare fagots on their necks afore the procession." This last exhibition seems to be the same mentioned by Fabian as having taken place on Sunday the 23rd of July, in that year, when, he says, twelve heretics stood before the Cross "shrined with fagots." The fagots were of course designed to signify the death by burning, which the bearers had deserved, and which they only escaped by undergoing this humiliating penance, and making abjuration of their heresies. Sometimes they were condemned to wear ever after the badge of a fagot in flames on their clothes—an awkward coat of arms.

In one case which Fox records at great length, that of "James Baynham, lawyer and martyr," the fagot borne at the Cross turned out to be prophetic as well as emblematical. Baynham having adopted some of the opinions of Wyclif, was, towards the end of the year 1531, arrested and brought before Sir Thomas More, then Chancellor, at his house in Chelsea. Fox is an honest, but a very prejudiced and credulous writer; and it is to be hoped, for the honour of genius and elegant letters, that his zeal has led him to impute some things to More, which such a man, even in that age, could hardly have been guilty of. He tells us that he detained Baynham with him in a sort of free custody for a while, but that, when "he saw he could not prevail in perverting him to his sect, then he cast him in prison in his own (More's) house, and whipped him at the tree in his garden, called the Tree of Troth, and after sent him to the Tower to be racked; and so he was, Sir Thomas More being present himself, till in a manner he had lamed him, because he would not accuse the gentlemen of the Temple of his acquaintance, nor would not show where his books were; and because his wife denied them to be at his house, she was sent to the Fleet, and their goods confiscated." However, the result was that Baynham at last consented to make abjuration, and on a Sunday in February, 1532, he did penance by first walking in procession, and then standing with a fagot on his shoulder at Paul's


[James Baynham doing penance.]

Cross during the sermon, on a sort of scaffold erected before the pulpit, in the fashion which the martyrologist has represented in a rude but curious woodcut. But Baynham had been at home little more than a month, after having recovered his forfeited life by this submission, when, vehement remorse and shame conquering the fear of death and every other feeling, he called his friends together and expressed to them the bitterest regret for what he had done; "and immediately, the next Sunday after, he came to St. Austin's with the New Testament in his hand in English, and the obedience of a Christian man in his bosom, and stood up there before the people in his pew, there declaring openly with weeping tears that he had denied God, and prayed all the people to forgive him, and to beware of his weakness, and not to do as he did." He was now, as a relapsed heretic, beyond the pale of mercy in this world, and, as his judges believed, in the next also. Urgent methods, however, were used to make him recant before he should be committed to the flames. Being again arrested, "for almost the space of a fortnight," according to the martyrologist, "he lay in the bishop's coal-house in the stocks, with irons upon his legs: then he was carried to the Lord Chancellor's and there chained to a post two nights: then he was carried to Fulham, where he was cruelly handled by the space of a sevennight; then to the Tower, where he lay a fortnight, scourged with whips, to make him revoke his opinions: from thence he was carried to Barking, then to Chelsea, and there condemned, and so to Newgate to be burned." He was burned in Smithfield at three o'clock in the afternoon, on the 30th of April. Such tragic and brutal work as this, still more even than the solemn comedy of Lady Strange's penance, goes to make it difficult for us to feel, when we read of it, that the sky was as blue and the earth as green in England three centuries ago as they are now.

In another remarkable instance, which occurred soon after this, the scaffold of penance at Paul's Cross was in like manner only a stepping-stone to a more fatal scaffold. Hither, in the end of the year 1533, was brought to make public confession of their imposture, Elizabeth Barton, called the Holy Maid of Kent, with Richard Master, the parson of the parish of Aldington, where she lived, who had sought, by means of her hysteric outcries and pretended inspirations, to raise the fame and attraction of the wooden Virgin in his chapel at Court-at-Street; her confessor, Dr. Bocking, of whom, as Burnet tells us, there were violent suspicions that he did not, in his intercourse with her, confine himself strictly to his spiritual duties; Richard Deering, who wrote the most popular book of her revelations and prophecies; and half a dozen more of her accomplices. Having been "brought into the Star-chamber," says Burnet, "where there was a great appearance of many lords, they were examined upon the premises, and did all, without any rack or torture, confess the whole conspiracy, and were adjudged to stand in Paul's all the sermon time; and, after sermon, the king's officers were to give every one of them his bill of confession, to be read openly before the people; which was done next Sunday, the Bishop of Bangor preaching, they being all set on a scaffold before him." It was thought, he adds, that this public exposure would be the surest way to satisfy the people of the imposture of the whole affair; and it had, it seems, very generally that effect. Their penance and confession, however, did not save either the nun herself, or her chief confederates: on the 20th of April following, she, Master, Bocking, Deering, and two more of those who had been exposed at Paul's Cross, were, in the words of old Stow, "drawn from the Tower of London to Tyburn, and there hanged and headed." The nun's own head was stuck up on London Bridge; those of the others on the different gates of the city. And, within little more than a year, Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, and Sir Thomas More both had their heads struck off on Tower Hill, principally, there can be no doubt—though other charges were made the pretext—for the countenance they had been, weakly enough, drawn in for a time to give to the Maid's ravings against the divorce of Queen Catherine, and the king's new marriage. Thus sure and sweeping, if a little slow, was the revenge taken by Henry, who is held up to our admiration by Burnet, as showing himself to be "not very easily inflamed," by the way in which he passed over the audacity of the friars Peto and Elston, the former of whom, in the preceding summer, while preaching in the royal chapel at Greenwich, had told him to his face that many lying prophets had deceived him, but that, if he proceeded with the business he had in hand, the dogs should assuredly lick his blood, as they had done Ahab's; and the latter of whom, on a subsequent Sunday, the king also being present, rose from the midst of the congregation and justified all that Peto had said, nor would be silenced till his majesty himself commanded him to hold his peace. The two friars, indeed, in the mean time, only received a rebuke before the privy council; but they and all the rest of their order were soon after banished from England.

A few years after the exposure of the Maid of Kent—who, by the bye, according to Strype, "began her pranks about eight or nine years before her execution"—another gross Popish fraud was laid open to the popular scorn at the same place; the trick of the wonderful rood, or crucifix, of Boxley in Kent, which actually used to move its eyes and shake its beard, and sometimes even to nod its head and bow with its whole body, to those who knelt before it and brought it offerings. The wheel-work by which all this was managed under the guidance of the priests was, it seems, detected, in the year 1538, by one Nicolas Partridge; on which the image was first brought to the neighbouring town of Maidstone, and shown to the people there, and then carried to London, where it afforded for a time infinite amusement to all classes, from the king and the inmates of the royal palace downwards. It seems to have been exhibited, probably for money, in some of the places of popular amusement. The rood had been famous for ages over all England, and people came from the most distant parts of the country to gaze and wonder at a discovery which no doubt astonished many of them almost as much as if it had been found out that any one of themselves was merely a similar piece of mechanism. The evidence, however, was too conclusive to be resisted by any possible stupidity. "There," to translate the animated account given by John Hooker, the parson of Maidstone, in a Latin letter to Bullinger, which Burnet has printed, "there stands the idol going through his performance; he makes his eyes look stern and threatening; he expresses aversion by the motion of his lips, he twitches his nostrils, he throws back his head, he bends his back, he nods, he draws himself up; they stare, they laugh, they marvel, the room echoes with their vociferation, their obstreperous clamour makes the welkin ring." At last the affair was taken up by the Council, and by their order the Boxley rood was brought to Paul's Cross, and there elevated on a scaffold, so as to be seen by all the people, during the preaching of a sermon by Hilsey, Bishop of Rochester. This, as we learn from Stow, was on Sunday the 24th of February. "Here," continues Hooker, "the image once more, with all its machinery exposed, goes with its usual ability through its part. Admiration, rage, astonishment, stir the multitude by turns. The prevailing feeling is one of mortification that they should have been so shamefully deluded by such a cheat. At length, while the preacher waxes warm in his discourse, and the word of God is secretly working in the hearts of his auditors, the wooden block is thrown down headlong into the thickest of the throng. Instantly a confused outcry of many voices arises; the idol is pulled about, is broken, is plucked one piece from another, is torn into a thousand fragments, and is finally consigned to the flames." This uproarious outbreak on the part of his congregation would, we take it for granted, be fatal to any further display of his eloquence by the bishop for that day.

But the tricks and delusions exposed at Paul's Cross were not always those of the Romanists. Exactly twenty years after the penance of Elizabeth Barton, occurred that of Elizabeth Croft, the principal performer in the imposture known by the name of the Spirit in the Wall. The Spirit in the Wall was first heard in March, 1554, soon after the accession of Queen Mary, in a house without Aldersgate, and was certainly a Protestant spirit; the tenor of its exclamations and prophecies, as Strype acknowledges, being "against the Prince of Spain, and the Queen's matching with him, and against auricular confession, the mass, and other Popish worship newly introduced." In fact, so far as it went, the affair was as exact a parallel to that of the Maid of Kent as well could be. By her dark utterances, "the people of the whole city," says Stow, "were wonderfully molested, for that all men might hear the voice, but not see her person." The sounds were supposed to come from nothing less than an angel. It turned out that Croft, "a wench about the age of eighteen years," made them with a peculiar kind of whistle, which she had got from one Drakes: among her other confederates were several parish clerks; but the plot was nipped in the bud, before it had time to attract any higher patronage or countenance. On Sunday, the 15th of July,* she was brought out at Paul's Cross, and placed upon a scaffold erected for the purpose on the usual spot, where she stood all the time of the sermon, and made open confession of the deception she had been guilty of. Strype relates that "she wept bitterly, and kneeled down, and asked God mercy and the Queen, and bade all people beware of false teaching; and said that promises were made her that she should have many good things given her, as though that had been the cause that induced her to this deceit." Neither she herself nor any of her accomplices was put to death; but one of them, a weaver who lived in Golden Lane, was a few days after set on the pillory.

On the 19th of May in the following year, 1555, two women did penance and made confession at Paul's Cross, for their concern in what was, apparently, a harmless enough imposture—the propagation of a story about an infant in a house near the cathedral having spoken, and bidden men pray, declaring that the kingdom of God was at hand. But most probably this miraculous infant was also in the Protestant interest. Most of the other penances performed here in the days of Mary appear to have been by persons, both clergy and laity, who had been seduced into some irregularity or other by the confusion and changes of the time, and who now desired to be received back into the bosom of the ascendant church. Several which Strype records are cases of priests who had taken to themselves wives which they were now willing, possibly more than willing, to part with. Thus, on the 14th of November, 1554, we are told, "five did penance with sheets about them, and tapers and rods in their hands; and the preacher did strike them with a rod; and there they stood till the sermon was done. Then the sumner took away the sheets and the rods from them, and they went into Paul's again, and so up the side of the choir. One of these was named Sir Thomas Laws, otherwise called Sir Thomas Griffin, priest, some time a canon at Elsing Spittle. He and three more were religious men; and the fifth was a temporal man, that had two wives. Those were put to penance for having one." But some of the religious men had indulged themselves with a pair of wives too. Thus, it is noted, that on the 8th of February, 1556, "Mr. Peryn, a black friar, preached at Paul's Cross; at whose sermon a priest named Sir Thomas Sampson did penance, standing before the preacher with a sheet about him, and a taper in his hand burning; the Lord Mayor, the aldermen, and many other worshipful persons present. This man's crime was, that he had two wives, and one was enough to make him do penance." On the 8th of March, again, "while a doctor preached at the Cross, a man did penance for transgressing Lent, *holding two pigs, ready drest, whereof one was upon his head,* having brought them to sell"—a spectacle which would be rather trying to the gravity of most congregations.

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* Strype says the 6th, but that was not a Sunday.

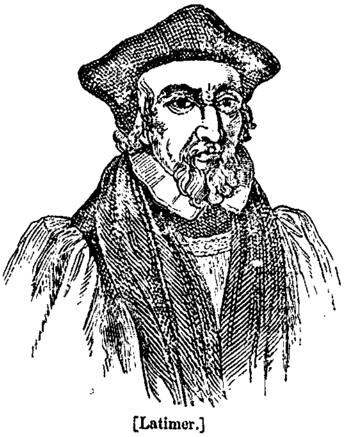
Pennant states, without quoting his authority, that in 1537 a priest named Sir Thomas Newman "bore the fagot here on a singular occasion, for singing mass with good ale." He had just before told us that the Catholic penitents, not having been in danger of burning, never bore fagots. We do not know what reliance is to be placed upon his next assertion, that the last person who did penance at Paul's Cross was a seminary priest, who made his recantation in 1593.

One of the latest instances noticed of the pronouncing of an anathema or curse from this pulpit was in 1502, in which year, as we are told by Fabian, "upon the first Sunday of Lent, was solemnly accursed at Paul's Cross Sir Edmond de la Pole, Sir Robert Curzon, and others, and all that them aided again the king." This Edmond de la Pole was the unfortunate Duke of Suffolk, nephew of King Edward IV., his jealousy and fears of whom made Henry VII. miserable for a great part of his reign, and who, afterwards falling into the hands of that king's more daring son and successor, was by him put to death, without even the form of a trial, in 1513.

On the 12th of May, 1521, a grand display of state and pageantry was made here on occasion of the publication of the Pope's sentence against Luther. An account of the ceremonial is quoted by Dugdale from one of the Cotton manuscripts. First, "the Lord Thomas Wolsey," Legate de latere, as well as Cardinal and Archbishop of York, attended by "the most part of the bishops of the realm," presented himself at the entrance to the cathedral, where he was "received with procession and censed" by the Dean; after which he advanced under a canopy of cloth of gold, borne by four doctors, to the high altar, and there made his oblation. This done, he proceeded forth to the Cross in the churchyard, where he placed himself on a scaffold erected for the purpose, taking his seat "under his cloth of estate, which was ordained for him, his two crosses on every side of him." On his right hand sate on the pace, or step, where he set his feet, the Pope's ambassador, and next to him the Archbishop of Canterbury; on his left the Emperor's ambassador, with the Bishop of Durham next to him: "and all the other bishops, with other noble prelates, sate on two forms out right forth." "And there," concludes the account, "the Bishop of Rochester made a sermon, by the consenting of the whole clergy of England, by the commandment of the Pope, against Martinus Eleutherius and all his works, because he erred sore and spake against the holy faith, and denounced them accursed which kept any of his books. And there were many burned, in the said churchyard, of the said books, during the sermon. Which ended, my Lord Cardinal went home to dinner with all the other prelates." One would be inclined to think that very little attention could be given to many of these sermons at Paul's Cross, when the senses of the audience were occupied and amused, in the way we have seen, all the time the preacher was addressing them, by the exhibition of persons performing penance with fagots on their shoulders, or lighted tapers in their hands, or pigs on their heads, or by such raree-shows as the Boxley rood, or by this roasting and crackling of heretical books in a great fire blazing away in the midst of them. This place of worship under the open sky must have presented usually rather an animated scene. Many more of the Reformers' books were afterwards burned here, with vain enough rage and spite. Thus Fox notes, that in the month of May, 1531, "the Bishop of London (Stokesley) caused all the New Testaments of Tindal's translation, and many other books which he had bought, to be brought into Paul's Churchyard, and there openly to be burned." And after this we read of baskets of books being brought to be burned in the churchyard on several occasions of grand ceremonial.

The great era of preaching at Paul's Cross began with the revolt of Henry VIII. against the authority of the Roman see, and the struggle of more than a quarter of a century between the two religions that followed. During all that period of commotion and vicissitude, from the middle of Henry's reign to the accession of Elizabeth, for a great part of which people, when they went to bed at night, hardly knew of what religion they might rise in the morning, the conflict between the old and the new faith, in so far as it was waged by eloquence and argument, and on a popular arena, was chiefly carried on here. One of Henry's first measures, after he had taken his bold resolution of setting about the overthrow of the papal supremacy in England, was to secure this station. One of a series of propositions submitted to the Council in December, 1533, was to the following effect:—"That order be taken that such as shall preach at Paul's Cross from henceforth shall continually, from Sunday to Sunday, preach there, and also teach and declare to the people, that he that now calleth himself Pope, ne any of his predecessors, is and were but only the *Bishops* of Rome, and hath no more authority and jurisdiction by *God's laws* within this realm than any other foreign bishop hath, which is nothing at all; and that such authority as he hath claimed *heretofore hath* been only by usurpation and sufferance of princes of this realm; and that the Bishop of London may be bound to suffer none others to preach at St. Paul's Cross, as he will answer, but such as will preach and set forth the same." * Accordingly Stow tells us that during the next session of Parliament—which extended from the 15th of January, 1534, to the 29th of March, and was that in which the Act was passed abolishing the jurisdiction of the Court of Rome—"every Sunday at Paul's Cross preached a bishop, declaring the Pope not to be supreme head of the Church." The bishops, while deeming it prudent to yield at least a formal obedience to the royal order for the present, probably also thought it safest that so delicate a topic should only be handled by themselves. Another subject, however, which is recorded to have been discussed by some of the preachers at the Cross about this time, may be thought to have been of a still more delicate nature—the pending case of Henry's divorce from Queen Catherine. Strype relates that a friar called Father Robinson, belonging to the Franciscan monastery at Greenwich, offered to maintain the queen's cause in a public disputation with an abbot who had preached at Paul's Cross in favour of the divorce. "And it seems," says the historian, "he did this openly to the abbot's face, while he was preaching. Whereupon was a report given out that the friars of Greenwich, if they might be suffered to tell the truth, would put to silence all that had or should preach in favour of the king's matter, and prove all false that they had preached. And the said Father Robinson did intend, with all his wit and learning, to preach on the queen's part the next Sunday after at Paul's Cross, that he might have the greater audience." It may be presumed that the monk was saved the trouble of carrying his good intentions into execution: in fact, in not many months, he and his whole convent were turned adrift by the rampant despot with as little ceremony as the Pope and the Queen.

In the next reign the pulpit at Paul's Cross was filled by the most eminent preachers of the Reformation. Here Latimer and Ridley frequently proclaimed to crowds of eager listeners that testimony which they both afterwards sealed with their blood. Ridley, in acuteness and literary accomplishment the first of the fathers of the English Reformation, preached a famous sermon at Paul's Cross on the sacrament of the Lord's Supper towards the close of the year 1547, being then Bishop of Rochester. But, we confess, we would rather have heard honest old Latimer, plain and homely as he was, sometimes to the verge of the absurd and the ludicrous, or beyond it, yet shrewd withal and full of matter, and always interesting from the very boldness and directness of his appeals, and the goodness of heart and genuine simplicity of character that shone in everything he said. Latimer preached his first sermon at Paul's Cross on New Year's Day, 1548, and his second and third on the two following Sundays.† What is called his Sermon of the Plough, which is among those in the printed collection, was probably one of these, although it is stated to have been



[Latimer.]

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* Strype, Mem. i. 151.

† Strype, Mem. ii. 71.

preached on the 18th of January, which would fall on a Wednesday in that year. It was preached, we are told, in the Shrouds, which appears to have been a sort of covered gallery attached to the wall of the cathedral, in which, probably, the more distinguished portion of the congregation used commonly to be seated, and where the preacher also sometimes took his station when the weather was coarse.[*] Latimer was at this time nearly seventy years of age; but he was as stout in spirit, if not in body, as ever; and the one of them that has been preserved affords evidence sufficient that, in these sermons at Paul's Cross, he did not mince matters in telling his audience of their besetting sins, or spare either small or great. While he was calling upon the rich men of London to repent, and denouncing them as more deserving of God's wrath than the men of Nebo, for their "idolatry, superstition, pride, avarice, cruelty, tyranny, and hardness of heart," it is highly probable that the Lord Mayor himself, and many of the most opulent of his fellow-citizens, were present to profit by the rebuke; nor is it very unlikely that he might also have literally in his eye some wincing auditor to whom his words would come still more pungently home, when he next proceeded to assail the "unpreaching prelates"—some occupied in the king's matters, some as ambassadors, some of the privy council, some to furnish the court, some as lords of the parliament, some as presidents, some as comptrollers of mints—all "so troubled with lordly living, so placed in palaces, couched in courts, ruffling in their rents, dancing in their dominions, burthened with ambassages, pampering of their paunches, like a monk that maketh his jubilee, munching in their mangers, and moiling in their gay manors and mansions, and so troubled with loitering in their lordships," that they could not attend to their proper professional duty as God's ploughmen. And after the buzz of admiration which would reward this more elaborate and ambitious passage, we may conceive the something approaching to hilarity into which the excited hearers would relax, when the preacher, after a pause, went on:—"And now I would ask a strange question; who is the most diligentest bishop and prelate in all England, that passeth all the rest in doing his office? I can tell, for I know him, who it is; I know him well. But now I think I see you listening and hearkening that I should name him. There is one that passeth all the other, and is the most diligent prelate and preacher in all England. And will ye know who it is? I will tell you: it is the Devil. He is the most diligent preacher of all other; he is never out of his diocese; he is never from his cure; ye shall never find him unoccupied; he is ever in his parish; he keepeth residence at all times; ye shall never find him out of the way, call for him when you will, he is ever at home; the diligentest preacher in all the realm; he is ever at his plough; no lording nor loitering can hinder him; he is ever applying his business; ye shall never find him idle, I warrant you." The description of the Devil's episcopacy is carried on to a much greater length, and would, we may be sure, be highly relished by all present, except, perhaps, as we have said, by any of the bishops, if they were there, who might consider it as rather personal.

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[*] From what Latimer says in one of his sermons, it would seem that in no circumstances could it have been very agreeable either to preach or to attend the service at Paul's Cross:—"I do much marvel that London, being so rich a city, hath not a burying-place without; for, no doubt, it is an unwholesome thing to bury within the city, specially at such a time when there is great sickness, so that many die together. I think, verily, that many a man taketh his death in Paul's churchyard; and this I speak of experience, for I myself, when I have been there in some mornings to hear the sermons, have felt such an ill-favoured, unwholesome savour, that I was the worse for it a great while after. And I think no less but it be the occasion of much sickness and diseases."—*Sermon for the Third Sunday in Advent*, 1552.

The most remarkable occasion on which Ridley officiated at Paul's Cross, in this reign, was that on which the new service book was used for the first time. "The 1st of November 1552," says Stow, "being the feast of All Saints, the new service book, called of Common Prayer, began in Paul's Church, and the like through the whole city. The Bishop of London, Dr. Ridley, executing the service in Paul's Church in the forenoon, in his rochet only, without cope or vestment, preached in the choir; and at afternoon he preached at Paul's Cross, the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and crafts in their best liveries being present; which sermon tending to the setting forth the said late-made Book of Common Prayer, continued till almost five of the clock at night; so that the mayor, aldermen, and companies entered not into Paul's Church, as had been accustomed, but departed home by torchlight."* It was a zealous time, as well as an interesting occasion, when people could thus be detained hearing a sermon in the open air, in a noisome churchyard, till five o'clock on a night in November.

Another memorable Paul's Cross sermon of Ridley's was that which he preached, by command of the council, on Sunday, the 9th of July, 1553, a few days after the death of King Edward, warning the people of the dangers that would have followed the accession of Mary, and setting forth the title of Lady Jane Grey, at that moment regarded by his faction as the reigning queen. Lady Jane's government only lasted for another Sunday; and on that day, the 16th, the sermon at the Cross was preached by John Rogers, renowned as the first of Mary's martyrs, who was then reader of St. Paul's. According to Strype, Rogers was more wary than Ridley had been, preaching only upon the gospel of the day.†

As soon as Mary was fairly seated on the throne, the pulpit at St. Paul's Cross was once more taken possession of by the friends of the old religion. Here, on the 13th of August, a famous sermon was preached by Dr. Bourn, parson of High Ongar, in Essex, and chaplain to the queen, before the lord mayor and aldermen, the Lord Courteney, and a numerous audience of all classes. "This man," says Strype, "did, according to his instructions, fiercely lay about him, in accusing the doings of the former reign, with such reflections upon things that were dear to the people, that it set them all into a hurly-burly; and such an uproar began, such a shouting at the sermon, and casting up of caps, as that one who lived in those times, and kept a journal of matters that then fell out, writ, *It was as if the people were mad;* and that there might have been great mischief done, had not the people been awed somewhat by the presence of the mayor and Lord Courteney." At last a dagger was thrown at the preacher, which stuck in the pulpit; and then Rogers, who was present, and his friend Bradford, another eminent Protestant preacher, having interfered with some success to moderate the tumult, managed to convey Bourn away to a house in the neighbourhood.‡

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* Annals.

† Memorials, iii. 3.—Stow, in his Annals, says that Ridley's sermon, wherein "he vehemently persuaded the people in the title of the Lady Jane, late proclaimed Queen, and inveighed earnestly against the title of Lady Mary," was preached on the 16th.

‡ Burnet.—Fox.

On the next Sunday the sermon at Paul's Cross was preached by Dr. Watson, chaplain to Bishop Gardiner, guarded by two hundred of the Queen's guards; there being present, besides the lord mayor and aldermen, "all the crafts of London in their best liveries, sitting on forms, every craft by themselves."[*] The change of doctrine does not appear to have diminished the attendance upon the sermons. After the parliament met in October, "the town," says Speed, "being full, care was taken to put up men of the greatest vogue to preach the Paul's Cross sermons. The 15th day Dr. White, warden of Winchester, preached there; the Sunday following, the 22nd day, Dr. Weston, dean of Westminster. And while these sermons were preaching, were great bars set up at every gate in Paul's Churchyard, to prevent the breaking in of horses and great throngs of people, for fear of disturbance while the sermons were preaching." Yet the post of preacher here still continued to be one of some danger. On the 10th of June, 1554, while Dr. Pendleton was preaching, between ten and eleven o'clock in the forenoon, a gun was fired at him, the tin bullet from which struck the wall a very little way over his head. Pendleton had been a zealous professor of the reformed doctrines in the late king's time.[†] On the 23rd of September, Dr. Rud, another apostate from Protestantism, appeared in the pulpit, who took the opportunity of making a frank profession of his change of sentiments, and particularly of telling the people how greatly he repented having taken a wife—of whom, however, he had of course by this time had the satisfaction of having got rid. On the next Sunday, the 30th, Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, and Lord Chancellor, preached at the Cross; "which," says Strype, "he did with much applause, before an audience as great as ever was known, and among the rest all the council that were then at court." On the 14th of October we find it noted that the old Bishop of Durham, Tonstall, preached in the Shrowds, as we have seen was also done by old Latimer. On the 2nd of December another very illustrious congregation assembled to hear Gardiner preach at the Cross: Cardinal Pole "came from Lambeth by water, and landed at Paul's Wharf, and from thence to Paul's Church, with a cross, two pillars, and two pole-axes of silver borne before him;" and about eleven o'clock, King Philip himself arrived by land from Westminster.[‡] On the 6th of February, 1558, another sermon of Gardiner's was attended by sixteen bishops, the lord mayor and aldermen, and many of the judges; and on the 20th of the same month, when Dr. Watson, Bishop of Lincoln, preached, "there were ten bishops present, besides the lord mayor and aldermen, judges and men of the law, and a great audience."[§]

But lord mayor, aldermen, judges, and bishops, were all soon after this obliged to suit themselves, as best they could, to another change. The breath had been only three days out of Mary's body, when on the 20th of November the pulpit at Paul's Cross was mounted by Dr. Bill, the new queen's chaplain, and made to resound once more with the doctrines formerly preached by Ridley and Latimer. But the following curious passage from Stow's Annals, which has not been noticed by recent writers, shows that this alert commencement soon received a check:—"On Low Sunday, the 2nd of April (1559), Master Sampson, lately come from beyond the seas, made the rehearsal sermon at Paul's Cross; but, when the lord mayor and aldermen came to their places in Paul's Churchyard, the pulpit door was locked, and the key could not be heard of: whereupon the lord mayor sent for a smith to open the lock, which was done, and, when the preacher should enter the place, it was found very filthy and unclean; moreover, the verger, that had the key of the place where the bishops and prelates use to stand to hear the sermon, could not be found; whereupon certain gentlemen with a form broke open the door. This disorder chanced by reason that since Christmas last past there was not a sermon preached at Paul's Cross; for an inhibition had been sent from the council unto the Bishop of London, that he should admit no preacher, because of the controversy betwixt the bishops and them of the clergy that were new returned into the realm from beyond the seas." After this, however, Horne, Jewel, and other eminent divines of the re-established Protestant church, vindicated the new order of things at Paul's Cross; and the sermons delivered there every Sunday, as of old, appear to have been well attended throughout the reign of Elizabeth. Stow has described at great length the gorgeous state in which her Majesty, attended by the Earl of Essex and a great number of ladies of honour, came from Somerset House to the Cathedral on the 24th of November, 1588, to hear the thanksgiving sermon for the destruction of the Spanish Armada, preached at the Cross by Doctor Pierce, bishop of Salisbury: she took her seat in a closet made for the purpose in the north wall of the church, over against the Cross. On the 17th of November (1595), the same chronicler records, "the pulpit cross in Paul's Churchyard was new repaired, painted, and partly enclosed with a wall of brick; Dr. Fletcher, bishop of London, preached there, in praise of the queen and prayer for her majesty, before the lord mayor, aldermen, and citizens in their best liveries. Which sermon being ended, upon the church leads the trumpets sounded, the cornets winded, and the quiristers sung an anthem; on the steeple many lights were burned; the Tower shot off her ordnance, the bells were rung, bonfires made, &c." The next year, while the lord mayor and aldermen were attending a sermon here, an order came to them from the queen for a levy of a thousand able-bodied men to assist in raising the siege of Calais, then besieged by the Spaniards; upon which, we are told, they immediately quitted their devotions, and exerted themselves so actively, that they had the thousand men in readiness for marching before morning.

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[*] Strype.

[†] On Sunday, the 8th of April, this year, "a cat, with her head shorn, and the likeness of a vestment cast over her, with her fore feet tied together, and a round piece of paper like a singing cake betwixt them, was hanged on a gallows in Cheap, near to the Cross, in the parish of St. Matthew, which cat, being taken down, was carried to the Bishop of London (Bonnor), and he caused the same to be showed at Paul's Cross by the preacher, Dr. Pendleton."—*Stow's Annals.*

[‡] Stow, Annals.

[§] *Strype.*

Nor was the glory of Paul's Cross over till many years after this date. James I. came in great state on horseback, from Whitehall, to hear a sermon preached from this famous pulpit by Dr. John King, Bishop of London, on Midlent Sunday, the 26th of March, 1628. And Pennant is mistaken in supposing this was the last sermon ever preached here. It was not even the last attended by royalty; for, on the 30th of May, 1630, Charles I., like his two predecessors, also came in state to St. Paul's, and, after having attended the service, in the cathedral, took his seat in a place prepared for him, and heard the sermon at the

Cross.* But this was very nearly the last of those sermons delivered in the open air. In April, 1633, while the cathedral was undergoing extensive repairs, and the churchyard was occupied with masons and building materials, the sermons were removed into the choir; and it does not appear that the old pulpit out of doors was ever again occupied. At last, by the votes of both Houses of the Long Parliament, on the 10th and 11th of September, 1642, for the abolishing of bishops, deans, and chapters, "the very foundation of this famous cathedral," to quote the impressive words of its historian, "was utterly shaken in pieces; . . . . so that the next year following, 1643 (Isaac Penington being Lord Mayor), the famous Cross in the churchyard, which had been for many ages the most noted and solemn place in this nation for the gravest divines and greatest scholars to preach at, was, with the rest of the crosses about London and Westminster, by further order of the said parliament, pulled down to the ground."†

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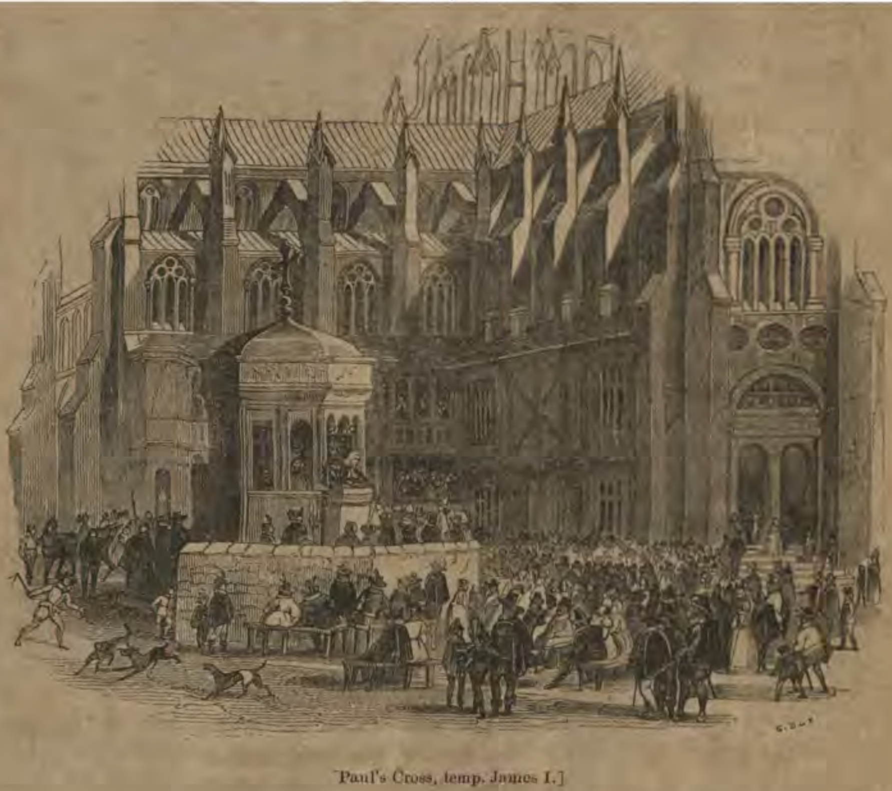
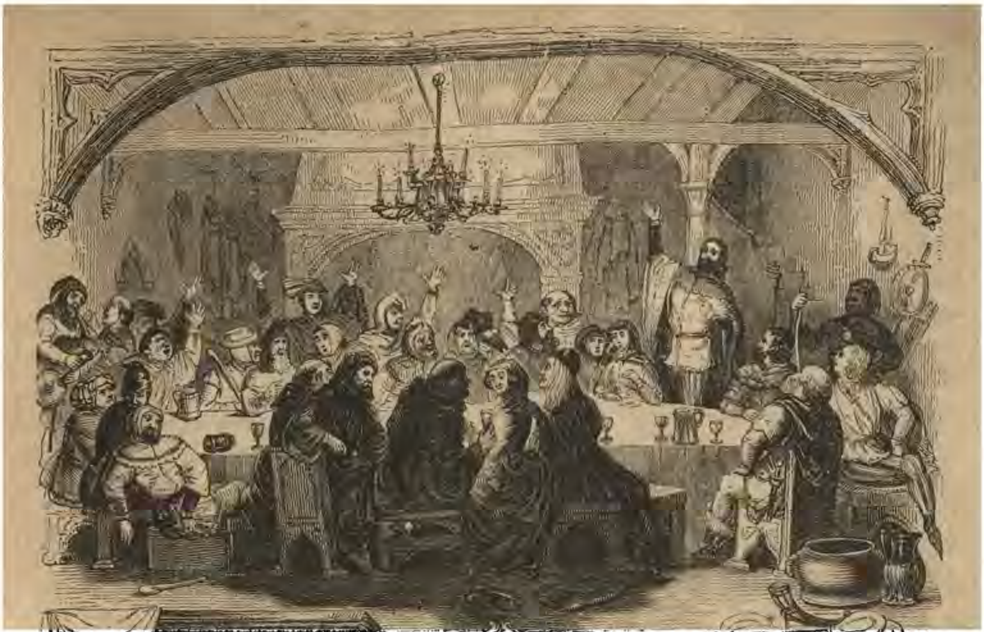
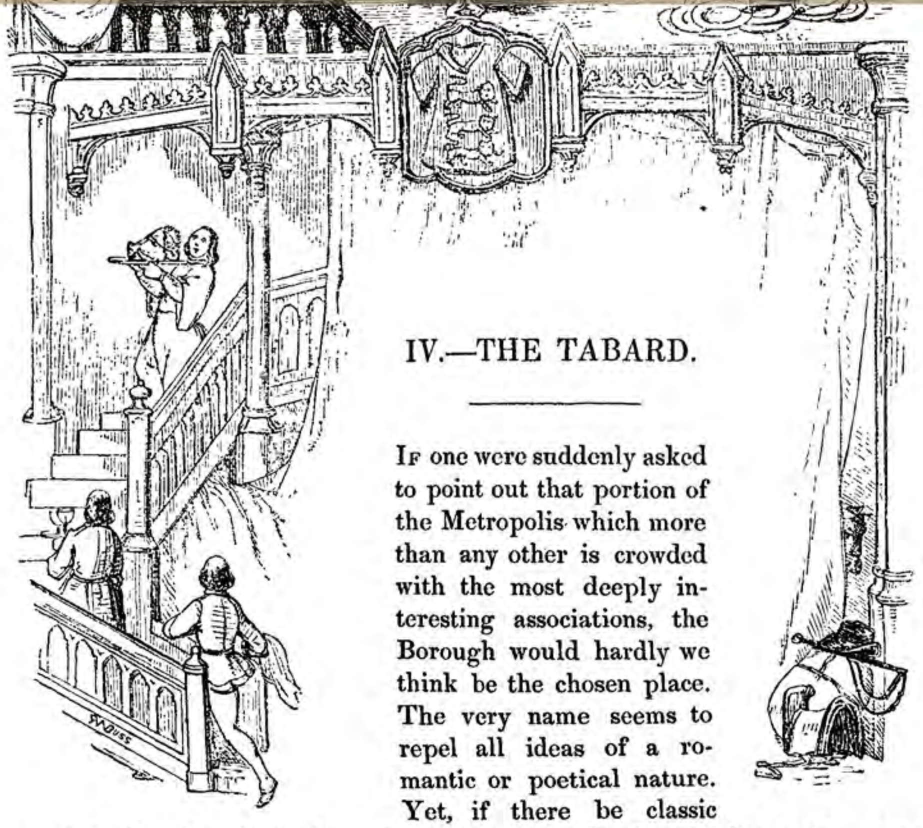
* Continuation of Stow's Annals.—There is a sermon in print, entitled "The White Wolf; preached at Paul's Cross, February 11, 1627, by Stephen Denison, Minister of Katherine Cree Church."

† Dugdale's History of St. Paul's Cathedral, p. 109; edit. of 1818.



[Paul's Cross, temp. James I.]





IV.—THE TABARD.

If one were suddenly asked to point out that portion of the Metropolis which more than any other is crowded with the most deeply interesting associations, the Borough would hardly we think be the chosen place. The very name seems to repel all ideas of a romantic or poetical nature. Yet, if there be classic ground in London, it is this. Standing upon the foot of that bridge which has replaced the venerable piece of antiquity so connected with the local history of Southwark, and looking forwards into the mass of human dwellings beyond, what a host of recollections of some of the mightiest intellects of our own or of any other country rush upon the mind, in connexion with localities every one of which might be comprised in a half-circle of a few hundred yards from the river! On the right, beneath a splendid canopied tomb, in the fine old church of St. Mary Overies, or, as it is now called, St. Saviour's, lies Gower, lodged as few poets are lodged in their last resting-place; and for a reason that few poets are so fortunate as to be able to give, namely, on account of his extensive benefactions to the sacred edifice. In the churchyard of the same building lie in one grave Fletcher and Massinger. The record of Massinger's death in the parochial register is a melancholy one: "Philip Massinger, A STRANGER!" Still farther to the right, on the Bank Side was Beaumont and Fletcher's house; for that too, like their genius and reputation, they held in common; and, above all, in the same immediate neighbourhood was the theatre where an audience saw Shakspere nightly tread the stage; where, from time to time, all the aristocracy of London—whether of rank or intellect—thronged to witness some new production from that wonderful mind; and from which he retired in the prime of life to spend his last days in the peaceful and honourable enjoyment of his well-earned wealth. In the street now known as Clink Street was Shakspere's London residence as late as 1609. In 1607 his brother Edmund, sixteen years his junior, was buried in St. Saviour's Church. Thus more than commonly rich in its poetical associations is the apparently unpoetical Borough! But have we concluded the list?—The *Tabard* of Chaucer yet lies unnoticed before us.

There are few more ancient streets than that in which the famous hostelry is situated—the High Street of Southwark. During the period of the Roman Londinium, two thousand years ago, it was undoubtedly what it still remains—the great road from the metropolis to the southern ports. Roman antiquities are still occasionally found in different parts of its line. Its convenient situation as a suburb for the entertainment of travellers passing between London and the counties of Surrey, Sussex, and Kent,—who were here as contiguous to the "silent highway" as they could desire, and at the same time more pleasantly lodged than they could be in the densely-populated metropolis,—made it early famous for its inns. After the murder and canonization of Becket, the number of persons continually setting out on pilgrimages to his shrine at Canterbury, and who appear to have been generally accustomed to meet here and form themselves into parties, contributed still further to the increase and prosperity of these houses of entertainment. Stow, several centuries later (in 1598), alludes to them in such a way as to show that they then formed a principal feature of the High Street: "In Southwark be many fair inns for receipt of travellers;" and he then proceeds, "amongst the which the most ancient is the Tabard, so called of the sign, which as we now term it is of a jacket or sleeveless coat, whole before, open on both sides, with a square collar, winged at the shoulders: a stately garment of old time, commonly worn of noblemen and others, both at home and abroad in the wars; but then (to wit in the wars) their arms embroidered, or otherwise depict upon them, that every man by his coat of arms might be known from others. But now these tabards are only worn by the heralds, and be called their coats of arms in service." This "most ancient" then of the inns of Southwark, even in 1598—this great rival of our Boar's Heads and Mermaids, which, older than either, has survived both—is situated immediately opposite what was formerly called St. Margaret's Hill (though now perfectly level), then the site of St. Margaret's Church, now of the Town-hall of the Borough. The exterior of the inn is simply a narrow, square, dilapidated-looking gateway; its posts strapped with rusty iron bands—its gates half covered with sheets of the same metal. "The Talbot Inn" is painted above, and till within the last five or six years there was also the following inscription:—"This is the Inne where Sir Jeffry Chaucer and the nine and twenty Pilgrims lay in their journey to Canterbury, anno 1383." This inscription was formerly on the frieze of a beam laid crosswise upon two uprights, which stood in the road in the front of the Tabard, and from which hung the sign, creaking as it swung to and fro with every passing gust. The sign and its supports were removed in 1766, when all such characteristic features of the streets of London in the olden time disappeared, in obedience to a parliamentary edict for their destruction. The writing of this inscription was evidently not very ancient; but had, not improbably, been renewed from time to time from a very remote period. Tyrrwhitt,[*] however, thinks it is not older than the seventeenth century, from the fact that Speght, who noticed the Tabard in his edition of Chaucer (1602), does not mention it; he therefore supposes it to have been put up after the great fire of Southwark in 1676, when some portion of the inn was burnt, and in consequence of the change of name which then took place. Aubrey, writing a little after the period of the fire, says, "The ignorant landlord, or tenant, instead of the ancient sign of the Tabard, put up the Talbot, or dog!" and "on the frieze of the beam" was then the inscription, which, however, he does not say was then also put up. Certainly Speght does not give any inscription, properly so called, but *he has mentioned as a fact* the circumstance recorded in the inscription, and in language so very similar, that we cannot but think the inscription was in his mind at the time of writing: "This was the hostelry where Chaucer and the other pilgrims met together, and with Henry Baily, their host, accorded about the manner of their journey to Canterbury, &c." The date also, 1383, is precisely that which best agrees with the details of the poem and the known period of its composition, the latest historical event mentioned in it being Jack Straw's insurrection in 1381, and the poem itself having been composed somewhere between that year and the close of the century. We are, therefore, fully at liberty to believe, if we please, that the inscription (and consequently the poem) records, or is founded on, a real fact; and we may strengthen that belief by remembering how much of the real, as well as of the ideal, pervades the entire structure of the 'Canterbury Tales,' making it impossible to say where the one ends and the other begins. Faith therefore is best. We cannot do better than believe Chaucer's statement implicitly:—

"Befel, that in that season,[†] on a day
In Southwark at the Tabard as I lay,
Ready to wenden on my pilgrimage
To Canterbury with devout couráge,
At night was come into that hostelry
Well nine and twenty in a company
Of sundry folk, by ádventure yfall
In fellowship, and pilgrims were they all,
That toward Canterbury woulden ride."

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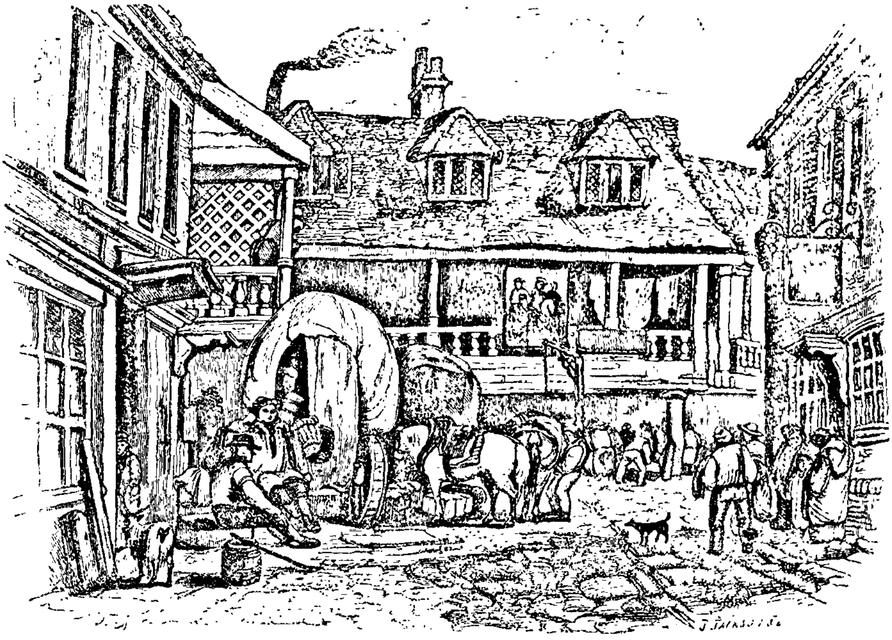
[*] Notes to his Dissertation on the 'Canterbury Tales,' prefixed to his excellent edition of the poem.

[†] "April, with his showres sote." [sweet.]

The state of the gateway presents but a too faithful type of the general state of the inn. Its patchings and alterations, its blackened doors and bursting ceiling, and its immense cross-beams, tell us, in language not to be mistaken, of antiquity and departed greatness. From the gateway the yard is open to the sky, and gradually widens. On either side is a range of brick buildings, extending for some little distance; opposite the end of that on the right, the left-hand range is continued by the most interesting part of the Tabard, a stone-coloured wooden gallery on the first floor, which, in its course making a right angle, presents its principal portion directly opposite the entrance from the High Street. It is supported by plain thick round pillars, also of wood; and it supports on other pillars of a slenderer make, in front, the bottom of the very high and sloping tiled roof. Offices, with dwellings above, occupy the left range as far as the gallery, beneath which are stables; whilst under the front portion of the gallery is a waggon-office, with its miscellaneous packages lying about; and suggesting thoughts of the time when as yet road-waggons, properly so called, were unknown, and the carriers, with their strings of pack-horses and jingling bells, filled the yard with their bustle and obstreperous notes of preparation for departure. Immediately over this office, in the centre of the gallery, is a picture, said to be by "Blake," and "well painted,"* of the Canterbury Pilgrimage, though now so dirty or decayed that the subject itself is hardly discernible. The buildings on the right are principally occupied by the bar, tap-room, parlour, &c., of the present inn: to these, therefore, we shall for convenience give that appellation, although the gallery and stables also still belong to it. From the inn, then, originally stretched across to the gallery a bridge of communication, balustraded, we may be sure, like the gallery, and arched over like the similar bridge still existing



[The Talbot, 1841.]

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* Gentleman's Magazine, 1812.

in another part of the yard. The proofs of this connecting bridge are exhibited on the wall of the inn, in the blackened ends of the row of horizontal planks, set edge-wise, which supported it, and in the door, now walled up, to which it led, which opened into a large room, extending quite through the depth of the inn-buildings. On turning the corner of the right-hand range, we find in the same line, but standing considerably back, the lofty stables; and scarcely can we enter the doors, before—as our eye measures their extraordinary size—we acknowledge the truth of Chaucer's description: we are almost satisfied this must have been the place he saw. They are, indeed, "wide." On the same side is another range of buildings, continued into another open yard behind; on the opposite side projects the end of the gallery; and here we find the bridge we have mentioned connecting the two sides, and which is in a most ruinous-looking state. The great extent of the original inn may be conceived when we state that there is little doubt but that it occupied the whole yard, with all its numerous buildings; for, from one of the houses in the High Street, standing on the North side of the gateway, a communication is still traceable through all the intermediate tenements to the gallery; from thence across the bridge at its furthest extremity to the stables, and back again to the present inn; and, lastly, from thence right through to the High Street once more—to the house on the South side of the gateway.

Let us now walk into the interior. The master of the inn, of whom we may say, with a slight alteration of Chaucer's words—

"A seemly man our hosté is withal,"—

welcomes us at the door, and kindly and patiently inducts us into all its hidden mysteries. Passing with a hasty glance the bar in front—the parlour behind with its blackened roof and its polished tables—the tap-room on the left—the low doorways, winding passages, broken ceilings, and projecting chimney-arches which everywhere meet the eye—we follow our conductor through a narrow door, and are startled to find ourselves upon what appears, from its very contrast to all around, a magnificently broad staircase, with a handsome fir balustrade in perfect condition, and with landings large enough to be converted into bedrooms. On the first floor is a door on each side; that on the left communicating with one room after another, till you reach the one overlooking the bustle of the High Street; and that on the right leading to the large room formerly opening out upon the bridge. In this room, which is of considerable size, there are the marks of a cornice yet visible on the ceiling. On the second story the contrast is almost ludicrous between the noble staircase and the narrow bedrooms, pushed out from within by an immense bulk of masonry, which (enclosing a stack of chimneys) occupies the central space; and forced in from without by the boldly sloping roof: in fact, they were evidently not intended for each other. The changes induced by decay, accidents, and, above all, by a gradually contracting business, which has caused the larger rooms and wide passages to be divided and subdivided, as convenience prompted or necessity required, may account for these discrepancies. The buildings of the opposite range have evidently been to a certain extent of a corresponding nature. These manifold changes have produced a "Tabard" very different from that of the memorable April night, when

"The *chambers* and the stables weren wide;"

and the whole body of pilgrims, numerous as they were, found entertainment of the "best."

Stepping across the central part of the yard to the gallery, we ascend by a staircase, also "shorn of its fair proportions." As we mount the stairs our eyes are attracted by a retired modest-looking latticed window, peeping out upon the landing; and in different parts of the gallery are passages leading to countless nests of rooms, forming (as perhaps many of them did of old) the dormitories of the inn. In the centre of the gallery, immediately behind the picture, is a door opening into a lofty passage, with a room on each side: that on the right is, as our host announced to us, "*The Pilgrim's room*" of tradition. With due reverence we looked upon its honoured walls, its square chimney-piece, and the panel above reaching to the ceiling, upon which there was till very recently a piece of ancient needlework or tapestry, cut out from a larger work, representing, it is said, a procession to Canterbury, and which probably in the days of its splendour adorned the walls of this very room. The size, however, of the place, we confess, did not exactly accord with our ideas of the hall of the ancient Tabard. The depth from wall to window was satisfactory, so was the height; the latticed window itself was large and antique in its expression, notwithstanding the alterations it had certainly experienced; but the *length* of the room—so much less than its depth—appeared, to say the least of it, extraordinary. We went into the room on the other side of the passage, which, with a similar window of similar depth and height, was still shorter; but that our host explained,—he had cut off a third room beyond. We went round the gallery to this, and there found an exactly corresponding fireplace and panel, in the exactly corresponding corner to those of the first room. Could the whole have formed one room? Our host was struck with the idea. There was certainly a great difficulty in the way; the intervening door, passage, and staircase, with a portion of the ancient balustrade, apparently still remaining. We could not, however, avoid again expressing our belief that such was the case. Scarcely had the words passed our lips when the host called out, with as much pleasure in his tones as we can imagine there must have been in his great progenitor's when he announced his famous scheme to the pilgrims, "You are right; where the door now is there has been a third window." True enough, there were the undeniable evidences of a middle window, half of its outlines visible in the wall agreeing in height and dimensions with those on either side, and the remainder cut away by the door. Were further proof wanting, it exists in the staircase itself, the marks of the original ceiling which crossed the space it occupies being still visible. The whole three rooms then had clearly been originally one, measuring some forty-five feet in length, twelve in height, and about twenty in breadth; lighted by its three handsome windows. Thus, doubtless, it was when "newly repaired" by "Master J. Preston,"* in the latter part of the reign of Elizabeth—the period to which the more modern features of the room—the fireplace and panels—may be ascribed. Here, then, is a place worthy of the tradition; which, too, we may add, is in no slight degree confirmed by the circumstances narrated.

But *was* this the pilgrims' room after all? Does that or any portion of the old Tabard still exist? For the answer to these questions our readers must accompany us a brief way into the history of the inn.

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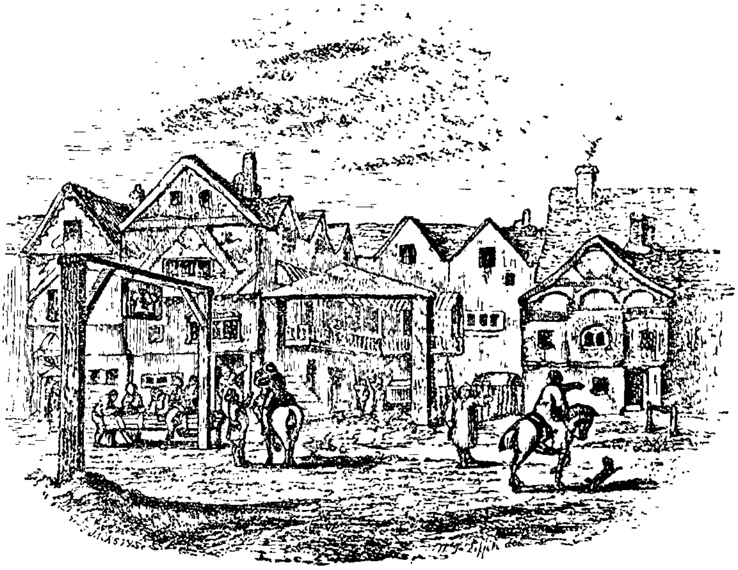
* Speght's notice.

The earliest notice of the site occurs in a register of the Abbey of Hyde, near Winchester, where we find that two tenements were conveyed by William de Ludegarsale to the Abbot in 1306, and which were described, in a former conveyance therein recited, as extending in length from the common ditch of Southwark eastwards, as far as the royal way towards the west. The ditch here alluded to formerly bounded the back of the Tabard yard, though now, owing to the encroachment of the wall of Guy's Hospital, it is at a little distance beyond; the royal way doubtless meant the great road from London southwards—the High Street of later times. Speght, after giving a similar account with Stow of the meaning of the word Tabard, goes on to speak of the "Inn in Southwark by London, within the which was the lodging of the Abbot of Hyde by Winchester. This was the hostelry where Chaucer and the other pilgrims met together, and, with Henry Baily their host, accorded about the manner of their journey to Canterbury. And whereas through time it hath been much decayed, it is now by Master J. Preston, with the Abbot's house thereto adjoined, newly repaired, and with convenient rooms much increased for the receipt of many guests." The Abbey of Hyde, to which then it appears the Tabard belonged, had no less distinguished a founder than Alfred the Great, and became, in progress of time, a very splendid and wealthy establishment. Its inmates appear to have caught something of Alfred's chivalrous spirit, for, at the battle of Hastings, the Abbot, who was related to Harold, came into the field with twelve of his monks and a score of soldiers; and of all those brave English hearts who there struggled for the freedom of their outraged soil, none appear to have done better service than these gallant monks. They fell, every man, in the field; indeed their heroism appears to have been so conspicuous as to attract the Conqueror's attention, for he afterwards used their house with especial harshness, not only seizing their land, but keeping the abbey without a head for nearly three years. Henry II., however, made amends for all its past losses: he endowed it so magnificently that it became one of the most distinguished of English monasteries; and when parliaments began to meet, and the abbots to be summoned to the upper house, the Abbot of Hyde was among the number. A London residence now became necessary, and there is every probability that the site of the Tabard was purchased for this purpose—the High Street being a favoured place with these reverend prelates. The year after the conveyance, (August, 1307,) the Abbot obtained a licence for "A chapel at his hospitium at St. Margaret's." Finally, at the dissolution of religious houses, the Abbot's house here was granted to John and Thomas Masters.

From Speght's notice then we see clearly that the original Tabard was standing in 1602, unless we are to suppose that it had been pulled down, rebuilt, and then again become the "most ancient" of the inns of Southwark, and "much decayed," in the space of "two hundred years."

The most important event connected with the changes the Tabard has undergone is the great fire of Southwark in 1676, which, almost forgotten as it is now, would have assuredly been spoken of as *the* great fire, but for the preceding conflagration of 1666. This fire broke out about four o'clock in the morning of the 26th of May, and "continued with much violence all that day and part of the night following, notwithstanding all the care of the Duke of Monmouth, the Earl of Craven, and the Lord Mayor, to quench the same by blowing up houses and otherwise. His Majesty, accompanied with her Royal Highness, in a tender sense of this sad calamity, being pleased himself to go down to the bridge-foot in his barge, to give such orders as his Majesty found fit for putting a stop to it, which, through the mercy of God, was finally effected, after that about six hundred houses had been burnt and blown up."* The fire was stayed at St. Thomas's Hospital, and, there is reason to believe, through the instrumentality of the first fire-engine with leathern pipes ever used in this country.†

The Town-hall, immediately opposite the Tabard, we know to have been then burnt down; and, *to a certain extent*, the latter must have shared the same fate. "This house," says Aubrey, "*remaining before the fire* in 1676, was an old timber house, probably coeval with Chaucer's time." He must have referred to the exterior building standing on one side of the gateway, as shown in the engraving, and which, there is no doubt, *was* coeval with Chaucer's time:—As we look on it, does it not speak for itself? Is not "the Prior's hospitium" written on it plainly in the pointed arches of its windows and door below? But the gallery within—did that perish too in the flames? We think we may answer, certainly not; for, if it had, no such building as that which now exists would have been erected in its room. Galleries like this belong not to the



[The Tabard, from Urry's edition of Chaucer, 1720.]

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* London Gazette, May 29, 1676.

† As the advertisement on which we found this statement appears to have escaped the writers on the history of this valuable machine, we transcribe it from the London Gazette of August 14th, 1676:—"Whereas his Majesty hath granted letters-patent unto Mr. Wharton and Mr. Strode, for a certain new-invented engine for quenching of fire, with leathern pipes, which carries a great quantity and a continual stream of water, with an extraordinary force, to the top of any house, into any room, passage, or alley; being much more useful than any that hath hitherto been invented, as was attested under the hands of the Masters of St. Thomas's Hospital and officers of the same parish, as in the late great fire of Southwark, to their great benefit and advantage."

time of Charles II. The very aspect of the present gallery is enough to convince any one that it has not been erected within the last one hundred and sixty years, and, if not, the facts of its previous history, as we have narrated them, will show that it must be at least as old as Chaucer. We hold, therefore, firmly to the belief that the very gallery exists along which Chaucer and the pilgrims walked; we place implicit credence in the tradition as to the "Pilgrims' Room." Let it not be said that we have devoted too much space to these proofs, that the inquiry itself is useless; unless the reverence for distinguished men, in which such inquiries have their root, be condemned at the same time. From the period of the contention of the seven cities for the honours of the birthplace of "the blind old man of Scio's rocky isle," down to the present day, men in all ages and countries have carefully treasured up every known or supposed fact connected with the personal history of those among them who have raised humanity itself to a higher level by their exertions; and when they cease to do so, it will be not hazarding too much to say that our great poets, patriots, and philosophers may as well at once disappear from the world, for they are nothing if not honoured; they must be reverenced in order to be understood. If, then, our admiration of a great work interests us so much in its author, and in all the localities where he has been, and where consequently we love to linger, how much more strongly should such feelings be excited where the work itself has its own particular *birthplace* and locality—a home as it were from which it cannot be severed! Thus it is with the 'Canterbury Tales' and with the Tabard—the inn where the *dramatis personæ* of that "Comedy not intended for the stage" meet, in the hall of which its plan is developed, and from which the pilgrims depart, carrying with them an influence that mingles with and presides over all their mirth, humour, pathos, and sublimity, in the person of the Tabard's host, immortal "Harry Baily."

We have kept our readers a long time waiting in the gallery, but we now request them to enter once more the pilgrims' room, and assist us to restore it to something of its original appearance. The intervening walls disappear: from end to end of the long hall there is no obstruction to the eye, except those two round pillars or posts placed near each end to support the massy oaken beams and complicated timbers of the ceiling. The chimney-pieces and panels too are gone, and in their stead is that immense funnel-shaped projection from the wall in the centre, opposite the middle window, with its crackling fire of brushwood and logs on the hearth beneath. The fire itself appears pale and wan, in the midst of the broad stream of golden sunshine pouring in through the windows from the great luminary now fast sinking below the line of St. Margaret's Church in the High Street opposite. Branching out in antlered magnificence from the wall at one extremity of the room, and immediately over the door, are the frontal honours of a first-rate deer, a present probably from the monks of Hyde to their London tenant and entertainer. At the other end of the hall is the cupboard with its glittering array of plate, comprising large silver quart-pots, covered bowls and basins, ewers, salt-cellars, spoons; and in a central compartment of the middle shelf is a lofty gold cup with a curious lid. Lastly, over the chimney-bulk hangs an immense bow, with its attendant paraphernalia of arrows, &c., the symbol of our host's favourite diversion. Attendants now begin to move to and fro, some preparing the tables evidently for the entertainment of a numerous party, others strewing the floor "with herbes sote," whilst one considerately closes the window to keep out the chilling evening air, and, stirring the fire, throws on some more logs. Hark! some of the pilgrims are coming; the miller giving an extra flourish of his bagpipe as he stops opposite the gateway, that they may be received with due attention. Yes, there they are now slowly coming down the yard—that extraordinary assemblage of individuals from almost every rank of society, as diversified in character as in circumstance, most richly picturesque in costume: an assemblage which only the genius of a Chaucer could have brought so intimately together, and for such admirable purposes. Yes, there is the Knight on his "good" but not "gay" horse, the fair but confident Wife of Bath, the Squire challenging attention by his graceful management of the fiery curveting steed, the Monk with the golden bells hanging from his horse's trappings, keeping up an incessant jingle. But who is this in a remote corner of the gallery, leaning upon the balustrade, the most unobserved but most observing of all the numerous individuals scattered about the scene before us? His form is of a goodly bulk, and habited in a very dark violet-coloured dress, with bonnet of the same colour: from a button on his breast hangs the gilt anelace, a kind of knife or dagger. His face is of that kind which, once seen, is remembered for ever. Thought, "sad but sweet," is most impressively stamped upon his pale but comely features, to which the beard lends a fine antique cast. But it is the eye which most arrests you; there is something in that which, whilst you look upon it, seems to open as it were glimpses of an unfathomable world beyond. It is the great poet-pilgrim himself; the narrator of the proceedings of the Canterbury pilgrimage. The host, having now cordially welcomed the pilgrims, is coming along the gallery to see if the hall be ready for their entertainment, making the solitary man smile as he passes at one of his merry "japes." As he enters the hall, who could fail to recognise the truth of the description?—

"A seemly man our hosté was withal
For to have been a marshall in an hall.
A largé man he was with eyen steep,
A fairer burgess is there none in Cheap:
Bold of his speech, and wise and well ytaught;
And of manhood him lacked righté nought.
Eke thereto was he right a merry man."

The dismounted pilgrims, singly or in knots, begin to ascend the gallery. Foremost comes the Knight, with a sedate and dignified countenance, telling, like his soiled gipon, of long years of service; his legs are in armour, with gilt spurs; a red-sheathed dagger hangs from his waist, and little aiglets, tipped with gold, from his shoulders. A nobler specimen of chivalry in all its gentleness and power it would be impossible to find than this "worthy man;" as distinguished for his "truth and honour" as for his "freedom and courtesy;" who has been concerned in military expeditions in almost every part of the world—in Egypt, Prussia, Russia, Granada,—has fought in no less than "fifteen mortal battles," and made himself particularly conspicuous against the "heathen;" yet who still remains in his port and bearing as "meek as is a maid;" who is, *in short*,

"*A very perfect gentle knight.*"

With the Knight comes the Prioress, smiling, so "*simple and coy,*" at his gallant attentions, and looking down every now and then to the tender motto of the gold brooch attached to her beads—*Amor vincit omnia.* She wears a wimple, or neck-covering, "full seemely ypinched," a handsome black cloak, and white tunic beneath—the dress of the Benedictine order, to which she belongs. Her nose is "tretis," that is to say, long and well proportioned; her eyes are grey; her mouth full small, soft, and red; and her fair forehead "a span broad." In a series of the most exquisite touches has Chaucer painted her character; her pretty innocent oath—but "by Saint Eloy;" her singing the "service divine" so sweetly entuned in her nose; her precise and proper French, "after the school of Stratford-atte-Bow;" her distaste even for her rank, because of the stateliness of manner it entailed; and her tenderness of heart, which would make her

"Weep, if that she saw a mouse
Caught in a trap, if it were dead or bled."

With an attention no less marked than the Knight's, and scarcely less graceful, the host receives his distinguished lady-guest at the door, and, addressing her as "courteously as it had been a maid," leads the way to the table. In the Prioress' train follow a nun and three priests; and next to them the Wife of Bath and the Squire, she laughing loudly and heartily, and he blushing at some remark the merry dame has made concerning his absent lady-love. Strange contrast! the one steeped to the very lips in romance, seeing everything by the "purple light of love," sensitive as the famous plant itself to every touch that threatens to approach the sanctuary of his heart—the corner where the holy ministrations of love are for ever going on: the other no longer young, but still beautiful, consummately sensual and worldly, as utterly divested of the poetry of beauty as a handsome woman can well be. We make that qualification, for it is difficult to look unmoved on that winning countenance, so "fair and red of hue," and which is so well set off by her black hat—

"As broad as is a beaver or a targe."

Her full luxuriant-looking form is attired in a closely-fitting red surcoat or jacket, and in a blue petticoat or "fote-mantel," bound round "her hippes large" by a golden girdle. Well, although—

"Husbands at the church-door *has* she had five,"

we may be pretty sure that it will not be long before a sixth is added to the number. Of all the pilgrims, her companion, the Squire, is perhaps the most poetical, and appears in the most poetical costume, with his curled locks adorning his youthful, ingenuous, and manly face; his embroidered dress looking—

"As it were a mead,
All full of freshé flowrés white and red;"

and his graceful and active form revealing, in every movement, that he possesses all the vigour with the *freshness* of the "month of May;" that he is a "lusty bachelor" as well as a "lover," who can one while honourably partake all the dangers of his father's foreign expeditions, and the next be content to be doing nothing but "singing" or "floyting* all the day." The Knight and the Squire have with them but a single attendant, a yeoman, "clad in coat and hood of green," wearing a sword and buckler on one side, and a "gay" dagger on the other, and having a mighty bow in his hand. His "peacock arrows bright and keen" are under his belt, and his horn is slung by the green baudrick across his shoulders.

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* Playing on the flute.

"A forester soothly *is* he as I guess."

It has been remarked that we often hate those whose opinions differ but to a moderate extent from our own, much more than we do those with whom we have not one opinion in common; thinking, perhaps, that we are in more danger of being mixed up in the eyes of the world with the first than with the last. Some such feeling appears to actuate two, at least, of the three reverend men who are now entering the hall, namely, the respectable Monk and the half-vagabond Friar, who, whilst looking somewhat suspiciously on each other, seem to agree in their aversion to the Parson before them. He, however, with his meek, placid countenance, and crossed hands, walks quietly up to the table, quite unconscious of the sentiments he has excited: his habit, a scarlet surcoat and hood, with a girdle of beads round his waist, proclaims the ministering priest. 'And where, in the literature of any age or nation, may we look for so perfectly sublime a character in such a simple homely shape as in this now before us? A man poor in circumstances, but rich in "holy thought and work," who, even in his poverty, will rather give to all his poor parishioners about, than "cursen," like his brethren, "for his tithes,"—who delays not,

"for no rain, ne thunder,
In sickness and in mischief* to visit
The farthest in his parish;"

and who, though fully qualified by his learning and abilities to fill the highest offices of the Church, yet remains "full patient" in his adversity, teaching "Christe's lore" to all, but letting all at the same time see that he first follows it himself. No wonder a man of this character finds little sympathy with a rich Monk, who can see no reason why he should be always poring over a book in a cloister, when he might be "pricking and hunting for the hare," and whose appearance bespeaks the luxurious tastes and appetites of its owner—"a lord full fat and in good point." He wears a black gown, the large sleeves worked or purfled at the edges with the finest fur; his hood, now thrown back and revealing his bald head, shining "as any glass," is fastened under his chin by a curious pin of gold, with a love-knot in the greater end.

"Now certainly he *is* a fair prelàte."

The Friar, "a wanton and merry," with his tippet stuffed full of knives and pins (presents for the fair wives with whom he is so great a favourite), and lisping—

"For his wantonness
"To make his English sweet upon the tongue"—

looks still less inclined to mortify his appetites, or to want any of the good things of life for any other reason than the difficulty of *obtaining* them;—a small difficulty with him, whilst there are riotous "*franklins*," *or* "worthy women," to be absolved of their sins—whilst he maintains his reputation as the best beggar in his house;—or, lastly, whilst his "harping" and his "songs" make him a welcome guest at the "taverns" where our Friar appears in all his glory, with his eyes twinkling—

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* *Misfortune.*

"As do the starrës in a frosty night."

But the supper-bell rings, and the remainder of the pilgrims rapidly obey the signal; a glimpse of each in passing is all that the time will admit of. Foremost comes the Sumpnour, one of that "rabble" which Milton denounces—a summoner of offenders to the ecclesiastical courts, with his "fire-red cherubinnes face," and the "knobbs sitting on his cheeks"—

("Of his viságe childrën were sore afeard")—

the very incarnation of gross, depraved self-indulgence. The immense garland on his head, however, shows he has no mean opinion of his personal attractions. Every remark he makes is plentifully interlarded with the Latin law-terms he has picked up in his attendance on the courts; but beware how you ask him their meaning: already he "hath spent all his philosophy." With him comes his "friend and compeer," the Pardoner, his lanky yellow hair falling about his shoulders, and bearing before him his precious wallet—

"Bret full of pardon came from Rome all hot,"—

and containing also his invaluable relics—the veil of "Our Lady," and a piece of the sail of St. Peter's boat. The Miller, who is immediately behind him, seems to listen with marked disrelish to his small goat's voice, and to look with something very like disgust upon his beardless face: he evidently would half like to throw him over the gallery. Certainly no man can be more unlike the object of the Miller's contempt and aversion than the Miller himself, so big of brawn and bone, with his stiff spade-like beard and manly countenance, from the beauty of which, it must at the same time be confessed, the nose, with its large wart and tuft of red bristling hairs, somewhat detracts. His favourite bagpipes are under his arm; he is habited in a "white coat" and "blue hood." The "slender choleric" Reve, or Steward, comes next, having his hair shaved off around his ears, and a long rusty sword by his side, seeming to intimate that he finds that too, as well as his sharp wits (on which "no auditor" can win), sometimes in requisition to enable him so well to keep his "garner." The weather, the seed, the crops, form the subjects of his conversation with the Merchant at his side, who is dressed in a "motley" garment of red, lined with blue, and figured with white and blue flowers; he has a Flanders beaver hat upon his head, and boots, with "fair' 'and handsome clasps, upon his feet. The man of business is inscribed on his face. Pausing for a moment beside the door, that he may enter with becoming dignity, appears the opulent and eminent Serjeant of the Law, wearing the characteristic feature of his order, the coif, and the no less characteristic feature of the individual, the "homely medley coat." He not only *is* a man full rich of excellence, but takes care to be thought so by his wise speech; and, whilst the busiest man in his profession, seems ever to be still busier than he is. Such is the man of law—the Judge "full often at assize." Another professional man! —the Doctor of Physic, in his low hood and bright purple surcoat and stockings;

none like him to speak of physic and of surgery, and of the general business of the healing art; for he is "grounded in astronomy," and keeps

> "His patient a full great deal
> In hourês by his magic natural."

It is not, however, to be overlooked, that he knows "the cause of every malady"—a knowledge that incredulous unimaginative people may think of more importance to his fame, as a "very perfect practiser," than the being "grounded in astronomy."

Let us commend to all lovers of good living the pilgrim who is next coming along the gallery, this good-looking stately gentleman, with the snow-white beard and sanguine complexion, and the white silk gipciere, or purse, hanging from his waist. It is the Franklin, some time knight of the shire, "Epicurus' owen son;" who is evidently snuffing up with eager pleasure certain delicate scents floating hitherwards from the kitchen, and offering up prayers that no unlucky accident may mar the delights of the table, that the sauce may not want in sharpness and poignancy, or his favourite dish be done a turn too much. He is certainly an epicure, but he is also what epicures sometimes are not, exceedingly hospitable: you shall never enter his house without finding great store of baked meats, fish and flesh, or without experiencing the truth of the popular remark—

> "It snewed in his house of meat and drink."

Lastly, come crowding in together the Manciple, so "wise in buying of victual" for the temple to which he belongs, dressed in a light-blue surcoat, and little light-brown cap: the Shipman, whose hue "the hot summer" has made "all brown," whose beard has been shaken in "many a tempest," and who seems to be still treading his favourite deck: the Cook, famous for his "blancmanger," who has been preparing for the culinary exertions of the morrow by a little extra refreshment this evening: the Ploughman—the Parson's brother, a man possessing much of the Parson's spirit: and the Haberdasher, the Carpenter, the Weaver, the Dyer, and the Maker of tapestry, with their silver-wrought knives, showing they are each of them well to do in the world, and in every respect

> "Shapelich for to be an alderman."

Two only of the pilgrims are now missing from the board, the Clerk of Oxenford and the Poet: and here they come; the poor Clerk, in his "threadbare" garment, and his "hollow" face lighted up by an air of inexpressible animation at some remark that has dropped from the lips of his inspired companion. And could Chaucer look unmoved at such a character as the Clerk?—a character so much like his own in all respects but rank and worldly circumstance, that we are not sure but he has here pointed out those mental characteristics which he did not choose to include in his own nominal portrait; which, be it observed too, is merely personal. The Clerk has his own love of books, and study

> "Of Aristotle and his philosophy;"

whilst of Chaucer, perhaps, might be more justly said than of the Clerk,

> "Not a word spake he morê than was need,
> And that was said in form and reverence,
> And short and quick, and full of high sentênce.

Sounding in moral virtue was his speech,
And gladly would he learn, and gladly teach.*"

Supper is now brought in; fish, flesh, and fowl, baked meats, roast meats, and boiled, high-seasoned dishes, burning as it were, with wild-fire, and others gaily painted and turreted with paper. Among the liquors handed round, due honour is done to the famous ale, of which the proverb says—

"The nappy strong ale of Southwark
Keeps many a gossip frae the kirk."

"Strong" wines, also are there, either "neat as imported," according to the old tavern inscriptions, such as those of Rochelle, Bourdeaux, Anjou, Gascony, Oseye, &c., or compounded under the names of hippocras, pigment, and claret. Both ale and wine are carried by the attendants in goblets of wood and pewter. Pilgrims have generally sharp appetites, and Chaucer's are by no means an exception; they have commenced in good earnest the business of the table.

Scarcely is the supper over, and the "reckonings" made, before our host, who has evidently for some time been impatient to tell the guests of the merry fancy that possesses him, bursts out with—

"Now lordings truély
Ye be to me right welcome heartily;
For by my truth, if that I shall not lie,
I saw not this year such a company
At once in this herberwe † as is now.
Fain would I do you mirth, and I wist how.
And of a mirth I am right now bethought,
To do you ease, and it shall cost you nought.
Ye go to Canterbury; God you speed,
The blissful martyr quité you your meed;
And well I wot, as ye go by the way
Ye shapen you to talken and to play:
For truély comfórt ne mirth is none
To riden by the way dumb as the stone.
And therefore would I maken you disport,
As I said erst, and do you some comfórt.
And if you liketh all by one assent
Now for to standen at my judgément,
And for to worken as I shall you say
To-morrow, when ye riden on the way,
Now by my father's soulé that is dead,
But ye be merry, smiteth off my head.
Hold up yóur hands withouten moré speech."

With an exquisite touch of practical wisdom, Chaucer says,—

"He thought it was not worth to make it *wise*;"

so they bade him "say his verdict."

"Lordings, quod he, now heark'neth for the best,
But take it not, I pray you, in disdain:
This is the point, to speak it plat and plain,
That each of you, to shorten with your way
In this voyage, shall tellen talés tway

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* It may be added also, that one of the most interesting passages of Chaucer's life—his visit to Petrarch in Italy, is referred to by the Clerk in his tale of the 'Patient Grisilde.'

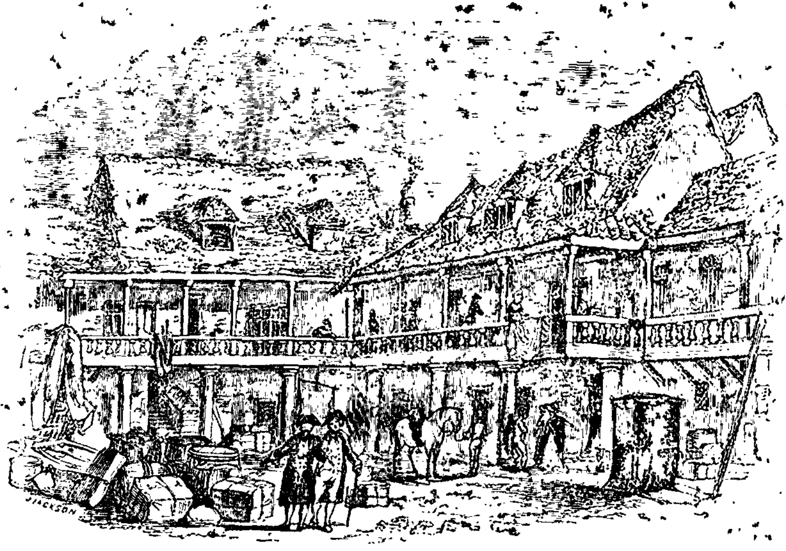
† From arbour apparently, a word often applied anciently to inns, lodgings, &c.

> To Canterbury ward, I mean it so,
> And homeward he shall tellen other two,
> Of ádventures that whilom have befal.
> And which of you that beareth him best of all,
> That is to say, that telleth in this case
> Talés of best senténce and most soláce
> Shall have a supper at your aller cost
> Here in this place, sitting by this post.
> When that ye comen ágain from Canterbury."

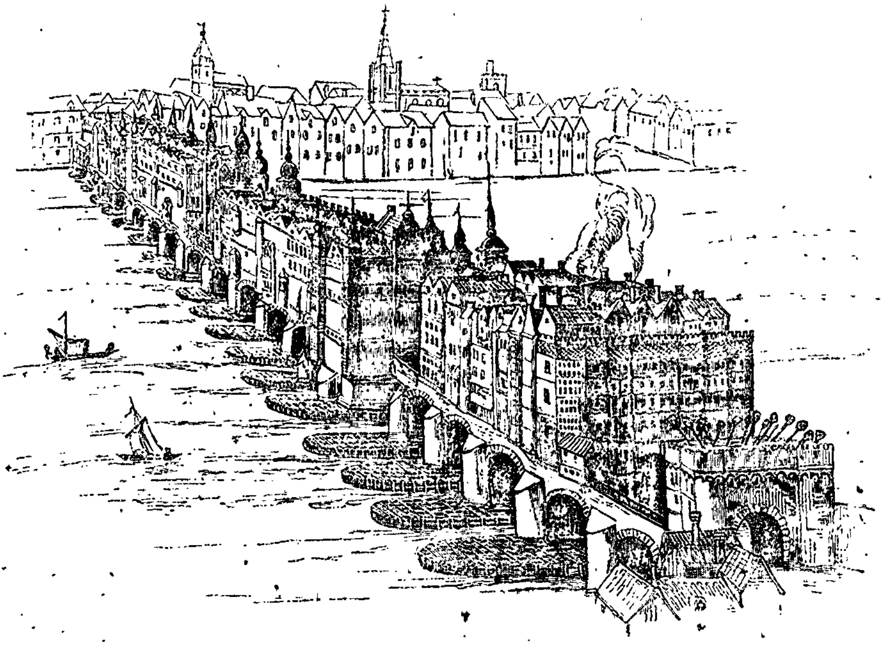
The proposition is accepted in the genial spirit in which it is offered, and by "one assent." Fresh wine is brought, the pilgrims drink, and then retire to rest—

> "Withouten any longer tarrying."

The hall is therefore soon deserted of all but the attendants, who rake the fire abroad upon the immense hearth: for a few moments the reflection from the ruddy embers illumines here and there a projecting corner of the oak carvings of the ceiling; but it soon fades into a few bright sparkles, running to and fro as if to escape their doom, and dying in the attempt; till these too at last utterly disappear from our gaze. And now silence and darkness reign in the pilgrims' hall. Silence and darkness!—types of the future desolation which await the now flourishing hostelry,—of a time when the only pilgrims who shall visit its chambers will be the grateful lovers of the genius of the brilliant "Morning Star" of our poetry, coming to worship the Poet at his own proper shrine.



[The Tabard, from a Drawing about 1780.]



[London Bridge about 1616.]

V.—LONDON BRIDGE.

There is as much, perhaps, in a bridge to take hold both of the affections and the imagination as in any other work whatever—dome, column, spire, or "starypointing pyramid"—by which human hands have given durable expression to the ideal in that peculiar form of art which we distinguish as the architectural. Deeper thoughts of a certain class—thoughts that carry us out of this world—may be awakened by the view of a church; but, as an object for our every-day feelings of regard and attachment, a bridge stands among buildings next after a man's own home. Whether it be but a simple arch crossing the humblest village brook, or the mighty structure whose far-extending line of piers breasts the flood of some broad river rolling through a populous capital, what other public accommodation is at once so universally and so palpably serviceable? Then, its essential beauty and elegance are equal to its utility. Spanning the otherwise impassable chasm with its firm roadway, it carries us over the flowing water, and through the air, as if it were a winged thing. It is the rainbow brought down from heaven to earth, and made substantial and permanent. And divers are the eternal bridges that poetry has built for itself, out of those sunbeams of its own that are far stronger and more lasting than any beams that were ever hewn in forest, from "Al-sirat's arch" and that asphaltic pavement erst thrown over the foaming deep between earth and hell by Death and his mother Sin, to that broken one which Mirza, in his vision, beheld standing in the midst of the tide of eternity, with the multitudes of people passing over it, and continually dropping through its trap-doors and pitfalls, and that other, gleaming with prismatic light, and showing like "one entire and perfect chrysolite," into which the serpent, the emblem of Intellectual Strength, is finally transformed in Goethe's wondrous tale.* A bridge, too, figures conspicuously in some of the most poetic passages of history—from the expedition of Xerxes—

> "Over Hellespont
> Bridging his way"—

and the contemporary defence of the Pons Sublicius at Rome by the gallant Horatius Cocles, down to Napoleon's brilliant carnage and victory at Lodi, and the still bloodier three days of his baffled charges at Arcole. And in that poetry which is mixed of the imaginative and the real, shedding its supernatural light on earthly scenes, what has not Shakspere made the Rialto to all of us?

In the annals of the metropolis, at least, if not of the kingdom, London Bridge has been one of the most famous of our public monuments for not much short of a thousand years. The Thames at London is now crossed by no fewer than six magnificent bridges; but it is not yet quite a century ago since London Bridge afforded the only passage from the one bank of the river to the other, and the only entrance into the town from the south, as it had done for eight centuries previous. Whoever, therefore, went out or came in, to or from the wealthiest, the most populous, and in every sense the most important parts of the country, or to or from almost any one of the ports of communication with other countries, passed, from the days of the Saxons to near the end of the reign of George II., either over this great thoroughfare or under it. There it stood, looking down upon the ever-flowing river, and coursed itself by almost as unresting a living tide, of the multitudes of one generation pursuing those of another, amid "the masques and mummeries and triumphs" wherewith each successively sought to gild its mortality. But the bridge itself also underwent various transformations in this long course of ages.

Dion Cassius makes mention of a bridge over the Thames at the time of the expedition of the Emperor Claudius, in the year 44; but it is much more probable that that historian, writing after the lapse of a century and a half, should have fallen into a mistake as to such a matter, than that any such work should have existed in the then state both of the Thames and of British civilization. Where the bridge stood he does not say; but his language would seem to imply that it was not very far from the mouth of the river—a notion which never could have entered into the head of a person knowing anything about the Thames, and which may almost be taken as a convincing proof that the story he tells should be referred altogether—in so far, at least, as the bridge is concerned—to another river, —perhaps, as has been suggested, to some mere tributary of the Thames, over which some rude description of bridge may even thus early have been thrown. There is every reason to believe that at this time, and down to a much later date, the Thames, even at the point where London now stands, and much higher up, flowed for the greater part through broad marshes; and nothing that we know of the Britons before the Roman conquest of the country warrants us in supposing that they possessed anything like the mechanical skill that would have been required to construct a bridge for so wide a water-course, even if the banks had been ever so suitable for the purpose. No other ancient writer has any notice of a bridge over the Thames at London or elsewhere, either at this date or at any time during the connexion of the Romans with our island. It is not improbable, nevertheless, that in the course of the period of between three and four centuries, during which Britain was a Roman province, and London continued to grow in extent and opulence, spreading itself, as it appears to have done, over the southern as well as the northern bank of the river, the inhabitants, or their governors, may have united the two by one of those structures which we know were erected in all other parts of the empire, and some of the examples of which left by the Romans are perhaps still unexcelled by the best efforts of modern science and skill. But if London had her bridge in the Roman times, both the structure itself, and the very memory and tradition of it, have wholly perished. There appears to have been no bridge of any kind over the Thames in the year 993, when, as the Saxon Chronicle tells us, King Anlaf, or Olave, of Norway, sailed up the river with a numerous fleet as far as Staines, which he plundered, without having encountered any impediment, as far as is mentioned, or any attempt having been made to bar his passage. But this very expedition of Olave's, perhaps, was the occasion of the erection of the first Saxon bridge at London. It is at any rate certain that there was a bridge here within a few years from this time: the old Icelandic historian, Snorro Sturleson, who wrote in the thirteenth century, has preserved a most curious relation of the Battle of London Bridge, fought in the year 1008. Under the disastrous rule of our Ethelred the Unready (Adalradr, the Norse writer calls him), the Danish pirates had overrun and conquered the greater part of England; and, in particular, they held possession both of the town of London, and also of the great emporium, or market, called Sudrvirki (Southwark), on the opposite bank of the river, which they had fortified with a deep ditch and a strong rampart. But in this year, 1008, Ethelred, who had been obliged to take refuge in France, returned home, collected an army, and prepared to make a great effort for the expulsion of the invaders. In this enterprise he was assisted by his old enemy, the Norwegian King Olave, who had now been baptised, and who, indeed, was afterwards canonised, and is the Saint Olave of the Calendar. At the part of the river where London and Southwark stood, there was, Snorro goes on to inform us, a bridge wide enough to allow two carriages, if they met upon it, to pass each other; and upon it were erected defences of various kinds, both turrets, and also roofed bulwarks, raised breast-high: the bridge itself was sustained by posts fixed in the bed of the river. These defences were, we should suppose, a portion of the original and proper structure of the bridge, which had probably been erected as much for warlike purposes, and for barring the passage of the river, as for affording a means of transit between the one bank and the other. For the present they were, like the two towns, occupied and manned by the Danes; while below bridge lay King Olave with his fleet. An attempt was made in the first instance by Ethelred to carry the bridge by an attack from the land; but this failed; and then at a council of the chiefs, which was called by the almost despairing Saxon King to consider what should be or could be done, Olave offered that, if the rest would support him with their land forces, he would try if he could not manage the matter with his ships. The proposition having been adopted, the necessary preparations were set about on all hands; and the first thing King Olave did was to direct some old houses to be pulled down, and with the wooden poles and twigs of osier thence obtained, to raise upon each of his ships a huge scaffolding, extending over the sides of the vessel, so as to enable the men to reach the enemy with their swords without coming from under cover; and at the same time, as he imagined, of such strength as to resist any stones that might be thrown down upon them from the upper works of the bridge. When everything was in readiness, both on the river and on shore, the ships rowed towards the bridge against the tide; but, as soon as they got near to it, they were assailed with so furious a shower of missiles and great stones, that, notwithstanding Olave's ingenious basket-work, not only helmets and shields gave way, but even some of the ships were sorely shattered, so that a considerable number of the men made off with themselves altogether. On this, driven to their last shifts, Olave and his brave Norsemen, rowing close up to the bridge, bound their barks with ropes and cables to the piles on which it was supported, and then, tugging their oars with all their might, and being assisted by the tide (we now see why they chose to make their attack while it was ebbing), they soon felt the fabric yielding to their efforts, and in no long time had the satisfaction of bringing down piers and bridge with one great crash into the water—the loads of stones that had been collected upon it, with the crowd of its armed defenders, only helping to make the ruin more complete. Great numbers of the Danes were drowned; those who could, fled, some to London, some to Southwark. But both towns, blockaded as they were from the river, which then was almost their only highway of communication with the rest of the country, soon found it expedient to surrender to Ethelred. Snorro goes on to tell us that Olave's exploit was celebrated in song by more than one Norwegian bard; and he even records some of their verses; but these do not enable us to add any material fact to the excellent old chronicler's own very lucid prose narrative.*

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* Entitled *Das Märchen*, that is, The Tale—regarded by the Germans as the *tale of tales*, and nobly translated into English by Mr. Carlyle, in his Miscellanies; London, 1839.

The bridge which King Olave thus pulled down with his ships and their strong cables was no doubt constructed only of wood; and it appears to have been soon rebuilt of the same material; for there certainly was once more a bridge over the Thames at London, when the Danish king, Canute, invaded the country in 1016. His fleet, the Saxon chronicler informs us, after stopping for a short time at Greenwich, proceeded up the river to London; "where," it is added, "they sank a deep ditch on the south side, and dragged their ships to the west side of the bridge." The meaning seems to be, that they towed their ships past the bridge through a canal which they dug on the Surrey side of the river for that purpose. At any rate, the mention of the bridge is express. Maitland, the modern historian of London, even conceived that he had traced the course of Canute's canal: "By a diligent search of several days," he says, "I discovered the vestigia and length of this artificial water-course: its outflux from the river Thames was where the Great Wet Dock below *Rotherhithe* is situate; whence, running due west by the seven houses in Rotherhithe Fields, it continues its course by a gentle winding to the Drain Windmill; and, with a west-north-west course passing St. Thomas of Watering's, by an easy turning it crosses the Deptford road, a little to the south-east of the Lock Hospital, at the lower end of Kent Street; and, proceeding to Newington Butts, intersects the road a little south of the turnpike; whence, continuing its course by the Black Prince in Lambeth Road, on the north of Kennington, it runs west-and-by-south, through the Spring-garden at Vauxhall, to its influx into the Thames at the lower end of Chelsea Reach." This was written more than a century ago; and even at that time the ingenious and painstaking investigator admits that part of the line which he has so minutely described was not very discernible to ordinary eyes. But we fear that in the work of obliteration the last century has done more than all the seven that preceded it—that Canute's canal must henceforth be contented to live in our historian's description only—if even that be now perfectly intelligible to any but the most profound of parish antiquaries. The "marsh on the east of Newington turnpike," where the trench was in Maitland's day "very visible," is now itself visible only to the "mind's eye;" and as for the seven houses in Rotherhithe Fields, their preservation would be as great a miracle as that of the seven sleepers in the cave at Ephesus. In support of his theory, Maitland adduces the fact, that in the year 1729, when some ditches were making to drain the low grounds which were part of the marsh, "there were dug up a considerable number of large oaken planks, and divers piles, which, from their position, evidently appeared to have been part of the northern fence of this canal." He also learned, from one of the workmen, that when the great dock was made in 1694, "there was dug up in the bank of the river a great quantity of hazel, willows, and other small wood, of a considerable height, laid close together endways, pointing northward, with rows of stakes drove in to fasten them;" whence he came to the conclusion that here had been the south bank of the mouth of the canal. Nevertheless, it has been objected, that, Canute's object being merely to pass the bridge, a much shorter cut than this would have served his turn—that, instead of a canal beginning from the wet dock at Deptford and sweeping round to Chelsea, it would have been as much as he had either use or time for, if he had dug one merely from the place called Dockhead in Rotherhithe to St. Saviour's Dock in Southwark. But there was probably very little digging; Canute, in all likelihood, found the new passage he wanted for his ships made to his hands by the natural inundations from the river, and, in proceeding so far beyond the bridge, only followed the guidance of the deeper and more navigable parts of the great marsh which then extended all along the south bank of the Thames in this part of its course. Besides, it may have been advisable for him to get his fleet beyond the reach, not only of the bridge, but also of Southwark, where, as the name seems to imply, there was probably at this time some sort of military work erected to aid in the defence of the river. We have just seen that it was fortified by the Danes when King Olave made his attack upon the bridge in 1008.

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* See this passage of Snorro's History extracted, with a Latin translation, in Johnson's Antiquitates Celto-Scandicæ, 4to., Hauniæ (Copenhagen), 1786; pp. 89—93.

Old Stow gives the following account of the original foundation of London Bridge, from the report of Bartholomew Linsted, *alias* Fowle, last prior of the church of St. Mary Overy's, in Southwark:—"A ferry being kept in the place where now the bridge is builded, at length the ferryman and his wife deceasing, left the same ferry to their only daughter, a maiden named Mary, which, with the goods left her by her parents, as also with the profits rising of the said ferry, builded an house of sisters in place where now standeth the east part of St. Mary Overy's church, above the quire, where she was buried, unto which house she gave the oversight and profits of the ferry. But afterwards the said house of sisters being converted into a college of priests, the priests builded the bridge of timber, as all other the great bridges of this land were, and from time to time kept the same in good reparations; till at length, considering the great charges which were bestowed in the repairing the same, there was, by aid of the citizens and others, a bridge builded with stone." The legend has acquired a prescriptive right to a place in any account of London Bridge, and pity indeed it were that any one of those poetical transfigurations of old events, such as this story or that other of Whittington and his cat, should be discarded from the page of history, merely as not being an absolutely literal record of the fact; such touches or flourishes in the inventive line are part of that privilege of antiquity of which Livy has spoken in his genial way, admitting it, with that fine universal sympathy of his, to a much greater extent than we have any occasion to claim for it in the present instance. We have here, if not a true narrative, at least a true picture, which is quite as good: no rich old Southwark ferryman may have ever actually had an only daughter to inherit his wealth—no religious house, either of sisters or priests, may have ever arisen out of the profits of any ferry across this part of the river Thames—no such house may have had anything to do with the building of the first London Bridge;—but still the fiction, if such it be, is all true to the spirit of the time and the state of society in which it is laid, and carries us back to that time and that state of society, just as effectually as if old Prior Linsted had been in a condition to make his affidavit to every word of it. It must be admitted, however, that to persons who care only about matters of fact, this report of the worthy prior's cannot be very conscientiously recommended.

London Bridge is mentioned in a charter of the Conqueror's granted to the monks of Westminster Abbey in 1067; but the earliest historic notice we have of it, after that of the device by which Canute got his ships past it, is the account several of our old chroniclers give us of its destruction on the 16th of November, 1091, on which day a furious south-east wind threw down six hundred private houses in the City, besides several churches, and the tide in the river came rushing up with a violence which probably a much stronger fabric than the bridge then was would have been unable to resist. It was, we are told, entirely swept away. From this date we hear nothing more of it, till we find the Saxon chronicler, under the year 1097, in the reign of Rufus, recording that "many counties, that were confined to London by work, were grievously oppressed on account of the wall that was building about the Tower, and the bridge that was nearly all afloat, and the King's Hall that they were building at Westminster; and many men perished thereby." Upon the strength of this passage, —which, however, does not seem very clear or conclusive—the credit of a complete re-edification of London Bridge has been given to Rufus. That it was rebuilt, however, soon after its destruction in 1091 is sufficiently probable; and if we may trust a charter of Henry I., quoted by Stow, exempting a certain manor, belonging to the monks of Battle Abbey, from "shires and hundreds, and all other customs of earthly servitude, and namely, from the work of London Bridge and the work of the Castle at Pevensey," it would seem that the expense of the restoration of the bridge, or of maintaining of it in repair, was at this time provided for—not, perhaps, as Maitland assumes, by contributions exacted from all the civil bodies and incorporations throughout the kingdom, but—by an assessment levied upon all lands in the county of Surrey (where this manor was), and, no doubt, also in that of Middlesex. Indeed, this would be only conformable to the ancient rule of the common law in regard to bridges. In another charter of the 22nd of Henry I. (A. D. 1122), a grant is made to the monks of Bermondsey of five shillings a year out of the lands pertaining to London Bridge; the small beginning of those endowments of landed property now forming what are called the Bridgehouse Estates, and yielding a revenue, we believe, of between twenty and thirty thousand pounds a year. London Bridge was burnt down in 1136 by a fire, which began in the house of one Ailward, near London Stone, and laid the City in ruins from St. Paul's to Aldgate. Fitzstephen, however, who wrote his curious Description within forty years from this date, speaks, as we have seen, of the people as being accustomed in his day to throng the Bridge, all brimful of laughter, when the boat-tilting was exhibited at Easter on the river.* Stow asserts, without quoting his authority, that the bridge had been wholly rebuilt, in the year 1163, "by Peter Colechurch, priest and chaplain." It was, no doubt, this erection—like all the preceding ones, still only of timber—that Fitzstephen had in his eye; and this fact, by-the-bye, may help to fix, a little more nearly than has yet been done, the era of that writer, or rather of his account of London; which Pegge, his last editor, has shown must have been written some time between 1170 and 1182, but which surely cannot be supposed to have been drawn up after the first stone bridge over the Thames at London had been begun to be built, since, even while expressly noticing the bridge, it makes no mention of any other than one which, from what is said of it, must have been at that time a structure, not in the course of building, but completed and in use. Now the first London Bridge of stone was begun to be built in the year 1176, and was not finished till the year 1209. The architect was the same who had built the last wooden fabric, Peter, curate of St. Mary Colechurch at the south-end of Conyhoop Lane (now Grocers' Alley), on the north side of the Poultry, a chapel distinguished as that in which Thomas à Becket had been baptised. Stow notes that the stone bridge was founded somewhat to the west of the old timber one, which, as appears from the charter of the Conqueror mentioned above, was, at least in that king's time, close to St. Botolph's wharf, still marked by St. Botolph's Lane. The cost of the new erection is supposed to have been principally defrayed by a general tax laid upon wool—whence the popular saying, which in course of time came to be understood in a literal sense, that London Bridge was built upon wool-packs. Stow conceives that "the course of the river, for a time, was turned another way about, by a trench cut for that purpose; beginning, as is supposed, east about Radriffe (Rotherhithe), and ending in the west about Patricksey, now termed Battersey." Maitland, however, will by no means allow his canal of Canute—for that is evidently what has given rise to Stow's notion—to be thus snatched out of his hands; he contends, from an actual inspection of the piers of the bridge, that it had evidently been raised upon strong frames of piles driven into the bed of the river, as might very easily have been done, without the water having been withdrawn, the first layer of stones being in this way only about three feet under low-water mark. On the outside of the wooden foundations on which the stone piers were thus built, were driven other piles, rising up to low-water mark, and forming the cumbrous trowel-shaped masses about each pier, known, as long as the old bridge existed, by the name of the Sterlings. It is doubted, however, whether the sterlings were coeval with the erection of the bridge, or were subsequently added to protect and strengthen the original foundations of the piers. Peter of Colechurch died in 1205; so that he had not the satisfaction of seeing his bridge in its finished state. But in the space of nearly thirty years, during which the work had been proceeding under his superintendence, it may be presumed to have advanced to its last stage; and we are particularly informed that the original architect was buried within the chapel of St. Thomas à Becket, which was erected on the central pier of the bridge. The bridge consisted of twenty arches supported upon nineteen piers; the roadway being 926 feet in length, 60 feet in height from the river, and 40 feet wide from parapet to parapet. But if all this space was originally left as a free passage, it was afterwards reduced to a much narrower thoroughfare. In a patent roll of the 9th year of Edward I., A.D. 1280, mention is made of "innumerable people dwelling upon" the bridge; and as this was only about seventy years after it had been finished, it seems most probable that there were some houses upon it from the first. In course of time it became a continued

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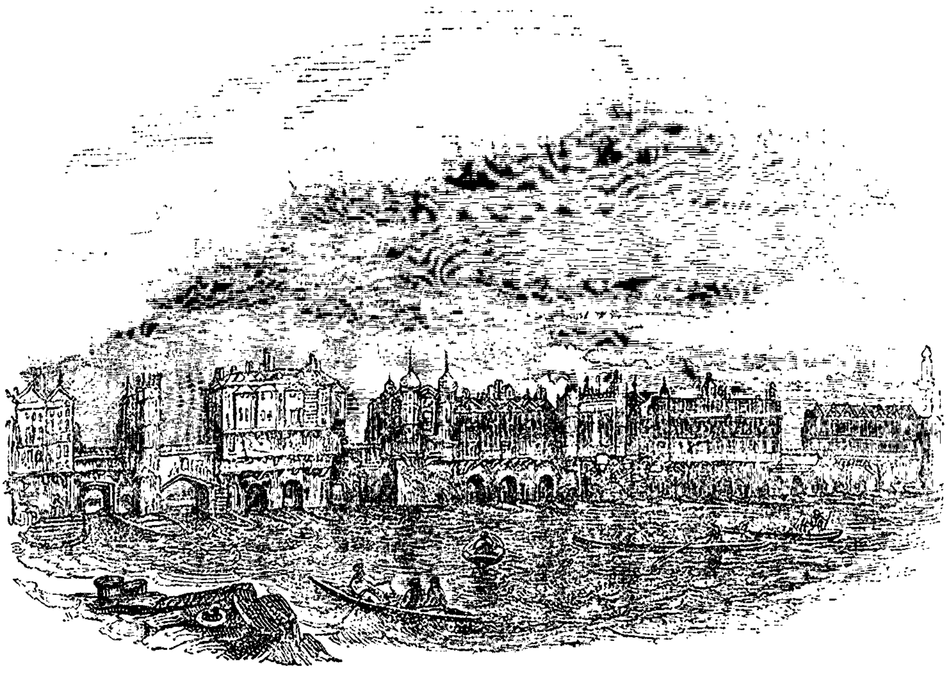
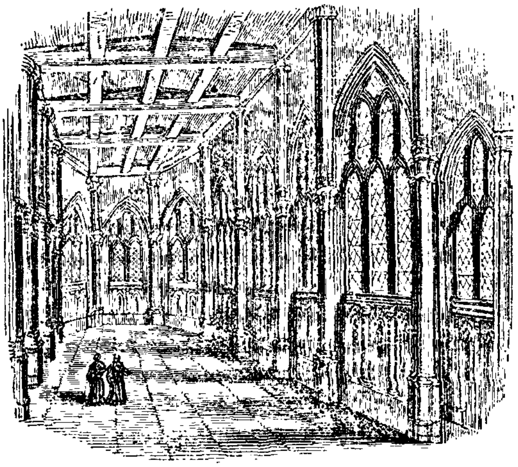
* See our First Number—"The Silent Highway."

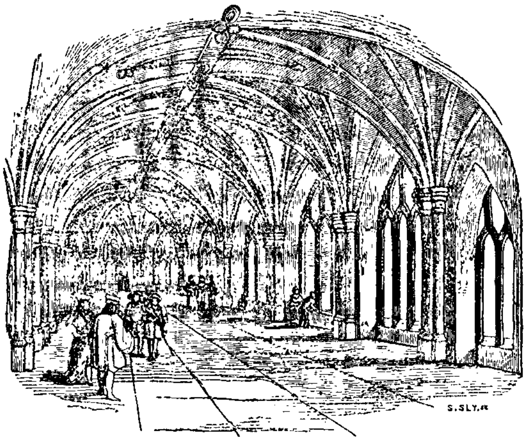


[London Bridge just before the Houses were pulled down in 1760.]

street built on both sides, with the exception of only three openings at unequal distances, from which there was a view of the river in each direction. Besides the private houses, however, there were some other erections which might be considered as forming properly a part of the bridge. Of these the most famous was the chapel, already mentioned, dedicated to St. Thomas à Becket, which stood upon the east side of the street, over the tenth or central pier, which on that account was carried a long way farther out towards the east than the other piers. Its front to the street, which was thirty feet in length, was divided by four buttresses, crowned with crocketed spires, into three compartments; of which the central one contained a large arched window, and the two others the entrances into the chapel from the street. The interior consisted of an upper chapel and a crypt—the latter, which was about twenty feet in height, and the vaulted roof of which was supported by clustered columns of great elegance, having an entrance from the river by means of a flight of stairs leading from the sterling of the pier, as well as others from the upper room and from the street. Both apartments were lighted by rows of arched windows, looking out upon the water. This chapel continued to be used for divine worship down to the Reformation. Between the chapel and the Southwark end of the bridge, one of the arches, or junctions of the piers (the eleventh from the Southwark end), was formed by a drawbridge; and at the north end of this opening was a tower, which Stow tells us was begun to be built as it stood in his time in the year 1426. But probably a similar building had stood there from the first erection of the bridge. On the top of the front of this tower the heads of persons executed for high treason used to be stuck, till it was replaced in the latter part of the sixteenth century by a very singular edifice of wood, called Nonsuch House, which is said to have been constructed in Holland, and brought over in pieces, when it was set up here without the assistance of either mortar or iron, only wooden pegs being used to hold it together. It extended across the bridge

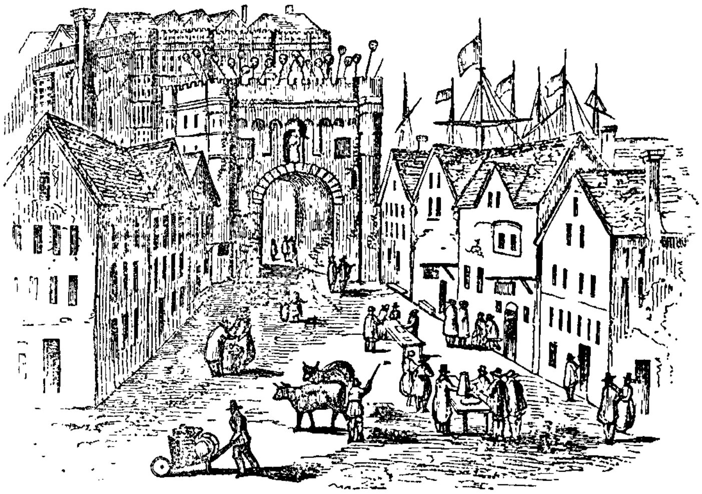


[Upper Chapel of St. Thomas.]



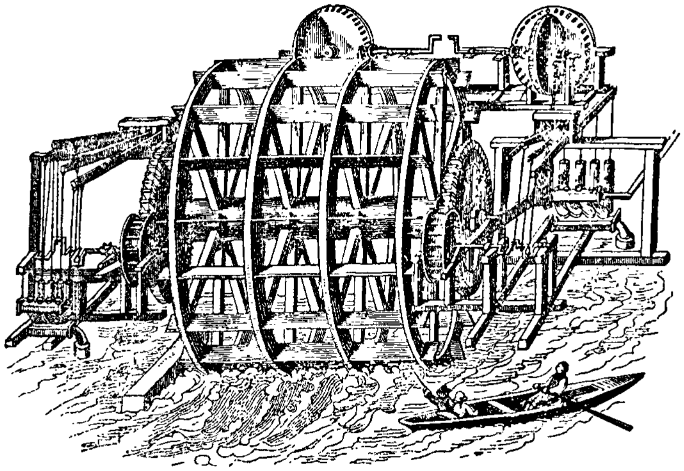
[Lower Chapel, or Crypt, of St. Thomas.]

by means of an archway, and was a very gay and fantastic structure, elaborately carved both on its principal front towards Southwark, and on its east and west gables, which protruded a considerable way beyond the line of the bridge, while the square towers at each of its four corners, crowned by short domes, or Kremlin spires, and their gilded vanes, were seen from all directions ascending above all the surrounding buildings. When the old tower which had occupied this site was taken down in 1577, the exposed heads were removed to the tower over the gate at the Southwark end, or the foot of the bridge, as it was commonly called; and that gate now received the name of Traitors' Gate. The tower here was also rebuilt about the same time, and with its four circular turrets, connected by curtains and surmounted by battlements, all likewise carved in wood, formed another conspicuous and imposing ornament of this great highway reared on the bosom of the Thames.



[Approaches to London Bridge on the Southwark Side.]

These brief notices will enable the reader, with the help of our engravings and of his own imagination, to get up for himself a vision of Peter of Colechurch's old bridge in all its glory. But, although London Bridge remained substantially what its first architect made it till it was taken down only about nine years ago, there was no part of it, not excepting even the arches and the piers themselves, that had not been, probably in most cases more than once, modified and transformed in the long interval between the years 1205 and 1832. Not only had the mere lapse of time done its usual work, but visitations of a more violent character had, on several occasions, threatened it with destruction, and necessitated the most extensive repairs. It had scarcely been well finished, when on the night of the 10th of July, 1212, it was greatly injured by a fire, which, having first enveloped the church of St. Mary Overy's (then called Our Lady of the Canons), caught the Southwark gate, and thence was carried by the wind to the London end of the bridge, after a vast crowd of people had collected upon it, who were thus hemmed in between the two advancing masses of flame, and perished miserably, to the number, Stow relates, of "above three thousand persons, whose bodies were found in part or half burned, beside those that were wholly burned to ashes, and could not be found." Perhaps the newly-built bridge, in the confusions of the time, was allowed to remain without any effectual measures being taken to restore what this calamity had laid waste; for sixty-eight years after it is represented as in a ruinous condition, and as threatening to fall down altogether unless it should be speedily repaired. This is the language of Edward I.'s patent roll of 1280 already quoted. In the very next year, 1281, five of the arches of the bridge were carried away by the ice or a swell in the river succeeding a severe snow-storm and frost. In 1437, on the 14th of January at noon, Stow records in his Annals, "the great stone gate at London Bridge, with the tower upon it, next to Southwark, fell down, and two of the farthest arches of the same bridge, and yet no man perished in body, which was a great work of God." On the 13th of February, 1633, between eleven and twelve at night, a fire broke out in the house of one Briggs, a needle-maker, near St. Magnus Church, occasioned by the carelessness of a maid-servant in placing some hot coals under a pair of stairs, which raged till eight in the morning, and consumed all the houses on the bridge, forty-three in number, from the north end to the first opening on both sides. The houses thus destroyed do not appear to have been all rebuilt when the great fire of 1666 occurred; which, although it did not make its way across the bridge, reduced again to a heap of ruins as much of both sides of the street between the city end and the first vacant space, as had been restored since the preceding conflagration. The stone-work of the bridge was so much shaken and weakened on this occasion, that it cost an expenditure of fifteen hundred pounds to make good the damage. After the piers and arches were repaired, however, building leases were eagerly taken, and in about five years the line of houses was once more complete on both sides of the street. Again, on the night of Wednesday, the 8th of September, 1725, a fire broke out, through the carelessness of a servant, in the house of a brush-maker, near St. Olave's, Tooley Street, (another account says, of a haberdasher of hats, on the bridge foot,) which consumed about sixty houses in all, among which were several on the first and second arches of that end of the bridge, and so greatly damaged the bridge gate—the old Traitors' Gate—that it had to be taken down and rebuilt from the foundation. Various alterations were also made in later times, with the view of warding off the gradual decay of the structure, or improving both the roadway over it and the navigation under it, and accommodating it to the demands of a constantly increasing traffic both by land and water. In 1582 was first erected at the London end the famous engine for raising water for the supply of the City—the invention of Peter Morris, "a Dutchman, but a free denizen"—which was originally moved only by the tide flowing through the first arch; but for the support of which several more of the water-courses at that end of the bridge were afterwards successively converted into cataracts or rapids, to the no small inconvenience of the navigation. The lease of the proprietors, which ran for five hundred years from the first grant to Morris, at last comprehended all the stream of the river to the fifth arch inclusive; and the water-works, which had by various improvements become one of the most curious and powerful systems of hydraulic mechanism ever constructed, continued in operation till an Act of Parliament was obtained for their removal in 1822. The imagination is impressed by the mere stability of a dead structure which long outlasts the ordinary date of the works of human hands, and has stood unmoved amid the changes of many generations, remaining among us an actual portion of that old time and scene of things, all the rest of which has passed away; but we are interested, perhaps still more vividly, by anything, in the contrivances of man, like movement and action sustained without interruption through the lapse of centuries—for this is, as it were, a portion of the very life of the past retained by us. The creaking and jingling of these London water-works, therefore, after it had been going on for two hundred and forty years, must have been curious to listen to; and the last time the wheels went round was a solemn and touching thing, a sort of death, and that too of an existence that had done the world some service, as well as been protracted to no ordinary span. Latterly, by-the-bye, there were water-works also, though on a smaller scale, at the other end of the bridge, for the supply of the inhabitants of the Borough; they occupied two of the arches. Here were anciently several corn mills, for the use of the citizens of both divisions of the metropolis, which were erected, Stow tells us, about the year 1508. They are represented in an old picture in the Pepysian Library, as covered by a long shed, which is raised on three of the sterlings, and as moved by four wheels, a pair placed in each of the two water-courses.* On the bank of the river also, near this same end of the bridge, were the Bridge-house and yard, a considerable plot of ground, containing various buildings, some for the stowage of such materials as were required for keeping the bridge in repair; others used as granaries for storing up corn for the consumption of the City in times of scarcity; others containing the public ovens, of which Stow states there were six very large, and four others of only half the size, all erected at the cost of John Thurston, citizen and goldsmith, in the early part of the sixteenth century. All these last-mentioned erections, however, had disappeared long before the old bridge was pulled down.



[Water-works.]

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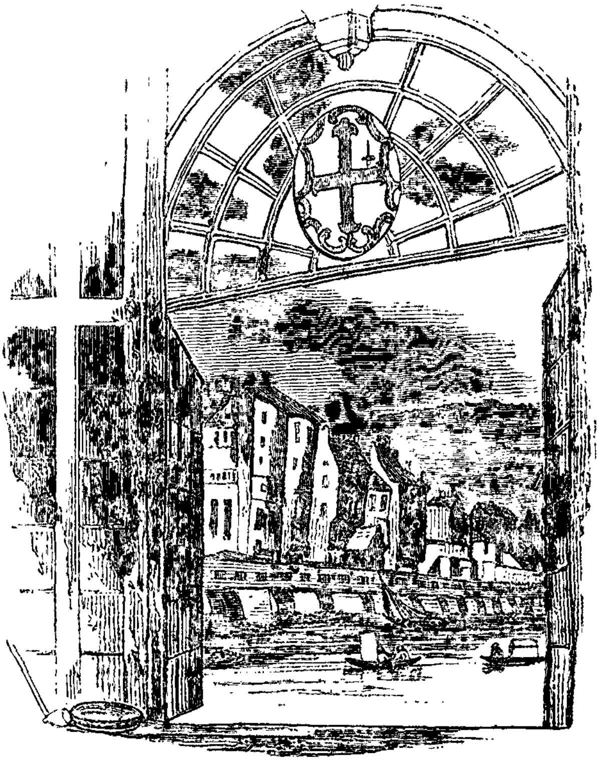
* See a copy of a part of this drawing at p. 356 of Mr. Richard Thomson's "Chronicles of London Bridge," 8vo. London, 1827; a work into which the author has poured the contents of a whole library of preceding publications and manuscript authorities, and from which the materials of every shorter and less elaborate account must henceforth be mainly borrowed.

The true old historic character of the bridge was destroyed, however greatly it might be improved as a thoroughfare and means of communication, when the dwelling-houses and other buildings upon it were removed. This was begun to be done in 1757, though the operations appear to have proceeded slowly, and were not completed till some years later. The gate at the Southwark end was left standing till 1766. Pennant has described, from his own recollection, the singular features of the old street suspended between sky and water. "I well remember," he says, "the street on London Bridge, narrow, darksome, and dangerous to passengers from the multitude of carriages: frequent arches of strong timber crossed the street from the tops of the houses, to keep them together, and from falling into the river. Nothing but use could preserve the repose of the inmates, who soon grew deaf to the noise of falling waters, the clamours of watermen, or the frequent shrieks of drowning wretches." The houses, he states, overhung the bridge on both sides in a most terrific manner —in most places hiding the arches, so that nothing was to be seen but the rude piers. But the best idea of these houses on old London Bridge is to be obtained from the sixth plate of Hogarth's 'Marriage à la Mode,' which may be seen in the National Gallery, and of the portion of which representing the bridge we subjoin a copy on a reduced scale. At the widest parts the street was no more than twenty feet broad, and in some places it was narrowed to twelve; so we may conceive what a scene of confusion and pass of peril it must have been, without any



[Hogarth's View of Old Houses on London Bridge.]

footways, and with a torrent of carts, coaches, and other vehicles, constantly pouring along in both directions—unless when matters were made still worse by two crossing wagons, more highly loaded than usual, being caught between the projecting first floors, to the stoppage of the whole accumulating mass of traffic in the rear of each, and the entire blocking up of the passage. The common and the only tolerably safe plan for the pedestrian adventurer who sought to make his way along through the tumult, was to get into the wake of some carriage, and keep close to it at whatever rate it might be going, till he was fairly across the bridge, or had reached his point of destination. But the principal customers of the shopkeepers on the bridge came in carriages. "Most of the houses," Pennant informs us, "were tenanted by pin or needle makers, and economical ladies were wont to drive from the St. James's end of the town to make cheap purchases." These pin and needle makers are probably the same that are styled *haberdashers of small wares* in a list which has been preserved of the houses destroyed by the great fire of 1633, which, as we have seen, burned down all the portion of the street on both sides between the London end of the bridge and the first opening. Of the inhabitants of the forty-three houses consumed, only one, Mr. John Briggs, at whose house the fire commenced, is designated a needle-maker; of the other houses, eight, according to this list, were tenanted by haberdashers of small wares, six by hosiers, one by a shoemaker, five by haberdashers of hats, three by silkmen, one by a milliner (a man), two by glovers, two by mercers, one by a distiller of strong waters, one by a girdler, one by a linen draper, two by woollen drapers, one by a salter, two by grocers, one by a scrivener, one by the curate of St. Magnus Church, and another by the clerk. One was inhabited by a female, who is not stated to be of any business; two others—one of them, No. 16, 'The Blue Boar'—are marked empty.* Much curious information has been collected by Mr. Thomson about the shops on London Bridge. In the sixteenth century this street ranked with St. Paul's Churchyard, Paternoster Row, and Little Britain, as one of the principal literary emporia of the city. The Three Bibles, The Angel, and the Looking Glass are some of the signs of publishers established on the bridge, which are mentioned on the title-pages of works of that time. The Three Bibles, indeed, is traced as a bookseller's shop down to the year 1724, and The Looking Glass, which was over against St. Magnus Church, to twenty years later. Another bookseller's sign, of the early part of the eighteenth century, was The Black Boy. Here, at The Golden Globe, under the Piazzas, was established, till the house was taken down with the rest in 1757, William Herbert, the editor of Ames's 'Typographical Antiquities,' as a map and print-seller; one of his shop-bills, which has been preserved, with the date of 1749, further announcing, along with "Prints neatly framed and glazed for exportation," "Rooms and Staircases fitted up in the modern or Indian taste." Other London Bridge shop-bills, noticed by Mr. Thomson, are those of John Benskin, stationer, at The Bible and Star; of James Brooke, stationer, at The Anchor and Crown, who, among other things, sold "variety of paper-hangings for rooms;" of William Osborne, leatherseller, at The Roebuck; of William Watkins, breeches-maker, leatherseller, and glover, at the sign of The Breeches and Glove, facing

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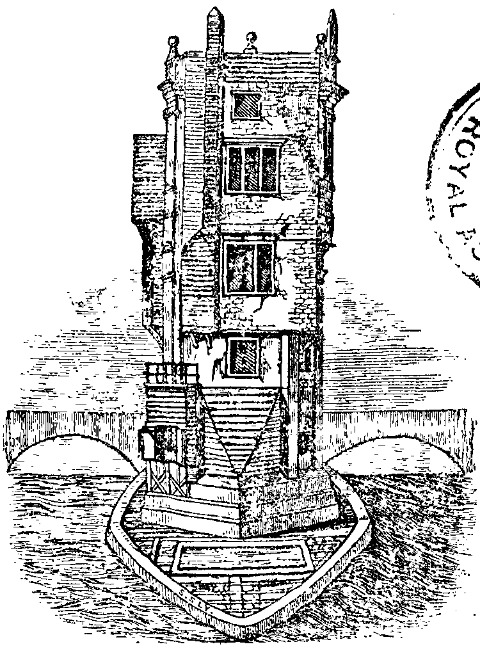
* See extract in the Gentleman's Magazine for November, 1824, from the MS. Journal of Nehemiah Wallington, in the possession of Mr. Upcott.

Tooley Street; of Churcher and Christie, leathersellers and breeches-makers, at The Lamb and Breeches; of John Allan, at The Lock of Hair, who sold "all sorts of hair, curled or uncurled, bags, roses, cauls, ribbons, weaving and sewing silks, cards, and blocks, with all goods made use of by peruke-makers, at the lowest prices." From some tradesmen's brass and copper tokens, we learn that other signs on the bridge were The Lion, The Sugar-Loaf, The Bear, and The White Lion. In those days, it is to be remembered, such insignia were no mere figures of speech, as they have now for the most part become; a shopkeeper's sign was then one of the most substantial and ponderous of realities projecting from or swinging over his door; and all these Sugar-Loaves, Angels, Lions, Bears, Blackboys, Bibles, and Breeches, dangling and creaking away, must have made wild enough work among them on London Bridge, especially when the wind was at all high, and must have added not a little to both the noise and the terrors of the thoroughfare.

It is something like disinterring a Herculaneum or Pompeii to get in this way at the names, occupations, and distinctive badges of the old inhabitants of this extirpated street. Both the famous Nonsuch House and the venerable chapel of St. Thomas-à-Becket were latterly used as shops or dwelling-houses. The former is stated to have been occupied in the early part of the last century by a stationer and a drysalter.* The chapel, or, as it came to be called, Chapel-house, was inhabited about the same time (1737), according to Maitland, by a Mr. Yaldwyn, who, while repairing a staircase, discovered under it the remains of the sepulchral monument of Peter of Colechurch — or at least what was conjectured to be such, for there was no inscription, nor was any search made for the body. It is stated in Nichols's 'Literary Anecdotes,' on the authority of Dr. Ducarel, that at a later date the house over the chapel belonged to a Mr. Baldwin, a haberdasher, who was born there, and who, we suppose, is the same person called Yaldwyn by Maitland, the name being misprinted either in his history or in Nichols's publication. When Mr. Baldwin, the latter adds, at the age of seventy-one, was ordered to go to Chislehurst for a change of air, he could not sleep in the country for want of the roaring lullaby of the river he had always been used to hear. The last occupants of the chapel were Mr. Gill and Mr. Wright, who used the lower apartment as a paper warehouse; and "although," we are told, "the floor was always, at high-water mark, from ten



[The Chapel of St. Thomas converted into a House and Warehouse.]

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* Survey of the Cities of London and Westminster, by Robert Seymour, Esq. Fol. Lon. 1734. This work is known to have been compiled by the Rev. John Motley, the same person who collected Joe Miller's Jests.

to twelve feet under the surface, yet, such was the excellence of the materials and the masonry, that not the least damp or leak ever happened, and the paper was kept as safe and dry as it would have been in a garret."* In the sterling of the long pier upon which the chapel principally stood a fish-pond had been made, with an iron grating over it, by which the fish were detained after they had been carried in by the tide; and Mr. Thomson mentions that, in 1827, when he wrote, there still survived an ancient servant of London Bridge, then verging upon his hundredth year, who well remembered having gone down through the chapel to fish in this pond. The original external form and appearance of the eastern extremity of the chapel had been obliterated long before its destruction: the upper part of it was covered with brickwork or boarding, and to the paper warehouse below was attached a crane for taking in goods from the river.

Few of the old inhabitants of the street on the bridge have left names that are now remembered; but it is remarkable that the memories of two or three individuals are, traditionally at least, associated with it, whose peculiar talents the influences of so peculiar a local habitation seem to have had some share in awakening or fostering. The eminent painter of marine subjects, Peter Monamy, who died about the middle of the last century, is stated by Walpole to have "received his first rudiments of drawing from a sign and house-painter on London Bridge;" and it is added, "the shallow waves that rolled under his window taught young Monamy what his master could not teach him, and fitted him to paint the turbulence of the ocean." Another marine painter, Dominic Serres, of later date, is also said to have once kept a shop upon the bridge. But the greatest artist that is reported to have ever fixed his studio in one of the breezy attics of the river street was old Hans Holbein. "The father of the Lord Treasurer Oxford," Walpole relates, "passing over London Bridge, was caught in a shower; and, stepping into a goldsmith's shop for shelter, he found there a picture of Holbein—who had lived in that house—and his family. He offered the goldsmith 100*l.* for it, who consented to let him have it, but desired first to show it to some persons. Immediately after happened the fire of London, and the picture was destroyed." Holbein's house, therefore, must have been in the division of the street nearest to the London end.

The most illustrious memories associated with the old bridge are not of persons who ever lived there, but of some of those whose ghastly heads, stuck upon poles or spikes, were set up to pinnacle its towers after the executioner had made them trunkless. The first of the London Bridge *traitors* of whom there is any record was the Scottish patriot and hero, William Wallace, whose resistance to a foreign yoke Edward I. could never subdue till he had made his true heart be plucked from his bosom, and his head fixed up aloft here, to be gazed at in comparative tranquillity by many who would have stood short space to scan his living visage, wherever they might have encountered it. This was in August, 1305. Here, in 1408, after his overthrow at Horselwood, was similarly exposed the grey-haired head of the Earl of Northumberland, the father of the gallant Hotspur, by the crafty master whom he had served too well ever to be repaid otherwise than by being destroyed. But the two most extraordinary heads, if we may believe all that is related of them, that were ever thus elevated were those of Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, and his friend Sir Thomas More, both executed in 1535 for their refusal to acknowledge the king's spiritual supremacy. Fisher was executed on the morning of the 22nd of June, and, according to his biographer Hall, his head would have been set up on Traitors' Tower that same night, but that it was kept to be first shown to the Queen, Anne Boleyn. The next day, however, continues Hall, "the head, being parboiled, was prickt upon a pole, and set on high upon London Bridge, among the rest of the holy Carthusians' heads that suffered death lately before him. And here I cannot omit to declare unto you the miraculous sight of this head, which, after it had stood up the space of fourteen days upon the bridge, could not be perceived to waste nor consume, neither for the weather, which was then very hot, neither for the parboiling in hot water, but grew daily fresher and fresher, so that in his lifetime he never looked so well; for, his cheeks being beautified with a comely red, the face looked as though it had beholden the people passing by, and would have spoken to them. . . . . Wherefore, the people coming daily to see this strange sight, the passage over the bridge was so stopped with their going and coming, that almost neither cart nor horse could pass; and therefore, at the end of fourteen days, the executioner was commanded to throw down the head in the night-time into the river of Thames, and in the place thereof was set the head of the most blessed and constant martyr, Sir Thomas More, his companion and fellow in all his troubles, who suffered his passion the 6th of July next following." But the miracle was not put down by this substitution: More's head proved as indestructible as the bishop's, according to the account of his great-grandson and biographer, who tells us that, after it had remained exposed for some months, being about to be cast into the Thames, "because room should be made for divers others, who, in plentiful sort, suffered martyrdom for the same supremacy," it was bought by his daughter Margaret, when not only was his "lively favour" found to be "not all this while in anything almost diminished," but, "the hairs of his head being almost grey before his martyrdom, they seemed now as it were reddish or yellow." In general about this time, and throughout the sixteenth century, the collection of traitors' heads at London Bridge would have made a respectable craniological museum: the German traveller Hentzner, when he was here in 1597, by which time they had been removed to the Southwark gate, counted above thirty of them; and in some of the old prints the structure looks as if its roof were covered with quite a crop of spiked skulls. And heads continued to be exposed here, principally those of seminary priests, executed for violation of the statute prohibiting their entry into the kingdom, throughout the reigns of Elizabeth and James, and down even to the breaking out of the civil war in that of Charles I. After the Restoration, too, the heads of some of the regicides were set up on London Bridge.

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* Ancient Topography of London, by J. T. Smith, Esq. 4to. London, 1791.

And many another strange sight, as well as this long succession of ghastly traitors' heads, had the old bridge beheld during its existence of above six centuries. From its parapets, in the year 1263, Eleanor of Provence, the hated queen of Henry III., when, leaving the Tower, in which Henry and she had taken refuge from De Montfort and the associated barons, "she would have gone by water unto Windsor," was assailed by the Londoners assembled in great numbers on the bridge, not only with "many vile and reproachful words," but also with "dirt and stones," so that she was constrained to return again to the Tower; on which, continues Stow, "the citizens fortified the city with iron chains drawn overthwart their streets, munited the city, and did marvellous things." By this entrance in the next century—on the 13th of June, 1381—Wat Tyler forced his way into the city at the head of his commons of Kent, notwithstanding all the activity of the mayor, Sir William Walworth, whose loyalty had been sharpened by the insurgents having that same morning broken down the stews on the south bank of the river, which, it seems, were his property, and farmed from him by "the frows of Flanders,"—and who before the arrival of the Kentish-men had fortified the bridge, caused the drawbridge to be drawn up, "and fastened a great chain of iron across to restrain their entry." But "then the commons of Surrey, who were risen with other, cried to the wardens of the bridge to let it down and give them entry, whereby they mought pass, or else they would destroy them all, whereby they were constrained by fear to let it down and give them entry—at which time the religious present were earnest in procession and prayer for peace." A few years after—in 1390—the bridge was the scene of a rencontre of another kind—the famous passage of arms waged on St. George's day, amid all the pomp of heraldry, between the Scottish knight Sir David Lindsay, Earl of Crawford, and the English Lord Wells, who, being King Richard's ambassador in Scotland, and attending at a solemn banquet there, where "Scottishmen and Englishmen were communing of deeds of arms," proposed to settle the controversy as to the comparative valour of the two nations by a single combat between Lindsay and himself. "As soon as the day of battle was come," says Stow, following the animated narrative of Hector Boecius, "both the parties were conveyed to the bridge, and soon after, by sound of trumpet, the two parties ran hastily together, on their barbed horses, with square grounden spears, to the death. Earl David, notwithstanding the valiant dint of spears broken on his helmet and visage, sate so strongly, that the people, moved with vain suspicion, cried, Earl David, contrary to the law of arms, is bound to the saddle: Earl David, hearing this murmur, dismounted off his horse, and without any support or help ascended again into the saddle. Incontinent they rushed together with the new spears the second time, with burning ire to conquer honour; but in the third course the Lord Wells was sent out of his saddle with such a violence that he fell to the ground. Earl David, seeing his fall, dismounted hastily from his horse, and tenderly embraced him, that the people might understand he fought with no hatred, but only for the glory of victory; and, in the sign of more humanity, he visited him every day while he recovered his health, and then returned into Scotland;"—an incident combining all the finest points in the brilliant morality of chivalry. Over London Bridge, on the 29th of August, 1392, King Richard, having come from Windsor by the way of Richmond and Wandsworth, passed in joyous procession, along with his consort, the good Queen Anne, after having been reconciled, chiefly through her mediation, with the citizens of London, who, meeting him at the Southwark Gate, "men, women, and children in order," presented him with "two fair white steeds, trapped in cloth of gold, parted of red and white, hanged full of silver bells, the which present he thankfully received; and after he held on his way through the city toward Westminster."* On the 13th of November, four years after, Richard and his new queen, the infant Isabel of France, made their entry "through Southwark, with great pomp, into the Tower of London, at which time there went such a multitude of people to see her, that upon London Bridge nine persons were crowded to death, of whom the Prior of Tiptree, in Essex, was one, and a worshipful matron that dwelt in Cornhill was another." Here Henry V. was received in triumph, on Saturday, the 23rd of November, 1415, on his return from Agincourt; and along this same great civic highway, about the same day seven years after, passed on from conquered France the mournful splendour of his funeral procession—the body laid in a chariot drawn by four great horses, and above it "a figure made of boiled hides or leather representing his person, as nigh to the semblance of him as could be devised, painted curiously to the similitude of a living creature, upon whose head was set an imperial diadem of gold and precious stones, on his body a purple robe furred with ermine, and in his right hand he held a sceptre royal, and in his left hand a ball of gold with a cross fixed thereon; and in this manner adorned was this figure laid in a bed in the said chariot, with his visage uncovered towards the heavens; and the coverture of his bed was of red silk beaten with gold." By this bridge again, on the 21st of February, 1432, the young Henry VI. made his magnificent entry into the capital of his native dominions after his coronation at Paris—as sung by the poet Lydgate in many substantial stanzas, and more briefly related in prose by Fabian and Stow, the latter of whom tells us that, "when the King was come to the bridge, there was devised a mighty giant, standing with a sword drawn in his hand, having written certain speeches in metre of great rejoicing and welcoming of the King to the city, on the midst of the bridge." And nearly as sumptuous were the pageants exhibited at the bridge on Friday, the 28th of May, 1445, at the reception of Henry's bride, Margaret of Anjou—the "she-wolf" of France—as she was conducted from Blackheath by the king's uncle, the Duke of Gloucester, and attended by "the mayor, aldermen, and sheriffs of the city in scarlet, and the crafts of the same, all riding on horseback, in blue gowns with broidered sleeves and red hoods,"—being met at the bridge-foot toward Southwark by "a pageant of peace and plenty," while upon the bridge stood "Noah's ship,"—both figures plentifully adorned with Latin texts from the Vulgate, as well as with scrolls of English verse. Only a few years before this—on Wednesday the 15th of November, 1441—Gloucester's own wife, the unfortunate Eleanor Cobham, had passed along part of the same street, and through the midst of probably as thronging and eager a multitude of spectators, but in a guise and fashion as different as was that wintry season from "jolly

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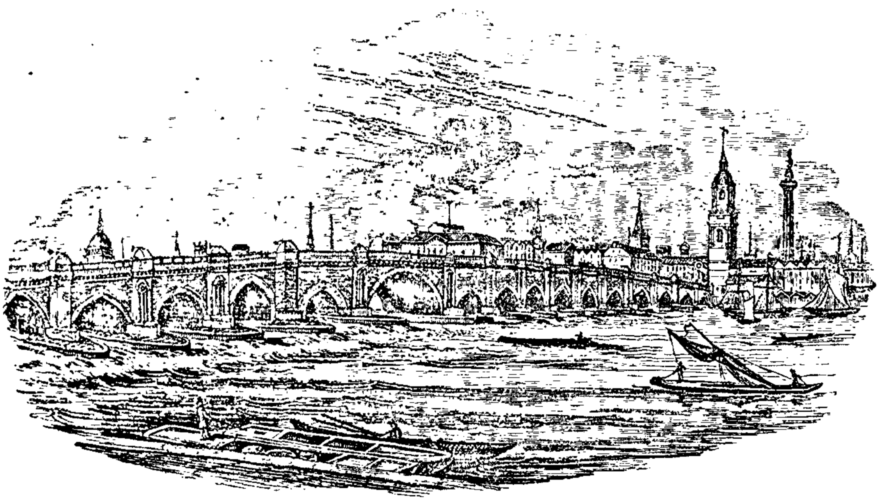
* Under the date of the preceding year, 1391, Stow, in his Annals, has the following story:—"The same Christmas-day a dolphin came forth of the sea, and played himself in the Thames at London, to the bridge, foreshowing haply the tempests that were to follow within a week after; the which dolphin, being seen of the citizens and followed, was with much difficulty intercepted and brought again to London, showing a spectacle to many of the height of his body, for he was ten feet in length. These dolphins are fishes of the sea, that follow the voices of men, and rejoice in playing of instruments, and are wont to gather themselves at music. These, when they play in rivers, with hasty springings, or leapings, do signify tempest to follow. The seas contain nothing more swift nor nimble; for oftentimes with their skips they mount over the sails of ships."

May"—performing her penance for the abhorred crime of sorcery, "with a taper of wax of two pound in her hand," and "hoodless, save a kerchief,"—though she too was accompanied throughout her weary three days' perambulation by the mayor, sheriffs, and crafts. But it was not long before the royal Margaret also had her days of humiliation and misery enough, in the chances and changes of that tumultuous time. Her forces had been scattered at Tewkesbury, her son, Prince Edward, had been murdered almost before her eyes, and she lay herself a prisoner in the Tower along with her husband, also on the eve of having his life reft from him by an act of darker violence, when, on Tuesday the 14th of May, 1471, the Bastard of Faulconbridge, making a last attempt for Henry's deliverance, "with a riotous company of shipmen and other of Essex and Kent," assaulted London Bridge, and was not driven back till he had burned the Southwark Gate, "and all the houses to the drawbridge, being," says Stow, "at that time thirteen in number." Other accounts say that sixty houses on the bridge were burned down on this occasion. Before this, in 1430, on the evening of Thursday the 2nd of July, the bridge-gates were opened by the London commonalty to Jack Cade, who, as he entered at the head of his men, cut the ropes of the drawbridge asunder with his sword; but on the night of the following Sunday, when the rebels and their leader were retired to the south end of the river, the mayor and aldermen, having collected a force of the better disposed among the citizens, repossessed themselves of the bridge, and kept the passage, driving back any of the Kentishmen who attempted to cross it; and this led to the bloodiest and most obstinate conflict ever waged for this key to the city. Cade, as soon as he saw the bickering, to quote the account which Stow has collected in his Annals from preceding chroniclers, "went to harness, and assembled his people, and set so fiercely upon the citizens, that he drove them back from the stoups (or posts) in Southwark or Bridge-foot, unto the drawbridge, in defending whereof many a man was drowned and slain. . . . . . This skirmish continued all night, till nine of the clock on the morrow, so that sometime the citizens had the better, and sometimes the other; but ever they kept them upon the bridge, so that the citizens passed never much the bulwark at the bridge-foot, nor the Kentishmen no farther than the drawbridge—thus continuing the cruel fight to the destruction of much people on both sides." Hall asserts, however, that the Londoners were several times beaten back "as far as to the stoups at St. Magnus' Corner"—that is, quite to the northern extremity of the bridge. He and other authorities also state that the rebels set fire to some of the houses on the bridge. "Alas!" he exclaims, "what sorrow it was to behold that miserable chance! for some, desiring to eschew the fire, leapt on his enemy's weapon and so died; fearful women, with children in their arms, amazed and appalled, leapt into the river; other, doubting how to save themself, between fire, water, and sword, were in their houses suffocate and smothered." At last both parties, faint, weary, and fatigued, agreed to rest them all the next day; and during this pause the king's pardon was proclaimed, on which the rebels broke up and dispersed. In a more peaceful hour, again, by this ancient approach entered London, on Friday the 12th of November, 1501, the Lady Katherine of Arragon to her first nuptials with the young Prince Arthur: "About two of the clock at afternoon," says the old annalist, "the said Lady Princess, accompanied with many lords and ladies, in most sumptuous manner apparelled, came riding from Lambeth into Southwark, and so to London Bridge, where was ordained a costly pageant of St. Katherine and St. Ursula, with many virgins,"—the first of six exhibitions of the same character which greeted her in her progress through the city. The next grand procession that the bridge witnessed was that of Katherine's arch-enemy, the gorgeous Wolsey, as he departed on his embassy to France, on the 26th of July, 1526, marching, as his biographer Cavendish relates, from his house at Westminster, all through London and over the bridge, "having before him of gentlemen a great number, three in a rank, in black velvet livery-coats, and the most part of them with great chains of gold about their necks; and all his yeomen, with noblemen's and gentlemen's servants following him, in French tawny livery-coats, having embroidered upon the backs and breasts of the said coats these letters, T. and C. under the cardinal's hat." More than twenty sumpter-mules, and many carts and carriages, had passed on before, guarded by men armed with bows and spears. The proud churchman himself, coming last, as the crowning figure of the show, "rode like a cardinal, very sumptuously, on a mule trapped with crimson velvet upon velvet, and his stirrups of copper and gilt, and his spare mule following him with like apparel; and before him he had his two great crosses of silver, two great pillars of silver, the great seal of England, the cardinal's hat, and a gentleman that carried his valence, otherwise called a cloak-bag, which was made altogether of fine scarlet cloth, embroidered over and over with cloth of gold very richly, having in it a cloak of fine scarlet." The poor queen was now standing on the edge of the precipice over which she was to be thrown; in this very visit to France the aspiring but shortsighted cardinal hoped to arrange a new marriage for his royal master; nevertheless, his fall speedily followed Katherine's; and his death, of disgrace and a broken heart, preceded hers. An incident of private life, but too interesting to be omitted, also marks the history of the bridge in this reign—the rescue of the infant daughter of Sir William Hewet, the wealthy clockmaker, by his apprentice, Osborne, who gallantly leaped into the river, and brought out the child, when it had been dropped by the carelessness of a servant from a window of the house—an exploit for which he was afterwards appropriately rewarded by her father with the young lady's hand and an ample dowry. This is said to have happened in 1536; Hewet was Lord Mayor of London in 1559; Osborne attained that dignity in 1582; and before the end of the next century his great-grandson, as his lineal descendant still is, was Duke of Leeds. In the beginning of the reign of Mary, London Bridge was one of the scenes of Wyatt's short and ill-fated insurrection: when, on the afternoon of the 3rd of February, 1554, news arrived that he was marching at the head of a body of about two thousand men from Deptford towards Southwark, instantly "the mayor and sheriffs, harnessed, commanded each man to shut in their shops and windows, and to be ready harnessed at their doors, what chance soever might happen;" and at the same time the bridge-gates were shut, and the drawbridge, not merely raised as it had been when Wat Tyler made his attack, but cut down and thrown into the river. Ordnance were also brought up and planted on the bridge. In these circumstances Wyatt did not venture to attempt to force an entry. But it is told that at a late hour at night he himself, accompanied by a few of his friends, contrived, by ascending to the leads of a house adjoining the bridge, to make his way into the porter's lodge, where he found the porter asleep, but his wife and some other persons keeping watch, with a coal fire burning in the chimney; on which he commanded them, as they loved their lives, to remain silent, and then proceeded with his companions to the edge of the drawbridge, where, lurking themselves in the shade, they saw and heard the lord admiral, the lord mayor, and one or two others, consulting about the defence of the bridge on the other side of the chasm. This were a subject for the pencil of a Rembrandt or a Salvator Rosa. We can merely glance at one other memorable day of public pomp in which old London Bridge is recorded to have borne a share—Tuesday, the 29th of May, 1660—that of the triumphant return home to his capital of Charles II., when, having arrived in Southwark about three o'clock in the afternoon, he proceeded over the bridge, riding between his two brothers, the Dukes of York and Gloucester, while before him passed on all the gaiety of military and civic display, and on all sides around the splendid cavalcade rolled perhaps a fuller tide of genuine popular jubilation than was ever, before or since, witnessed on any occasion of national rejoicing in England.

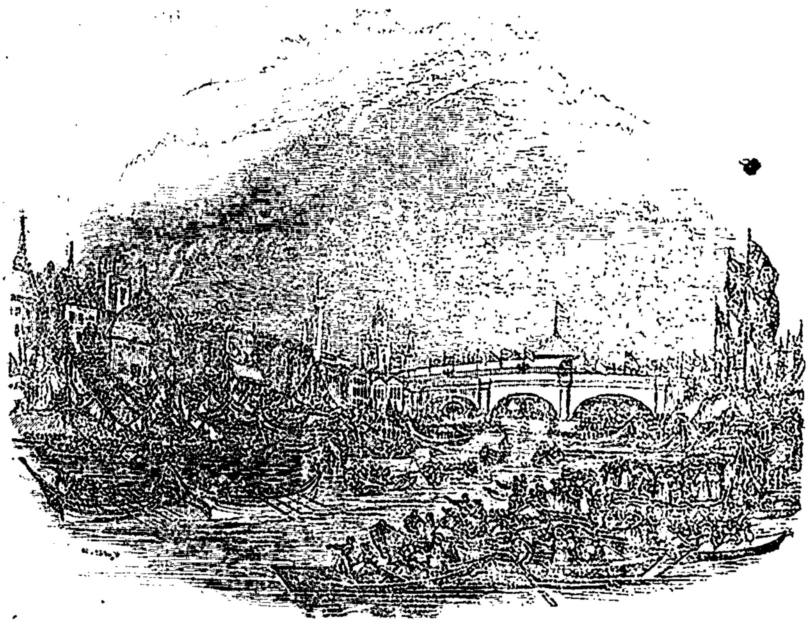
But old age, with its infirmities that no art can cure, was now fast coming upon Peter of Colechurch's venerable structure, as it comes alike surely, sooner or later, upon man himself, and upon all the works of his hands; and throughout the next century the ancient pile was only sustained in a serviceable condition by incessant propping and tinkering. The less service, too, it was able to render, the more was required from it; for, while it was growing old and crazy, mighty London was becoming every day more extensive, more populous, more alive with the spirit of traffic and industry of all kinds; and the progress of refinement and luxury was also making people discontented with accommodations which had satisfied earlier times. It was slowly and reluctantly, however, that the Londoners gave up the notion of still repairing their old bridge. In their eyes, indeed, it seemed to be looked upon as a sort of counterpart to the shepherd's boy in the Arcadia, "piping as if he should never grow old." Yet the corporation, so early as the year 1685, found itself compelled to make the thoroughfare over it in some degree more suitable to the demands of a state of society very different from that for which it had been originally contrived: an inscription of that date upon the north side of Nonsuch House recorded that the street had then been widened from the breadth of twelve feet to that of twenty. Again, in 1697, an Act of Parliament was procured for widening the street at the south end of the bridge; and, in 1722, another for the establishment of certain regulations with the object of keeping the passage free, and securing both the easier transit of carriages and the greater safety of foot-passengers. At last, after the opening of Westminster Bridge in 1749, a loud demand arose from the public for the erection of a new bridge in the city also; and, in 1754, the subject was forced upon the Common Council. After much violent debate and controversy, it was conceded that a new bridge should be built at Blackfriars; but it was resolved that London Bridge should still be left standing, and only be repaired, and have the houses upon it pulled down.

This was done; and the bridge, as a means of communication, was thereby rendered greatly more commodious; but, architecturally, it was probably rather weakened than strengthened by the operations that were at the same time resorted to with the view of improving the navigation. In 1761 Smeaton the engineer, who had been hastily called in upon some alarming appearances presenting themselves, found, besides other dilapidations that were in progress, one of the piers undermined to the extent of six feet, and in such a state that it must have sunk and fallen down in a few days. Fortunately the city gates had just been taken down, and the stones, having been sold to a builder, lay ready in Moorfields; they were instantly repurchased, and, on a Sunday morning, brought as fast as carts could carry them, and thrown under the tottering pier, which was the one next to the north or city end of the bridge.

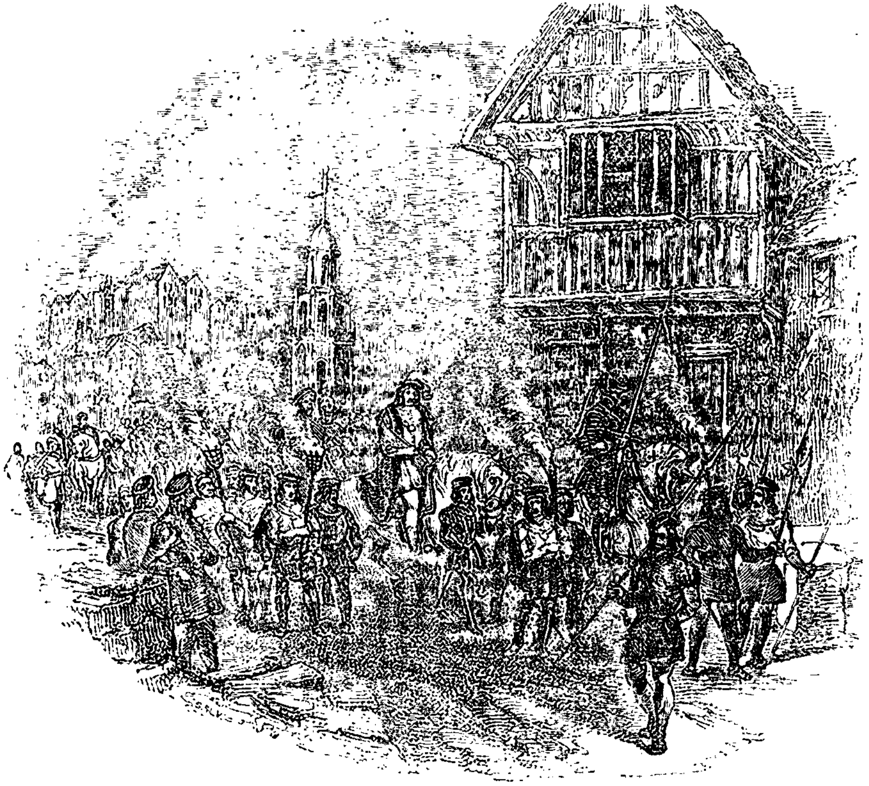


[London Bridge in 1827.]

The work of paring and patching the old bridge went on for sixty years longer; but at length, in 1822, notwithstanding the continued resistance of the corporation, a select committee of the House of Commons, to which the subject had been referred, recommended the erection of a new bridge; on which an Act of Parliament for that purpose was passed the following year. The new bridge was built after the designs of the late John Rennie, Esq., who died, however, before the work was begun; it was superintended throughout by his son, the present Sir John Rennie. The first pile of the first coffer-dam, being that for the south pier, was driven on Monday the 15th of March, 1824; the foundation-stone was laid by the Lord Mayor, John Garratt, Esq., in the presence of the Duke of York and many other distinguished personages, on the 15th of June, 1825; and the finished bridge was opened by his late Majesty King William IV., and Queen Adelaide, on the 1st of August, 1831. The cost of the bridge, with the approaches, amounted to not much short of two millions. It stands about a hundred and eighty feet higher up the river than the old bridge, which was left standing till its successor was built, nor was its last arch pulled down till towards the end of the year 1832. It is needless to say that the new London Bridge, bestriding the broad river with its five vast elliptical arches, is a far more magnificent, and in every way more perfect work, than Peter of Colechurch's structure ever was in its best days; and, looking there, in its firm and massive strength, as if it might last a thousand years, it is to the imagination, if we may so speak, as expressive and impressive a monument of the far future as the old bridge was of the past.



[Opening of New London Bridge.]



[The Marching Watch.]

VI.—MIDSUMMER-EVE.

It was on the vigil of St. John the Baptist, in the year 1510, that two young men, wearing the dress of the King's Guard—the rich and picturesque uniform which has survived the changes of three centuries, to linger about the Court of England, and preserve its gorgeous dignity, however vulgarized into associations with beef-eaters and showmen—that two handsome and soldierly-looking young men came to the water-gate at Westminster, and, in answer to the "Eastward-ho" of the watermen, jumped into a common wherry. There were not many boats at the stairs, and those which were still unhired were very different in their appearance and their comforts from the royal barges which were moored at some little distance. The companions looked at each other with a peculiar expression before they sat down on the uncushioned and dirty bench of the wherry; but the boisterous laugh which burst forth from one of them appeared to remove all scruples, and the boat was soon adrift in the ebbing tide.

The evening was very lovely. The last sunbeam was dancing on the waters, and the golden light upon the spires of the city was fast fading away. Suddenly, however, a redder light came up out of the depths of the streets, and wreaths of grey smoke mingled with the glare. The Thames was crowded with boats, and voices of merriment were heard amidst the distant sounds of drum and trumpet. The common stairs or bridges were thronged with people landing. The wherry in which sate the two guardsmen ran in to a private stair at Bridewell; and with the same hearty laugh they stepped into a spacious garden. "Charles," said the more boisterous of the companions, "this will be a snug nest for the right witty Almoner when Empson's head is off." In a few minutes a noble-looking person, dressed in a sober but costly suit, like a wealthy citizen, joined them, making a profound reverence. "No ceremony," exclaimed he of the loud voice; and then, making an effort to speak low, "His Highness is safe in the palace; and we are two of his faithful guards who would see the Midsummer Watch set. Have you a dagger under your russet coat, my good Almoner?—for the watch, they say, does not fear the rogues any more than the gallows." It was Wolsey, then upon the lower rounds of the ladder of preferment, who answered Henry in the gay tone of his master. Brandon, who, in spite of his generous nature, did not quite like the accommodating churchman, was scarcely so familiar with him. The three, however, all gaily enough passed onward through the spacious gardens of Empson's deserted palace, which covered the ground now known as Dorset Street and Salisbury Square; and with a master-key with which the prosperous Almoner was already provided, they sallied forth into the public street, and crossing Fleet Bridge, pursued their way towards West Cheap.*

Lud-gate was not closed. In the open space under the city wall was an enormous bonfire, which was reflected from the magnificent steeple of Paul's. Looking up the hill there was another bonfire in the open space before the cathedral, which threw its deep light upon every pinnacle of the vast edifice, and gleamed in its many windows as if a thousand tapers were blazing within its choir and transepts. The street was full of light. Over the door-ways of the houses were "lamps of glass, with oil burning in them all the night;" and "some hung out branches of iron, curiously wrought, containing hundreds of lamps lighted at once."† Before the houses were tables set out, on which were placed ponderous cakes, and flagons of ale, and wine "unexcis'd by kings;" and the sturdy apprentices, who by day were wont to cry, "What lack ye?" threw open their blue cloaks, disclosing their white hose, with a knowing look of independence, as they courteously invited the passer-by to partake of their dainties. Over the doors hung the delicate branches of the graceful birch, with wreaths of lilies and St. John's wort; and there were suspended pots of the green orpine, in the bending of whose leaves the maiden could read her fate in love. Wending their way through the throng, the three men of the west felt, the two younger especially, something of that pleasure which human beings can scarcely avoid feeling at the sight of happiness in others. Henry whispered to Wolsey, "This is a merry land;" and the courtier answered, "You have made it so."

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* "On Midsummer-Eve, at night, King Henry came privily into West Cheap, of London, being clothed in one of the coats of his guard." (Stow's 'Annals,' under date 1510.) It is not likely that Henry, though bold enough, would so far yield to the impulses which belong to a youth of nineteen as to go alone. Brandon had been his companion from childhood; Wolsey had already learned to minister to his pleasures as one mode of governing him. The patent by which the great churchman obtained Empson's house is dated 1510.

† Stow's Survey.

The three visitors of the city moved slowly along with the dense crowd towards the Cross in West Cheap. They there stationed themselves. The livery which two of them wore would have secured them respect, if their lofty bearing had not appeared to command it. The galleries of the houses, and the windows, were filled with ladies. Between the high gabled roofs stood venturous boys and servants. Tapestry floated from the walls. Within was ever and anon heard the cadence of many voices singing in harmony. Then came a loud sound of trumpets; and a greater light than that of the flickering bonfires was seen in the distance; and the windows became more crowded; and the songs ceased within the dwellings.

The procession which was approaching was magnificent enough to afford the highest gratification to one at least of the three spectators that we have described. It suggested, however, the consideration that it did not belong to himself, and threw no particular glory round his throne and person. But, nevertheless, his curiosity was greatly stimulated; and that love of pomp which he had already begun to indulge, in processions, and jousts, and tournays, could not fail of receiving some delight from the remarkable scene that was before him. He was, as Cavendish has described him, "a young, lusty, and courageous prince, entering into the flower of pleasant youth." His amusements were manly and intellectual, "exercising himself daily in shooting, singing, dancing, wrestling, casting of the bar, playing at the recorders, flute, virginals, and in setting of songs and making of ballads." * The future sensual tyrant is not readily seen in this description. But here, on Midsummer-Eve in 1510, was Henry standing beside the Cross in West Cheap, and mixing unknown amongst his subjects, like the Haroon Er-Rasheed of the 'Thousand and One Nights.' Onward came the Marching Watch, winding into Cheap from the little conduit by Paul's Gate. Here, literally,

> "The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,
> Of burning cressets."

The pitchy ropes borne aloft in iron frames sent up their tongues of fire and wreaths of smoke in volumes which showed, afar off, like the light of a burning city. Stow tells us that for the "furniture" of the Marching Watch there were appointed seven hundred cressets; besides which every constable, amounting to two hundred and forty, had his cresset. Each cresset had a man to bear it and another to serve it, so that the cresset-train amounted in number to almost two thousand men. This was, indeed, civic pomp upon a splendid scale. A poet of the next century, whose name is almost unknown in the ordinary catalogues of English poetry, but who has written with more elegance and taste than half of those we call classics—Richard Niccols, in a performance called 'London's Artillery,' has the following very beautiful lines descriptive of the bonfires and cresset-lights of the great festival of the Summer Solstice:—

> "The wakeful shepherd by his flock in field
> With wonder at that time far off beheld
> The wanton shine of thy triumphant fires
> Playing upon the tops of thy tall spires."

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* Hall.

Mingled with the cresset-bearers came on two thousand men of the Marching Watch, some mounted, and some on foot. There were "demilances" on great horses; gunners with their harquebuses and wheel-locks; archers in white coats, with bows bent and sheafs of arrows by their sides; pike-men in bright corslets; and bill-men with aprons of mail. Following these came the constables of the Watch, each in bright harness gleaming from beneath his scarlet jornet* and his golden chain; with his henchman following him, and his minstrel before him, and his cresset-light by his side; and then came the waits of the city, and morris-dancers footing it to their merry notes; and then, in due order, the mayor himself on horseback, and his sword-bearer, his henchmen, his harnessed footmen, his giants, and his pageants. The Sheriffs' Watches, says Stow, "came one after the other in like order, but not so large in number as the Mayor's." Niccols, still apostrophizing London, thus describes this part of the solemnity:—

"Thy goodly buildings, that till then did hide
Their rich array, open'd their windows wide,
Where kings, great peers, and many a noble dame,
Whose bright, pearl-glittering robes did mock the flame
Of the night's burning lights, did sit to see
How every senator, in his degree,
Adorn'd with shining gold and purple weeds,
And stately mounted on rich-trapped steeds,
Their guard attending, through the streets did ride
Before their foot-bands, grac'd with glittering pride
Of rich gilt arms."

Onward swept the mighty cavalcade past the Cross at Cheap, along Cornhill, and by Leadenhall to Aldgate. It was to return by Fenchurch Street and Gracious Street, and again into Cornhill and through Cheapside. The multitude thronged after it, but the three strangers remained almost alone. "This costs gold," said Wolsey. "And it is worth the cost," replied the king. "Would they fight," said Brandon, "these demilances and archers?" "Indeed they would," said Wolsey: and turning round to the king, "such men have fought with your Highness's grandsires; and the cry of *Clubs* of the blue-cloaks is as fearful a rallying cry as that of *St. George.*" "Come," said the king, "we must homeward. Are the streets watched, or shall we have to knock a knave or two on the pate?" The streets were watched. They again passed Ludgate; and as they descended Fleet Hill they found the lamps still burning before the doors, but the hospitable tables were almost deserted. At due intervals stood a constable in bright harness, surrounded by his footmen and his cresset-bearer; and as they went onward through Fleet Street, and looked to the right and left, up the narrow lanes, there was still the cresset gleaming in the armour. "We are safe to-night," said the king. "This is a glorious affair, and I shall bring her Highness to see it on St. Peter's Eve. How looks the city, my grave Almoner, on other than festival nights?" "It is a melancholy place, your Highness. After curfew not a light to be seen: the one cresset in a street makes it more gloomy; and masterless men cut purses in the dark, while the light-bearer tells the rogues where there is no watch." "Ha!" exclaimed the king. "This shoul.

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* Probably scarf.

be remedied," added the statesman. "The cost of one Midsummer-Eve would double the watch for the rest of the year." "Ho," said Harry, "hang up the thieves, and let the true men keep in their houses." "They break into the houses," said Wolsey. "We will tell our justices to spare none of them," replied the king. They were by this time at Temple Bar. There were three led-horses waiting, and a dozen footmen with lighted torches. Slowly they rode, for the way was rough, past St. Clement's, and through the Strand, and by Charing Cross to the palace-gates. Here and there was seen a solitary bonfire, but there was no rush of population as in the city. The large palatial houses were dark and silent. The river, which ever and anon lay spread before them as they looked upon it through the broad open spaces of its bank, was red with the reflection of the city fires. The courtier-priest was at his master's stirrup as he alighted; and Henry whispered, "Come to me to-morrow. Our people want Empson's head, and the sooner you get his house the better." With a loud laugh his Highness and Brandon vanished into an inner court of the palace, and the Almoner rode thoughtfully to his lodgings.

During the reign of Henry VIII., as Harrison tells us, he hung up, of great thieves, of petty thieves, and rogues, three score and twelve thousand. This was a wholesale mode of dispensing with a preventive police; though we doubt whether the prison and the gallows were cheaper than lighting and watching. The same graphic pen, writing in 1586, adds—"He seemed for a while greatly to have terrified the rest; but since his death the number of them is so increased, that, except some better order be taken, or the law already made be better executed, such as dwell in uplandish towns and little villages shall live but in small safety and rest."* London, we have no doubt, had a pretty equal share of discomfort and danger. The time was passed when it could be enjoined, as by the statute of Edward I., "that none be so hardy as to be found going or wandering about the streets of the city after curfew tolled at St. Martin's-le-Grand, with sword or buckler, or other arms for doing mischief, or whereof evil suspicion might arise, nor any in any other manner, unless he be a great man, or other lawful person of good repute, or their certain messengers, having their warrants to go from one to another, with lanthorn in hand." The progress of industry had rendered it necessary that others, besides great men and their accredited messengers, should go about at night, and not be considered as malefactors. Thirty years after the Midsummer Eve of 1510, Henry VIII. put down the marching watch, "considering the great charges of the citizens;" but the good old lovers of pageantry would not so readily part with it, and it was several times attempted to be revived, till, in 1569, it was altogether abandoned; and it was determined "in the room thereof to have a substantial standing watch, for the safety and preservation of the city."† It is curious, in these our own days of police and gas-lights, to look back to the means by which the safety and preservation of the city were secured. The watchman had gradually been transformed from a sturdy constable in harness into a venerable personage bearing halberd and lanthorn. It was the business of this reverend person to make the cry inscribed under the

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* Description of England, book ii. ch. 11.

† Stow's Survey.

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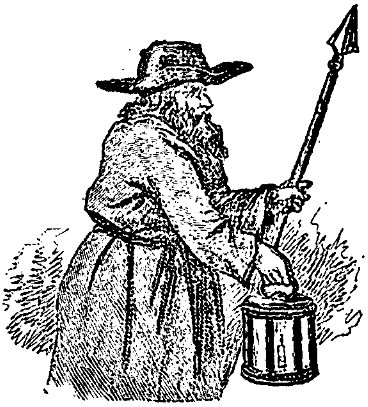
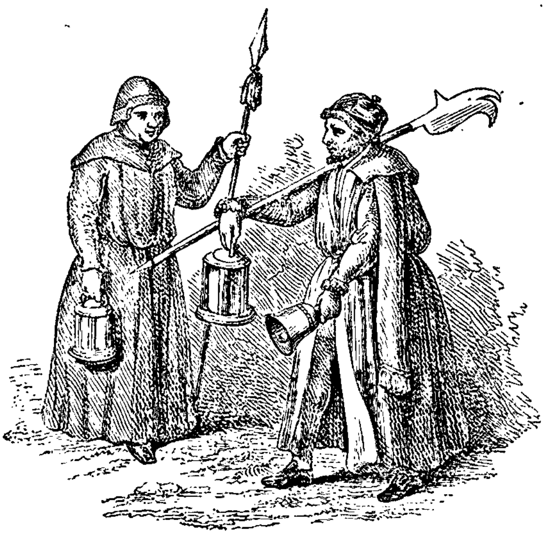
figure of the watchman here given. He had to deal with deaf listeners, and he therefore proclaimed with a voice of command, "Lanthorn!" But a lanthorn alone was a body without a soul; and he therefore demanded "a *whole* candle." To this the vital spark was to be given, and he continued to exclaim, "light." To render the mandate less individually oppressive, he went on to cry, "Hang out your lights!" And that even the sleepers might sleep no more, he ended with, "Hear!"



"Lanthorn, and a whole-candle light! Hang out your lights! Hear!"

We are told by the chroniclers that, as early as 1416, the Mayor, Sir Henry Barton, ordered lanthorns and lights to be hanged out on the winter evenings, betwixt Allhallows and Candlemas. For three centuries this practice subsisted, constantly evaded, no doubt, through the avarice and poverty of individuals, sometimes probably disused altogether, but still the custom of London up to the time of Queen Anne. The cry of the watchman, "hang out your lights," was an exhortation to the negligent, which probably they answered only by snores, equally indifferent to their own safety and the public preservation. A worthy mayor in the time of Queen Mary provided the watchman with a bell, with which instrument he accompanied the music of his voice down to the days of the Commonwealth. The "Statutes of the Streets," in the time of Elizabeth, were careful enough for the preservation of silence in some things They prescribed that "no man shall blow any horn in the night, or whistle after the hour of nine of the clock in the night, under pain of imprisonment;" and, what was a harder thing to keep, they also forbad a man to make any "sudden outcry in the still of the night, as making any affray, or beating his wife." Yet a privileged man was to go about knocking at doors and ringing his alarum—an intolerable nuisance if he did what he was ordered to do. But the watchmen were, no doubt, wise in their generation. With honest Dogberry, they could not "see how sleeping should offend;" and after the watch was set, they probably agreed to "go sit upon the church bench till two, and then all to bed." Dekker, however, describes the bellman as a person of some activity—"the child of darkness; a common night-walker; a man that had no man to wait upon him, but only a dog; one that was a disordered person, and at midnight would beat at men's doors, bidding them (in mere mockery) to look to their candles, when



[Watchmen, from Dekker, 1616.]

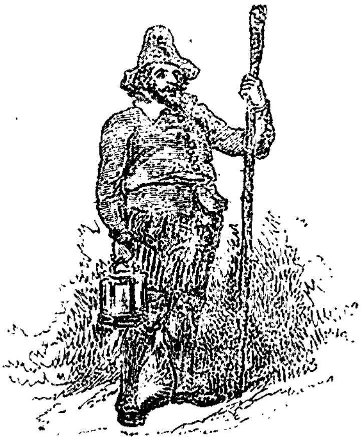
they themselves were in their dead sleeps." Stow says that in Queen Mary's day one of each ward "began to go all night with a bell, and at every lane's end, and at the ward's end, gave warning of fire and candle, and to help the poor, and pray for the dead." This is the more poetical bellman of Milton's 'Il Penseroso:'—

"Some still removed place will fit,
Where glowing embers through the room
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom;
Far from all resort of mirth,
Save the cricket on the hearth;
Or the bellman's drowsy charm,
To bless the doors from nightly harm."

Herrick, also, has given us the verses of the bellman of poetry, in one of the charming morsels of his 'Hesperides:'—

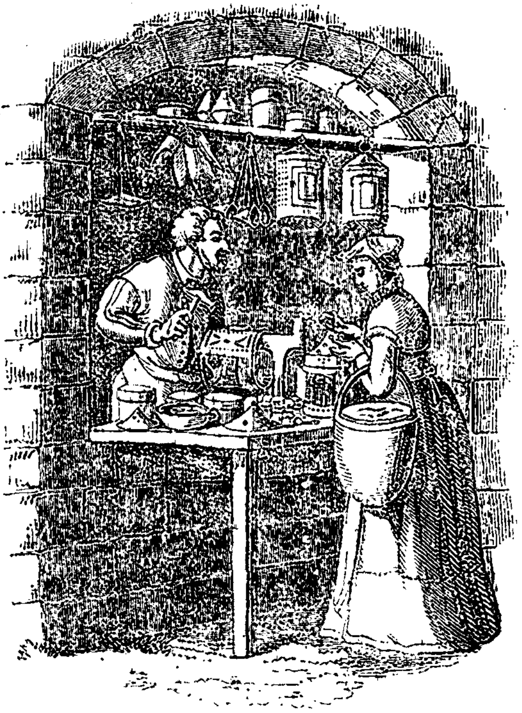
"From noise of scare-fires rest ye free,
From murders Benedicite;
From all mischances that may fright
Your pleasing slumbers in the night,
Mercy secure ye all, and keep
The goblins from ye while ye sleep.
Past one o'clock, and almost two,
My masters all, 'Good day to you!'"

But, with or without a bell, the real prosaic watchman continued to make the same demand as his predecessors for lights, through a long series of years; and his demand tells us plainly that London was a city without lamps. But though he was a prosaic person, he had his own verses. He addressed himself to the "maids." He exhorted them to make their lanthorns "bright and clear." He told them how long their candles were expected to burn. And, finally, like a considerate lawgiver, he gave a reason for his edict. In a print which is of the time of James I. we have the watchman here represented, with the following lines underwritten:—



" A light here, maids, hang out your light,
And see your horns be clear and bright,
That so your candle clear may shine,
Continuing from six till nine;
That honest men that walk along
May see to pass safe without wrong."

The making of lanthorns was a great trade in the early times. We clung to King Alfred's invention for the preservation of light with as reverend a love, during many centuries, as we bestowed upon his civil institutions. The horn of the favoured utensil was a very dense medium for illumination, but science had substituted nothing better; and, even when progressing people carried about a neat glass instrument with a brilliant reflector, the watchman held to his ponderous and murky relic of the past, making "night hideous" with his voice,



while he made "darkness visible" with his lanthorn. But, as we see, in the early days of lanthorns, when the cresset was being superseded by "Hang out your lights," there was a wonderful demand for these commodities; and upon the maids and their mistresses, who were nightly appealed to for the provision of the external light that was to protect the ward from thieves and murderers, must have rested a very serious responsibility of keeping "horns clear and bright," and securing the candle against "chinks," either made by "time" or bad manufacturers. We have an old print of Hans Schopper's before us, representing the lanthorn-shop; and it will be observed that the lady has taken this piece of furniture under her especial care.

Paris was in the same condition as London for a long period. The nightly passengers through the streets walked about with lanthorns; and it was only in times of alarm and imminent danger that ordinances were issued, commanding each occupier of a house to place a light in the window of his first floor. La Reinie, the first lieutenant-general of police, introduced public lanthorns in 1667. This was hailed as a great event, for a medal was struck upon the occasion, bearing the legend *Urbis securitas et nitor*. One lanthorn, lighted with candles, in the middle of each street, and one at each end, constituted the amount of the security and splendour which Louis XIV. and his minister of police bestowed upon the Parisians. We cannot exactly say whether Boileau had composed his sixteenth satire before this event, but about this period he describes the darkest wood as far less dangerous than the streets of Paris, in which the "lated traveller" would encounter four bandits as he turned a corner:—

"Le bois le plus funeste et le moins fréquenté
Est au prix de Paris un lieu de sûreté.
Malheur donc à celui qu'une affaire imprévue
Engage un peu trop tard au détour d'une rue:
Bientôt quatre bandits, lui serrant les côtés,
La bourse——."

London was perhaps better off, with its general system of private lights, however imperfect that system might be. In 1694 a licence was granted by the corporation to certain persons "concerned and interested in glass-lights, commonly called or known by the name of convex lights," for the sole supply of the public lights in all public places in the city, for twenty-one years. Here, one would have thought, would have been the prosperous commencement of a system which would really have insured safety to the inhabitants of London. But when the lease was expired we hear no more of the glass-lights or convex lights; and every housekeeper whose house fronts any street or lane and is of the rent of ten pounds, and every person having the charge of a public building, are each required and obliged, in every dark night, from the twenty-ninth of September until the twenty-fifth day of March, to hang out one or more lanthorn or lanthorns, with sufficient cotton-wick candles lighted therein, and to continue the same burning in every such dark night, from the hour of six until the hour of eleven of the same night. The act of Common Council which makes these provisions tells us they are, "for securing the houses against robbers and thieves, for the prevention of murder, and the conveniency of passengers." Glorious provisions indeed were they for accomplishing those ends! When there were clouds over the moon,—and whole streets and portions of streets were without light, because the inhabitants were not rated at ten pounds,—and there was no light at all after eleven o'clock, we must admire the sagacity of the civic authorities who thus proposed to put down robbery and murder. Defoe, who in many things was a century before his age, published a pamphlet in 1729, wherein he suggested a plan "by which our streets will be so *strongly guarded*, and so *gloriously illuminated*, that any part of London will be as safe and pleasant at midnight as at noon-day, and burglary totally impracticable." London continued to be *strongly guarded* by its "ancient and most quiet watchmen" for another hundred years; and the authorities began to think of rendering the streets *illuminated* "with a convenient and sufficient number of glass lamps," not until they had gone up in terror to George II., to implore "a speedy, rigorous, and exemplary execution of the laws upon the persons of offenders." This was in 1744. But we have something to say upon the period that intervened between the old days of "Hang out your lights," and those semi-modern days when society, pretending to be in the most civilized condition, was really going backwards in many of the essential matters that constitute the "salt of life."

It has been generally held that crimes of violence belong only to what are called the rudest states of society. They belong, unquestionably, to an imperfect state of civilization; but they may nevertheless exist under a condition which admits of great wealth amongst the higher individuals, a diffusion of wealth amongst the middle classes, and a certain refinement amongst those classes who are supposed to give the tone to an age. But they nevertheless indicate something radically wrong in the general social state—some imperfect application of the preventive forces which belong to a really civilized condition—some gross inequality in the distribution of freedom, and of the means for securing the comforts which are due even to the lowest class, conjoined with the inability, through the exercise of honest industry, to rise out of that class. These crimes are not always confined to the poorest, but spring out of the desire to employ the strong hand, under circumstances where mere brute force is a general indication of power, even amongst those whose peculiar interest, rightly understood, would be to show that no real power should be lawless. We can understand how a watch came to be established in London, when it was "a common practice in this city that a hundred or more in a company, young and old, would make nightly invasions upon houses of the wealthy, to the intent to rob them; and if they found any man stirring in the city within the night that were not of their crew, they would presently murder him; insomuch that when night was come no man durst adventure to walk in the streets."* This was an age of general lawlessness; and the establishment of the watch in cities by Henry III. was the first step towards a preventive police. But it is not so easy to comprehend how, nearly five hundred years afterwards (in 1744), London should have been in such a state that the Lord Mayor and aldermen went up with an address to the king, representing "that divers confederacies of great numbers of evil-disposed persons, armed with bludgeons, pistols, cutlasses, and other dangerous weapons, infest not only the private lanes and passages, but likewise the public streets and places of usual concourse, and commit most daring outrages upon the persons of your Majesty's good subjects, whose affairs oblige them to pass through the streets, by terrifying, robbing, and wounding them; and these facts are frequently perpetrated at such times as were heretofore deemed hours of security." If in the "hours of security" armed gangs thus destroyed the safety of ordinary life, what must they have been in the hours of darkness, when a feeble light was hung out here and there from six to eleven o'clock, and after that the city was surrendered to gloom and rapine? In the first fifty years of the eighteenth century we should assuredly have thought that society had settled into order and security. These atrocities could not have existed without a most lamentable weakness in the government. Everything was then left to the narrow-minded local authorities. There was no central power. The government (what a misnomer!) had nothing to do but to make war and to hang. The Lord Mayor and aldermen cried, "Hang, hang!" "Permit us, Sir, to express our hopes that a speedy, rigorous, and exemplary execution of the laws upon the persons of offenders, as they shall fall into the hands of justice, may, under your Majesty's princely wisdom, conduce greatly to the suppressing these enormities, by striking terror into the wicked, and preventing others from entering into such evil courses." And the king promised he would hang: "Nothing shall be wanting on my part to put the laws in execution, to support the magistrates rigorously to punish such heinous offenders." Some person, whose good deeds, like those of many others, have fallen into oblivion, suggested a wiser course; and Maitland, the historian of the city, from whose work we collect these remarkable facts, tells us, "*this year* was enacted another act of Parliament for making more effectual provision for *enlightening* the streets of this city." A mental illumination had been required before this desirable event. In the long interval between the vigour of despotism and the better vigour of sound legislation, London must have been anything but a pleasant abode. Under the one sway (in the latter days of Elizabeth for example), Fleetwood, the recorder, strung up a dozen cutpurses on a morning; and although he says, "It is grown for a trade now in court to make means for reprieves—twenty pound for a reprieve is nothing,"* yet he contrived to clear London for a season of the rogues, by dint of the halter and the whip. But then came the age of weakness—a necessary consequence of a government relaxing its discipline, in that regard for the "liberty of the subject" which was another name for its own ignorance and idleness. All the social pictures of the days of Anne and of the two first Georges exhibit a state of police much worse than the days of Elizabeth. London was then a prey not only to daring thieves, but to swaggering bullies and hired assassins, who had lost the old salutary terror of the Star-chamber, and despised the ordinary administration of justice. In the time of Charles II. Dryden was waylaid and beaten by a gang of ruffians hired by Rochester, as he walked home from Will's Coffeehouse to Gerrard Street. This was a solitary case. But the Spectator has left us the unquestionable evidence of the existence of "the Mohocks,"—*a class* that would appear as impossible to have existed in the London of the days of Anne as of those of George IV.: "An outrageous ambition of doing all possible hurt to their fellow-creatures is the great cement of their assembly, and the only qualification required in the members. In order to exert this principle in its full strength and perfection, they take care to drink themselves to a pitch that is beyond the possibility of attending to any motions of reason or humanity, then make a general sally, and attack all that are so unfortunate as to walk the streets through which they patrol. Some are knocked down, others stabbed, others cut and carbonadoed." Gay has given his testimony to the existence of the same association:—

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* Roger Hovenden, quoted by Stow in his Survey.

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* Ellis's Letters, First Series, vol. ii. p. 299.

"Now is the time that rakes their revels keep,
Kindlers of riot, enemies of sleep.
His scatter'd pence the flying Nicker * flings,
And with the copper shower the casement rings.
Who has not heard the Scowerer's midnight fame?
Who has not trembled at the Mohock's name?
Was there a watchman took his hourly rounds
Safe from their blows or new-invented wounds?"

We have a Mohock or two still left; and sometimes our magistrates are still weak enough to inflict a miserable money penalty, instead of honestly levelling all distinctions amongst those made equal by crime and folly. But we have no *fraternity* of Mohocks. A firm police will root up the last of the race. Some thirty years after the Spectator had described the Mohocks, Johnson gave us a picture, in his 'London,' of the individual bully:—

"Prepare for death if here at night you roam,
And sign your will before you sup from home.
Some fiery fop, with new commission vain,
Who sleeps on brambles till he kills his man,—
Some frolic drunkard, reeling from a feast,
Provokes a broil, and stabs you for a jest.
Yet even these heroes, mischievously gay,
Lords of the street and terrors of the way,
Flush'd as they are with folly, youth, and wine,
Their prudent insults to the poor confine;
Afar they mark the flambeau's bright approach,
And shun the shining train and golden coach."

This then (1738) was the age of flambeaux and linkboys. London had only

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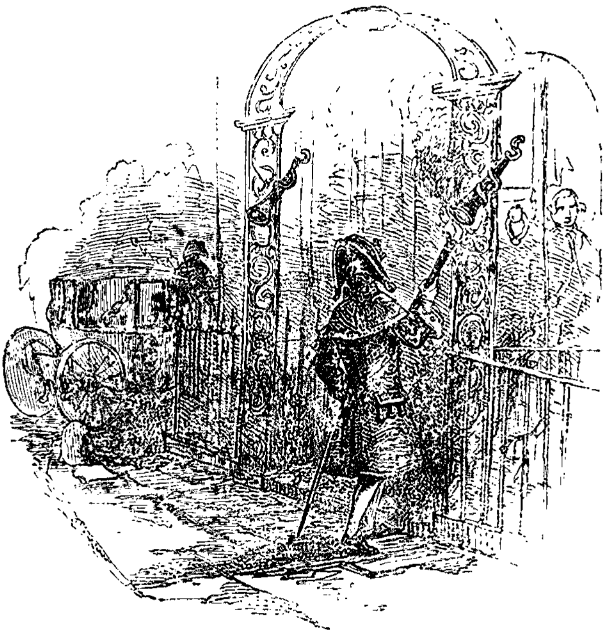
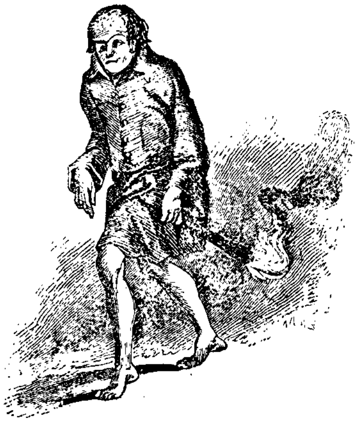
* The gentleman who breaks windows with halfpence.



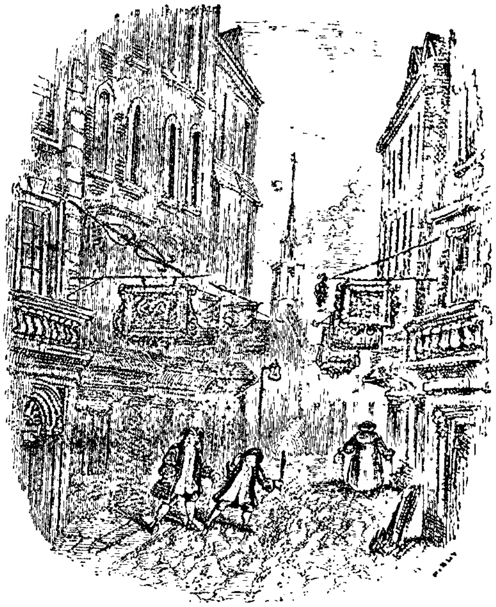
still its lanthorns here and there, and its few glass lamps. Westminster was perhaps worse provided. But the coach rolled from the theatre and the ball with its liveried torch-bearers; and even the present century has seen flambeaux in London. The intelligent antiquary—not he who discovers nothing of antiquity but what is buried in the earth or described in the classics—may behold a relic of the manners of a hundred years ago in some of our existing squares and streets, that have stood up against the caprices of fashion. On each side the door-way, and generally attached to the posts that carry an arching lamp-rail, are two instruments that look like the old tin horn of the crier of "great news." They are the flambeau-extinguishers: and when the gilded coach was dragged heavily along at midnight to the mansion (people of fashion once went to bed at midnight), and the principal door was closed upon the lords and ladies of the great house, the footmen thrust their torches into these horn-like cavities, and as the horses moved off by instinct to their stables, the same footmen crept down the area in utter darkness. There was perhaps a solitary linkboy at the corner of the square, especially if an opened cesspool, or a little lake of mud, promised a locality where gentlemen without his aid might break their necks or soil their stockings. But *he* generally hovered about the theatres and taverns. He was, too often, a half-idiotic wretch, whose haggard features have been admirably preserved by Boitard, an artist of Hogarth's period, who possessed some share of the Hogarthian humour. Gay describes "the officious linkboy's smoky light;" but he has also given the fraternity a bad character, which perhaps they were enabled to live down. The poor fellow of Boitard's picture we are sure did not deserve the reproach:—



"Though thou art tempted by the linkman's call,
Yet trust him not along the lonely wall;
In the mid-way he'll quench the flaming brand,
And share the booty with the pilfering band.
Still keep the public streets, where oily rays,
Shot from the crystal lamp, o'erspread thy ways."

Oily rays, and crystal lamps! The very existence of the "linkmen" and "the pilfering band" tells us to what extent the illumination reached, and what were dignified by the name of "public streets."

But the age of lamps was really approaching. The City, as we see, became vigorous in lighting, when it was found that severity did little against the thieves; and the Westminster Paving and Lighting Act was passed in 1762. Then came the glories of the old lamplighters;—the progress through each district to trim the wicks in a morning—and the terrible skurry, with ladder driven against your breast, and oil showered upon your head, as twilight approached. What a twinkling then was there through all the streets! But we were proud of our lamps; and Beckmann, in his 'History of Inventions,' has described them as something like a wonder of the world. Beneath the faint lamp slept the watchman; or if he walked, he still walked with his lanthorn; and the linkboy, yet a needful auxiliary to the lamp and the lanthorn, guided the reeling gentleman from his tavern to his lodging.

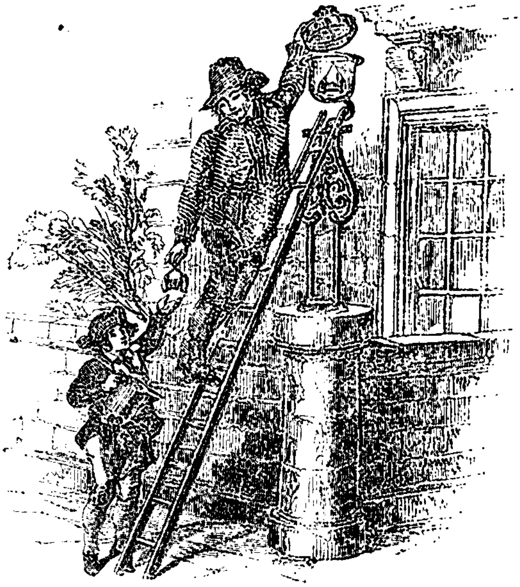


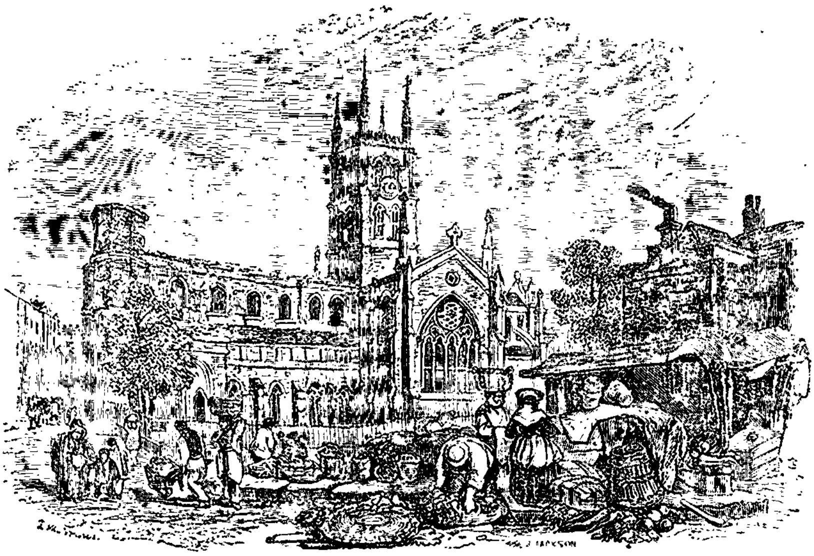
[London at Night, 1760.]

The old system of watching lasted up to 1830. It is impossible to conceive any institution more unfitted for the demands of society, more corrupt, more inefficient;—in a word, as it was described by all parties before the passing of Sir Robert Peel's Police Act, it was an intolerable nuisance. It is amazing how it could have lasted so long; and its duration can be accounted for upon no other principle than that, it being agreed on all hands that it was utterly worthless and contemptible, means were resorted to for rendering the police of London in some degree efficient, whilst those reverend pensioners, who had only the duty to discharge of having their lanthorns broken (sometimes their heads), and of springing their rattles duly at the midnight hour, row or no row, were held to be entirely without responsibility in the serious matters of burglary and street-robbery. These were left to the inspection of the officers of Bow Street; and very vigilant had these functionaries been for some thirty years. There was no such thing as a mounted highwayman known in the neighbourhood of London; street-robberies had become very rare; burglaries were not common. The face of things had been wonderfully changed since the London thieves plotted to stop Queen Anne's coach as she returned from supper in the city; and since highwaymen committed robberies in noon-day in the immediate vicinity of the capital, and slowly rode through the villages without any one daring to stop them. But the application of a scientific discovery had as much to do with some of these beneficial results as the greater vigilance of a police. When London became lighted with gas, half the work of prevention of crime was accomplished.

It is pleasant to think what has been done in this matter in our own day. Birmingham, Halifax, Manchester, had employed gas as a means of lighting manufactories very early in the present century; but London first adopted this beautiful light in her public streets. Pall-Mall was thus illuminated in 1807; and we certainly owe this application of the invention (although to the invention itself he can have no claim) to the sanguine perseverance of a German, named Winsor. He raised a subscription of 50,000*l.* for his experiments; and not a penny came back to the subscribers. But he lighted a street. For several years Pall-Mall alone was so lighted. His extravagant expectations of enormous profits to his subscribers had utterly failed; but the principle could not fail. The business of the first chartered company was also long unprofitable; but in fourteen years they had conquered every difficulty. Other companies were rapidly established; and the metropolis now burns gas in every square, street, alley, lane, passage, and court. It was shown in 1823, upon a parliamentary investigation into the affairs of the chartered company, that they produced six hundred and eighty thousand cubic feet of gas every night, giving a light equal to thirty thousand pounds of tallow candles. The consumption of the metropolis is now reckoned at nearly nine millions of cubic feet in twenty-four hours; so that the production of gas in London *every* night is equal to the light of four hundred thousand pounds of tallow candles. Compare this with the one "candle with a cotton wick," hung up here and there, from six to eleven o'clock on dark nights. In 1736, when public lamps were to a certain extent established, the City had only one thousand throughout all its great thoroughfares and numberless lanes and alleys. Should we err in saying that the light of these thousand lamps was not more than equal to that of one hundred pounds of tallow candles? This slight computation supplies food for thought.

But if the nightly illumination of London is to be presented to the mind in a picturesque shape, let us recollect how Richard Niccols described the illumination of the bonfires and cresset-lights of Midsummer-Eve, startling the shepherd tending his flocks on the neighbouring hills. There is a nobler and far more brilliant illumination now lighting up this mighty city, from sunset to sunrise every night throughout the year. The noblest prospect in the world is London from Hampstead Heath on a bright winter's evening. The stars are shining in heaven, but there are thousands of earthly stars glittering in the city there spread before us: and as we look into any small space of that wondrous illumination, we can trace long lines of light losing themselves in the general splendour of the distance, and we can see the dim shapes of mighty buildings afar off, showing their dark masses amidst the glowing atmosphere that hangs over the capital for miles, with the edges of flickering clouds gilded as if they were touched by the first sunlight. This is a spectacle that men look not upon, because it is common; and so we walk amidst the nightly splendours of Cheapside, and forget what it was in the days of Marching Watches. But in all these things we may trace the progressive growth of a principle. A city has made some progress in civilisation when its institutions are sufficiently compact for men to be agreed upon union for their common safety. It has made a great progress when that union, however imperfectly directed, exhibits itself in occasional magnificence amidst habitual poverty of expenditure. There is another stage when the pomp is abandoned, and the capital wasted upon it is dedicated to some general improvement. The extent of the improvement is a question only of time. The two thousand cresset-lights of the Midsummer-Eve of 1510, and the thousands upon thousands of the nightly gas-lights of 1841, are not so widely separated as the lapse of three hundred years might appear to say. They are to be associated as much as they are to be contrasted. The lamplighter of 1800 appears to belong almost as little to our own day as the ancient cresset-bearer.





[General View of the Church from the South.]

VII.—ST. MARY OVERIES.

Romance has of late years borrowed much from the stores which our antiquaries and topographers have been so long and so industriously heaping up, and with its "wizard" touch has re-animated the dry bones and crumbling particles, till the past has again become the present, and the shapes around which hang so many of our dearest recollections have once more lived and moved before our eyes,—their entire being, physical, moral, and mental, revealed to our earnest curiosity. It is pity that the antiquaries and the topographers, on their part, do not reciprocate such friendly advances. Romance would do much for them. So far, however, are they from thinking so, that, even when anything of the kind comes in their way—is so forced upon their attention that they *must* notice it—nothing can be more characteristic than their treatment of the impertinence. How suspiciously they peer into its genealogy; how curtly they dismiss it if no flaw be there discoverable; how triumphantly if there be! They want no Rosamond's Bower to bloom for them. The Lion Heart may remain in captivity for ever, rather than Blondel, under such touching and beautiful circumstances, shall discover his abode, and be the means of his relief. So, in the history of the noble church we are about to describe, Mary Overy, plying to and fro between the opposite shores of the great river, before a single metropolitan bridge existed, and devoting her earnings, as well as the earnings of her parents before her, to the erection of a religious house on its banks,—even she, poor maiden, hardly escapes their hands: they would deprive her of all honours, based though they be upon nine or ten centuries of grateful recollection. And why would they do this? Why, whilst few traditions are better authenticated than this of the ferryman's daughter, should few or none of the local historians give it frank and hearty credence? Why should most of them make a point of questioning its truth? Let us see what the evidence is. And first we shall call one of their own body (honest John Stow, the prince of topographers, because he has some of the spirit of poetry about him) into court. He favours us with two separate depositions. The first, where he states his *authority to be "Linsted, last prior of St. Mary Overies,"* we have already transcribed in our account of London Bridge;* the other, in which we find some important additions made, runs as follows: "This church, or some other in place thereof, was of *old time, long before the Conquest,* an house of sisters, founded by a maiden named Mary. Unto the which house and sisters she left (as was left her by her parents) the oversight and profits of a cross ferry over the Thames there kept before that any bridge was builded. This House of Sisters was afterwards by Swithin, a noble lady, converted into a college of priests, who, in place of the ferry, builded a bridge of timber, &c. * * * * In the year 1106 was this church again founded for canons regular, by William Pont de l'Arche and William Dauncy, Kts., Normans."† It will be observed that the statement here put upon record is direct and unqualified; indeed it is highly probable that Linsted spoke not only from the traditional, but also from the written, records of the house, which, being in Latin, were all destroyed a few years after the dissolution of the house at the Reformation, as "superstitious" remains of the Catholic church. At all events, whatever Linsted's story may be worth as regards the bridge, it is, as regards St. Mary Overies, deserving of every credit, because supported by other and most satisfactory proofs. Thus we learn from him, and in express words *from him only,* that the foundation of St. Mary Overies dated from a period "long before the Conquest." Now, first, it is certain that there *was* a religious house in Southwark at the early period referred to:—"The Bishop [of Bayeux] has in Southwark *one monastery* and one harbour. King Edward [the Confessor] held it on the day he died. Whoever held the church held it of the King." And, secondly, it is almost equally certain that St. Mary Overies was that religious house, "there being no pretence," says Bishop Tanner (a high authority), "for any other to claim to be as old as the Confessor's time." Surely this is good evidence; but it is not all. There is much reason to believe that a portion of that very early building still remains. "Recently, when digging for a family vault in the centre of the choir of the church, near the altar, it was found necessary to cut through a very ancient foundation wall, which *never could have formed any part of the present edifice;* the situation exactly corresponds with that of the House of Sisters,"‡ described by Stow as near the east part of the present St. Mary Overies, "above the choir," and where he says *Mary* was buried. Lastly, there is the name itself. Who is meant by St. Mary? Not certainly the mother of Jesus, for a *part* of the edifice (the well-known Lady

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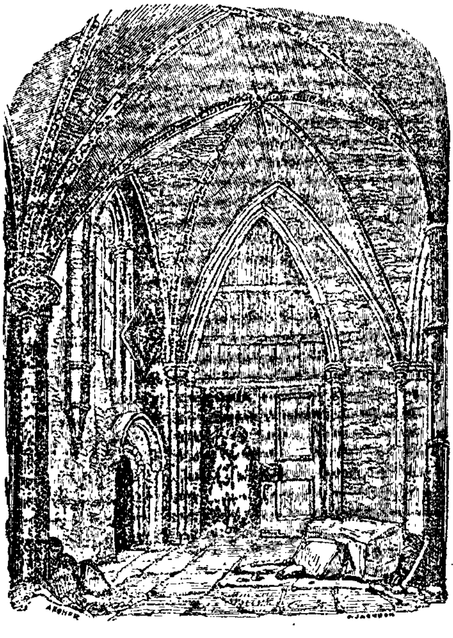
* Pages 77, 78.

† Strype's Stow, vol. ii. p. 773.

‡ Taylor's 'Annals of St. Mary Overy;' a work to which we are bound to express our obligations for much interesting matter overlooked by preceding historians.

Chapel) is expressly dedicated to her; on the other hand, it was a matter of common occurrence in the early ages of the Christian church to enter the names of the benefactors of religious communities in their "*canon*" books, which names were recited from time to time with honour, and the persons thenceforward held as *sancti*, or saints; and hence the word "*canonization*." Such, doubtless, was the process that transformed the ferryman's daughter into St. Mary Overy: the latter word meaning either *Over* the *Rhé* (the Saxon word for river), or, *o' the Ferry*,—easily corrupted into Overy, when the bridge had put aside the more primitive method of transport, and the original meaning of the phrase was forgotten. The last is, in all probability, the true derivation; "for in some very ancient records the church is called St. Mary *at the Ferry*."* So that, on the whole, we think we are fully justified in once more declaring our faith in the history of the ferryman's daughter, and in stating our firm belief that tradition, Linsted, and Stow, are right in this their account of the foundation of one of the most interesting, beautiful, and least known of London edifices.

The second foundation of St. Mary Overies was, as we have seen, for canons regular; † and the founders were "William Pont de l'Arche, and William Dauncy, Knights, Normans." Aldgod was the first prior. Gifford, the then bishop of Winchester, who about the same period built the splendid palace adjoining, was also a great benefactor: indeed the erection of the entire nave is attributed to him. Others rendered assistance of a different but no less



[Norman Arch.]

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* Moss and Nightingale's St. Saviour's.

† Canons of the order of St. Augustine, who were less strict in their discipline than the monks generally Their costume was a white tunic, with a black cloak, and a hood covering the head, neck, and shoulders.

useful kind. Alexander Fitzgerald gave two weys of cheese, and his grandson Henry a field of wheat. The ceremonies attending the presentation of important gifts are strikingly illustrated in the instance of the second Earl of Warren, who, in presenting his church of Kircesfield to the new priory, placed a knife upon the altar, in confirmation of the grant. Of the building erected at this period, there remained in the nave, till the late alterations, four massy round pillars (differing from all the others, of a later date, which supported the roof), and the very ancient Norman arch which was discovered a few years since buried in the thickness of the wall of the north aisle, and which led, it is supposed, into the cloisters that extended along the northern side of St. Mary Overies.

In the great fire of Southwark in 1212 * the Priory received so much damage, that the canons founded an hospital in the neighbourhood, where they performed all the services of their church until St. Mary Overies was repaired. From this hospital arose the well-known St. Thomas's. About five-and-twenty years after this sad calamity the chapel of St. Mary Magdalen was founded by Peter de Rupibus [Peter des Roches], who was consecrated Bishop of Winchester, at Rome, by the Pope, having previously distinguished himself as a follower of Richard I., and received the honour of knighthood at his hands. On the death of the Earl of Pembroke he was appointed guardian of the young king, Henry III., but was soon supplanted by his great rival, Hubert de Burgh. Of the state of the Priory in the beginning of the fourteenth century there is an interesting record; it is an answer to the application of the king, Edward I., to admit one of his aged servants into their body. They state that they are so poor that the whole of their goods, rents, and possessions cannot afford sufficient for their own maintenance without the "pious bounty of the faithful;" and then continue:—"our church, too, which now for thirty years last past (oh shame!) has been in ruin, we have laboured our utmost about the repairs of, since the beginning of that time, yet we have only been able to proceed so far in its restoration (hindered by vexatious and burdensome exactions, as well in spiritual as in temporal) as to build our campanile. Moreover, through that continued resistance which without ceasing we attempt against the violence of the River Thames (on whose banks our little house is situated), and for the safety of our church, our strength would not suffice for our own security, were the danger not lessened happily on the one hand by a subsidy, on the other by our being immediately furnished by ourselves," &c. † During the period that the monks had been so piously struggling to repair their church, Walter Archbishop of York (in 1273) promulgated thirty days' indulgence to all who should assist them; with what success does not appear. Another ancient record recalls a custom of the Catholic church in the olden times, which must have presented many pleasing and picturesque features. The Priory passed a statute in 1337, restricting the *boy-bishop* to the limits of his own parish. The personage thus referred to was a child commonly chosen from among the choristers by them on St. Nicholas' Day (December 6), to assume the dignity and perform some of the offices of a bishop, until the following Innocents' Day, wearing all the while the mitre, and bearing the pastoral staff. On the eve of that day, the chorister as bishop, and his companions as prebends, walked in procession to the church, preceded by the dean and canons. As he went he was feasted by the people, and bestowed in return his blessing, which was highly coveted.

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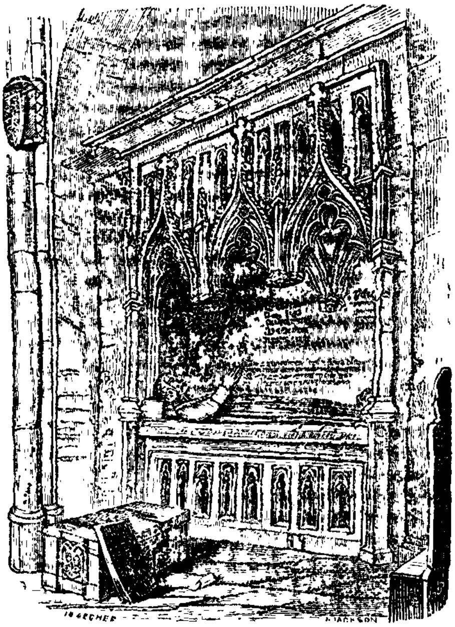
* See 'London Bridge,' p. 82.

† Bundela Brevium et Literam in Turro, London. Ann. 32 Edw. I. Translated in Taylor's 'Annals.'

We arrive now at one of the most interesting events in the history of St. Mary Overies—its restoration about the close of the fourteenth century, when the poet *Gower* contributed the principal funds. This church was doubtless endeared to him by a peculiar tie: he was married here, in 1397, to Alice Groundolf, by the celebrated William of Wickham, who then held the see of Winchester; and here their ashes repose. A small monument marked the site of her resting-place, according to Leland, which has long disappeared; his is doubtless destined to last as long as the beautiful edifice which enshrines it.



[Gower's Monument.]

This monument, now in the south transept, was originally in a part of the north aisle of the nave, called St. John's Chapel, where it was placed in accordance with the poet's directions as expressed in his will. He writes, "I leave my soul to God my Creator; and my body to be buried in the church of the Canons of the blessed Mary de Overes, *in a place expressly provided for it.*"

The gratitude of the canons to their generous benefactor was marked by their long continuing to perform a yearly obiit to his memory, and by hanging up a tablet beside the monument with the inscription "that whosoever prayeth for the soul of John Gower, he shall, so oft as he so doth, have a M and a D days of pardon." Of the sumptuous beauty of this monument our engraving furnishes the best description; we confine ourselves, therefore, to a notice of the inscriptions, and of such other portions as are not there distinguishable. Each of the three inscriptions seen at the back was originally supported by a Virgin crowned; the first named "Charity," with the lines,*

> "In thee who art the Son of God the Father,
> Be he saved that lies under this stone!"

the second named "Mercy," with the lines,

> "O good Jesu, show thy mercy
> To the soul whose body lies here;"

and the third named "Pity," with the lines,

> "For thy pity, Jesu, have regard
> And put this soul in safe keeping."

The words "Charity," "Mercy," and "Pity," are painted in red above their respective couplets, which are in black, with the exception of the initial letters, also in red. Running across beneath these inscriptions is another, to the following effect, similarly painted, which has been thus rendered :—

> "His shield henceforth is useless grown;
> To pay Death's tribute slain:
> His soul 's with pious freedom flown;
> Where spotless spirits reign."

In the front we read, "Here lies John Gower, Esquire, a celebrated English poet, also a benefactor to the sacred edifice in the time of Edward III. and Richard II." On the purple and gold band, with fillets of roses, which encircles his head, are the words "Merci Jhū." The three gilded volumes which support the latter bear the names of Gower's principal works,—the 'Speculum Meditantis,' written in French, a work of precepts and examples, recommending the chastity of the marriage-bed; the 'Vox Clamantis,' in Latin, having the insurrection of Wat Tyler for its subject; and the 'Confessio Amantis,' in English, where an unhappy lover is solaced by his priest's pouring out a profusion of stories and disquisitions. The last alone has been printed, and it is upon that his fame as a poet deservedly rests. The very interesting circumstance attending its production, when Richard II. asked him "to book some new thing," has been already described in the 'Silent Highway.' On the wall at his feet are his arms, and a hat or helmet, with a red hood bordered with ermine, and surmounted by his crest, a dog. In the last four or five years of Gower's life he became blind, and was, he pathetically complains,

> "Condemn'd to suffer life, devoid of light."

One would like to know whether he had previously seen the beautiful edifice he had expended his treasure to rear, or whether he knew that beauty only by listening to its praises from other and much less deeply interested admirers.

Two years after Gower's death, and the magnificent funeral obsequies which doubtless ushered the mortal remains to their last earthly home, a very different but still more magnificent spectacle graced St. Mary Overies. This was the marriage of Edmund Holland, Earl of Kent, in 1406, with Lucia, eldest daughter of Barnaby, Lord of Milan. The bridegroom received 100,000 ducats as a portion. Henry IV. himself gave away the bride at the church-door, and afterwards led her to the banquet prepared at Winchester Palace. The princess did not, we may presume, find her recollections of the church or of the act there solemnized unpleasing, for at her death she left the canons six thousand crowns for masses for the souls of her husband and self.

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* These inscriptions are here translated literally and prosaically from the original couplets; of which we here transcribe the first :—

> "En toy qui es Filz de Dieu le Pere,
> Sauve soit qui gist sous cest pierre."

Will our readers look once more upon the engraving of Gower's monument? They will there see on the pillar at the side a cardinal's hat, with certain arms beneath. To that slight memorial is attached a long train of recollections, many of them of the highest interest. The arms are of the Beaufort family; the hat is Cardinal Beaufort's—that wealthy and ambitious prelate, whose deathbed has been painted by Shakspere in such awful colours:—

> "Lord cardinal, if thou think'st on heaven's bliss,
> Hold up thy hand, make signal of thy hope.—
> He dies, and makes no sign."

There is reason, however, to hope that Beaufort's deathbed was not of so fearful a character as the poet intimates. The memorials of him placed here are supposed to commemorate his assistance to the rebuilding of the church, which Gower, perhaps, had but partially completed. Beaufort was consecrated Bishop of Winchester in 1404, the very year in which Gower died. But the principal associations suggested by those memorials are of a much more absorbing nature than any we have yet intimated; to us they speak of an event in which the wily Cardinal had, it is said, the principal share,—the marriage of the royal poet of Scotland, James I., to Jane, a young lady of great personal and mental accomplishments, daughter of the Cardinal's deceased brother, the Earl of Somerset, and a near relation of the King. If one were to seek no further than the pages of many of the old chroniclers, we should say that the whole end and aim of the match was to allay whatever angry feelings might have been produced by James's long captivity in England, and connect the crowns of England and Scotland by a powerful tie; but we know, from the exquisite poem which records James's feelings and sentiments whilst in captivity,* that a deeper emotion than statesmen take account of thrilled through his heart when that marriage was made. Windsor Castle had ceased to be a prison long before its gates were flung wide open for his departure. Looking out upon the garden which lay before his window, "I saw," he says, "one fresh May morrow,—

> "walking under the tower
> Full secretly new coming her to plain,
> The fairest and the freshest youngé flower
> That ever I saw, methought, before that hour."

Lost in wonder he doubted whether it was

> "a worldly creâture,
> Or heavenly thing in likeness of natúre,"

that he saw before him, with that "golden hair" and "chaplet fresh of hue," and

> "Beauty enough to make a world to dote."

Was he prisoner after this? Yes, but it was Jane Beaufort who held the keys.

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* The "King's Quair."

This is not the place to enter into the transactions of the time concerning his release; suffice it to say he was released, and a considerable portion of the sum charged for his eighteen years' maintenance [*] was resigned by way of dowry. The marriage feast was of course held at the Cardinal's palace adjoining, and in a style befitting the rank of the guests, the importance of the occasion, and the station and opulence of the entertainer, who was then the richest man in England. The mother of Jane (now Queen of Scotland), her uncles, and other kindred, literally showered presents upon her of "plate, jewels, gold, and silver, rich furniture, cloths of arras, such as at that time had not been seen in Scotland; and, amongst other gorgeous ornaments, a suit of hangings in which the labours of Hercules were most curiously wrought. And being thus furnished of all things fit for her estate, her two uncles (the Cardinal and the Duke of Exeter), and divers other noble men and ladies, accompanied her and King James her husband into his own kingdom of Scotland, where they were received of his subjects with all joy and gladness."[†] The connection so romantically begun was blessed with more than ordinary happiness: the hearts of the Scottish writers seem to warm as they speak of the Queen's beauty, virtue, and conjugal affection. And as to him, the accomplished student—musician—poet, did the title *king* enhance or diminish his claims to love and admiration? Drummond of Hawthornden answers for us:—"Of the former kings (of Scotland) it might be said, the nation made the kings, but *this king made that people a nation.*"[‡] A terrible death, however, awaited him. The turbulent nobles, whom his vigour kept in awe, conspired against James. On the 24th of February, 1437, whilst he was conversing with the Queen and her attendant ladies just before retiring to rest, the murderers were heard at the door. James, knowing their aim, instantly tore up one of the planks of the flooring and descended into the vaults beneath; but he could not escape his remorseless pursuers. In vain did the Queen throw herself between him and the assailants: she was twice wounded, and at length torn forcibly away, and the murder accomplished. Yet in the history of the poet-king even this atrocious deed stands not without its own peculiar relief. A sublime spirit of self-devotion characterized that dreadful hour, and exhibited itself, as the purest and highest self-devotion generally does, in a woman's gentle form.

In the Lansdowne MS.[§] there is a curious record concerning a charge of heresy, brought against Joane Baker in 1510, for having said that "she was sorry she had gone in so many pilgrimages, *as to St. Saviour's*, and divers other pilgrimages." St. Mary Overies is supposed to have received its modern name of St. Saviour's after its dissolution, in 1539, at the general breaking up of the religious houses, when the parishes of St. Mary Magdalen and St. Margaret were consolidated, and the Priory church purchased from the King for divine worship. The passage just quoted, however, shows that the latter was known as St. Saviour's nearly thirty years before. In 1532 a dole was given here at the door, which attracted such multitudes of people that several persons were smothered in the crowd. Two or three years later the King, Henry VIII., ordered a public procession to take place in the church, with what object does not appear; but it was performed with great ceremony and splendour. The canons, perhaps, had a foreboding that it would be the last opportunity of the kind afforded them. Fosbroke* has minutely described a scene of this nature:—

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[*] Though the detention of James was a most unjustifiable proceeding, never was captive more honourably used. The very best possible education that the age could furnish was given to him. Bishop Leighton said only the truth when, addressing Henry VI. for his release, he observed, "His abode with you seemeth rather to have been a remaining in an academy than in any captivity."

[†] Drake's Historia Anglo-Scotica.

[‡] History of the Lives and Reigns of the Five Jameses, Kings of Scotland.

[§] 978, f. 44, p. 129.

> "Then two and two they march'd, and loud bells toll'd;
> One from a sprinkle holy water flung;
> This bore the relics in a chest of gold,
> On arm of that the swinging censer hung:
> Another loud a tinkling hand-bell rung;
> Four fathers went that ringing monk behind,
> Who suited psalms of holy David sung;
> Then o'er the cross a stalking sire inclin'd,
> And banners of the church went waving in the wind."

In 1539 the Priory was dissolved, and its prior, Linsted, pensioned off with 100*l.* a year. The annual revenue at this period was 624*l.* 6*s.* 6*d.* During Wyatt's insurrection, in 1554, St. Mary Overies had a narrow escape from destruction; he and his soldiers having posted themselves in Southwark, the lieutenant of the Tower "bent seven great pieces of ordnance, culverins, and demicannons, full against the foot of the bridge, and against Southwark, and the two steeples of St. Olave's and St. Mary Overies, beside all the pieces on the White Tower, and three fauconets over the Water-gate."† The inhabitants of Southwark were greatly alarmed, and begged Wyatt to depart, which he did. His soldiers, however, sacked the palace, and destroyed its extensive library. The next year showed but too clearly that Wyatt had not struggled against any imaginary evils. Persecution in its worst shape—religious persecution—and carried to an extreme which England has never known before or since—was then begun, by the appointment of a commission to sit in St. Mary Overies for the trial of heretics. On the 28th of January Bishop Hooper and John Rogers were called before this council, excommunicated, and sent to prison till the following day, when they were again brought up with John Bradford, and sentence passed. Drs. Croome and Ferrars, and Mr. Saunders, appeared the next day before this dread tribunal of bigots. On the 4th of February the first victim, John Rogers, went, with indomitable courage, to the stake at Smithfield. Others rapidly followed, and within the three years next ensuing between two and three hundred persons thus perished. Of the spirit that actuated these martyrs, plain John Bradford's letter to Cranmer, Ridley, and Latimer, written about this period, affords as good an example as some of the more brilliant passages which have been preserved in connexion with this subject. "This day, I think, or tomorrow at the uttermost, hearty Hooper, sincere Saunders, and trusty Taylor end their course and receive their crown. The next am I, which hourly look for the porter to open me the gates after them, to enter into the desired rest." What could persecution do with men like these? Not four years after the commission had sat, and sent its Protestant victims by wholesale to the stake, we find an order to dispose of the "Popish vestments," for the purpose of repairing the church; consisting of robes of black velvet and crimson satin, with "lyans" of silver, and knobs of gold, a deacon's cope of green velvet and crimson, with flowers of gold, &c.; and two years later all the valuable Latin records of the Priory were burnt, as we have before intimated, as "superstitious" remains of Popery. About 1578 the church was repaired in many parts, "and within throughout richly and very worthily beautified." Under the year 1607 we find in the Register of Burials of St. Mary Overies a few words that serve rather to stimulate than to satisfy the imagination:—"Edmond Shakspere, player, in the church." This was the great dramatist's brother; and who, doubtless, was followed to the grave by *him* as chief mourner. A somewhat similar recollection belongs to the year 1625, when the same register records the death and burial of "Mr. John Fletcher, a man, in the church."* It is curious that *Mr.* should be prefixed to the name of this great poet; a feature which distinguishes it from hundreds of others. Aubrey thus describes the circumstances attending his death:—"In the great plague of 1625 a knight of Norfolk or Suffolk invited him into the country: he stayed but to make himself a suit of clothes, and, while it was making, fell sick and died; this I heard from the tailor, who is now a very old man and clerk of St. Mary Overy." We conclude this (the historical) portion of our notice with a passage from Strype's Stow, written about 1713, and describing its state, &c., at that time:—"This is now a very magnificent church, since the late reparation. It hath an huge organ, which was procured by voluntary subscription. The repair (it is said) cost the parish 2600*l.*, and that well laid out. The old monuments are all refreshed and new painted." A still more important reparation has taken place within the last few years, both of the building and its exceedingly interesting monuments. In all, we believe, above eighty thousand pounds have been expended on this structure in the present century.

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* Economy of Monastic Life.

† Chron. of London Bridge.

No one who has passed over the present London Bridge can be at a loss to know the site of St. Mary Overies; and there can be but few who have not in so passing stopped some time or other at its foot to gaze upon that noble cathedral-looking edifice, partly buried in the hollow on the western side of the High Street. Whatever advantages belong to a commanding position are absent here; yet St. Mary Overies *has* advantages even of position which belong peculiarly to itself. Its very lowness enables you, as it were, to look over it, and take in at a glance the great size and noble proportions. Its plan is very simple, being that of a cross, formed by the Lady Chapel, choir, and nave, extending in a straight line nearly three hundred feet eastward from where we stand, and by the transepts extending from the main body about forty feet north and south. Where the nave, choir, and transepts join, about the centre of the pile, rises the tower, some thirty-five feet square, and one hundred and fifty high, yet light-looking and handsome from the numerous windows with which it is pierced and the elegant pinnacles that surmount it. In the last repair of the tower, in 1818, it was found necessary to circle its entire breadth with three stages of iron bars or ties; they are, however, quite undistinguishable from the masonry. Along the north or river side of St. Mary Overies extends a vast pile of warehouses, which shut off all access in that direction; but on the south is a large open space, from whence may be obtained an excellent lateral view. From the farther corner of this spot might have been seen, till recently, the view shown in the engraving at the head of this paper; that is, before the nave was swept away, and a modern-looking church, whose lancet windows make but a sorry substitute for the picturesque outlines of the old building, erected in its place.

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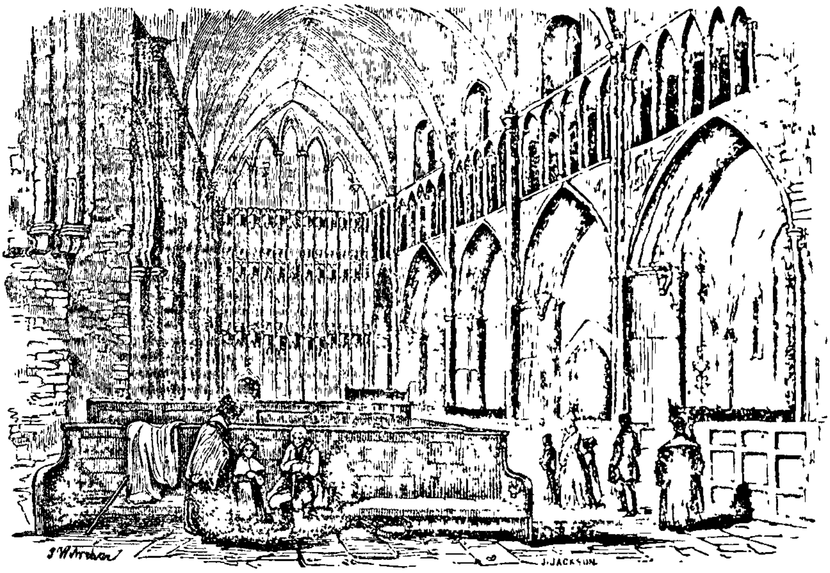
* In the "Tabard," page 58, it is stated that Fletcher and Massinger lie in one grave in the churchyard. The above record proves this to have been a mistake.

Of this new church we need not say much. Its front, which forms the western extremity of St. Mary Overies, is chiefly conspicuous for its bold buttresses, its great window and pyramidal top. Within there is a light, airy, and somewhat elegant appearance produced by the tall, slender columns (with round richly-carved capitals) which support the vaulted roof. The organ, a magnificent instrument, is a genuine part of the old pile, although recently enlarged.

Leaving the new church, we pass round through the churchyard to the entrance of the old. Here Massinger lies. This is a dreary place for a poet's remains to rest in. There is scarcely a patch of green to be found, much less a flower. A few miserable trees there are to be sure, but even they have all shrunk together into a corner against the wall, where, as they can get no farther, they remain, and patiently dwindle away. Scattered about are a few half-formed graves, looking like so many heaps of rubbish; and we cannot move without striking before us some crumbling remains of humanity.

We must not omit to notice, in passing, the projecting transept with its beautiful window, which is a restoration of the exquisite work discovered a few years ago among the remains of Winchester Palace: it doubtless lighted the noble hall of the latter, the very scene of the banquet before referred to, on that happiest of the days of the far from unhappy life (notwithstanding his captivity and awful death) of the royal poet of Scotland. Having passed the transept, we find ourselves opposite the choir with its pinnacled buttresses, sending off, like so many protecting arms, its flying arches to the lower-roofed aisle by its side. From the aisle formerly projected the chapel founded by Bishop Rupibus, which was large enough to be used as the parish church of St. Mary Magdalen before the consolidation of the latter into St. Saviour's. It injured the simplicity of the edifice, however, and was very properly removed when it became necessary to rebuild the greater portion of the choir in 1822-3. Through a small pointed arched doorway we obtain admittance to the interior: and a more beautiful and accurate specimen of the architecture of the thirteenth century, restored though it be, it would perhaps be impossible to find, than that which here meets the eye. Yet if the *part* be thus beautiful, what must have been the effect of the *whole*, when the entire length of the church from the altar-screen—including the choir, the intersection of the transepts (with the light from the windows of the tower streaming down), and the nave—was all open, and the eye passed along a magnificent perspective of pillars below, and story upon story of arches above, till it rested on the fine old western window at the extremity, nearly two hundred and fifty feet distant? The nave is now gone, and a screen reaching to the roof shuts off all view beyond the transepts. We must, however, make the most of what remains to us; and so let us stand for a moment with our back to this screen, and enjoy the beautiful scene here pictured.

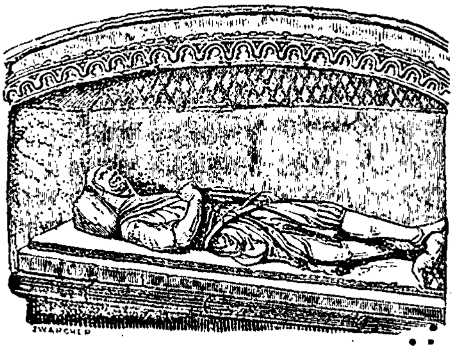


[The Choir.]

The pews and other paraphernalia have been recently removed; and the beautiful but dilapidated altar-screen, supposed to have been erected by Bishop Fox (from the pelican, his favourite device, being in the cornice), most exquisitely restored. There remains but to sweep away a most unsightly mass of staircasing between the transepts, which at present forms the only entrance to the galleries of the new church, to make St. Mary Overies all that the most enthusiastic antiquary could desire. We must pause a moment longer before the screen. It consists essentially of four stories of niches for statues, divided by half-length projecting figures of angels. The centre forms three larger niches, one above the other, which give an air of grandeur to the whole. At the bottom are the Commandments inscribed in an antique-looking letter, with all the adornments of gay colours and bright gilding. The whole work is most exquisitely sculptured and most profusely ornamented. Here men are chasing animals, there supporting the slender angular-shaped shafts or buttresses which divide the niches from each other. Grotesque heads peep out from this part, fair flowers and foliage attract the eye to that; yet these details are all subordinate to the general effect: it is not the less a chaste because a most richly elaborate work of art.

One of the most interesting sepulchral remains of St. Mary Overies is the effigy of the Knight Templar, who lies in a wooden frame or box in the choir, though we have taken the liberty of removing him to a place to which we think he more properly belongs, namely, one of the two arches in the north aisle; which, placed side by side, and exactly alike each other, have evidently had one common origin—have been devoted to some similar and connected purpose.

That connexion we venture to think is, their being the original burial-places of the two founders of the church of 1106, "William Pont de l'Arche and William Dauncy, Knights, Normans;" and we further venture to say, it is



highly probable that the effigy represented above shows us one of those two personages. It is hollow and of wood, a circumstance that points to the cause of the loss of its fellow—the fires which at different times have injured the eastern end of St. Mary Overies. Within the box, and below the Templar, lies the stone effigy of an emaciated man, wrapped in a shroud, which is drawn up in a very curious manner, at the back of the head, into a long projecting knot. Stepping into the space between the transepts, we perceive above us the tower, with a flat painted roof, which is supported on four magnificent arches formed by the junction of as many piers; showing, in their size and strength and elastic beauty, how lightly they bear their gigantic burdens, and how many an age must yet pass away before they will grow weary of, or stoop under it. We must ascend the tower if it be only to gaze at the prospect from its summit. Aye, there lies outspread before us, *London*, with all its indistinguishable masses of human dwellings; its crowding spires and turrets; its stately dome towering above all, the central object of the mighty picture, which gives unity, harmony, proportion to the whole; and lastly, there is the great river, which has borne bravely hither upon its capacious bosom the argosies of a thousand ports. The tower is graced by a fine peal of twelve bells, and sundry tablets in the belfry record the exploits performed upon them by the "College," "Cumberland," and other such ambitious "youths." An old church is always a solemn place. The silence,—the repose almost unearthly which hangs about it,—dispose the mind to serious meditation; and in the presence of the many dead lying there, who can forget he is himself mortal? Yet walk round, and examine the memorials which affection, or friendship, or vanity, or ostentatious professing gratitude have reared along its walls, and what a strange medley of associations do we find! The grave brings stranger bedfellows together than poverty—more startling contrasts than the world. Death is everywhere the burden, yet how varied the song! In St. Mary Overies it is as in most other of such edifices; the ludicrous, or merely fanciful, sadly outnumber the pathetic or beautiful epitaphs. That to a lady who is styled "a maid of honour" in celestial dignity is amusing; but it is not equal to one which formerly stood in the Lady Chapel:—

> "Weep not for him, since he is gone before
> To heaven, where *grocers there are many more.*"

The principal monuments of St. Mary Overies extend round the three walls of each of the transepts, and along the north aisle, and are placed generally within lofty pointed arches, corresponding with those shown in our engraving of the choir; and of which, indeed, they make the transepts appear to be but continuations of the choir, running off at right angles. A large monument to the memory of the Rev. T. Jones was erected by two of his parishioners as a memorial of "the edification they received from his faithful labours in the ministry." The monument to William Emerson exhibits a very diminutive emaciated figure in a shroud drawn up behind the head, like that before mentioned. He is lying on a mat, rolled partly up under his head. The whole is most delicately and beautifully sculptured. Gower's monument adjoins this. Immediately opposite, our attention is drawn to one of those specimens of painted sculpture which form so distinguishing a feature of St. Mary Overies. It represents a life-like bust of John Bingham, Esq., saddler to Queen Elizabeth and King James. The complexion and features, the white ruff and black moustachios, the dark jerkin and red waistcoat, of the saddler to royalty, are all here preserved in their natural colours and aspect. Crossing to the north transept, our attention is attracted by a curious emblematical monument, of most imposing appearance, to the memory of William Austin, Esq., 1633, richly painted, carved, and gilded. This is a most remarkable specimen of sculptured allegory—puzzling us with angels, rocks, suns, and serpents. We are doubtless indebted for the invention of the whole to Mr. William Austin himself, whose poem entitled "Certain Devout, Learned, and Godly Meditations," is a fit accompaniment to the *conceits* of the sculpture.

Next to this poet of the sepulchre lies one who doubtless in his day contributed somewhat more than his share to the making that sepulchre populous, Dr. Lockyer, the famous empiric of the time of Charles II. His effigy represents a respectable-looking personage, attired in a thick curled wig and furred gown, pensively reclining upon some pillows, as though he half doubted the truth of the friendly prophecy in his epitaph:—

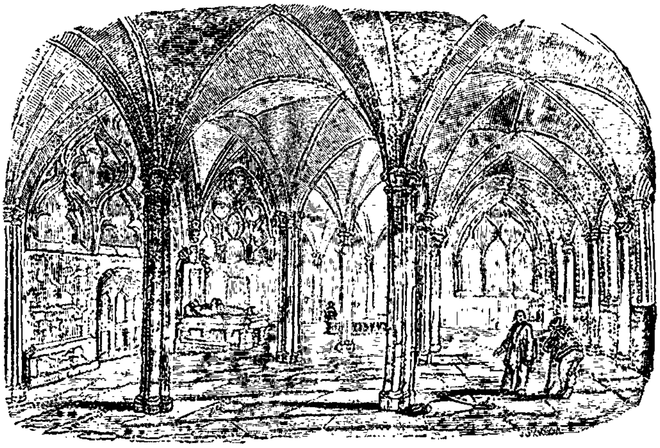
> "His virtues and his pills are so well known,
> That envy can't confine them under stone."

Leaving the transept for the north aisle, we arrive at the monument of John Trehearne, gentleman porter to James I., with the busts of himself and wife, both having the ruff round their necks, gilt buttons down their breasts, and gilt bands round their waists. They hold a tablet between them bearing a quaint inscription.

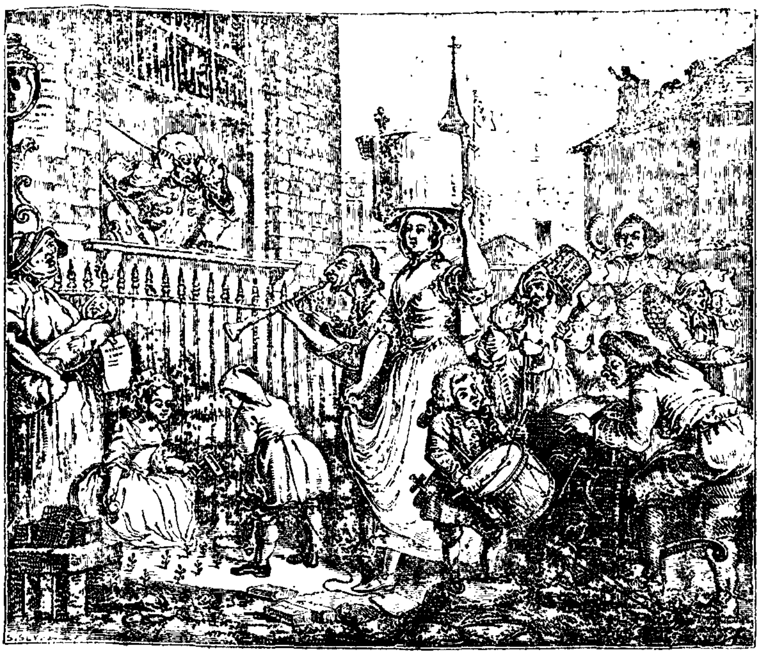
The space opposite, between two of the pillars of the choir, is occupied by the monument of Richard Humble, alderman of London. Upon the top of the tomb, under a large painted and gilded arch, are kneeling figures of the alderman and his two wives. On the front and back of the tomb are representations of their children; that on the north has the following beautiful inscription, which is a slightly varied extract from a poem attributed to Francis Quarles:—

"Like to the damask rose you see,
Or like the blossom on the tree,
Or like the dainty flower of May,
Or like the morning of the day,
Or like the sun, or like the shade,
Or like the gourd which Jonas had,
Even so is Man, whose thread is spun,
Drawn out, and cut, and so is done.
The rose withers, the blossom blasteth,
The flower fades, the morning hasteth;
The sun sets, the shadow flies,
The gourd consumes, and Man he dies."

A few steps farther we find a door at the extremity of this, the north aisle; we pass through, and find ourselves in the far-famed Lady Chapel; the beautiful building which occupies the eastern extremity of the church, and the very site pointed out by Stow as that of the ancient House of Sisters "beyond the choir," where Mary Overy herself was buried. No monument records her memory, nor is any needed. St. Mary Overies itself is *her* most magnificent mausoleum. Stow speaks of this building as the "*New Chapel*, in former times called Our Lady's Chapel; and indeed, though very old, it now may be called a new one, because newly redeemed from such use and employment as, in respect of that it was built to—divine and religious duties—may very well be branded with the title of wretched, base, and unworthy. For that which before this abuse was, and is now, a fair and beautiful chapel, by those that were then the corporation was leased and let out, and their house of God made a bakehouse. * * * In this place they had their ovens, in that a bolting place, in that their kneading trough, and in another, I have heard, a hog's trough." If the old topographer's generous indignation was so great at the mere temporary desecration of the "fair and beautiful chapel," what would he have said had he lived two hundred years later, and witnessed the strenuous efforts then made for its entire destruction? Never, perhaps, had so fine a work of art so narrow an escape. In preparing the approaches to London Bridge, the Committee agreed to grant a space of sixty feet for the better display of St. Mary Overies, on the condition that the Lady Chapel was swept away. The matter appeared in a fair way for being thus settled, when Mr. Taylor sounded the alarm in one of the daily papers. Thomas Saunders, Esq., and Messrs. Cottingham and Savage, the architects, actively interfered. A large majority of the parishioners, however, decided to accept the proposals of the Committee. In the mean time the gentlemen we have named were indefatigable in their exertions; and they were effectively seconded by the press. At a subsequent meeting there was a majority of three only for pulling down the chapel; and on a poll being demanded and obtained, there ultimately appeared the large majority of 240 for its preservation. The excitement of the hour was prudently used to obtain funds to restore it, which has been most successfully accomplished. Honour to the individuals who so boldly pioneered the way! Having gazed awhile upon those slender, tree-like pillars, sending off their countless branches till they appear to form one "continuity of shade," stretching over all, rather than a mere mason's groined roof—having also admired the effect of the elegantly painted shields of arms which here and there enrich the windows, we now turn an inquiring gaze around to see what else of interest may belong to the Lady Chapel, until the tomb of Bishop Andrews is perceived, which at once arrests and fixes the attention. Seldom has the world seen a man more worthy of its united love and veneration than he whose remains lie here interred; and seldom has the world been so willing as in his case to acknowledge such claims upon it. He was successively Dean of Westminster, Bishop of Chichester, Bishop of Ely, and lastly, in 1618, Bishop of Winchester. His great learning made him a favourite with the King; his piety and virtues with the people; his fascinating eloquence with both. He was one of the authors of our common translation of the Bible. It is recorded that towards the close of his life the manuscript of his 'Manual for Private Devotions,' &c., was scarcely ever out of his hands, and after his death it was found worn in pieces and wet with his tears. That death made a great sensation. Milton, then only about sixteen or seventeen, wrote, in Latin, an impassioned elegy to his memory, which Cowper has translated. The good bishop's tomb was formerly in the Bishop's Chapel, a small edifice projecting eastward beyond the Lady Chapel. It had originally a fair canopy upon black marble pillars, with a long inscription, commencing, "Reader, if thou art a Christian, stay; it will be worth thy tarrying to know how great a man lies here." This canopy was destroyed by the falling in of the roof of the chapel in the fire of 1676. During the late alterations this chapel was pulled down, and the tomb removed to its present site. The latter was then opened, and his coffin seen within, in an excellent state of preservation, closely bricked up. It rested on a cross of brickwork. The leaden coffin bore simply his initials, L. A., Lancelot Andrews.



The Lady Chapel.]



[The enraged Musician.—Hogarth.]

VIII.—STREET NOISES.

'The Silent Woman,' one of the most popular of Ben Jonson's comedies, presents to us a more vivid picture than can elsewhere be found of the characteristic noises of the streets of London more than two centuries ago. It is easy to form to ourselves a general idea of the hum and buzz of the bees and drones of this mighty hive, under a state of manners essentially different from our own; but it is not so easy to attain a lively conception of the particular sounds that once went to make up this great discord, and so to compare them in their resemblances and their differences with the roar which the great Babel *now* "sends through all her gates." We propose, therefore, to put before our readers this passage of Jonson's comedy; and then, classifying what he describes, illustrate our fine old dramatic painter of manners by references to other writers, and by the results of our own observation.

The principal character of Jonson's 'Silent Woman' is founded upon a sketch by a Greek writer of the fourth century, Libanius. Jonson designates this character by the name of "Morose;" and his peculiarity is that he can bear no kind of noise, even that of ordinary talk. The plot turns upon this affectation; for, having been entrapped into a marriage with the Silent Woman, she and her friends assail him with tongues the most obstreperous, and clamours the most uproarious, until, to be relieved of this nuisance, he comes to terms with his nephew for a portion of his fortune; and is relieved of the Silent Woman, who is in reality a boy in disguise. We extract the dialogue which will form a text to our paper; the speakers being Truewit, Clerimont, and a Page:—

"*True.* I met that stiff piece of formality, his uncle, yesterday, with a huge turban of night-caps on his head, buckled over his ears.

"*Cler.* O! that's his custom when he walks abroad. He can endure no noise, man.

"*True.* So I have heard. But is the disease so ridiculous in him as it is made? They say he has been upon divers treaties with the fish-wives and orange-women; and articles propounded between them: marry, the chimney-sweepers will not be drawn in.

"*Cler.* No, nor the broom-men: they stand out stiffly. He cannot endure a costard-monger; he swoons if he hear one.

"*True.* Methinks a smith should be ominous.

"*Cler.* Or any hammer-man. A brasier is not suffer'd to dwell in the parish, nor an armourer. He would have hang'd a pewterer's 'prentice once upon a Shrove-Tuesday's riot, for being of that trade, when the rest were quit.

"*True.* A trumpet should fright him terribly, or the hautboys.

"*Cler.* Out of his senses. The waits of the city have a pension of him not to come near that ward. This youth practised on him one night like the bellman, and never left till he had brought him down to the door with a long sword; and there left him flourishing with the air.

"*Page.* Why, sir, he hath chosen a street to lie in, so narrow at both ends that it will receive no coaches, nor carts, nor any of these common noises: and therefore we that love him devise to bring him in such as we may, now and then, for his exercise, to breathe him. He would grow resty else in his cage; his virtue would rust without action. I entreated a bearward, one day, to come down with the dogs of some four parishes that way, and I thank him he did; and cried his games under Master Morose's window; till he was sent crying away, with his head made a most bleeding spectacle to the multitude. And, another time, a fencer marching to his prize had his drum most tragically run through, for taking that street in his way at my request.

"*True.* A good wag! How does he for the bells?

"*Cler.* O! in the queen's time he was wont to go out of town every Saturday at ten o'clock, or on holyday eves. But now, by reason of the sickness, the perpetuity of ringing has made him devise a room with double walls and treble ceilings; the windows close shut and caulk'd: and there he lives by candle-light."

The first class of noises, then, against which Morose protected his ears by "a huge turban of night-caps," is that of the ancient and far-famed LONDON CRIES. We have here the very loudest of them—fish-wives, orange-women, chimney-sweepers, broom-men, costard-mongers. But we might almost say that there were *hundreds* of other cries; and therefore, reserving to ourselves some opportunity for a special enumeration of a few of the more remarkable of these cries, we shall now slightly group them, as they present themselves to our notice during successive generations.

And first let us go back as far as the days of Henry V. Lydgate, in his very curious poem of 'London Lyckpeny,'* has recorded the cries of four centuries ago. He tells us that at the door of Westminster Hall,

> "Fleming begun on me for to cry,
> Master, what will you copen or buy,
> *Fine felt hats*, or *spectacles to read?*"

Spectacles to read before printing was invented must have had a rather limited market; but we must bear in mind where they were sold. In Westminster Hall there were lawyers and rich suitors congregated,—worshipful men, who had a written law to study and expound, and learned treatises diligently to peruse, and titles to hunt after through the labyrinths of fine and recovery. The dealer in spectacles was a dealer in hats, as we see; and the articles were no doubt both of foreign manufacture. But lawyers and suitors had also to feed, as well as to read with spectacles; and on the Thames side, instead of the coffeehouses of modern date, were tables in the open air, where men every day ate and drank jollily, as they now do at a horse-race:—

> "Cooks to me they took good intent,
> And preferred me bread with ale and wine,
> Ribs of beef both fat and full fine:
> A fair cloth they gan for to spread."

London itself seems to have been especially full of food and the cries of feeding. In Eastcheap

> "One cries *ribs of beef* and *many a pie*."

In Canwyke Street (Cannon Street)

> "Then comes in one crying *hot sheep's feet*."

Those who preferred a vegetable diet had their choice:—

> "*Hot peascod* one began to cry:"

and the dessert was not wanting, for there was the cry of

> "*Strawberries ripe*, and *cherries in the rise*.†"

There were venders of "*pepper and saffron*," bidding him draw near; and the cry which is still heard and tolerated by law, that of *mackerel*, rang through every street. There was the cry of "*rushes green*," which tells us of by-gone customs—rushes *for the floor*. In Cheap (Cheapside) he saw much people standing, who proclaimed the merits of their velvets, silk, lawn, and Paris thread. These, however, were shopkeepers; but their shops were not after the modern fashion of plate-glass windows, and carpeted floors, and lustres blazing at night with a splendour that would put to shame the glories of an eastern palace. They were rude booths, the owners of which bawled as loudly as the itinerants; and they went on bawling for several centuries, like butchers in a market, so that, in 1628, Alexander Gell, a bachelor of divinity, was sentenced to lose his ears and to be degraded from the ministry, for giving his opinion of Charles I., that he was fitter to stand in a Cheapside shop with an apron before him, and say "what lack ye?" than to govern a kingdom.‡ With unpaved streets, and no noise of coaches to drown any particular sound, we may readily imagine the din of the great London thoroughfares of four centuries ago, produced by all this vociferous demand for custom. The chief body of London retailers were then itinerant,—literally pedlers; and those who had attained some higher station were simply stall-keepers. The streets of trade must have borne a wonderful resemblance to a modern fair. Competition was then a very rude thing, and the loudest voice did something perhaps to carry the customer.

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* See 'The Silent Highway,' page 5.

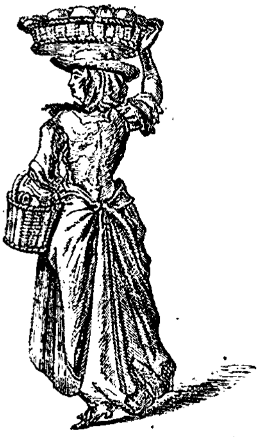
† *Rise*—branch, twig, either a natural branch, or tied on sticks as we still see them.

‡ See Ellis's 'Letters,' vol. iii. p. 276.

If the age of the Stuarts was not the greatest period of London cries (and it is probable that the progress of refinement had abolished many of them), that period has preserved to us the fullest records of their wonderful variety. Artists of all countries and times have delighted to represent those peculiarities of costume and character which belong to the history of cries. Annibal Carracci has immortalized the cries of Bologna; and from the time of James I. to that of George IV., we have woodcuts and etchings almost numberless of the cries and Itinerant Trades of London. There is a very rare sheet of woodcuts in the British Museum, containing twelve cries; and these may be taken, on the authority of Mr. Smith, the late keeper of the prints, as of the same date as Ben Jonson's "fish wives and costard-mongers." We have here the reverend watchman, with his "*Hang out your light,*" and the noisy "bellman," described and engraved in a recent paper. The "orange-women" of Ben Jonson are here figured to the life. The familiar mention of the orange-sellers in the 'Silent Woman,' and this very early representation of one of them, show how general the use of this fruit had become in England at the beginning of the seventeenth century. It is stated, though the story is somewhat apocryphal, that the first oranges were imported by Sir Walter Raleigh. It is probable that about his time they first became an article of general commerce. We now consume about two hundred and fifty millions of oranges every year. The orange-women who carried the golden fruit upon their heads through every street and alley, with the musical cry of

> "*Fair lemons and oranges,*
> *Oranges and citrons,*"

lasted for a century or two. The 'Cries' of Tempest were published in the beginning of the eighteenth century, but many of the designs, which are by



["Fair Lemons and Oranges!"]

Mauron (sometimes spelt Lauron), belong unquestionably to an earlier period. The orange-woman became, as everything else became, a more prosaic person as she approached our own times. She was a barrow-woman at the end of the last century; and Porson has thus described her :—

> "As I walked through the Strand so cheerful and gay,
> I met a young girl a-wheeling a barrow;
> Fine fruit, sir, says she, and a bill of the play."

The transformation was the same with the cherry-women. The

> "Strawberries ripe, and cherries in the rise,"

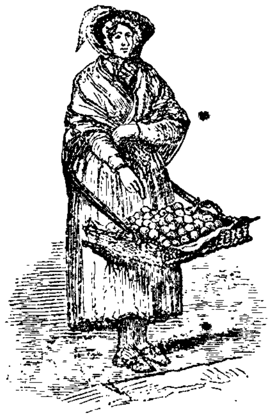
of the days of Henry V., was a poetical cry. It must have come over the ear, telling of sunny gardens not a sparrow's flight from the city, such as that of the Bishop of Ely in Holborn,* and of plenteous orchards which could spare their boughs as well as their fruit. "*Cherry ripe*" was the cry in the seventeenth century; and we all know how Herrick has married the words to poetry which is not the worse for having been as popular in our own day as "Jump Jim Crow:"

> "Cherry ripe—ripe—ripe—I cry,
> Full and fair ones; come, and buy:
> If so be you ask me where
> They do grow? I answer, there,
> Where my Julia's lips do smile,
> There 's the land, or cherry-isle;
> Whose plantations fully show
> All the year where cherries grow."

What a tribute to the fine old poet, who says,

> "I sing of brooks, of blossoms, birds, and bowers,"

to have had the dirty lanes of London, two hundred years after his death, made vocal with words that seemed to gush from his heart like the nightingale's song!



[Oranges.—1841.]

But the cries of "*Cherry ripe*" and of "*Fair oranges*" are no longer heard. The barrow laden with its golden or ruby treasures no longer is wheeled securely through the Strand. Driven off the pavement by the throng of population, the orange-woman stands upon the edge of the kerb, poising her laden basket so as to present the least impediment to the passengers, and thus satisfy the inexorable policeman. She is now silent. Even Morose, with his "turban of nightcaps," would shun her not.

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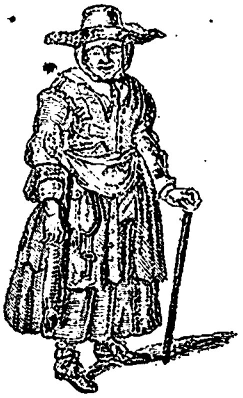
* See Richard III., Act iii. Sc. 5.

We shall not readily associate any very agreeable sounds with the voices of the "fish-wives." The one who cried "*Mackerel*" in Lydgate's day had probably no such explanatory cry as the "*Mackerel alive, alive ho!*" of modern times. In the seventeenth century the cry was "*New mackerel;*" and in the same way we



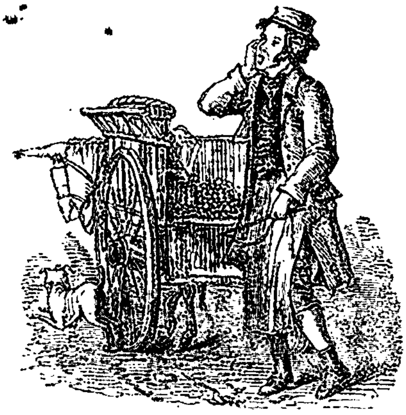
["Four for sixpence, Mackerel!"]

have "*New Wall-fleet oysters,*" and "*New flounders.*" The freshness of fish must have been a considerable recommendation in those days of tardy intercourse. But quantity was also to be taken into the account, and so we find the cries of "*Buy my dish of great smelts;*" "*great plaice;*" "*great mussels.*" Such are the fish-cries in Overton's various collections. The respectable one-eyed lady whom we here present is in Tempest's set; and her cry is "*Four for sixpence, mackerel.*" She is to be contrasted with the damsel gaily tripping with a basket on her head, to the cry of "*Buy my dish of great eels,*" and with another sprightly maiden, who vociferates "*Crab, crab, any crabs?*" The fish-wives are no longer seen in our great thoroughfares. In Tottenham Court Road, indeed, which still retains the character of a market, they stand in long rows as the evening draws in, with paper-lanthorns stuck in their baskets on dark nights; and there they vociferate as loudly as in the old time.

The "costard-monger" that Morose dreaded, still lives amongst us, and is still noisy. He bawls so loud even to this day, that he puts his hand behind his ear to mitigate the sensation which he inflicts upon his own tympanum. He was originally an apple-seller, whence his name; and, from the mention of him in the old dramatists, he appears to have been frequently an Irishman. In Jonson's 'Bartholomew Fair,' he cries "*pears.*" Ford makes him cry "*pippins.*" He is a quarrelsome fellow, according to Beaumont and Fletcher:—

"And then he 'll rail like a rude costermonger,
That schoolboys had cozened of his apple,
As loud and senseless."

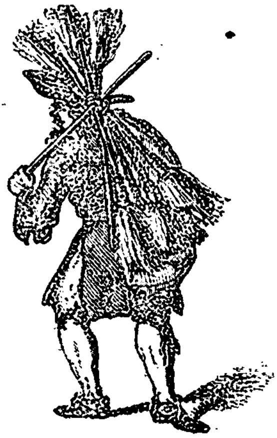
The costermonger is now a travelling shopkeeper. We encounter him not in Cornhill, or Holborn, or the Strand: in the neighbourhood of the great markets and well-stored shops he travels not. But his voice is heard in some silent streets stretching into the suburbs; and there his donkey-cart stands at the door, as the dingy servant-maid cheapens a bundle of cauliflowers. He has monopolized all the trades that were anciently represented by such cries as "*Buy my artichokes, mistress;*" "*Ripe cowcumbers;*" "*White onions, white St. Thomas' onions;*" "*White radish;*" "*Ripe young beans;*" "*Any baking pears;*" "*Ripe speragas.*" He would be indignant to encounter such petty chapmen interfering with his wholesale operations. He would rail against them as the city shopkeepers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries railed against itinerant traders of every denomination. In the days of Elizabeth, they declare by act of common council, that in ancient times the open streets and lanes of the city have been used, and ought to be used, as the common highway only, and not for hucksters, pedlers, and hagglers, to stand and sit to sell their wares in, and to pass from street to street hawking and offering their wares. In the seventh year of Charles I. the same authorities denounce the oyster-wives, herb-wives, tripe-wives, and the like, as "unruly people;" and they charge them somewhat unjustly, as it must appear, with "framing to themselves a way whereby to live a more easy life than by labour."



[Costard-monger.—1841.]

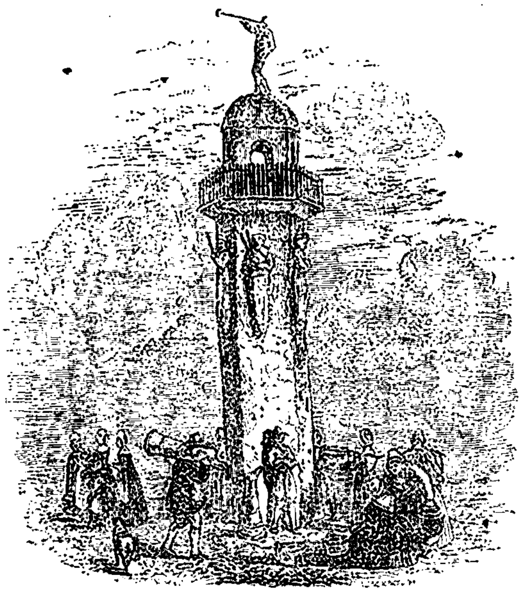
"How busy is the man the world calls idle!"

The evil, as the citizens term it, seems to have increased; for in 1694 the common council threatened the pedlers and petty chapmen with the terrors of the laws against rogues and sturdy beggars, the least penalty being whipping, whether for male or female. The reason for this terrible denunciation is very candidly put: the citizens and shopkeepers are greatly hindered and prejudiced in their trades by the hawkers and pedlers. Such denunciations as these had little share in putting down the itinerant traders. They continued to flourish, because society required them; and they vanished from our view when society required them no longer. In the middle of the last century they were fairly established as rivals to the shopkeepers. Dr. Johnson, than whom no man knew London better, thus writes in the 'Adventurer:' "The attention of a new-comer is generally first struck by the multiplicity of cries that stun him in the streets, and the variety of merchandise and manufactures which the shopkeepers expose on every hand." The shopkeepers have now ruined the itinerants—not by putting them down by fiery penalties, but by the competition amongst themselves to have every article at hand for every man's use, which shall be better and cheaper than the wares of the itinerant. Whose ear is now ever deafened by the cries of the broom-men? The Bavarian broom-women, with their "*buy a broom*" and their hideous songs, belong to the class of street exhibitions. They go with the Savoyard and his monkey and white mice. But the man who bears about real brooms for use has vanished. He was a sturdy fellow in the days of old Morose, carrying on a barter which in itself speaks of the infancy of civilization. His cry was "*old shoes for some brooms.*" These proclamations for barter no doubt furnished a peculiar characteristic of the old London cries. The itinerant buyers were as loud, though not so numerous, as the sellers. The familiar voice of "*old clowze*" has lasted through some generations; but the glories of Monmouth Street were unknown when a lady in a peaked bonnet and a laced stomacher went about proclaiming "*old satin, old taffety, or velvet;*" and a puritanical-looking gentleman, with three hats on his head, and a bundle of rapiers in his hand, bawled "*old cloaks, suits, or coats.*" There was trading then going forward from house to house, which careful housewifery and a more vigilant police have banished from the daylight, if they have not extirpated it altogether. Before the shops are open and the chimneys send forth their smoke, there may be now sometimes seen creeping up an area a sly-looking beldam, who treads as stealthily as a cat. Under her cloak has she a pan, whose unctuous contents will some day assist in the enlightenment or purification of the world, in the form of candles or soap. But the good lady of the house, who is a late riser, knows not of the transformation that is going forward. In the old days she would have heard the cry of a maiden, with tub on head and pence in hand, of "*any kitchen-stuff have you, maids?*" and she probably would have dealt with her herself, or have forbidden her maids to deal. So is it with the old cry of "*any old iron take money for?*" The fellow who then went openly about with sack on back was a thief, and an encourager of thieves; he now keeps a marine-store.



["Old Shoes for some Brooms!"]

A curious parallel might be carried out between the itinerant occupations which the progress of society has entirely superseded, and those which even the most advanced civilization is compelled to retain. We can here only hastily glance at a few of these differences. The water-carrier is gone. It is impossible that London can ever again see a man bent beneath the weight of a yoke and two enormous pails, vociferating "*New River water.*" In the days of James I. the water-carrier bore a large can upon his shoulders, with a towel over his back and another over his breast, and he was called a tankard-bearer; and he travelled to and from some conduit, whose waters were bright and ever flowing; and, filling his vessel, he dealt out the quarts and gallons of the precious liquid to those who never dreamt of a full supply except they lived near the river-bank or close to the conduit. He is gone. But he still remains in Paris. There are still there some three or four thousand *porteurs d'eau*, who carry water from family to family, either in a cask upon wheels or in pails with yokes. It has been computed that 180,000*l.* is annually paid for this species of labour. In Madrid the same occupation gives subsistence to a very large number of people; and there the passenger is invited to taste the pure element, brought from a distance of thirty miles, by the cry of "Water, fresh water, fresh from the fountain! Who drinks, gentlemen; who drinks?" But the number of persons thus employed, compared with the London *milk-carriers*, is no doubt small. The cry of "*Milk*," or the rattle of the milk-pail, will never cease to be heard in our streets. There can be no reservoirs of milk, no pipes through which it flows into the houses. The more extensive the great capital becomes, the more active must be the individual exertion to carry about this article of food. The old cry was, "*Any milk here?*" and it was sometimes mingled with the sound of "*Fresh cheese and cream;*" and it then passed into "*Milk, maids below;*" and it was then shortened into "*Milk below;*" and was finally corrupted into "*Mio*," which some wag interpreted into *mi-eau—demi-eau*—half-water. But it must still be cried, whatever be the cry. The supply of milk to the metropolis is perhaps one of the most beautiful combinations of industry we have. The days are long since past when Finsbury had its pleasant groves, and Clerkenwell was a village, and there were green pastures in Holborn, and St. Pancras boasted only a little church standing in meadows, and St. Martin's was literally in the fields. Slowly but surely does the baked clay stride over the clover and the buttercup; and yet every family in London may be supplied with milk by eight o'clock every morn-

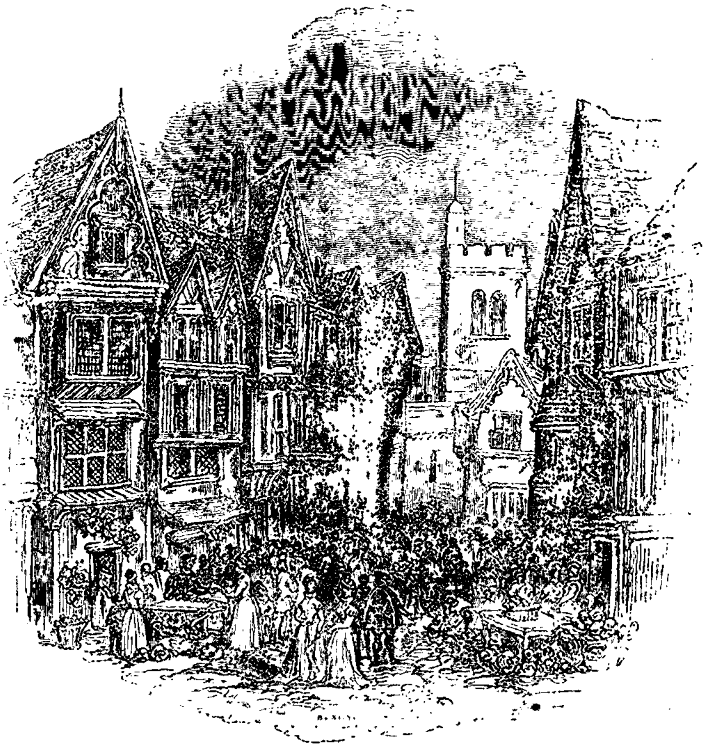


[Conduit in West Cheap.]

ing at their own doors. Where do the cows abide? They are congregated in wondrous masses in the suburbs; and though in spring-time they go out to pasture in the fields which lie under the Hampstead and Highgate hills, or in the vales of Dulwich and Sydenham, and there crop the tender blade,

> "When proud pied April, dress'd in all his trim,
> Hath put a spirit of youth in everything,"

yet for the rest of the year the coarse grass is carted to their stalls, or they devour what the breweries and distilleries cannot extract from the grain harvest. Long before "the unfolding star wakes up the shepherd" are the London cows milked; and the great wholesale venders of the commodity bear it in carts to every part of the town, and distribute it to hundreds of itinerants, who are waiting like the water-carriers at the old conduits. It is evident that a perishable commodity which every one requires at a given hour must be so distributed. The distribution has lost its romance. Misson, in his 'Travels' published at the beginning of the last century, tells us of the May-games of "the pretty young country girls that serve the town with milk." Alas! the May-games and pretty young country girls have both departed, and a milk-woman has become a very unpoetical personage. There are few indeed of milk-women who remain. So it is with most of the occupations that associate London with the country. The cry of "*Water-cresses*" used to be heard from some barefoot nymph of the brook, who at sunrise had dipped her feet into the bubbling runnel, to carry the green luxury to the citizens' breakfast-tables. Water-cresses are now grown like cabbages in gardens. The cry of "*Rosemary and lavender*" once resounded through the thoroughfares; and every alley smelt "like Bucklersbury in simple time," when



["Bucklersbury in simple time."]

the whole street was a mart for odoriferous herbs. Cries like these are rare enough now; yet we have heard them. Crossing a bye-street a week ago we felt an unwonted fragrance in the air; and as some one has truly said that scents call up the most vivid associations, we had visions of a fair garden afar off, and the sports of childhood, and the song of the lark that

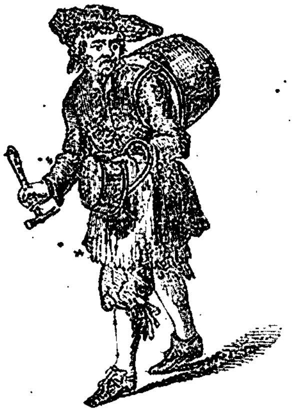
"At my window bade good morrow
Through the sweet briar."

There was a pale-looking man with little bunches in his hand, who with a feeble voice cried, "*Buy my sweet-briar.*" There are still, however, *silent* damsels in the less crowded and fashionable thoroughfares who present the passengers with moss-roses and violets. Gay tells us,

"Successive cries the seasons' change declare,
And mark the monthly progress of the year.
Hark! how the streets with treble voices ring,
To sell the bounteous product of the spring."

We no longer hear the cries which had some association of harmonious sounds with fragrant flowers. They degenerated, no doubt, as our people ceased to be musical; and the din of "noiseful gain" exterminated them.

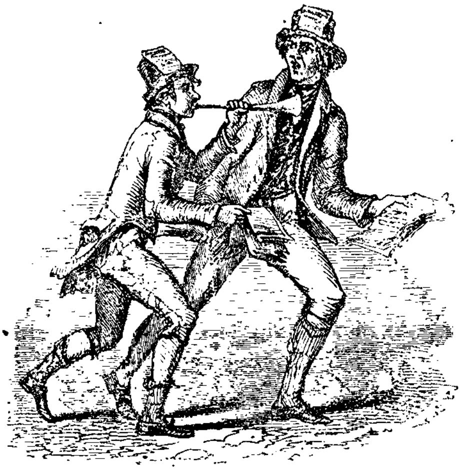
Of the street trades that are past and forgotten, the smallcoal-man was one of the most remarkable. He tells a tale of a city with few fires; for who could now imagine a man earning a living by bawling "*Small coals*" from door to door, without any supply but that in the sack which he carries on his shoulders? His cry was, however, a rival with that of "*Wood to cleave.*" In a capital full of haberdashers, what chance would an aged man now have with his flattering solicitation of "*Pretty pins, pretty women?*" He who carries a barrel on his back, with a measure and funnel at his side, bawling "*Fine writing-ink,*" is wanted neither by clerks nor authors. There is a grocer's shop at every turn; and who therefore needs him who salutes us with "*Lilly-white vinegar?*" The history of cries is a history of social changes. The *working* trades, as well as the venders of things that can be bought in every street, are now banished from our thoroughfares. "*Old chairs to mend*" still salutes us in some retired suburb; and we still see the knife-grinder's wheel; but who vociferates "*Any work for John Cooper?*" or "*A brass pot or an iron pot to mend?*" The trades are gone to those



["Pots to mend!"]

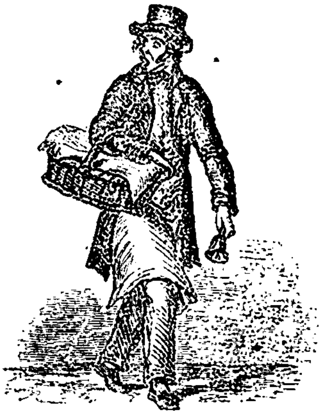
who pay scot and lot. What should we think of our prison discipline now-a-days, if the voice of lamentation was heard in every street, "*Some broken bread and meat for the poor prisoners; for the Lord's sake pity the poor?*" John Howard put down this cry. Or what should we say of the vigilance of excise-officers if the cry of *aqua vitæ* met our ears? The chiropedist has now his half-guinea fee; in the old days he stood at corners, with knife and scissors in hand, crying, "*Corns to pick.*" There are some occupations of the streets, however, which remain essentially the same, though the form be somewhat varied. The sellers of food are of course amongst these. "Hot peascods," and hot sheep's-feet, are not popular delicacies, as in the time of Lydgate. "*Hot wardens,*" and "*Hot codlings,*" are not the cries which invite us to taste of stewed pears and baked apples. But we have still apples hissing over a charcoal fire; and potatoes steaming in a shining apparatus, with savoury salt-butter to put between the "fruit" when it is cut; and greasy sausages, redolent of onions and marjoram; and crisp brown flounders; and the mutton-pie-man, with his "toss for a penny." Rice-milk, furmety, barley-broth, and saloop are no longer in request. The greatest improvement of London in our own day has been the establishment of coffee-shops, where the artisan may take his breakfast with comfort, and even with luxury. It was given in evidence before the Committee on Imports last year, that there are now about eighteen hundred coffee-shops in London where the charge for a cup of coffee and a slice of bread and butter is as low as a penny; where a good breakfast may be had for threepence; where no intoxicating liquors are sold; and where the newspapers and the best periodical works may be regularly found. In one of the largest of these establishments, where the charge is three halfpence for a cup of coffee and twopence for a cup of tea, sixteen hundred persons are daily served. This is a vast improvement upon the old saloop-man, who sold his steaming mixture to the shivering mechanic as he crept to his work. It is something better for human happiness than the palmy days of the old coffee-houses. The 'Tatler' and 'Spectator' were the refiners of manners; and the papers which are dated from White's and the Grecian derive something perhaps from the tone of society which there prevailed. Let not those, if any there be, who hold that knowledge and taste should be luxuries for the few, curl the lip when Mr. Humphries, a coffee-shop keeper, informs them, that since he has been in business a manifest improvement has taken place in the taste for literature amongst the classes who frequent his house.

But we are forgetting Morose, and his "turban of night-caps." Was Hogarth familiar with the old noise-hater when he conceived his own "Enraged Musician?" In this extraordinary gathering together of the producers of the most discordant sounds, we have a representation which may fairly match the dramatist's description of street noises. Here we have the milk-maid's scream, the mackerel-seller's shout, the sweep upon the house-top,—to match the fish-wives and orange-women, the broom-men and costard-mongers. The smith, who was "ominous," had no longer his forge in the busy streets of Hogarth's time; the armourer was obsolete: but Hogarth can rival their noises with the pavior's hammer, the sow-gelder's horn, and the knife-grinder's wheel. The waits of the city had a pension not to come near Morose's ward; but it was out of the power of the Enraged Musician to avert the terrible discord of the blind hautboy-player. The bellman, who frightened the sleepers at midnight, was extinct; but modern London had acquired the dustman's bell. The bear-ward no longer came down the street with the dogs of four parishes, nor did the fencer march with a drum to his prize; but there was the ballad-singer, with her squalling child, roaring worse than bear or dog; and the drum of the little boy playing at soldiers was a more abiding nuisance than the fencer. Morose and the "Enraged Musician" had each the church-bells to fill up the measure of discord. In our own days there has been legislation for the benefit of tender ears; and there are now penalties, with police-constables to enforce them, against all persons blowing any horn or using any other noisy instrument, for the purpose of calling persons together, or of announcing any show or entertainment, or for the purpose of hawking, selling, distributing, or collecting any article, or of obtaining money or alms. These are the words of the Police Act of 1839; and they are stringent enough to have banished from our streets all those uncommon noises which did something to relieve the monotony of the one endless roar of the tread of feet and the rush of wheels. The street noise now is deafening when we are in the midst of it; but in some secluded place, such as Lincoln's Inn Gardens, it is the ever-present sullen sound of angry waves dashing upon the shingles. The horn that proclaimed extraordinary news, running to and fro among peaceful squares and secluded courts, was sometimes a relief. The bell of the dustman was not altogether unpleasant. In the twilight hour, when the shutters were not yet closed, and the candles were not yet burning, the tinkle of the muffin-man had something in it very soothing. It is gone. But the legislators have still left us our street music. There was talk of its abolition; but they have satisfied themselves with enacting that musicians, on being warned to depart from the neighbourhood of the house of any householder by the occupier or his servant, or by a police-constable, incur a penalty of forty shillings by refusal. De la Serre, who came to England with Mary de Medici, when she visited the Queen of Charles I., is enthusiastic in his praises of the street music of London:—"In all public places,



[Horn-men.—"Great News!"]

violins, hautboys, and other kinds of instruments are so common, for the gratification of individuals, that in every hour of the day our ears may be charmed with their sweet melody." England was then a musical nation; but from that time nearly to our own her street-music became a thing to be legislated against. It ought now to be left alone, if it cannot be encouraged by the State.

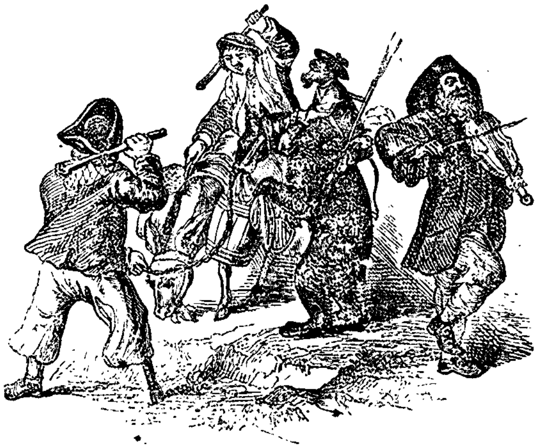


[Muffin-man.—1841.]

In the days of Elizabeth, and of James and Charles, the people were surrounded with music, and imbued with musical associations. The cittern was heard in every barber's shop; and even up to the publication of the 'Tatler' it was the same: "Go into a barber's anywhere, no matter in what district, and it is ten to one you will hear the sounds either of a fiddle or guitar, or see the instruments hanging up somewhere." The barbers or their apprentices were the performers: "If idle, they pass their time in life-delighting music." Thus writes a pamphleteer of 1597. Doctor King, about the beginning of the last century, found the barbers degenerating in their accomplishments, and he assigns the cause: "Turning themselves to periwig-making, they have forgot their cittern and their music." The cittern twanged then in the barbers' shops in the fresh mornings especially; and then came forth the carman to bear his loads through the narrow thoroughfares. He also was musical. We all know how Falstaff describes Justice Shallow: "He came ever in the rear-ward of the fashion, and sung those tunes to the over-scutched housewives that he heard the carmen whistle." He had a large stock of tunes. In Ben Jonson's 'Bartholomew Fair,' one of the characters exclaims, "If he meet but a carman in the street, and I find him not loth to keep him off of him, he will whistle him and all his tunes over at night in his sleep." Half a century later even, "barbers, cobblers, and plowmen," were enumerated as "the heirs of music." Who does not perceive that when Isaac Walton's milk-maid sings,—

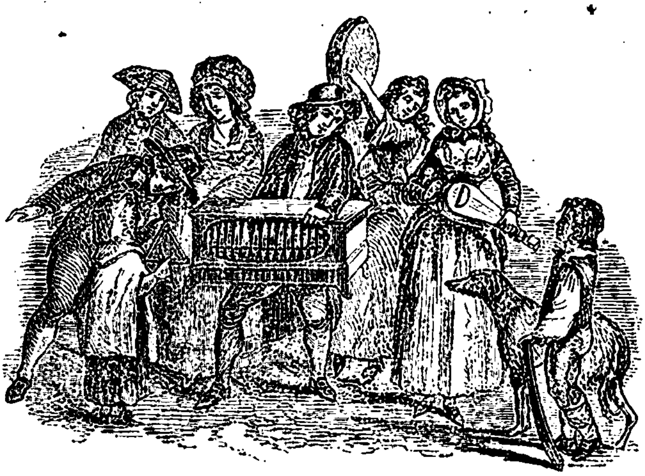
"Come live with me and be my love,"

she is doing nothing remarkable? These charming words were the common possession of all. The people were the heirs of poetry as well as of music. They had their own delicious madrigals to sing, in which music was "married to immortal verse,"—and they could sing them. Morley, writing in 1597, says, "Supper being ended, and music-books, according to custom, being brought to the table, the mistress of the house presented me with *a part*, earnestly requesting me to sing; but when, after many excuses, I protested unfeignedly that I could not, every one began to wonder—yea, some whispered to others, demanding how I was brought up." In a condition of society like this, the street music must have been worth listening to. "A *noise* of musicians," as a little band was called, was to be found everywhere; and they attended upon the guests in taverns and ordinaries, and at "good men's feasts" in private houses. In 'The Silent Woman,' it is said, "the smell of the venison, going through the streets, will invite one noise of fiddlers or other;" and again, "They have intelligence of all feasts; there's good correspondence betwixt them and the London cooks." Feasts were then not mere occasions for gluttony and drunkenness, as they became in the next generation. As the drunkenness went on increasing, the taste for music went on diminishing. In the next century, the 'Tatler' writes, "In Italy nothing is more frequent than to hear a cobbler working to an opera tune; but, on the contrary, our honest countrymen have so little an inclination to music, that they seldom begin to sing till they are drunk." Thus we went on till the beginning of the present century, and indeed later. The street music was an indication of the popular taste. Hogarth's blind hautboy-player, and his shrieking ballad-singer, are no caricatures. The execrable sounds which the lame and the blind produced were the mere arts of mendicancy. The principle of extorting money by hideous sounds was carried as far as it could go by a fellow of the name of Kelling, called Blind Jack, who performed on the flageolet with his nose. Every description of street exhibition was accompanied with these terrible noises. The vaulter, and the dancing lass, and the tumbler creeping through a hoop, and the puppet-showman, and the dancing dogs, and the bear and monkey, had each their own peculiar din, whether of drum, fiddle, horn, or bagpipes, compared with which the music of Morose's bear-ward and fencer would have been as the harmony of the spheres.

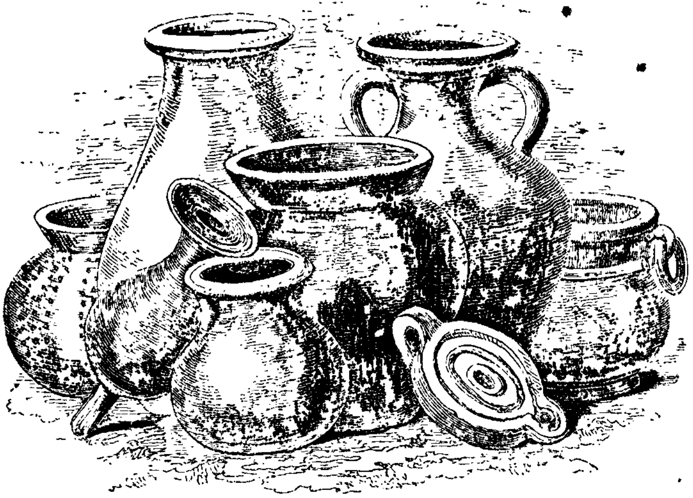


[Bear-ward.—HOGARTH.]

In the fashionable squares, towards the close of the last century, matters were a little mended. Dayes, who published a collection of street views about 1789, has given us the group which concludes our paper. Here we have the organ, the triangle, the tambourine, and the hurdy-gurdy,—each striving which should be loudest, and winning by their united exertions the applause of all bystanders. After the peace our thoroughfares gradually resounded with the somewhat improved melody of the street-singers of Paris; and a lady with a neat *coiffure* accompanied the organ with the monotonous chant of "Le gai Troubadour." An Italian was now and then imported with his guitar; and his knowledge of harmony compensated for his somewhat cracked voice. All at once glee-singers started up; and they are now common. Then a "noise" or two of really tolerable instrumental performers were to be found in Portland Place and other streets of the west; and even those who were familiar with Rossini might stop to listen. We are still advancing; and in a few years the Act which protects housekeepers from the nuisance of street musicians will be a dead letter.



[Street Music.—1789.]



[Vases, Lamp, &c., found after the Great Fire.]

IX.—ROMAN LONDON.

We are apt to think and speak of the Roman occupation of Britain as if it had been little more than a mere inroad into the country—a brief episode having scarcely anything to do with the main course of our history. Our modern English civilization has over its whole surface so completely Teutonic and feudal a colour, that we can hardly conceive ourselves to have been other than Normans or Saxons from our first emerging out of barbarism. Yet our island was in great part a Roman country, in a certain sense, for not less than six hundred years. So long was it from the invasion of Julius Cæsar, which, if it did not actually make us tributaries to Rome, not only brought us into constant intercourse with Romanized Gaul, but, as Strabo, writing within fifty years after, records, made almost the whole island familiarly known to the Romans, till the last remnants of the social fabric raised by that great people were thrown down and swept away by the Saxons in the latter part of the sixth century. That is very nearly one-third of the whole period that has elapsed from the landing of Cæsar to the present hour. It is within a few years of as long a time as the English have been settled in Ireland. It is a portion of our history of as great extent as has passed since the middle of the reign of Henry III.—since the intermediate point between the grant of Magna Charta and the establishment of the House of Commons—a date which may be said to stand almost at the commencement of the whole system of our existing civilization. Or even if we reckon the era of Roman Britain only from the expedition of Claudius, which commenced the colonization of the country a hundred years after its first invasion, to the breaking up of the imperial government in the beginning of the fifth century, still here is a period of above three centuries and a half—or as long as from the present day back to the wars of the Roses. To a Briton, therefore, in the last days of the Roman dominion, the retrospect even over this period only, during which it had been as completely established on the banks of the Thames as on the banks of the Tiber, was as extended as that which takes in to us of the present day the whole rise and progress of the modern political system of Europe. It was the same as it is to us now to cast our view back over whatever has grown up and happened in England during the whole rule of the House of Hanover, the House of Stuart, and the House of Tudor—including the Revolution, the Great Rebellion, the Union of the Crowns, the Reformation—being probably, at the least, three-fourths of the entire amount of the political and social causes which have operated to make the country and the people what they now are.

There is sound sense and truth, as well as elegant fancy, in what has been written by the excellent Camden: "Whilst I treat of the Roman empire in Britain (which lasted, as I said, about 476 years), it comes into my mind how many colonies of Romans must have been transplanted hither in so long a time; what numbers of soldiers were continually sent from Rome, for garrisons; how many persons were despatched hither, to negotiate affairs, public or private; and that these, intermarrying with the Britons, seated themselves here, and multiplied into families; for *wherever*, says Seneca, *the Roman conquers, he inhabits.* So that I have oft-times concluded that the Britons might derive themselves from the Trojans by these Romans, who doubtless descended from the Trojans, with greater probability than either the Arverni, who from Trojan blood styled themselves brethren to the Romans, or the Mamertini, Hedui, and others, who upon fabulous grounds grafted themselves into the Trojan stock. For Rome, that common mother, as one calls her, challenges all such as citizens

Quos domuit, nexuque pio longinqua revinxit.
Whom conquered she in sacred bonds hath tied."*

However, we do not desire to stand pledged to the Trojan part of this speculation.

The spot on which London is built, or at least, that on which the first buildings were most probably erected, was pointed out by nature for the site of a city. It was the suspicion of the sagacious Wren, as we are informed in the 'Parentalia,' that the whole valley between Camberwell Hill and the hills of Essex must have been anciently filled by a great frith or arm of the sea, which increased in width towards the east; and that this estuary was only in the course of ages reduced to a river by the vast sand-hills which were gradually raised on both sides of it by the wind and tide, the effect being assisted by embankments, which on the Essex side are still perfectly distinguishable as of artificial origin, and are evidently works that could only have been constructed by a people of advanced mechanical skill. Wren himself ascribed these embankments to the Romans; and it is stated that a single breach made in them in his time cost 17,000*l.* to repair it—from which we may conceive both how stupendous must have been the labour bestowed on their original construction, and of what indispensable utility they are still found to be. In fact, were it not for this ancient barrier, the broad and fertile meadows stretching along that border of the river would still be a mere marsh, or a bed of sand overflowed by the water, though left perhaps dry in many places on the retirement of the tide. We have in a former paper[*] expressed an opinion, that Dion Cassius must have been mistaken in stating that there was a bridge over the Thames at the time of the invasion of Claudius, or rather of his general, Aulus Plautius, in A.D. 43; and, indeed, it is clearly impossible that there could have been anything of the kind where he places it—only *a little above* the mouth of the river [†]—if we are to understand that expression in the sense which it would now convey. But if the lower part of the Thames at this early date presented the appearance which has just been supposed, of a spacious estuary or frith rather than a river, its mouth, or, as Dion calls it, the place where it discharges itself into the ocean,[‡] might be held to be only a little below London—just as at this day we consider the mouth of the Forth to be, not at Dunbar or North Berwick, but many miles higher up at the head of the frith. It is remarkable that Ptolemy calls the Thames, when he speaks of it as forming the southern boundary of the Trinobantes, not a river, but an estuary. So also does Tacitus, who had probably been in Britain. And Cæsar's description, too, would seem to imply, that what was called the River Thames when he visited the country was only the upper part of what now goes by that name. Kent, or Cantium, which we know from Ptolemy extended at this date at least as far to the west as it still does, he expressly describes as *omnis maritima*—wholly lying on the sea-coast—without a hint of any part of it being bounded by the river.[§] And afterwards, in mentioning the Thames, he seems distinctly to speak of it as bounding the territory of Cassivellaunus only: he conducts his forces, not to that part of the Thames which flows past the territory in question, or to the Thames *where* it so flows—but, simply, to the Thames and into the territory of Cassivellaunus—"ad flumen Tamesin, in fines Cassivellauni."[‖] He had previously told us that the said territory was divided from the maritime states by the river called the Thames, at the distance of about eighty miles from the sea—that is to say, from the part of the coast, near Sandwich, where he had landed.[¶] All these expressions might possibly be made to bear an interpretation conformable to the present appearance of the country, and the notion we now have of the junction of the river with the sea about the same point at which it receives the Medway or the Swale; but they certainly seem to be more apt and natural if understood in reference to a different state of things—when, as we have supposed, what was called the Thames seemed to be swallowed up in a branch of the sea within perhaps two or three miles of where London now stands. Above all, we submit that the expressions of Dion Cassius in describing the place where, as he says, the Thames meets the ocean are quite inapplicable to what the river could ever have been at its present mouth, and must be referred to a point much higher up. They exactly set before us the irregular diffusion of the water over the whole valley through the midst of which the Thames now flows, which would take place before the river was brought in the way that has been explained within its present bounds, and thereby deepened in its mid-channel as well as greatly reduced in width—in fact, narrowed from a broad expanse of pools and shallows, assuming, probably, when the tide rose the appearance of one extended flood, to a single water-course. At this its junction with the sea, the historian states, the Thames by its own overflow spread itself out into marshes, which, he adds, the natives, who were familiar with the places that were firm and fordable, easily made their way across.* It is manifest that the fording of the Thames at what we now call its mouth must at all times have been still more out of the question than even the throwing of a bridge over it near that point.

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* Britannia, Gibson's Translation; p. cvii. Edit. of 1722.

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[*] See No. V.—London Bridge.

[†] Dion's words are—*διὰ γεφύρας ὀλίγον ἄνω.*—*Hist. Rom.* lib. lx. c. 20.

[‡] *καθ' ὃ ἔς τε τὸν ὠκεανὸν ἐκβάλλει.*—*Ibid.*

[§] De Bell. Gall. v. 14.

[‖] Id. v. 18.

[¶] Id. cap. 11.

But the elevation on which London is built offered a site at once raised above the water, and at the same time close upon the navigable portion of it—conditions which did not meet in any other locality on either side of the river, or estuary, from the sea upwards. It was the first spot on which a town could be set down, so as to take advantage of the facilities of communication between the coast and the interior presented by this great natural highway. To this peculiarity of position London probably owed both its existence and its name. Many conjectures have been offered as to the meaning of the name London. Like all our oldest British names of places, it is most probably Celtic, and there can be little doubt that the latter part of it is merely the *dun* or *thun*—the same word with the Saxon *town*—which is found in the names of many more of our most ancient towns both in England and Scotland. It seems to signify, what a town uniformly was in early times, a place of strength—a place either naturally strong or fortified by art, usually both the one and the other; and it may be recognised in its Welsh form *din* in the Latin *Londinum* and *Londinium*. The *Lon* has been conceived by some etymologists to be *Llhwn*, a wood; by others, *Llawn*, full, populous; by others, *Lon*, a plain; but no one of these derivations seems to furnish a name for this settlement by the river-side so appropriate and distinctive as that from *Lhong*, the ancient British word for ships. London would thus mean the town of ships—a description which must have been applicable to it from its first foundation, if it originated in the way we have supposed. Or, at any rate, the comparative eminence of London as a resort for ships may be as ancient as the name—which is answer enough to Maitland's objection to this etymology, even if his assumption were to be conceded, that the town could not have deserved this name at the time of its foundation. But the probability is, that the spot was first resorted to as a landing-place by the craft ascending the river, and that in course of time the town grew up around the port. The etymology from *Lhong* receives some corroboration from one of the Latin forms of the name, *Longidinium*, which is that given in the Itinerary of Antoninus; while the *Lundinum* of Ammianus Marcellinus seems to show that the first syllable had very early come to be pronounced much in the way it still is—a natural effect of the nasal consonant by which the vowel is followed in what we have supposed to be the original word. Camden states that London is actually called *Lhong-porth*, that is, a harbour for ships, by an ancient British or Welsh bard.

The silence of Cæsar has been taken as a proof that London did not exist when he visited the country; and certainly it is a proof, if any such were wanted, that Geoffrey of Monmouth's great city of Troynovant, with its strong wall adorned with numerous towers, and its splendid public edifices of all kinds, making it excel every other city in the world, had not yet been built. But, although the place was doubtless neither famous, nor in any respect considerable, at this early date, any more than the best of the other stations which the Britons called towns, the name, which, whatever it may be, is certainly not Roman, gives ground for a presumption that London did not owe its beginning to the Romans. Cæsar particularizes no British town whatever, with the exception only of the capital of Cassivellaunus, supposed to be Verulam, which was perhaps the only one that came in his way during his short and hasty inroad. Yet it would be too much to conclude that the country contained no others, merely because he does not name them, and possibly saw no more. No doubt, many other settlements of the same kind had been long ere this founded by the numerous population which was found to be in possession of the island; and London may very well have been one of them, although as yet, perhaps, undistinguished from the rest, so that, not lying in his route, it did not attract Cæsar's attention, if he may be supposed even to have heard its name. We may infer, however, that it was not yet recognised as the capital of the country; nor in all likelihood was there any particular town that held that rank.

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* *Πλημμύροντός τε αὐτοῦ λιμνάζει, καὶ ῥᾳδίως αὐτὸν διαβάντων (τῶν Βρεττανῶν), ἅτε καὶ τὰ στέριφα τά τε εὔπορα τοῦ χωρίου ἀκριβῶς εἰδότων.*—*Hist. Rom.* lx. 20.

The London of the Britons could only have been what Cæsar, and Strabo after him, have described every British town as being, a collection of huts set down on a dry spot in the midst of the marshes, or in a cleared space within a wood, and encompassed, in addition to these natural protections, by the artificial defences of a mound and a ditch. Within these inclosures, Strabo tells us, the inhabitants were accustomed to stall as many cattle as sufficed for a few months' consumption; and Cæsar relates that, when the town or fastness of Cassivellaunus fell into his hands, he found in it a great number of cattle, which, he intimates, had been brought thither by the people when they came from all parts to take refuge in that chief stronghold. It is probable that most of the cattle, in which we are informed the island abounded, still roamed wild and unappropriated through the woods and pastures—dividing the country with the infinite multitude (*infinita multitudo*) of human beings, by which, as Cæsar notes, it was already peopled. Whether there were any herds regarded as belonging either to individuals, or to the various villages and other communities, does not appear. But the southern Britons, we know, practised agriculture, and wore cloth: that is implied in Cæsar's statement, that the ruder tribes of the interior for the most part sowed no corn, and were dressed only in skins. The country, therefore, was not all woodland and marsh. No doubt, the southern coast presented already, not only many patches of cultivation, but some considerable tracts brought under the plough. As for London, however, we know that at a date many centuries later a vast forest still covered the country all around it only a few miles back from the river, and that a fen or lake of great extent, whence the part of the metropolis now called Finsbury derives its name, lay on the north-east close to the city wall. When it was a British town, it probably occupied only the face and summit of the first natural elevation ascending from the river, stretching from between Billingsgate and the Tower on the one hand to Dowgate on the other, and going back no farther than to the line of the present Lombard Street and Fenchurch Street. The Wall Brook and the Sher Bourne on the west, and the Lang Bourne on the north—though their straggling waters had not yet become known to fame by these, or perhaps by any other names,—and to the east the wide-spread marsh which long after continued to cover the low grounds now occupied by the suburb of Wapping, furnished such natural boundaries as were usually sought for by the founders of these rude settlements. A little to the north of the Lang Bourne, a highway may have passed nearly along the course of Leadenhall Street and Cornhill, prolonging itself along Cheapside, Newgate Street, and Holborn to the west;—Cæsar does not describe his march as if it had been performed through a country without roads;—but immediately beyond this the fen may be supposed to have closed in the town on the one side, and the primeval forest on the other.

The earliest mention of London by any extant writer of antiquity occurs in the pages of Tacitus, who did not compose his 'Annals' till more than a century and a half after the invasion of Britain by Julius Cæsar. The name is not noticed either by Strabo or Pliny the Elder, his predecessors, although both have given us descriptions of the British islands. But it appears from Tacitus that in the year 62, in the reign of the Emperor Nero, London, or *Londinium*, as he calls it, was already a place of great importance;—"not indeed dignified by the name of a colony," is the description of the historian, "but yet of the first distinction for abundance of resident merchants and of traffic with other places;" for such seems to be the true meaning of the expressions used.* Both parts of this statement, it may be remarked, go equally to support the probability of London having been a town of British origin: if it had been founded by the Romans, it would, no doubt, have enjoyed the name of a colony; but in that case it could only as yet have existed some seventeen or eighteen years at the utmost, for there certainly was no Roman colonization of Britain antecedent to the expedition of Claudius, nor probably till some years later; and it is scarcely to be supposed that it could have grown up to the magnitude and eminence it had now attained in so short a time. The facts which Tacitus relates testify still more strongly than his general description to both the populousness of London at this early date, and the consideration in which it was held on every account. When the Britons rose in arms against the Roman domination at the call of the outraged Boadicea, the imperial general Suetonius Paulinus, then engaged at the opposite side of the island in the conquest of the isle of Anglesey, hastened across the country to London, and only abandoned his intention of making the preservation of that town his first object, upon finding that the force he could reckon upon would be insufficient for the protection of a place which was probably as yet without walls.† All he could be prevailed upon to do by the prayers and tears of the inhabitants was to receive such of them as chose into his ranks before marching away. But the women, and the aged, and others also, the historian intimates, detained by the pleasantness of the place *(loci dulcedo)*, staid behind, and were in consequence destroyed by the enemy; for Boadicea, too, appears to have marched direct upon London as upon the centre and chief seat of the Roman power and civilization. In that town, and in the municipium or free town of Verulam, which was also sacked, it is asserted that there perished in this hour of unrelenting vengeance as many as seventy thousand citizens and allies of Rome; the former term being intended to denote the inhabitants of Verulam, the latter those of London. Both from these expressions, and from the whole course of the story, it may be assumed that the people of both these places were now chiefly Romans. Dion Cassius, or rather his epitomist Xiphilinus, without mentioning the name of either, expressly designates them Roman towns.* This writer gives a sickening description of the horrors perpetrated by Boadicea (or, as he calls her, Boundouica) and her infuriated followers. "It was," he says, "a scene of devastation, and spoliation, and butchery not to be uttered. On the miserable people who fell into their hands there is nothing of what is most dreadful and ferocious that they did not inflict. Well-born and beautiful women they hung up naked, and, cutting off their breasts, sewed them upon their mouths, so as that they might be made to seem as if they were eating their own flesh; and after that they ran sharp stakes lengthways through their bodies. All this they did in the midst of sacrifices and festivity and derision, both in their other consecrated places and especially in the grove of Andate—for so they name the goddess Victory, who is one of the chief objects of their worship." The old Druidic fanes, then—probably only rude structures open to the sky, or in some cases merely rounded lawns or glades—the *luci*,† or light places of the thick, dark wood,—were still standing in London or its neighbourhood, although the gods and shrines of a more cultivated superstition had also by this time been introduced into the country; for Tacitus mentions among the buildings which already decorated the recently planted colony of Camalodunum (Colchester or Malden), which was also at this time destroyed, a temple dedicated to Claudius the Divine, and an image of the Roman Victory, which probably adorned another sacred edifice in the same place. Perhaps the grim Andate had her bloody altar on the mount over which now rises the majestic dome of St. Paul's, and which may still have been out of the city, and enveloped in the sacred night of the old forest that howled around it. It is commonly assumed that upon this occasion Boadicea, before she left the place, burned London to the ground; and the soil at a certain depth is still supposed to retain the ashes and other evidences of that conflagration. The appearances discovered on the excavation of a deep trench for a sewer in Lombard Street in 1786 are thus described in a note by Sir John Henniker, printed in the Archæologia:—"The soil is almost uniformly divided into four strata; the uppermost, thirteen feet six inches thick, of factitious earth; the second, two feet thick, of brick, apparently the ruins of buildings; the third, three inches thick, of wood ashes, apparently the remains of a town built of wood and destroyed by fire; the fourth, of Roman pavement, common and tesselated."‡ In making another sewer from Dowgate through Walbrook in 1774, similar appearances were observed; the labourers brought up wood ashes, mixed with soft earth and mud, from a depth twenty-two feet below the present surface.§ A few years ago also, in forming the northern approaches for the new London Bridge, on the site of the Church of St. Michael, Crooked Lane, and in East Cheap, there were found great quantities not only of ashes but of molten green glass, and of the fine red pottery called Samian ware, blackened evidently by the action of an intense fire. Many of the pieces of discoloured pottery were worked into the mortar of a building, the foundations of which stood at the north-east corner of East Cheap, and imbedded in which two coins of the Emperor Claudius were also found.* These vestiges seem certainly to point to some great conflagration as having taken place in this part of the city in the earliest age of the Roman occupation—after some of those buildings had been erected to which the tesselated pavements belonged—but before the erection of many other Roman buildings, the remains of which have been disinterred in modern times—while most of the houses were still of wood,—and while all of them stood upon the lowest level at which any traces of building have yet been found, indeed upon the natural earth. These indications, it must be admitted, all agree sufficiently with the time of Boadicea's revolt, nor is there any other known catastrophe to which they can be referred. Dion Cassius, indeed, at least in the abridged and mutilated transcript of his account which has come down to us, makes no mention of the town being burned; but Tacitus, although he does not expressly assert a general conflagration, enumerates fire as one instrument of devastation that was employed by the barbarians along with the sword, the gibbet, and the cross.

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* Cognomento quidem coloniæ non insigne, sed copia negociatorum et commeatuum maxime celebre.—*Annal.* xiv. 33.

† Tacitus, indeed, states that the barbarians avoided the fortified places and military stations of the province, to attack what would at once afford the richest spoil, and offer the least resistance.—*Ibid.*

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* *Πόλεις τε δύο Ῥωμαϊκὰς.—Hist. Rom.* lxii. 7.

† So called, certainly not *à non lucendo*, as the jokers say, and many etymologists gravely dream, but either from affording free admission to the light of day, or perhaps from a fire or other artificial light which in some cases may have been kept burning on the altar.

‡ Archæologia, vol. viii. p. 132.

§ Gough, in his edition of Camden's 'Britannia,' vol. ii. p. 15, on the authority of an account drawn up by Mr. Rogers and Mr. Colebroke, who, we suppose, may have been the contractors for the sewer.

The rage, the courage, the confidence, the numbers of the insurgents, however, all proved of no avail against the military skill of the masters of the world. A single battle did not so much scatter their mixed and tumultuous array as literally tread it, coagulated into one mass of gore, into the earth. Horribly were the horrors of the sack of London avenged. It was not a battle, indeed, but rather a *battue*—a hewing down and indiscriminate slaughter of every thing that had life—men, women, even the beasts of burthen—crowded into a narrow defile, and there left without power either to resist or to fly, or to do aught but propel one another upon the sword. About four hundred only of the Roman soldiers were killed, and about as many more wounded; of the Britons, eighty thousand are said to have fallen on that day and in that one spot. Their queen and leader, Boadicea, escaped from the field of battle; but, resolved that only her dead body, if even that, should fall into the hands of the victors, the heroine took poison, and so ended her life, now that all else was ended and gone.

The advantages of its situation probably enabled London soon to recover from the desolation to which it was reduced by Boadicea; but the silence of history, for more than two centuries leaves us only ground for concluding that it was fortunate enough during all that time to afford no materials for history as it has been commonly written, going on in a course of even, noiseless prosperity, and sharing no more either in the calamities or the glories of war. Ptolemy, indeed, in his Geography, compiled in the early part of the second century, mentions London (which he calls *Londinion*) among the cities of the Cantii; but it cannot for a moment be inferred, from this unsupported statement, in the face of all probability, that London at that date stood on the south side of the Thames. Ptolemy is supposed to have taken much of his information about the north-western quarter of Europe from Phenician sources; and his geography of Britain has all the appearance of being descriptive of the country before it became known to the Romans, of whose occupation of any part of it he says not a word. At that early period London may, for some reason or other, of which we know and can know nothing, have been accounted a town of the Cantii, even although divided by the river from the rest of their territory; or, what is more likely, a mistake as to such a matter may very easily have been made by Ptolemy, this same part of whose work is not free from much more serious errors. It will hardly, at any rate, be pretended, looking to the mere evidence of remains, that there was no London on the north bank of the Thames when Ptolemy wrote; and yet, unless that also be assumed, the correctness of his account, on the supposition that he really means to place London on the south side of the river, cannot be maintained.

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* Archæologia, vol. xxiv. pp. 192-194; in account by A. J. Kempe, Esq.

The next mention that is made of London is so late as the year 297, when, immediately after the usurper Allectus, the murderer and successor of the more famous Carausius, had himself been overthrown and put to death by the Præfect Asclepiodotus, a body of Franks, who had been in his service, fell upon the town, and had begun to plunder it, when the opportune arrival of a part of the fleet of the Emperor Constantius in the Thames—"which always," remarks Camden, "stood the Londoners a true friend"—made the marauders take to their heels or their horses. And seventy years later there is recorded another deliverance of the place by the great Theodosius, then commanding the forces of the Emperor Valentinian I., from a combination of more ferocious enemies, wild Picts and Scots from the north mixed with Franks and Saxons from the opposite coast, who for nearly a century preceding had infested Roman Britain, till, growing bolder with every successful inroad, they had of late begun to push their incursions to the very heart of the country, and to attack its oldest seats of wealth and civilization. The account given by Ammianus Marcellinus sets forcibly before us the insecure and exposed state to which London itself and its neighbourhood were now reduced, in the old age and rapidly increasing weakness of the far extended empire of which it had formed a part for some three or four centuries. Theodosius, he tells us, having disembarked his forces at Rutupiæ, or Sandwich—still the common landing-place from the Continent, as it had been from the days of Julius Cæsar—immediately set out for London. On his march he met various roving bands of the enemy, laden with the spoils of the unhappy tributaries or provincials, and driving before them strings of human beings bound, as well as herds of cattle. He had no difficulty in putting these small parties, encumbered as they were, to the rout, and forcing them to surrender their booty, which he restored to its owners, after reserving only a small portion as a gratuity for his men, by whose exertions it had been recovered. London is described as having been before his landing reduced to extremities (*mersam difficultatibus*); but the citizens had now recovered their spirits, and their deliverer made his entry into the place amid universal rejoicing, and in a sort of triumphant fashion.* Theodosius seems to have remained for some time in London; and it is stated that before he left the island he restored to their ancient sound and secure condition both the towns and the military strongholds throughout the country, many of which had suffered much injury or dilapidation.† From these expressions it has been conjectured that London was now first surrounded with a wall; but they would rather seem to warrant the supposition that the wall was only now repaired by Theodosius, and that its original construction is probably to be referred to an earlier date. The old tradition is, that it was built by the Emperor Constantine the Great, at the request of his mother Helena, soon after the beginning of this fourth century. Coins of Helena, Camden affirms, had often been found under the wall. The story, in so far as Helena figures in it, is perhaps founded on nothing better than the notion, which is most probably erroneous, that that celebrated lady was a native of Britain; but the date which it would assign to the building of the wall is a probable enough one. It is most likely that London was still without any fortifications when it was fallen upon and partially plundered, apparently without having offered any resistance, by the Frank auxiliaries of Allectus in the year 297; and that very incident might naturally suggest the expediency of furnishing it with a defence against such attacks in future. By this time the predatory descents of the continental pirates had become so incessant and formidable that, notwithstanding the appointment a few years before of a Count of the Saxon Shore with a powerful fleet for the protection of the eastern and southern coasts (Carausius was the first who held that command, to which he was appointed about the year 284), there was no town in any part of Roman Britain that could be considered as any longer secure from attack.

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* Ammianus Marcellinus, xxvii. 8.

† In integrum restituit civitates et castra multiplicibus quidem damnis adflicta. *Am. Marcellin.* xxviii. 3. And again, Instaurabat urbes, et praesidiaria, ut diximus, castra.—*Ibid.*

It would seem to have been soon after its deliverance by Theodosius that London received, or assumed, the name of Augusta—a distinction which was enjoyed, it has been reckoned, by about seventy cities in all throughout the empire, for the most part the capitals of their provinces or districts. Ammianus, in the places to which we have just been referring, describes it as an old town, and appears to intimate that it was called Lundinium at the time of which he speaks, but that when he wrote (which must have been within half a century after) it was designated Augusta.* It may have adopted the latter name, in compliment or flattery to its deliverer and restorer, Theodosius, on his becoming Emperor of the West, in the year 394. However acquired, the title may be held to imply that it was now regarded as a town of the first pretension, and most probably as the capital of Roman Britain. Its metropolitan character may also be inferred from the figure it makes in the Itinerary of Antoninus (about the end of the third century), in which, of fifteen British roads that are given, four begin from London, and three others terminate at that city. Camden, with great probability, considers the famous London Stone, of which a small fragment still remains encased in another stone standing against the south wall of St. Swithin's Church, in Cannon Street, as the central *Milliarium*, or milestone, similar to that in the Forum at Rome, from which the chief British high roads radiated, and the distances on them were reckoned. Watling Street, of which Cannon Street is a part, is supposed by Wren to have been the principal street of Roman London, and it is not unlikely that it may have been a British road before the arrival of the Romans. Extending to the north-west, it may have joined the other great highway, which appears to have run along the line of Cheapside, most probably at the north-east corner of St. Paul's Church-yard, whence it seems to have proceeded over Holborn Bridge (at the northern extremity of the present Farringdon Street) to the west, and perhaps also in another line towards the north, or the north-west—forming the road afterwards called Hermin Street by the Saxons. In the opposite direction, again, it is generally supposed to have passed, under the name of the Vicinal Way—perhaps the same with that called the Ikenild Street—through Aldgate, towards the north-east; and; it may be, also to have sent out a branch due north along the line of the present Bishopsgate. The roads from the south side of the river, of which that from Rutupiæ was the chief, may have been brought to Watling Street and London Stone either over a bridge near where London Bridge still is, or by a ferry a little higher up at Dowgate—supposed to be a corruption of Dwr-gate, that is, the water-gate—opposite to Stoney Street on the Surrey side, the mere name of which would seem to attest it to have been an ancient causeway.* London Stone, it may be observed, stood anciently on the south side of Cannon Street, pitched upright, near the channel or kennel, according to Stow, who adds, that it was "fixed in the ground very deep, fastened with bars of iron, and otherwise so strongly set, that, if carts do run against it through negligence, the wheels be broken, and the stone itself unshaken." Possibly the cart-wheels were made stronger afterwards, the better to stand the perils to which they were thus exposed; for it is pretty evident that the old stone has not always had the best of it in such encounters. It is now reduced, judging from what may be seen of it, to a fragment not a great deal larger than a man's head. Still, even this relic of so ancient and venerable a monument is interesting and precious; and we ought not to omit the name of the worthy citizen to whom we owe its preservation—Mr. Thomas Maiden, of Sherbourn Lane, printer, who, it is said, when St. Swithin's Church was about to undergo a repair in 1798, prevailed on the parish officers to consent that the stone should be placed where it still remains, after it had been doomed to destruction as a nuisance. For before this it stood close to the edge of the kerb-stone on the same side of the street, to which, it seems, it had been removed from its original position on the opposite side, in December 1742. Its foundations were uncovered in the course of the operations that took place after the great fire; and were found to be so extensive, that Wren, who does not appear to have doubted that they were Roman, was inclined to think that they must have supported some more considerable monument than even the central milliarium. "In the adjoining ground to the south, upon digging for altars," we are told in the *Parentalia*, "were discovered some tesselated pavements, and other extensive remains of Roman workmanship and buildings." "Probably," adds the account, "this might in some degree have imitated the *Milliarium Aureum* at Constantinople, which was not in the form of a pillar as at Rome, but an eminent building; for under its roof, according to Cedrenus and Suidas, stood the statues of Constantine and Helena, Trajan, an equestrian statue of Hadrian, a statue of Fortune, and many other figures and decorations." The recorded history of London Stone, we may add, reaches beyond the Conquest. Stow found it mentioned as a land-mark in a list of rents belonging to Christ's Church, in Canterbury, at the end of "a fair-written Gospel-book," given to that foundation by the West Saxon King Athelstane, who reigned from 925 to 941.

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* Egressus, tendensque ad Lundinium vetus oppidum, quod Augustam posteritas appellavit. *Am. Marcel.* xxvii. 8. And again—Ab Augusta profectus, quam veteres appellavere Lundinium.—xxviii. 3.

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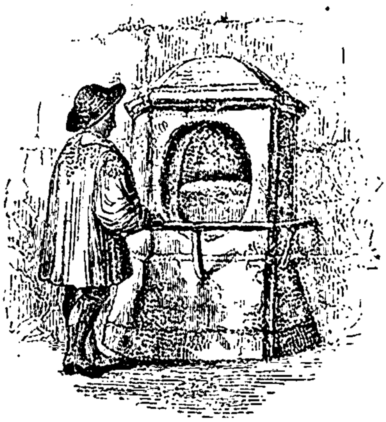
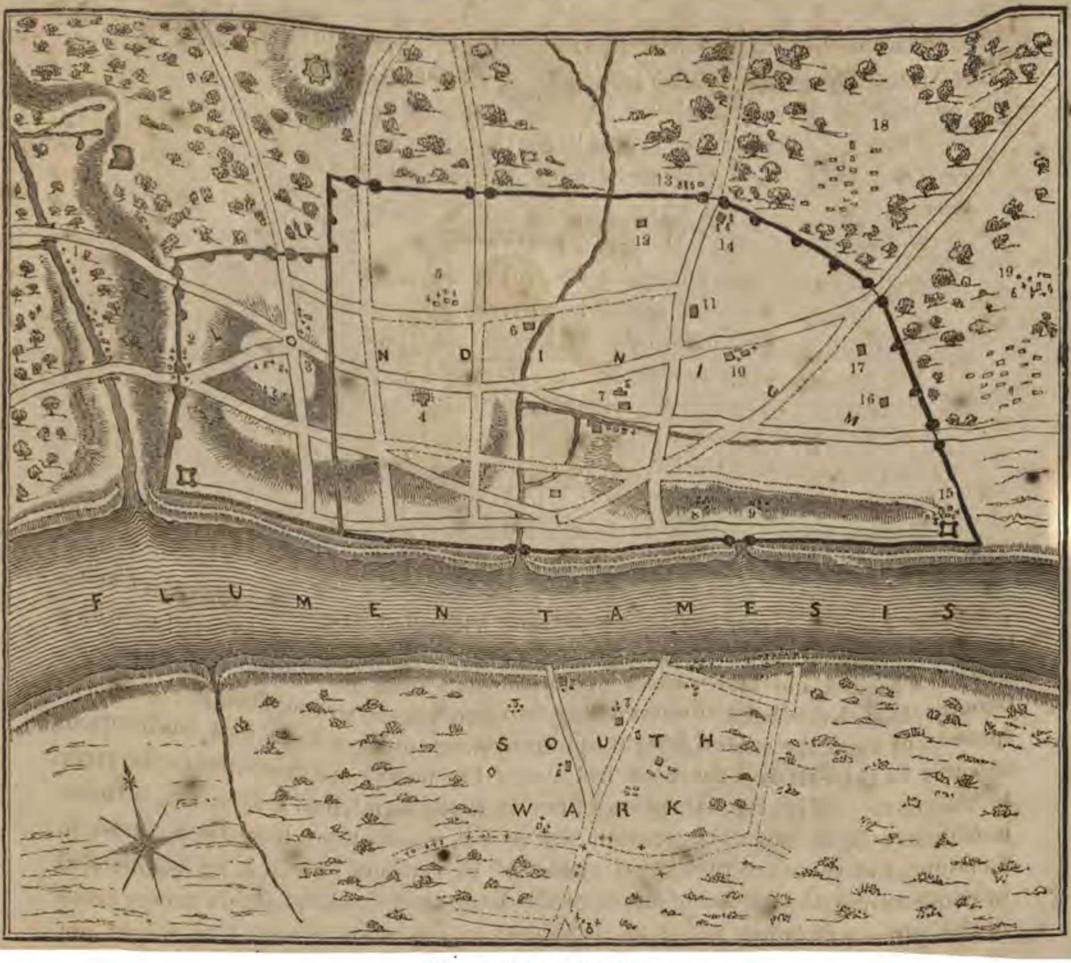
* It will be perceived that these lines do not exactly coincide with those traced on the annexed plan of Roman London. But it would require half-a-dozen plans to exhibit all the conjectures that have been proposed in regard to the courses of the Roman roads in London and its neighbourhood.



[London Stone.]

Roman London in course of time certainly extended over a much greater space than was occupied by the original British town, or even probably by that which Boadicea sacked and laid waste. Appearances which still exist, and numerous remains that have been discovered in modern times, prove that it must have spread out from the central height, which appears to have been first built upon, not only to the east and the west, but also to the north, and even across the river to the south. With the exception of two or three sepulchral stones, which throw hardly any light upon the matter, no ancient inscriptions have been found in London; but there are two great classes of indications by which we are assisted in conjecturing the probable limits of the Roman city; although, in consequence of the various facts not being all referable to the same epoch, they might not always, separately considered, conduct us to precisely the same conclusions.

I. The first evidence we have is that afforded by the situations of the several Roman burial grounds connected with the city, as established by the different collections of sepulchral remains that have been discovered. It was the custom of the Romans, and indeed of most of the other nations of antiquity, to inter their dead always without the city, but at the same time generally in its near neighbourhood. Frequently the cemeteries were immediately without the gates, and were extended for some distance along both sides of the road beyond, as is still to be seen in what is called the Street of Tombs at Pompeii. Stow has given us a very particular account from his own observation of the first discovery that has been recorded of a burial-place belonging to Roman London. It was found, he tells us, about the year 1576, in course of digging for clay in "a large field, of old time, called Lotteswortb, now Spitalfield," on the east side of the churchyard of the dissolved priory of St. Mary Spital, which stood nearly where Christ Church, Spitalfields, is now built, to the east of Bishopsgate Without. Many earthen urns were dug up here, full of ashes and burnt human bones, and each containing a piece of money, the customary classical viaticum. Stow particularly mentions copper coins of Claudius, Nero, Vespasian, Trajan, and Antoninus Pius. "Besides those urns,"



[Plan of Roman London.]

1. Vases, Coins, and Implements found in Fleet Ditch, after the Great Fire.
2. Sepulchral Monument at Ludgate, ditto.
3. Urns, Sepulchral Remains, and Pavement at St. Paul's, ditto.
4. Causeway at Bow Church, ditto.
5. Tiles and Pottery at Guildhall, 1822.
6. Tesselated Pavement in Lothbury, 1805.
7. Buildings, Coins, &c., in Lombard Street and Birchin Lane, 1730, 1774, and 1785.
8. Roman Coins and Tiles at St. Mary-at-Hill, 1787.
9. Pavements and Urns by St. Dunstan's in the East, 1824.
10. Pavement in Long Lane.
11. Tesselated Pavement in Crosby Square.
12. Pavement in Old Broad Street.
13. Cemetery outside Bishopsgate, 1723.
14. Sepulchral Remains inside Bishopsgate, 1707.
15. Coins, Sepulchral Monument, &c., in the Tower, 1777.
16. Tesselated Pavement in Crutched Friars, 1787.
17. Pavement in Northumberland Alley, Fenchurch Street.
18. Cemetery at Spitalfields, 1576.
19. Cemetery and Monument in Goodman's Fields, 1787.

he says, "many other pots were found in the same place, made of a white earth, with long necks and handles, like to our stone jugs: these were empty, but seemed to be buried full of some liquid matter, long since consumed and soaked through." They were probably tear-vessels, or lachrymatories, as they are commonly called. "There were found," Stow adds, "divers vials and other fashioned glasses, some most cunningly wrought, such as I have not seen the like, and some of crystal, all which had water in them, nothing differing in clearness, taste, or savour from common spring water, whatsoever it was at the first. Some of these glasses had oil in them, very thick, and earthly in savour. Some were supposed to have balm in them, but had lost the virtue." Very few of the pots and glasses were taken up whole. Besides the urns, dishes and cups were found, of a fine red-coloured earth, with Roman letters stamped in the bottoms, and outwardly as smooth and shining as if they had been of coral—the fine pottery known by the name of Samian ware. "There were also," continues our antiquary, "lamps of white earth and red, artificially wrought with divers antiques about them; some three or four images, made of white earth, about a span long each of them; one I remember was of Pallas; the rest I have forgotten. I myself have reserved (amongst divers of those antiquities there) one urn with the ashes and bones, and one pot of white earth very small, not exceeding the quantity of a quarter of a wine pint, made in the shape of a hare squatted upon her legs, and between her ears is the mouth of the pot." In the same field were likewise found some stone coffins, with bones in them—the remains probably of Britons or Saxons, and also some skulls and skeletons without coffins, or rather, as Stow conjectures, whose coffins, having been of timber, were consumed. The coffins appeared to have been hollowed out of great trees, and to have been fastened by iron nails, many of which were lying about—"such as are used in the wheels of shod carts, being each of them as big as a man's finger, and a quarter of a yard long, the heads two inches over." Stow found under the heads of some of them "the old wood, scant turned into earth, but still retaining both the grain and proper colour"—so that there could be no doubt as to what purpose they had served. The ground broken up on this occasion, however, appears to have been only a small portion of an immense field of the dead which had extended all along the north-eastern quarter of ancient London, from Wapping Marsh to the great fen or lake beyond Moorfields. In 1707, in taking down some old houses at the west end of Camomile Street, close to Bishopsgate, were found, first, about four feet below the surface, a tesselated pavement—then, under that, two feet of rubbish—and, lastly, a stratum of clay, in which, at the depth of about a couple of feet, were several urns of Roman pottery, all containing ashes and burnt bones. There were also found a lachrymatory of blue glass, and a variety of other articles; but only one piece of money is mentioned by Dr. Woodward in his account, a coin of Antoninus Pius.* All this was inside the wall, which may be therefore conjectured to have included at this place an extension of the original city, and also, from the coin of Antoninus, to have been erected, at the latest, after the middle of the second century. Indeed, it is evident, from the tesselated pavement and the débris found over the urns, that this burying ground had come to be built upon in a later age of the Roman occupation. Some skeletons and bones which had not been subjected to the action of fire were also found—the indications of the Christian mode of interment, which is believed to have become common before the end of the second century, and which we are told by Macrobius had almost entirely superseded the burning of the dead by the end of the fourth. In 1725 and 1726, in Bishopsgate churchyard, on the other side of Bishopsgate, and outside the city wall, were found more urns, and also a vault, containing two skeletons, erected with Roman bricks, and a grave constructed with the largest description of Roman tiles, together with a coin of Antoninus Pius.† This, we believe, is the farthest point westward to which the cemetery has yet been traced. But to the south-east of Spitalfields various Roman sepulchral remains have been from time to time brought to light. In 1787, especially, great numbers of urns and lachrymatories were dug up about seven feet below the surface in Goodman's Fields and the adjoining space called the Tenter Ground, to the east of the Minories. There was also found a small monumental stone, with an inscription declaring it to have been erected by his wife to a soldier of the Sixth Legion. Another similar stone, inscribed to a soldier of the Twenty-fourth Legion, was found in 1776 in a burial-ground near the lower end of Whitechapel Lane.* These monuments probably marked the burial-places of soldiers who had belonged to the garrison of the fort which stood on the site of the Tower, where a third tombstone was found in 1777, at the same depth with some ancient foundations, resting on the natural earth, along with an ingot of silver, above ten ounces in weight, from the mint of Honorius, the last Roman emperor whose dominion was acknowledged in Britain, and three gold coins, one of Honorius, the two others of his brother Arcadius, Emperor of the East.† Even so far to the east as at the Sun Tavern Fields in the north-east part of Shadwell, urns and other vestiges of a Roman cemetery were found in the beginning of the seventeenth century: in one of the urns was a coin of the Emperor Pupienus (otherwise called Maximus), who was slain, along with his colleague Balbinus, in A.D. 238. Among other relics, two coffins were found here in 1615 by Sir Robert Cotton; "one whereof," says our authority, "being of stone, contained the bones of a man; and the other of lead, beautifully embellished with scollop-shells and a crotister border, contained those of a woman, at whose head and feet were placed two urns of the height of three feet each; and at the sides divers beautiful red earthen bottles, with a number of lachrymatories of hexagon and octagon forms; and on each side of the inhumed bones were deposited two ivory sceptres of the length of eighteen inches each; and upon the breast the figure of a small Cupid, curiously wrought; as were likewise two pieces of jet, resembling nails, of the length of three inches."‡ Sir Robert conceived, from these costly decorations and accompaniments, that the tomb must have been that of the consort of some prince or Roman prætor. In the opposite direction again, some urns are said to have been found in 1824, under a tesselated pavement so far within the line of the old city wall as the church of St. Dunstan's in the East, immediately to the north of Billingsgate. At one time, therefore, it may be presumed, Roman London did not extend to the eastward—or possibly towards the river—beyond that point. Nor probably did it at first include either any part of Ludgate Street, behind the north side of which, where Ludgate church now stands, Wren found the monument of the soldier of the Second Legion, still in the Arundelian collection; or even what is now St. Paul's Churchyard, the north-eastern part of which, as we have already seen, was undoubtedly also a burial-ground in the time of the Romans.§ But no indications of sepulture, we believe, have ever been found between this locality and Billingsgate in the one direction, or between the river and the immediate vicinity of Bishopsgate and London Wall in the other. The space marked out by these limits, therefore, may for the present be reasonably supposed to have been all included within the city from the earliest date, or at least from the time when the ground was first cleared, or reclaimed from the fens.

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* Remarks upon the Ancient and Present State of London, occasioned by some Roman Urns, Coins, and other Antiquities, lately discovered. Third Edit. 8vo. Lon. 1723. The publication consists of a Letter to Sir Christopher Wren, dated the 23rd of June, 1707, followed by another to Thomas Hearne, dated the 30th of November, 1711.

† Gough's Camden (Edit. of 1806), ii. 93.

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* Malcolm's Londinium Redivivum, iv. 450-1.

† Archæologia, v. 291.

‡ Weaver, Funeral Monuments.

§ See our Third Number—'Paul's Cross.'

And it may be remarked, that even the northern portion of this inclosure has, especially within the last few years, in the course of the extensive renovations and improvements in St. Martin's-le-grand, in Moorfields, and in the neighbourhood of Bishopsgate Street, been pretty extensively dug into and explored. On the opposite side of the Thames, the evidences of Roman interment commence in the neighbourhood of the line of road called Snow's Fields and Union Street, running from east to west, at the distance of about a quarter of a mile from the river, and have been detected as far south as the Dissenters' Burial Ground in Deveril Street, New Dover Road, on the south-west of Kent Street.* We may hence conjecture the extent of the small suburb which probably began to grow up here from a very early date around the bridge, or ferry, and the root of the great roads branching out to the southern and south-eastern coasts.

II. Secondly, we have the course of the old City Wall to guide us, in as far as it can still be ascertained. The earliest writer who mentions the wall of London is Fitzstephen, towards the close of the twelfth century, who describes it as then both high and thick, having seven double gates, and many towers or turrets on the north side placed at proper distances. The seven gates are supposed by Maitland to have been Ludgate, Newgate, Aldersgate, Cripplegate, Bishopsgate, Aldgate, and the Postern gate near the Tower. At the east end of the city was what Fitzstephen calls the Palatine Tower; and on the west were two well-fortified castles, which are understood to have been Baynard's Castle and the Castle of Montfichet. "London," he adds, "once had its walls and towers in like manner on the south; but that vast river, the Thames, which abounds with fish, enjoys the benefit of tides, and washes the city on this side, hath in a long tract of time totally subverted and carried away the walls in this part."† The original walls of London, as we have said, have always been, in the popular tradition, and by our old chroniclers, accounted a work of the Roman time; but their claim to that venerable antiquity was first established in the beginning of the last century by Dr. Woodward, one of the Professors of Gresham College, who had an opportunity of examining them from the foundation on occasion of the old houses being pulled down, as already mentioned, in Camomile Street at the end next to Bishopsgate, in April, 1707. He found the foundation of the wall at this place to lie eight feet below the surface; and to the height of nearly ten feet it appeared clearly to be of Roman construction. "It was compiled," he tells us, "alternately of layers of broad flat bricks and of rag-stone. The bricks lay in double ranges; and, each brick being but one inch and three-tenths in thickness, the whole layer, with the mortar interposed, exceeded not three inches. The layers of stone were not quite two feet thick of our measure; it is probable they were intended for two of the Roman, their rule being somewhat shorter than ours. In this part of the wall," he adds, "it was very observable that the mortar was (as usually in the Roman work) so very firm and hard, that the stone itself as easily broke and gave way as that." The wall up to this height was nine feet in thickness. Measuring some of the bricks very exactly, Woodward found them to be seventeen inches and four-tenths long, and eleven inches and six-tenths broad, of our measure; which, he observes, would be as nearly as

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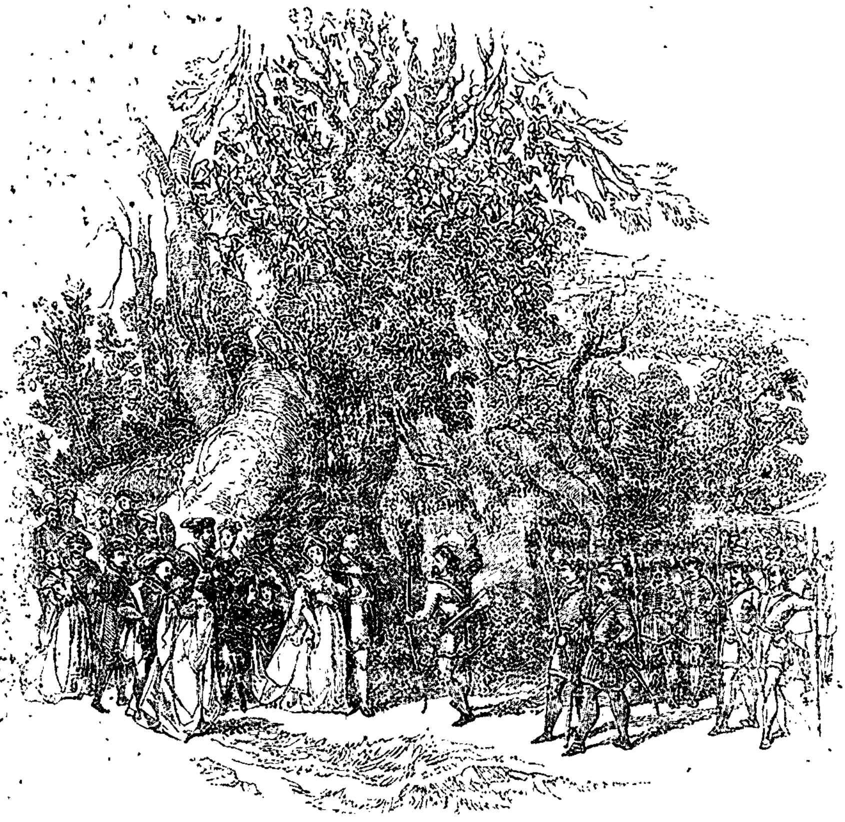
* See Archæologia, xxvi. 466, and xxvii. 412. Gent. Mag., 1814, and *ann. seq.*

† Pegge's translation, 1772.



[Henry VIII. Maying at Shooter's Hill.]

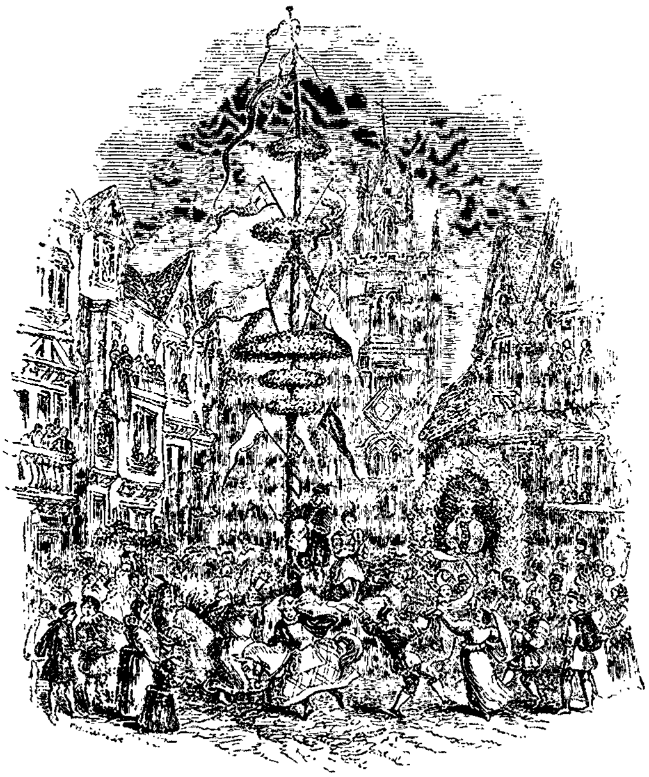
X.—THE OLD SPRING-TIME IN LONDON.

There was an interesting remnant of the habits and feelings of our ancestors, existing down to nearly the close of the last century, when we find it recorded that on the first of May, "according to annual and *superstitious* custom, a number of persons went into the fields and bathed their faces with the dew of the grass, under the idea that it would render them beautiful." And were they very far wrong? We suspect that, if the enlightened writer and the "superstitious" persons had stood side by side to test the value of the custom, the latter would have had much the best of the argument. Their glowing cheeks and animated features, kissed by the young May herself in token of her approbation of such loving votaries, would certainly have put to shame his pale countenance yet heavy with sleep. Pepys, about a century and a quarter earlier, knew better than to call so beautiful a custom by so unworthy a name. He writes in his diary one day, "My wife away: down with Jane and W. Hewer to Woolwich, in order to a little air, and to lie there to-night, and so to gather May-dew to-morrow morning, which

Mrs. Turner has taught her is the only thing in the world to wash her face with." He emphatically adds, "*I am contented with it.*" No doubt. Excellent Mrs. Turner! would there were many such teachers now! What matters it whether the dew, as was said, or the freshness and beauty of the time and season, and the exhilaration of spirits consequent upon their enjoyment in the society of the young and light-hearted,—as was doubtless thought by the chief promoters of such recreations,—was the real cause? The result was obtained, and it was left to wiser posterity to refuse "to be contented with it;" to exhibit that partial, and, considered with reference to itself only, that most unfortunate advance in philosophy, which too often pulls down without building up, and which is so very busy in the matter of human improvement, that it has not a moment to spare for human happiness. A glimpse of better things is, however, we hope, dawning; and as it has been said, in connection with literature, that no great work remains long neglected, let us hope that the statement will prove at least partially true with that greatest of practical poems—an old May-day.

The eve of May-day in London during the reign of Henry VIII. presented an animated scene. The citizens of all classes then met together in every parish, and sometimes two or three parishes were joined in the celebration. They then divided into companies, and repaired to the neighbouring woods and groves, some to Highgate or Hampstead, some to Greenwich, some to Shooter's Hill. There the night was spent in cutting down green boughs and branches, in preparing the May-pole, and in a variety of sports and pastimes. In the earlier part of his reign the King himself made a point of joining in these "Mayings," and with as keen a relish as any of his subjects. The picturesque old chronicler, Hall, seems to have taken a particular pleasure in recording all those occasions which exhibited the more genial part of the royal disposition. In the second year of the reign he writes, "The King and the Queen, accompanied with many lords and ladies, rode to the high ground of Shooter's Hill to take the open air, and as they passed by the way they espied a company of tall yeomen, clothed all in green, with green hoods and bows and arrows, to the number of two hundred. Then one of them, which called himself Robin Hood, came to the King, desiring him to see his men shoot, and the King was content. Then he whistled, and all the two hundred archers shot and loosed at once; and then he whistled again, and they likewise shot again; their arrows whistled by craft of the head, so that the noise was strange and great, and much pleased the King, the Queen, and all the company. All these archers were of the King's guard, and had thus appareled themselves to make solace to the King. Then Robin Hood desired the King and Queen to come into the green wood, and to see how the outlaws live. The King demanded of the Queen and her ladies if they durst adventure to go into the wood with so many outlaws. Then the Queen said, if it pleased him she was content. Then the horns blew till they came to the wood under Shooter's Hill, and there was an arbour made with boughs, with a hall, and a great chamber and an inner chamber, very well made, and covered with flowers and sweet herbs, which the King much praised. Then said Robin Hood, Sir, outlaws' breakfast is venison, and therefore you must be content with such fare as we use. Then the King departed and his company, and Robin Hood and his men them conducted; and as they were returning there met with them two ladies in a rich chariot drawn with five horses, and every horse had his name on his head, and on every horse sat a lady with her name written. On the first courser, called Cawde, sate Humidite, or Humide; on the second courser, called Memeon, rode Lady Vert; on the third, called Pheaton, sate Lady Vegetave; on the fourth, called Rimphon, sate Lady Pleasance; on the fifth, called Lampace, sate Sweet Odour; and in the chair sate the Lady May, accompanied with Lady Flora, richly appareled; and they saluted the King with diverse goodly songs, and so brought him to Greenwich."*

The crowds of people who had witnessed this spectacle, " to their great solace and comfort," now returned to their own shares in the important business of the day. Let us follow one of these companies. First, they adorned the May-pole with flowers and foliage from one end to the other, the pole itself being previously painted with the most brilliantly variegated colours. Forty yoke of oxen were now attached to it, this May-pole being of unusual length; and each ox having a sweet nosegay of flowers tied to the tips of his horns. Men, women, and children, all dressed in their gayest habiliments, and laden with green boughs, completed



[May-pole before St. Andrew Undershaft.]

the procession, which now set forth towards the place where the pole was to be elevated. As they passed through the streets of London, they found

"Each street a park,
Made green, and trimm'd with trees;"

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* Hall's Chronicle, p. 582.

the church porches decorated

> "With hawthorn-buds, and sweet eglantine,
> And garlands of roses:"

they heard music sounding from every quarter, and here and there they beheld in their way some May-pole, preserved from the last year, already elevated, and a wide circle of beaming faces dancing round it. They looked, and hurried on to the place of their destination. The church of St. Andrew the Apostle was called St. Andrew *Undershaft*, from the circumstance that from time immemorial a May-pole or shaft had been set up there which towered considerably *above* it. Long streamers or flags were now attached to the pole, which was then finally reared to its proper position amidst the lusty cheers of the multitudes gathered round. Summer-halls, bowers, and arbours were now formed near it; the Lord and Lady of the May were chosen, and decorated with scarfs, ribbons, and other braveries; and then the dances, feastings, and merriment of the day fairly began. When "envious night" approached, and the bonfires were about to be lighted, the Lady of the May, with her attendant female satellites, withdrew; not, however, till she had called for "the merry youngsters, one by one," and given

> "To this, a garland interwove with roses;
> To that, a carved hook, or well-wrought scrip;
> Gracing another with her cherry lip."*

This was probably the last of the many splendid scenes which Cornhill witnessed in connection with its famous May-pole, for the next May-day was that emphatically branded as "Evil May-day," from the nature of the occurrence which signalised it. About this time it appears "a great heart-burning and malicious grudge grew amongst the Englishmen of the City of London against strangers; and namely, the artificers found themselves much aggrieved because such number of strangers were permitted to resort hither with their wares, and to exercise handicrafts, to the great hinderance and impoverishing of the King's liege people."† These feelings were fostered by one John Lincoln, a broker, and Dr. Bell, a canon, who openly preached against the strangers. The latter were consequently insulted, and some of them beaten in the streets; but upon their seeking the protection of the Lord Mayor, several of the most malignant of their assailants were sent to prison. "Then suddenly," says Stow, "rose a secret rumour, and no man could tell how it began, that, on May-day next following, the City would slay all the aliens; insomuch that divers strangers fled out of the City." The rumour reached the ears of the King's council on May-day eve, and the attention of the Mayor and his brethren being immediately called to the circumstance, an assembly was held at the earliest possible hour to devise such measures of precaution as might appear necessary. The famous Sir Thomas More took an active part in these proceedings; which resulted in an order, delivered by each alderman personally to his ward, that no man after nine should stir out of the house, but keep his doors shut and his servants within until nine o'clock in the morning. Probably these precautions would have sufficed, but for the want of prudence in one of the aldermen, who, returning from his ward just after the proclamation had been made, and finding two young men playing at bucklers in Cheap, with many others looking on, commanded them to leave off. One of them asked, why? Upon which the alderman would have sent him to the Compter; but that formidable body, the 'prentices of London, was at this time in full vigour: the cry of 'Prentices! 'Prentices! Clubs! Clubs! resounded through the street, and the alderman found safety only in flight. The mischief was now set on foot. The throng of excited people was swelled from all quarters; serving-men, watermen, and even courtiers, left their houses to join in the fray. The prisoners before mentioned were soon released. At St. Martin's Gate Sir Thomas More met them, and earnestly and kindly exhorted them to go to their respective homes. But at this moment the people within St. Martin's threw out stones and bats, and, among several others, hurt one Nicholas Dennis, a sergeant-at-arms, who cried in a fury, "Down with them!" The doors and windows of the neighbouring houses were forced instantly, and the insides completely gutted. After that they ran into Cornhill, in the neighbourhood of which dwelt a Frenchman, with whom various other foreigners lodged. This man's house they likewise spoiled. Others went to different parts, broke open the strangers' houses, and committed similar excesses. Thus they were engaged till about three in the morning, when they began to withdraw. But the Mayor was on the watch, and at once captured and sent to the Tower and other places of confinement three hundred of their number, including women, and lads not above thirteen or fourteen years old. They were tried in the Guildhall on the 4th, and on the 7th John Lincoln and some twelve others were brought forth for execution. When the former had suffered, a respite arrived for the others. For what followed we must borrow the graphic pen of Hall, who most probably witnessed the scene he describes:—

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* Browne's Pastorals.

† Stow, b. i. p. 253.

"Thursday, the 22nd day of May, the King came into Westminster Hall, for whom at the upper end was set a cloth of estate, and the place hanged with arras: with him went the Cardinal, the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk, &c. * * * The Mayor and aldermen were there, in their best livery, by nine of the clock. Then the King commanded that all the prisoners should be brought forth. Then came in the poor younglings and old false knaves, bound in ropes, all along, one after another, in their shirts, and every one a halter about his neck, to the number of four hundred men and eleven women. And when all were come before the King's presence, the Cardinal rose, laid to the Mayor and commonalty their negligence, and to the prisoners he declared they had deserved death for their offence. Then all the prisoners together cried, Mercy, gracious lord, mercy! Then the lords all together besought his Grace of mercy, at whose request the King pardoned them all. And then the Cardinal gave unto them a good exhortation, to the great gladness of the hearers. And when the general pardon was pronounced, all the prisoners shouted at once, and all together cast up their halters into the hall roof, so that the King might perceive they were none of the discreetest sort."* Not the least interesting feature of this scene is the conduct of the rioters not apprehended. These sly fellows, keeping among the crowd without till they heard how matters were going, "suddenly stripped them into their shirts, with halters," and with penitent faces took their places among the other offenders just in time to hear the pardon pronounced. The device succeeded, and some who would certainly have otherwise been dealt with hardly, as leaders in the affair, escaped. Thus ended for the present Evil May-day. But the real punishment of the people for this outbreak was the deprivation of their popular sports which they experienced when the 1st of May came round again. The great shaft of St. Andrew's lay for years unused over the doors and below the penthouses of the street. In the third year of the ensuing reign, probably in consequence of some rumours as to its restoration, a fanatic clergyman preached against it at St. Paul's Cross. "I heard his sermon," says Stow, "and I saw the effect that followed. For in the afternoon of that present Sunday the neighbours and tenants * * * over whose doors the shaft had lain, after they had dined to make themselves strong, gathered more help, and with great labour raising the shaft from the hooks whereon it had rested two-and-thirty years, they sawed it in pieces, every man taking for his share so much as had lain over his door and stall. * * * Thus was this *idol,* as he, poor man, termed it, mangled, and after burned." Gradually, we presume, the May-poles resumed their former ascendancy, for in 1644 the Parliamentarians ordered that "all and singular May-poles be taken down." When Charles II. ascended the throne, the famous May-pole of the Strand was restored with great pomp and rejoicing, amidst multitudes of people, whose shouts and acclamations were heard from time to time through the whole day. When this pole had ceased to be any longer the centre of the merry May-day circles, and the interest with which it was originally regarded had faded away, it was given to Sir Isaac Newton, and by his directions removed to Wanstead to support the then largest telescope in the world.

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* Hall, p. 591.

Whilst the May-day games in the early part of Henry's reign existed in all their splendour and popularity, archery also, after a long period of continual decline, suddenly revived. What the edicts of successive monarchs, from the time of the great national victories of Cressy, Agincourt, Poitiers, down almost to the accession of Henry,—now compelling every one to furnish himself with the necessary implements, now prohibiting all other sports, &c.—failed to do, was at once accomplished by the publication, through the novel agency of the press, of the ballads and traditionary stories that told of the great outlaw of Sherwood. Henceforward he and his Maid Marian generally formed companion figures in the May-day dances, and archery again became popular. The King, himself an admirable bowman, encouraged this noble amusement by every means in his power. He founded the establishment of archers, under the title of the Fraternity of St. George, who were authorized to "exercise shooting at all manner of marks and butts, and at the game of the popinjay, and other games, as at fowl and fowls, as well in the City as suburbs, and in all other places." There was a remarkable passage in the charter, to the effect that, in case any one slew another by an arrow shot in these sports, he was not to be sued or apprehended if he had immediately before he shot used the warning cry,—Fast! Scenes like that described in Hall's account of another of the King's Maying excursions must have also wonderfully popularized the revival of the use of the national weapon. On this occasion, "his Grace, being young, and not willing to be idle, rose in the morning very early to fetch May or green boughs, himself fresh and richly appareled, and clothed all his knights, squires, and gentlemen in white satin, and all his guard and yeomen of the crown in white sarcenet. And so went every man with his bow and arrows shooting to the wood, and so repaired again to the court, every man with a green bough in his cap; and at his returning, many hearing of his going a-Maying were desirous to see him shoot; for at that time his Grace shot as strong and as great a length as any of his guard. There came to his Grace a certain man with bow and arrows, and desired his Grace to take the muster of him and to see him shoot. For (as) at that time his Grace was contented, the man put his one foot in his bosom, and so did shoot, and shot a very good shot, and well towards his mark; whereof not only his Grace, but all other, greatly marvelled. So the King gave him a reward for his so doing, which person afterwards of the people and of them in the court was called Foot in Bosom." *

An incident of a somewhat similar nature led to more important results. Whilst keeping his court at Windsor, Henry caused various matches to be made, in which many of the principal archers of the day were engaged. When these had all shot, and some so well that nothing better could have been possibly anticipated, the King noticed one Barlow, a member of his body-guard, who had yet to shoot. "Win them," cried he, "and thou shalt be Duke over all archers." Barlow did "win them," by surpassing the best of the previous shots; and the gratified King, having commended him for his skill, on learning that he resided in Shoreditch, named him Duke of that place. The dukedom was, it appears, hereditary, and an annual show preserved the memory of the event. So late as 1583 we find this show kept up with extraordinary magnificence. On the 17th of September of that year "the citizens set forth at their great charge a shooting-match with much state, the Duke of Shoreditch and all his nobility and officers marching through the City of London to the shooting-place. And first he gave a summons to all his Marquises, Earls, and Barons, with all their trains of archery in and about the City of London, to be in readiness to accompany him into the field, every one with a long bow and four shafts, on the aforesaid day, to meet him in Smithfield. And so they did. The Duke with his company set forth from Merchant Tailors' Hall. There repaired unto him all those that were appointed for conducting of his person to the place of meeting, as true Barons, and a multitude of good archers in their habits, under his own ensign. Who, with sound of trumpet, drums, and other instruments, passed along Broad Street (where the Duke dwelt), through Moorfields, to Finsbury, and from thence to Smithfield. There was also the Marquis Barlo (who presented to his nobleness a wedge of gold, whilst a page flung abroad from a box glistering spangles), and the Marquis of Clerkenwell, with hunters, who wound their horns; and the Earl of Pancridge, and the Marquis of Islington, and the Marquis of Hogsden, and the Marquis of Shakelwell, and other such nobility, with all their trains, making a surprising show. For they marched in very great pomp, oddly habited, through several places and chief streets of London. The number of archers that now shot were three thousand. The number of them that accompanied the archers as whifflers and those that guarded them with bills was four thousand, besides pages and henchmen. Their attire was very gorgeous, a great many wearing chains of

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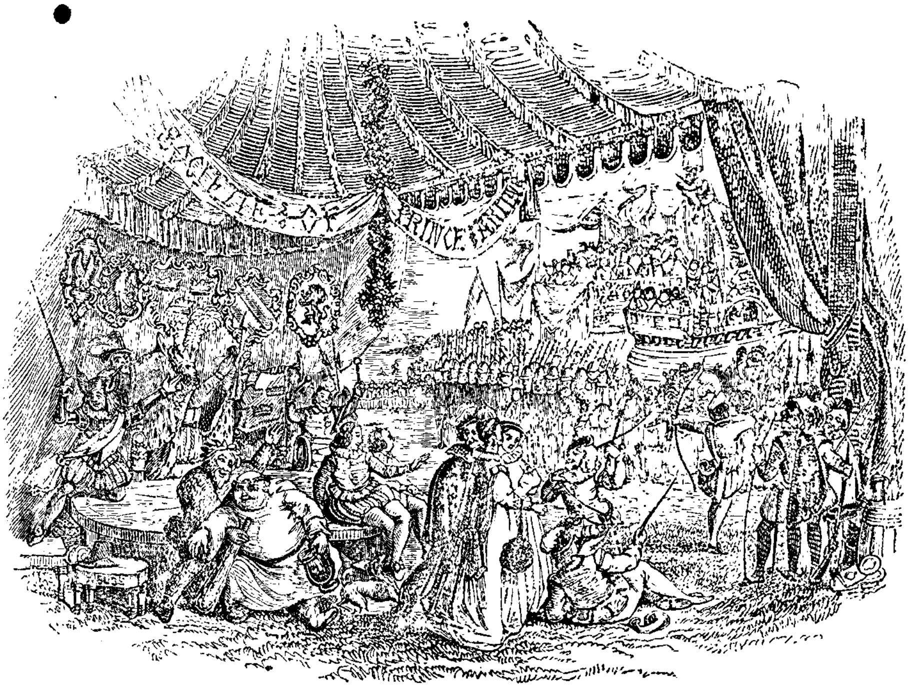
* Hall, p. 515.

gold; the number of these chains were nine hundred and forty-two." The Duke of Shoreditch was not the only member of the aristocracy of archers in London formally recognised by the King. There was a Prince Arthur, at the head of another band, who held their meetings at Mile End. Coming one day to see their performances, the King was so pleased that he took them under his direct patronage, and confirmed by charter their "famous order of Knights of Prince Arthur's Round Table, or Society:" and from that time, whenever he saw a "good archer indeed," he chose him, and ordained such a one for a knight of the same order. It is satisfactory to find that these contemporary, and in some respects rival potentates, and their descendants, were on exceedingly good terms. On one of Prince Arthur's field-days, held in the same year as the Duke of Shoreditch's pageant just described, and with scarcely less magnificence, a deputation from the Duke presented a buck of the season to the Prince, then in his tent at Mile End, to regale him and his illustrious knights after the toils of the day.



[Arthur's Show.]

This was the golden age of archery as an amusement; but it was almost as brief as it was brilliant. As the introduction of gunpowder had already excluded the bow from the field, so now the growth of the City absorbed one after another all the places available for its pursuit as a pastime. Even in Hall and Henry VIII.'s time the system had begun of raising a hedge here, widening a ditch there, in the common fields around, but it was not as yet destined to be successful.

"Before this time the towns about London, as Islington, Hoxton, Shoreditch, and others, had so enclosed the common fields with hedges and ditches, that neither the young men of the City might shoot, nor the ancient persons might walk for their pleasure in the fields, except either their bows and arrows were broken or taken away, or the honest and substantial persons arrested or indicted, saying that no Londoners should go out of the City but in the highways. This saying sore grieved the Londoners, and suddenly this year a great number of the City assembled themselves in a morning, and a turner in a fool's coat came crying through the city, Shovels and spades! and so many people followed, that it was wonder; and within a short space all the hedges about the towns were cast down, and the ditches filled and everything made plain, the workmen were so diligent. The King's Council, hearing of this assembly, came to the Grey Friars and sent for the Mayor and Council of the City to know the cause, which declared to them the nuisance done to the citizens, and their commodities and liberties taken from them. * * * And so after the fields were never hedged."[*] The Chronicler's "never" applied to scarce half a century. "What should I speak of the ancient daily exercises in the long bow by citizens of the City," exclaims Stow in 1598, "now almost clearly left off and forsaken? I overpass it. For, by the means of closing in of common grounds, our archers, for want of room to shoot abroad, creep into bowling-alleys, and ordinary dicing-houses, near home." A few years later James I. issued a commission to "view and survey on such grounds next adjoining to the City of London and the suburbs within two miles' compass, and the same to reduce in such order and state for the archers as they were in the beginning of the reign of Henry VIII., and to cause the banks, ditches, and quicksets to be made plain and reformed." At this period and for some time previous the great archery-grounds of London were Finsbury Fields. These extended from the open country down to the very wall of the City itself, where stood Moor Gate. The only buildings beyond Moor Gate were those scattered along a kind of avenue, then occupied by bowyers, fletchers, and stringers, but since known to fame as Grub Street, and more recently as Milton Street. Beyond Grub Street the broad meadows were dotted in every direction with the archers' marks, which were pillars of stone or wood supporting a target, the whole being crowned by a representation of a flying bird, a serpent, or a swan, according to the fancy of the individuals by whom they were generally erected. There were no less than one hundred and sixty-four of these marks in 1594, each being distinguished by a name, most commonly of a fanciful kind, exhibiting a strange partiality for alliteration. One was called Daye's Deed, another Dunstan's Darling; others respectively, Pakes his Pillar, Partridge his Primrose. Some more than ordinarily skilful shot doubtless was often the immediate cause of the erection of a pillar. The shortest distance from one mark to another was nine score yards, the greatest nineteen! By 1737 the marks had been reduced to twenty-one only, and the archers had degenerated almost in the same proportion; the greatest distance being now only thirteen, and the least about three score yards. Compare this with the state of things in the reign of Henry VIII., when no man was allowed to shoot at a mark less distant than eleven score yards; or with the almost miraculous shots mentioned in our old ballads, when a slender hazel rod was set up to be shot at four hundred yards distant! This degeneracy afforded a fair mark to another kind of archers—the satirists, with whom Finsbury Fields and their visiters became a continual theme of amusement. One of them writes—

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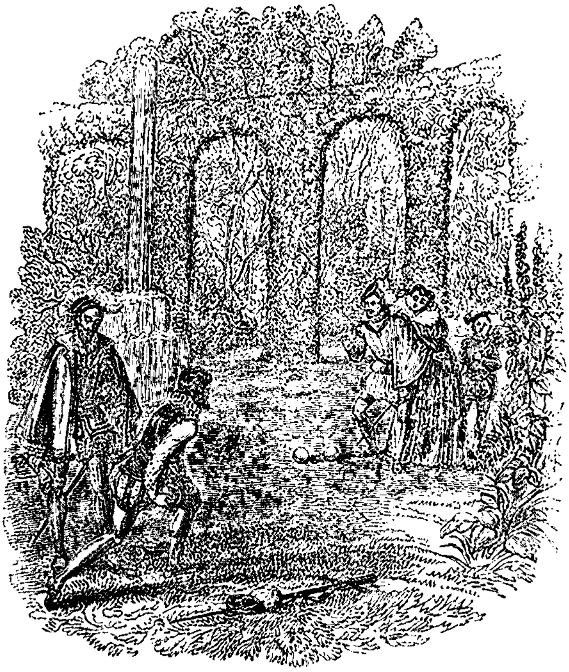
[*] Hall, p. 568.

"Now lean Attorney, that his cheese
Ne'er par'd, nor verses took for fees;
And aged Proctor, that controls
The feats of punck in court of Paul's;
Do each with solemn oath agree
To meet in Fields of Finsbury:
With loins in canvass bow-case tyed,
Where arrows stick with mickle pride;
With hats pinn'd up, and bow in hand,
All day most fiercely there they stand,
Like ghosts of Adam Bell and Clymme:
Sol sets for fear they'll shoot at him."*

The combination of the wits and their old and untiring enemies, the builders, was too much for the Finsbury archers. Charles I. issued a commission similar to that of his father; but still the work of innovation went on. The archers then once more took the matter in their own hands, and made visits every now and then to level hedges, fill up ditches, and replace marks; but at last they grew tired even of that method. The year 1786 saw the last effort of the kind they made.

The bowling-alleys, to which Stow says the archers were driven, were by no means a novelty in England, although from this period more attention was paid to the game. Stow gives elsewhere a striking proof of the justness of his complaint concerning bowling-alleys and dicing-houses. He says that Northumberland House, in Fenchurch Street, being deserted by its noble owners, the Percy family,



[Bowling-alley.]

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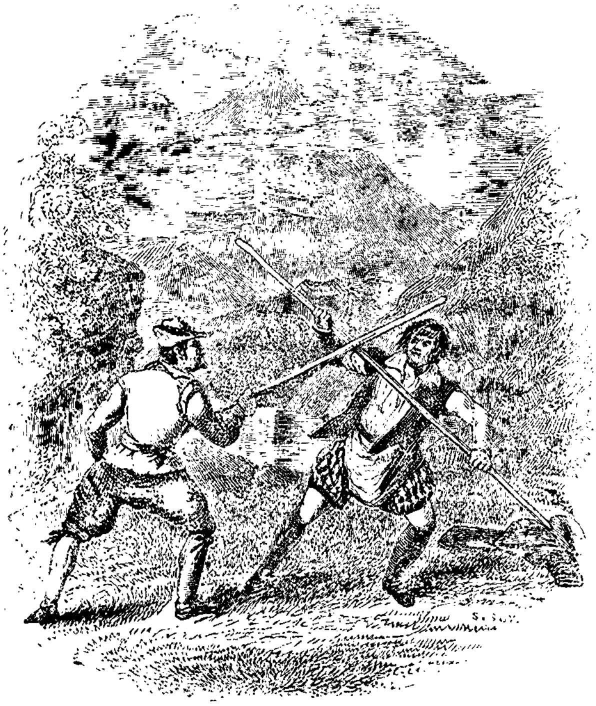
* D'Avenant's Long Vacation. Works, 1673, p. 289.

in the reign of Henry VII., the gardens were converted into bowling-alleys, and the other parts of the estate into dicing-houses. In the following century the bowling-greens of London were the admiration of all foreigners.

Among the other sports contemporaneous with the May-games, and no doubt generally introduced into them, the principal next to archery were quarter-staff, wrestling, and the different varieties of sports with the ball. Mixed with them were the grosser excitements of cock-fighting and bull and bear baiting. All these old English sports remained in the sixteenth century pretty much in the same state as when they were noticed by Fitz-Stephen in the twelfth. Before we say anything of these, however, we must mention an amusement which more than any of them carries us back to the poetical freshness of those olden times. Fitz-Stephen speaks of the youths using their bucklers like fighting-men, and the maidens "dancing and tripping till moonlight;" but Stow gives us the entire picture. "The youths of this city also have used on holidays after evening prayer, at their masters' doors, to exercise their wasters and bucklers; and the maidens, one of them playing on a timbrel in sight of their masters and dames, to dance for garlands hanged athwart the streets."

Stow had a painter's eye and a poet's feeling; let us add, also, that later moralists might have taken home some of his lessons with advantage. Continuing the same subject, he says, "which open pastimes in my youth, being now sup-



[Quarter-staff.]

pressed, worser practices within doors are to be feared." A sport practised till very recently at our country fairs was for many centuries a great favourite. We allude to the manly game of quarter-staff, so often mentioned in the Robin Hood ballads as one of the chief instruments, next to the bow, with which the mighty archer exhibited his versatile prowess; although it is curious enough, by the bye, to notice how often he was beat at it, whilst engaged in enlisting recruits for Sherwood. This truly formidable weapon, which appears to have belonged almost exclusively to our own country, was firmly grasped in the middle by one hand, whilst the other shifted to and fro towards either extremity, according as the one or the other was to be brought suddenly down upon the exposed head or shoulders of the unfortunate antagonist. The great characteristic of the quarter-staff was its large compass both for attack and defence; with a turn of the wrist a wide circle was described, through which it was difficult to enter, but from which it was easy to strike when the slightest inattention of eye or hand invited the blow.

Next to archery, wrestling appears to have engaged the especial favour of the civic authorities. On the feast of St. Bartholomew the Apostle the Lord Mayor went out into the precincts of the City, most probably into Finsbury Fields, with his sceptre, sword, and cap borne before him, and followed by the aldermen in scarlet gowns with golden chains, himself and they all on horseback. A tent being pitched for their reception, the people began to wrestle before them, two at a time. After all was over, a parcel of live rabbits was turned loose among the crowd for their especial amusement. It is a curious study to trace through the old records the existence of what we may call the parochial feeling, which arrayed on these great public festivals the players of one parish or district against another, and to see the ludicrous disputes to which it often led. But sometimes the jealousy assumed a deeper cast, and presented scenes belonging rather to a tragedy than a farce. Stow has preserved the memory of one of these scenes, which is too interesting in itself, as well as too characteristic of the times, to be omitted here. "In 1222, on St. James's-day, the citizens kept games of defence and wrestlings near to the hospital of Matilda, at St. Giles in the Fields, where they challenged and had the mastery of the men in the suburbs, and other commoners. The bailiff of Westminster, devising to be revenged, proclaimed a game to be at Westminster upon Lammas-day; whereunto the citizens willingly repaired. When they had played awhile, the bailiff with the men of the suburbs harnessed themselves treacherously, and fell to such fighting that the citizens (being sore wounded) were forced to run into the city, where they rung the common bell, and assembled the citizens in great numbers. When the matter was declared, every man wished to revenge the fact; but the Lord Mayor of the City, being a wise and quiet man, willed them first to move the Abbot of Westminster in the matter, and if he would promise to see amends made it was sufficient. But a certain citizen, named Constantine Fitz-Arnulit, willed that all the houses of the abbot and bailiff should be pulled down. Which desperate words were no sooner spoken, but the common people (as unadvisedly) issued forth of the City without any order, and fought a cruel battle, Constantine pulling down divers houses; and the people (as praising Constantine) cried '*The Joy of the Mountain,* *the Joy of the Mountain;* God help, and the *Lord Lodowike!*' The abbot, coming to London to complain, hardly escaped with life through the back door of the house where he was. Ultimately, Hubert de Burgh, with a great army of men, came to the Tower, obtained possession of Constantine, whom he hung with two others, and so put an end to the wrestling fray."

The writer who has left us so interesting though brief a description of London in the twelfth century, Fitz-Stephen, says, with reference to the very ancient game of foot-ball,—" After dinner, all the youth of the City goeth to play at the ball in the fields; the scholars of every study have their balls. The practisers also of all the trades have every one their ball in their hands. The ancienter sort, the fathers, and the wealthy citizens, come on horseback to see their youngsters contending at their sport, with whom in a manner they participate by motion; stirring their own natural heat in the view of the active youth, with whose mirth and liberty they seem to communicate." Five centuries later we find the same game played in the Strand.*

Every one will remember the famous passage in Shakspere concerning tennis-balls, where, the Dauphin of France having, in reply to Henry V.'s demand of the sovereignty of France, sent a present of tennis-balls, Henry quietly remarked, " When we have matched our rackets to these balls, we will in France, by God's grace, play a set shall strike his father's crown into the hazard." These are almost the words of the old chroniclers; and this is the first historical English notice of the game, which we find to have been subsequently much favoured by the court from the time of Prince Henry (the son of James I.) to Charles II., who was so ardent a player, that on one occasion, having caused himself to be weighed before and after, he found he had lost during the game four pounds and a half. Charles was also a great patronizer of the game of pall-mall, which consisted in striking a ball through a hoop suspended from a pole. The place where he generally pursued this sport still bears its name—the *Mall* in St. James's Park. With all their vices, and they were neither light nor few, Charles and his courtiers were certainly free from any touch of effeminacy. Their sinews relaxed not in the siren's lap. Rochester himself performed some of the most extraordinary feats in swimming ever witnessed; and two other courtiers one day for a wager, in the presence of Charles, ran down a stout buck in St. James's Park, and held him fast prisoner. It is a pity that the " merry monarch " did not confine his patronage to such innocent sports alone. Bull and bear baiting, and cock-fighting, put down by Cromwell and the Puritans (who went to the very fountain-head of the practical part of the evil by killing all the bears), now again broke forth in all their enormity. Indeed, one still more infamous feature was added—the baiting of a horse. Evelyn was present at one of these exhibitions, when the horse beat off every assailant, and was at last, to gratify the revolting appetites of the spectators, stabbed with knives. One need scarcely wonder, however, that the English character remained so long debased by these brutalities, when we find from Fitz-Stephen that children were positively trained in the twelfth century to the enjoyment of cock-fighting. He says, " Yearly at Shrovetide the boys of every school bring fighting-cocks to their masters, and all the forenoon is spent at school to see those cocks fight together."

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* See 'Clean your Honour's Shoes,' p. 21.

With the close of the seventeenth century may be said to have also departed the old popular sports of England. The May-day amusements had then entirely disappeared, unless we may consider as exceptions the "superstitious" bathers in the dew before mentioned, the milk-maids who danced some time longer with their pails hung round with wreaths of flowers, or the sweeps in all their dusky splendour, who continue dancing still. People now, instead of hurrying forth at sun-rise to Greenwich and Shooter's Hill, repaired at a more fashionable hour to the velvet lawns and shady avenues of Spring Gardens, or went at sun-set to Ranelagh and Vauxhall, to enjoy their music, fire-works, and water-works, their wonderful mechanism, their extraordinary cascades, and their trees with thousands of lamps glowing as resplendently as Aladdin's famous fruit in the cave. The archers' meetings had then given place to shooting-matches, of the kind described in an advertisement of the period: "A stall-fed fat deer to be shot for at the Greyhound in Islington, on Wednesday in Whitsun week, for half a crown a man; forty men to shoot." Then bowls, which had usurped the place of archery in the popular estimation, saw itself in course of being thrust aside by skittles. The ball games had merged into cricket, which was then played by the 'prentices in the porches of Covent Garden. This excellent sport, now the only generally popular one we possess, has one feature deserving especial notice; we allude to that social admixture of all classes, from the nobleman to the ploughman, sometimes exhibited in the array of players of the different clubs, even in places like Hampstead Heath, but much more commonly in the rural districts of England. Lastly, it was about this period that quarter-staff and wrestling changed into single-stick and prize-fights. The principal weapons at this latter amusement were broad-sword, and sword and dagger; and the combatants were persons who engaged in it as a regular trade, supporting themselves by the subscription purses which occasionally rewarded their exertion, and by the more regular fees paid for admission. Many of these men rambled about the country like so many knights-errant, seeking adventures, and making the quiet little country villages resound again with their boasting challenges. Here is a picture of a prize-fight in London:—Seats filled and crowded by two, drums beat, dogs yelp, butchers and foot-soldiers clatter their sticks; at last the two heroes, in their fine-bosomed holland shirts, mount the stage about three; cut large collops out of one another to divert the mob, and make work for the surgeons; smoking, swearing, drinking, thrusting, justling, elbowing, sweating, kicking, cuffing, all the while the company stays. In the early part of the eighteenth century, Figg, the immortalized of Hogarth, who had previously taught the use of the single-stick and small-sword, began to give lessons in boxing, which soon became the great popular amusement of the people of London. It was encouraged by the magistrates, with the idea of its tending to produce a general manliness of character; and patronised by the great on account of its affording a new opportunity of gratifying their taste for gambling. The Duke of Cumberland, the hero of Culloden, lost some thousands of pounds by the defeat of Broughton, one of the chief pugilists of the day. The challenges of these gentry were, at this time, regularly published in the daily prints; and a few striking specimens of their flowery eloquence and modesty might be culled from those sources. The following is but a mild specimen:—"Whereas I, William Willis, commonly called by the name of the fighting Quaker, have fought Mr. Smallwood about twelve months since, and held him the tightest to it, and bruised and battered more than any one he ever encountered, though I had the ill fortune to be beat by an accidental fall; the said Smallwood, flushed with the success blind Fortune then gave him, and the weak attempts of a few vain Irishmen and boys, that have of late fought him for a minute or two, makes him think himself unconquerable; to convince him of the falsity of which I invite him to fight me for one hundred pounds, at the time and place above mentioned, when I doubt not I shall prove the truth of what I have asserted by pegs, darts, hard blows, falls, and cross-buttocks." "Blind Fortune" still refused to open her eyes. The fighting Quaker was again vanquished. We have dwelt somewhat upon this subject not merely because it so long and deeply interested the people of London, but also because of the contrast it presents to the delightful amusements of the same people two centuries earlier. Happily it no longer attracts its thousands of spectators. The pickpockets, whether on or off the stages of these disgusting exhibitions, seek elsewhere, rather than in the pleasant meadows of the counties around London, for a profitable sphere of exertion. Pugilism is gone, bull and bear baiting are gone, cock-fighting is gone. We have then nothing to undo, however much there may be to do in the way of establishing sports worthy of the epithet National. The first step *from* the popular sports was the shutting up and building over the old places fitted for their exercise; may not the last *to* them be the re-opening of new ones? A general desire now exists among all classes for open public places and walks, and some individuals have nobly distinguished themselves by providing them. Lord Holland gave the public one place near Ampthill but two or three years since; Mr. Strutt another, still more recently, at Derby; and it is said the Duke of Norfolk has announced his intention of following their example at Sheffield. In London, the Regent's Park has been for some time partially thrown open. An entirely new park is also about to be formed for the East of London; and lastly, Primrose-hill has been already purchased, and rendered the property of the people for ever. From walking in these places to playing in them (at certain times and under certain regulations of course) will be no very difficult transition. Would there be less delight or more evil in seeing the countless thousands of our hard-working population flocking into the Regent's or Hyde Park to play at cricket, to run, or to leap, than, as at present, to skate? or in making holidays depend upon a less precarious authority than the weather? The feeling which chokes up our bridge-ways with eager faces, till they overflow the very parapets, to look at a boat-race, requires but a fair opportunity of development to produce an incalculable amount of innocent enjoyment. Let that opportunity be afforded, and we do not despair of seeing "Merry England" more than ever deserve that name; or that the time shall come when every man will, as of old, "walk into the sweet meadows and green woods, there to rejoice his spirits with the beauty and savour of sweet flowers, and with the noise of birds, praising God in their kind,"* on each May-day; or when London shall again present some such refreshing glimpses of a happy population as that here shown. The modes in which a spirit of enjoyment develops itself are, of course, transitory; but the spirit itself, when once awakened, is permanent, and creates for itself modes adapted to the character of an age. What the working population have been accustomed to waste in gross excitements would buy them many holidays of innocent, and manly, and tasteful pleasures.

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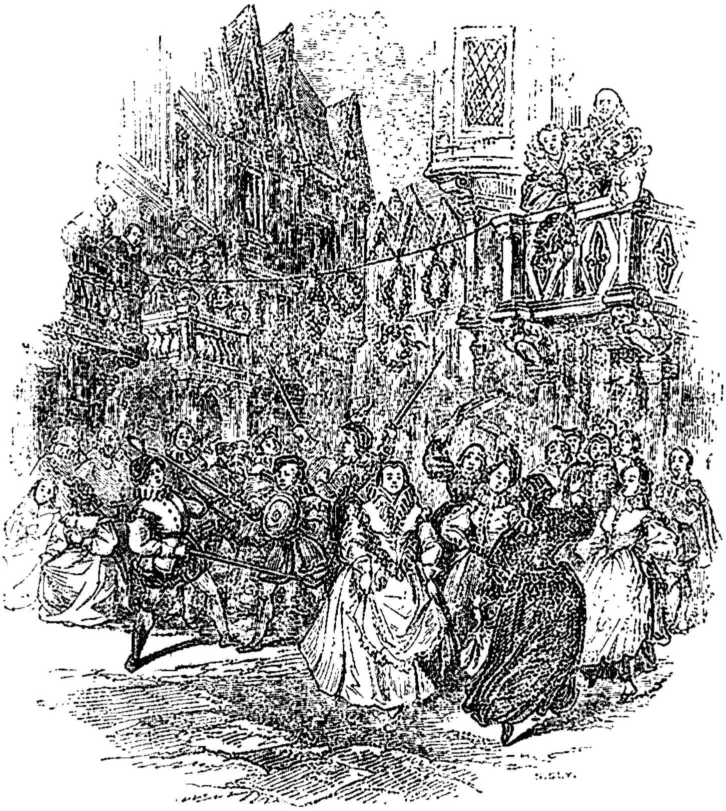
* Stow.



[Playing at Bucklers—Maids dancing for Garlands.]

possible a foot in breadth by a foot and a half in length—the very dimensions assigned by Pliny to the brick in common use among his countrymen*—if, with Graevius, we receive the foot-rule on the monument of Cossutius in the Colotian Gardens at Rome as the true measure of the Roman foot. The exact thickness of each brick was one inch and three-tenths of our measure. From this height of about ten feet the original wall had been demolished, and the rest of the structure, ascending to the height of eight or nine feet more, though of the same thickness, was evidently a comparatively recent work. We will add Woodward's account, however, of this upper part of the wall also, because it gives a tolerably correct idea of the appearance presented by the few fragments of the ancient fortification that are still standing, although nothing now remains either so entire as the part he examined, or displaying perhaps quite so much regularity of structure. Having premised that the lower Roman building had been levelled at top, and brought to a plane, in order to the raising this new work upon it, he proceeds with his description of the latter as follows:—"The outside, or that towards the suburbs, was faced with a coarse sort of stone, not compiled with any great care or skill, nor disposed into a regular method; but on the inside there appeared more marks of workmanship and art. At the bottom were five layers composed of squares of flint and of freestone; though they were not so in all parts, yet in some the squares were near equal, about five inches diameter, and ranged in a quincunx order. Over these were a layer of brick, then of hewn free-stone, and so alternately brick and stone to the top. There were of the bricks in all six layers, each consisting only of a double course, except that which lay above all, in which there were four courses of bricks where the layer was entire. These bricks were of the shape of those now in use, but much larger, being near eleven inches in length, five in breadth, and somewhat above two and a half in thickness. Of the stone there were five layers, and each of equal thickness in all parts for its whole length. The highest and lowest of these were somewhat above a foot in thickness; the three middle layers each five inches; so that the whole height of this additional work was near nine feet. As to the interior parts, or the main bulk of the wall, it was made up of pieces of rubble-stone, with a few bricks of the same sort as those used in the inner facing of the wall, laid uncertainly, as they happened to come to hand, and not in any stated method. There was not one of the broad, thin Roman bricks mentioned above in all this part; nor was the mortar near so hard as in that below."† Upon the work last described was raised a wall wholly of brick, except that the battlements with which it terminated were topped with copings of stone: it was two feet four inches in thickness, and somewhat above eight feet in height; the bricks of which it was built being of the same shape and size with those of the part underneath. The entire wall from the foundation, therefore, was about twenty-seven feet in height, of which about nineteen feet was still above ground. Of the towers of which Fitzstephen speaks, the remains of fifteen, according to Maitland, were still to be seen in his day; and of these several appear to have been of Roman construction. One which had been pointed out by Woodward on the west side of Houndsditch, nearly opposite to Gravel Lane, six and twenty feet in height, though it continued to be inhabited, was sorely decayed and rent in divers parts from top to bottom; another, the credit of the discovery of which Maitland claims to himself, about eighty paces farther to the south-east towards Aldgate, twenty-one feet high, was still in 1753 perfectly sound. Both were composed of stone, with layers of Roman bricks; the latter, according to Maitland, being in *his* tower as sound as if but newly laid, while the stones in most parts were "become a sacrifice to devouring time." South from Aldgate also, at the lower end of a street called the Vineyard, behind the Minories, was the basis of a third Roman tower about eight feet in height, with a new building of three stories raised upon it: from an inscription on the wall, the old superstructure appeared to have fallen in 1651. Woodward speaks of a considerable extent of the lowest range, or Roman part of the wall, as existing in the Vineyard in his time. "It is composed," he says, "of stone, with layers of brick interposed, after the Roman manner, and is the most considerable remain of Roman workmanship yet extant in any part of England that I know of, being twenty-six feet in height." * The most extensive portion of the upper wall left standing at this date was on both sides of Moorgate; and a great part of that remained till the demolition of old Bethlehem in 1818.

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* Didoron, quo utimur, longum sesquipede, latum pede.—*Nat. Hist.* xxxv. 49. Instead of *didoron*, Harduin reads *Lydion*.

† Letter to Wren, pp. 20, &c.

Even at the present day, after a quarter of a century into which there has probably been crowded as much of demolition, reconstruction, and transformation of all kinds, within the limits of old London, as had taken place in all the preceding interval, of six times the length, from the rebuilding of the city after the great fire, an expedition of discovery round the little civic world which the wall once girded in will not, to a vigilant antiquarian eye, be wholly unproductive. Setting out from Tower-hill, we have still, as when Maitland wrote, where stood the old Postern-gate at the south-eastern termination of the wall, in what is now called Postern Row, a few posts set across the footpath to mark the spot, which is opposite to about the middle of the north line of the Tower ditch. The wall went anciently close up to the Tower, but in the beginning of the reign of Richard I. his famous Chancellor, Bishop Longchamp, pulled down three hundred feet of it, in order to enlarge the Tower, and to encompass it with this ditch or moat, "intending," says Stow, "to have derived the river of Thames, with her tides, to have flowed about it, which would not be." The operation, however, loosened the foundation of the south side of the Postern-gate, so that two hundred and fifty years after, in the reign of Henry VI., it fell down altogether, and was never after rebuilt by the citizens. "Such," continues the good old antiquary, "was their negligence then, which hath been some trouble to their successors, since they suffered a weak and wooden building to be then made, inhabited by persons of lewd life, often by inquest of Portsoken Ward presented, but not reformed." Tower Hill Stow describes as having been at this place "greatly straitened by encroachments, unlawfully made and suffered, for gardens and houses," some on the bank of the lower ditch, others near to the city wall "from the Postern north till over against the principal foregate of the Lord Lumley's house;"† and in this way, probably, arose the barrel-shaped collection of tenements crossing the line of the wall and fronting the Tower, formed by Postern Row, and the other street called George

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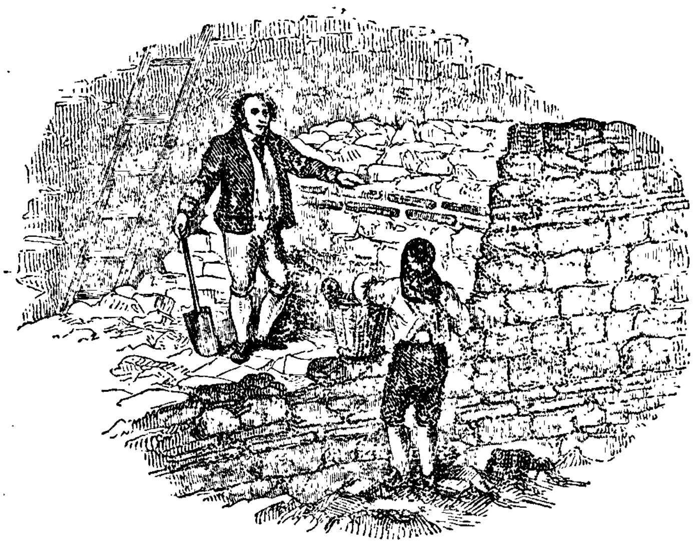
* Letter to Hearne, 1711, p. 48.

† Lord Lumley's house, built in the time of Henry VIII. by Sir Thomas Wyatt the Elder, stood next to Milbourne's Almshouses, in Cooper's Row, which appears to have been formerly called Woodrof Lane.

Street at its back. But at an opening on the north side of George Street the old wall is still to be seen, forming the boundary between a vacant piece of ground into which the opening looks and a court to the east of it, to which there is an entry from Trinity Square. This fragment of the wall, the direction of which is nearly from south to north, is perhaps about forty feet long, and appears to be upwards of twenty-five feet in height. The outside, at least as seen from the court, where it can be most easily examined, is formed of squared stone, the courses of which at the southern extremity are pretty regularly laid; towards the other extremity they are more irregular. Here also, where a brick gable of a house has been built into it, the interior of the wall is visible, and seems to consist of unhewn stones, smaller than those with which it is faced, imbedded in mortar. There is no trace of anything Roman above-ground here. But a considerably longer and also a more perfect fragment of the wall is to be found in a line with this a little farther to the north, forming the back wall of the extensive hemp warehouse of Mr. Atkinson, which is entered from the west through a court leading from the foot of Cooper's Row, or very near the north-east angle of Trinity Square. The outside of Mr. Atkinson's premises may be seen from the Mews Lane entering from America Circus; and the remnant of the city wall here fronts the backs of the houses of America Crescent. On this, its exterior side, it presents an even surface from the base to the summit; but on the interior it recedes as it rises from the ground, and is terminated on the second floor of the warehouse by a parapet about breast high. In Mr. Atkinson's first floor a number of arched recesses have been formed in the wall, but whether when it was built or afterwards may be doubted: the masonry about them has a very patched and inartificial appearance. Near the base of the wall are some courses of flat bricks, such as Woodward saw in the first ten feet of the portion he examined at Bishopsgate; and this would therefore seem to be the lower range of the old Roman structure, still sound and serviceable, after having stood probably fifteen hundred years.

But a still more curious fragment of the Roman foundation was disinterred only a few weeks ago, a little farther to the north, in the course of the operations now in progress for the extension of the Blackwall Railway. Beneath a range of houses which have been in part demolished, in a court entering from the east side of Cooper's Row, nearly opposite to Milbourne's Almshouses, and behind the south-west corner of America Square, the workmen, having penetrated to the natural earth—a hard, dry, sandy gravel—came upon a wall seven feet and a half thick, running in the direction of the two portions already described, that is to say, a very little to the west of north, or parallel to the line of the Minories; which, by the resistance it offered, was at once conjectured to be of Roman masonry. When we saw it, it had been laid bare on both sides to the height of about six or seven feet, and there was an opportunity of examining its construction, both on the surface and in the interior. The principal part of it consisted of five courses of squared stones, regularly laid, with two layers of flat bricks below them, and two similar layers above—the latter at least carried all the way through the wall—as represented in the subjoined drawing. The mortar, which appeared to be extremely hard, had a few pebbles mixed up with it; and here and there were interstices or air-cells, as if it had not been spread, but poured in among the stones. The stones were a granulated limestone, such as might have been obtained from the chalk quarries at Greenhithe or Northfleet. The bricks, which were evidently Roman, and, as far as the eye could judge, corresponded in size as well as in shape with those described by Woodward, had as fine a grain as common pottery, and varied in colour from a bright red to a palish yellow. A slight circular or oval mark—in some cases forming a double ring—appeared on one side of each of them, which had been impressed when the clay was in a soft state. It is to be hoped that the City authorities, or the Society of Antiquaries, have taken care to secure complete drawings of this interesting fragment of antiquity during its short restoration to the light of day—only to be in part destroyed, in part covered up and hidden more impenetrably than ever, by the same busy spirit of speculation and improvement by which it was for a moment revealed.



[Part of the Roman Wall of London recently excavated behind the Minories.]

From this point up to Aldgate High Street, and thence, in a north-westerly direction, behind the south side of Houndsditch, or between that street and Duke Street, Bevis Marks, and Camomile Street, the line of the wall can now only be traced by a slight elevation of the surface, which is generally more or less discernible where it had stood, and where no doubt its foundation for the most part still exists under the modern buildings that have been raised upon the same site. It was at the west end of Camomile Street that Woodward, in the beginning of the last century, examined the portion of the wall then laid bare from the foundation, and about to be demolished. Here stood Bishop's-gate, at the point where the street called Bishopsgate Within is still divided from Bishopsgate Without. Hence the wall was carried in a westerly direction, with a slight deflection to the north, between Bishopsgate Churchyard and Wormwood Street. We are informed that it was reached in Wormwood Street a few years ago, in digging for the foundation of the St. Ethelburga Charity Schools. From the end of this street it proceeded in the same direction along the north side of the street still called London Wall; and here a few fragments of it still remain above-ground. One small portion extends westward from the church of All

Hallows on the Wall, which is built upon it. A little farther on, opposite to the entry to Sion College, another fragment may be seen over a brick wall, which screens it in the greater part from the street. And still farther to the west the old wall still forms the southern boundary of the court-yard of the White Horse Inn, and the back of the premises of Messrs. Deacon and Co., canal-carriers. But one of the most interesting remnants on the whole line is that to be found in Cripplegate Churchyard, part of the southern boundary of which, dividing it from the continuation of London Wall called Hart Street, is still formed by the old city wall, which here terminates its course to the westward with a circular inclosure, in very good preservation, the basis, no doubt, of one of the towers by which it was formerly adorned and strengthened, and the only one of which any traces are now to be found. Access to the inside of the inclosure may be obtained through the entry to the Clothworkers' Almshouses at the end of Hart Street. From this point the line of the wall turns to the south, and a portion of it extending in that direction also remains, dividing the churchyard from the houses in Mugwell Street, nearly parallel to which it had continued its course, passing by the back of Barbers' Hall, the front of which is in Mugwell Street, and then descending rather more than half way down the back of Noble Street, when it turned again to the west, and was carried across Aldersgate, and behind the houses forming the north side of Bull and Mouth Street, where another small part of it may be still seen dividing the houses from the extensive churchyard of St. Botolph's, Aldersgate. From the west end of Bull and Mouth Street it deflected a little towards the south-west, passing behind Christ's Hospital, till it arrived within a short distance of Giltspur Street, and there, turning again to the south, struck down upon Newgate Street, which it crossed a little to the east of its present termination at the Old Bailey. From Newgate Street it proceeded southward in a line parallel to the Old Bailey, behind which one or two small fragments of it are still standing. One, forming part of the back wall of the premises of Messrs. Elston and Co., builders, has an arched cavity hollowed out of it, at the height of about fifteen feet from the ground, exactly resembling those in Mr. Atkinson's warehouse; but, as the latter have been formed in the inner and this in the outer side of the wall, it would rather seem that neither had made part of its original construction. Lud-gate stood at the present point of division between Ludgate Hill and Ludgate Street, immediately to the west of St. Martin's church, or directly in front of the London Coffee House. From this point, or rather from a spot a few yards farther to the south, the wall again turned to the west, with a slight inclination southward, passing behind the south side of Ludgate Hill,—where a small fragment of it is still to be seen forming part of the wall of a butcher's shop in what is now called St. Martin's Court,—till it abutted upon the bank of the Fleet River, which it then accompanied to the Thames.

But it is matter of historical record that a portion of the space thus encompassed was taken into the city at a comparatively recent date. Till the year 1276 the wall proceeded in one straight line from Newgate to the river, as we learn from Matthew Paris, who informs us that the part of it to the south of Ludgate was then pulled down, with the permission of the city, by Robert Kilwarby, Archbishop of Canterbury, to make way for his foundation of a house for the Preaching or Black Friars; upon which Edward I. commanded the city to build a new wall running west from Ludgate to the Fleet, and thence southward to the Thames, so as to enclose the entire precinct of the Black Friars, whose convent here, by the bye, is stated to have been erected on the site and with the stones of the old castle of Montfichet. But as this has not been the last addition made to the city—which has since been extended as far to the westward as Temple Bar—so in all probability it was not the first. The western boundary of Roman London appears to be indicated by the point at which the old wall first deflected from its course to the westward, and by the new direction which it then assumed. There can be little doubt that it proceeded originally in one unbroken line from the angle at Cripplegate Churchyard to the Thames. If a line so drawn would not include the entire city as then existing, there would seem to be no reason why the turn should have been made at the particular point and in the direction actually chosen. If any space beyond such a line was to be taken in, either the wall, we may suppose, would have been carried farther to the west before a change was made in its direction at all, or much more of a westerly inclination would have been given to its new course. If we suppose the Roman wall to have followed the direction it took on first turning round to the south at Cripplegate Churchyard, it would pass to the east of St. Paul's Churchyard, and would leave without the city, in conformity with the Roman custom, the ancient cemetery there. Probably it was a part of the foundation of this original wall which was discovered in sinking a shaft a few years ago opposite Paternoster Row, "where," we are told, "at about eighteen feet deep the operations were checked by a stone wall of intense hardness, running in a direction towards the centre of St. Paul's, and which cost the labourers three or four days to cut through."*

It is not improbable, however, that, even during the Roman occupation, the extension of the city towards the west may have led to an alteration of part of the original line of the wall in that quarter, and to the carrying of it in the direction of Aldersgate, Newgate, and Ludgate, even by such a sharp turn as it made at Noble Street. All that we contend for is, that that is not likely to have been the course in which it proceeded when the portion of it from Cripplegate churchyard to the sudden break off behind Noble Street was first designed and erected. In other directions, as well as in this, there is good ground for inferring that what was at one time considered as country, and without the circuit of the city, was built upon by the Romans in a later age. Sepulchral remains have been found, as we have seen, within at least the more recent line of the wall, not only in St. Paul's Churchyard, but also at Bishopsgate on the north side of the city, and at St. Dunstan's in the East towards its southern or eastern boundary. But it is remarkable that in each of these instances the urns and other evidences of sepulture were found under pavements; thus showing that, although the place had once been a cemetery, it had afterwards come to be built upon. No doubt even the space that was completely covered with houses, and that would therefore naturally be accounted an integral part of the city, must have gradually spread itself out over the country on all sides in the course of the three or four centuries during which London, under the Roman dominion, was, we have every reason to believe, a flourishing town, growing in population, as well as in wealth and general commercial and political importance. And no doubt, also, there were many buildings, villas of opulent merchants and others, scattered over the neighbouring country, along the great roads and up and down among the pleasant fields, that at no time were considered as making part of the city, although some of them might be very near to it, nor were ever included within any artificial circumvallation. Beyond what we have considered to be the most probable line of the original enclosure of Roman London, tesselated pavements or other sure marks of habitation have been discovered not only between St. Paul's and Ludgate—at the London Coffee House and in Creed Lane—but so far to the west as St. Andrew's Hill, in Holborn, to which point nobody has ever supposed that the city wall extended. Nay, for that matter, the clear vestiges of Roman dwelling-houses have been found not only in the adjacent suburban district of Southwark, but here and there along that bank of the river as far east as Deptford. But the evidences of continued building and a compact population are confined to the locality still forming the heart of the city, and to the limits we have assigned to the walled London of the Romans. Almost every excavation that is made to a sufficient depth within these limits brings us among their long-buried relics—to the very streets on which they walked, or the floors of the houses in which they lived. The general level of Roman London ranges from above fifteen to seventeen feet under the present surface,* thus showing an accumulation at the rate of about a foot in a century gradually arising out of the mere occupancy and traffic of a crowded population; for of the whole little more than two feet usually consists of the *débris* of the ancient city. Probably indeed the rate of augmentation has been considerably greater than this in more recent times. In some places, too, what is called the Roman soil descends to a much greater depth than its general level. This is particularly the case along the course of the stream of Walbrook, which formerly, passing through the wall (whence its name), entered the city between Bishopsgate and Moorgate, at the east end of old Bethlehem, and proceeded nearly along the line of the new street called Moorfields, and of the present Walbrook Street, under which, we believe, it still flows as a sewer, discharging itself into the Thames at Dowgate. In Prince's Street, which skirts the west side of the Bank, and connects Moorgate Street with the other magnificent new opening called King William Street, leading to London Bridge, the Roman stratum was found in the course of the late excavations to go down to the depth of not less than thirty feet. Here, too, and along the whole line from Prince's Street to Finsbury, in which also it was of unusual depth, it was, according to Mr. Smith's account, much more moist than usual, "highly impregnated with animal and vegetable matter, and almost of an inky blackness in colour." "Throughout the same line also," Mr. Smith continues, "were at intervals noticed a vast and almost continuous number of wooden piles, which in Prince's Street were particularly frequent, and where also they descended much deeper. The nature of the ground, and the quantity of these piles, tend to strengthen the probability of a channel having flowed in this direction, draining off the water from the adjoining marshes, and that too (from the numerous Roman remains accompanying these indications) at a very remote period."† The same peculiarities mark a considerable portion of the soil that is in course of being turned up while we write under the site of the late Royal Exchange. In seeking a firm foundation for the new building, the workmen in one place have been obliged to make their way through a stratum, at least twelve or fifteen feet in thickness, of moist, black earth, interspersed with shells of fishes, horns, bones, and other animal remains. At the bottom, too, some strong oaken piles had been driven in to support the made earth. It was evidently a place into which rubbish of all kinds had been thrown, to fill up either a deserted gravel-pit, or more probably a natural hollow formed by some stray rivulet from the great fen to the north, over which it was desired to build. The Roman remains found in Prince's Street and near the Bank are described by Mr. Smith as having been more various and of a more interesting kind than had been met with in any other part of London; but we could not learn that anything except a few bits of pottery and some common coins had been picked up here. Over the black rubbish, however, laid on a substratum of gravelly earth about two feet thick, were remains of Roman building, in particular a square-shaped tablet, apparently the basis of a pillar, built of large flat bricks, encrusted with a very hard cement in which the mouldings were formed, exactly as is done in the London architecture of the present day. Nay, over this, and separated from it by some more made earth, were other extensive stone and brick foundations, which had also very much of a Roman look, and yet appeared evidently to have been laid down without any regard to those below, or perhaps even a knowledge of their existence. From this and other appearances of the same kind it would almost seem that, even during the period of the Roman occupation, the original Roman London had been in great part superseded by a new city built over it and out of its ruins.

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* Observations on the Roman Remains found in Various Parts of London in the years 1834, 1835, 1836 by Mr. Charles Roach Smith. In Archæologia, xxvii. pp. 140-153. "In this wall," it is added, "were cemented two large sea-shells, evidently for ornament. Sir William Gell notices this as a common practice in Pompeii." Close to the wall were found several of the second-brass coins of Vespasian and Domitian, and above it a fine Samian dish, with a hammer nearly a foot long, and some other iron tools.

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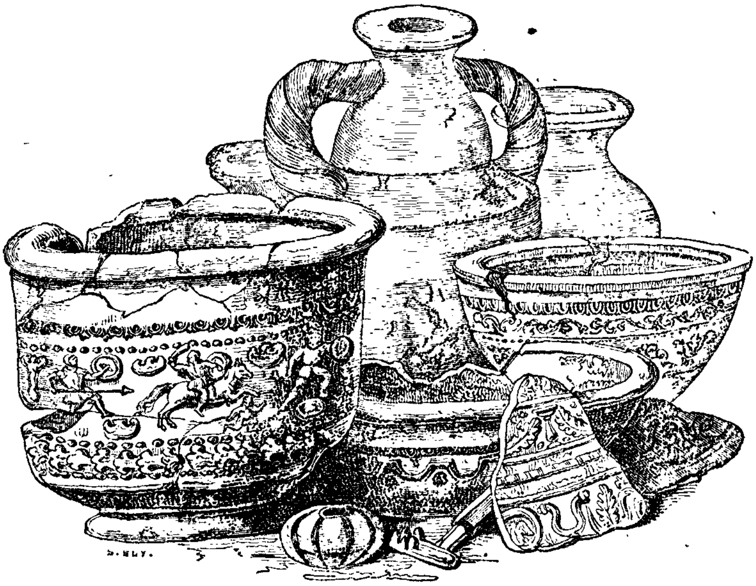
* Account of Various Roman Antiquities, discovered on the site of the Church of St. Michael, Crooked Lane and in East Cheap; by A. J. Kempe, Esq. In Archæologia, xxiv. 190, &c.

† 'Archæologia,' vol. xxvii. pp. 140, &c.



[Urns, Vases, Key, Bead, and Fragment of Pottery, found in Lombard Street, 1785.]

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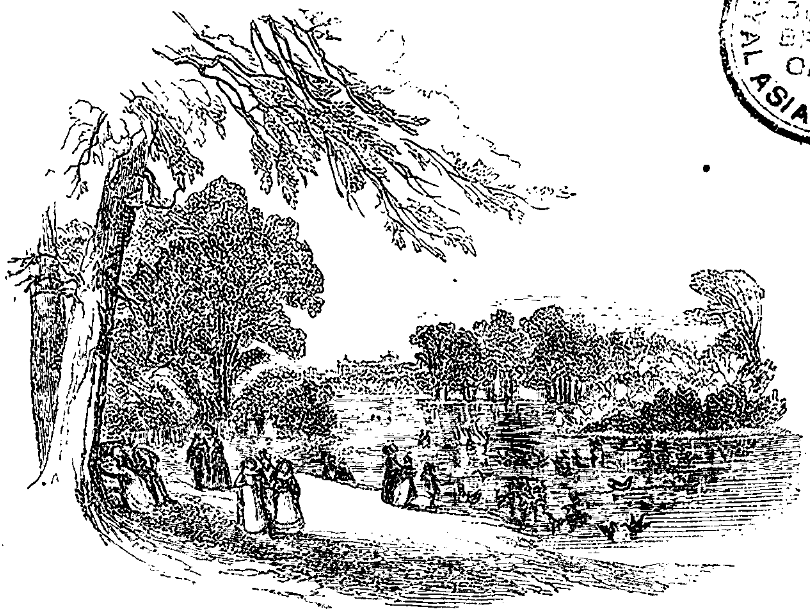

[The Ornamental Water in St. James's Park.]

XI.—THE PARKS.

1. GENERAL VIEW OF THE PARKS.

AN account of the Parks of London is an amusing and not unimportant chapter of the history of national manners since the Restoration; and it even affords glimpses of popular and fashionable amusement during the stormy period of the Commonwealth.

Stewart Rose, in his delightful 'Letters from the North of Italy,' playfully alluding to the disregard of salads and pot-herbs shown by the people among whom he was residing, mentions a purpose of migrating for a few weeks to a town somewhat further to the north with the object of procuring "*brouse*." All healthy stomachs feel a craving for "*brouse*" occasionally, in addition to bread and meat: one can almost fancy an intellectual scurvy being the consequence of too long an abstinence from spinach, greens, and lettuce. This mysterious sympathy between the soul and the principle of vegetation appears also in the universal inclination to take pleasure in looking at green fields. A pleasing example of this universal taste is mentioned in Mountstuart Elphinstone's 'Account of the City of Kabul:'—"The people have a great many amusements, the most considerable of which arise from their passion for what they call *sail* (enjoyment of prospects); every Friday all shops are shut, and every man comes from the bath, dressed in his best clothes, and joins one of the parties which are always made for this day, to some hill or garden near the town; a little subscription procures an ample supply of provisions, sweetmeats, and *fulodeh* (a jelly strained from boiled wheat, and eaten with the expressed juice of fruit, and ice); and for a small sum paid at the garden, each man has the liberty to eat as much fruit as he pleases. They go out in the morning, and eat their luncheon at the garden, and spend the day in walking about, eating fruit off the trees, smoking, playing at backgammon, and other games, and listening to the singing and playing of musicians, hired by a trifling subscription." So, after all, these far-away people, so different in features, complexion, and faith, seek their enjoyments from the same sources with ourselves, as their necessities impress upon them a somewhat similar routine of toil. The citizens of Kabul have pretty nearly the same tastes as the *badauds* of Paris, or our own Cockneys, to say nothing of graver or more genteel personages.

The universality of this taste accounts for European governments (the prudent or the benevolent ones) having so often sought to keep their subjects in good humour by throwing open to them, that they might indulge in the "enjoyment of prospects," the parks and gardens of the sovereign. That eminent antiquary, Mr. William Shakspere, mentions a very early case—Mark Anthony's successful use of this device, when, to win over the Roman citizens from the party of Brutus and Cassius to that of the friends of Cæsar, he told them that the Dictator had bequeathed to them

> "All his walks,
> His private arbours, and new-planted orchards,
> On that side Tiber; he hath left them you,
> And to your heirs for ever; common pleasures,
> To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves."

The popularity attending such a measure accounts for the fact that in almost all the capitals of Europe the very names of the open spaces of ornamented ground most frequented by their inhabitants demonstrate them to have been, at an earlier period, places reserved for the private pleasures of the monarch. The *jardins* of the Luxemburg, the *Thier-Garten* of Berlin, and the *Grosser-Garten* of Dresden, and our own royal parks, are examples.

If these remarks are well founded, it necessarily follows that places devoted to a kind of recreation passionately desired by all mankind, and linked at the same time with the peculiar circumstances of a nation's history, must afford a favourable field for the observation of national manners. The public haunts of which we have been speaking are equally fascinating in the reality of present existence, and in the fragmentary notices of them scattered through every national literature worthy of the name.

It has been intimated that, as public haunts, the Parks of London scarcely date from an earlier period than the time of the Commonwealth. It may be added that, in their character of royal demesnes, St. James's, Hyde Park, and Kensington Gardens are no older than the time of Henry VIII., while even that spruce upstart, the Regent's Park, can claim a connection with royalty, more equivocal and less blazoned, it is true, but equally certain. Their common story will form an appropriate introduction to what may be called the biography of each, and is briefly as follows:—

The fields which now constitute St. James's Park were acquired by Henry VIII.

for some lands in Suffolk. The Hospital of St. James which had previously stood there was pulled down, the sisterhood pensioned off, a "goodly palace" erected on its site, and a park enclosed by a brick wall. Hyde Park came into the possession of the same bluff monarch by a less formal process at the dissolution of the monasteries. It formed part of the Manor of Hyde, the property of the Abbot and Monastery of St. Peter at Westminster. As mention is made of the keeper of the park very soon after its acquisition by the Crown, and no notice taken of its enclosure by Henry, it has been generally assumed that it was enclosed while yet the patrimony of the convent. A number of manors, previously belonging to monasteries, fell into the King's hands at the same time with the Manor of Hyde. Some of these were granted to bishops, and others to secular courtiers; some remained for a time annexed to the Crown. Among the latter seems to have been the Manor of Marylebone; attached to which, in the time of Elizabeth, was a park in which it is recorded that a deer was killed on one occasion for the amusement of the Muscovite ambassador. Some undivided twenty-fourth parts of the Manor of Mary-bourne and of Mary-bourne Park have been retained by the Crown to the present day; and these, with some additional lands, now constitute the Regent's Park.

To the passionate fondness of the early English sovereigns for the chase, we owe, in all probability, the Parks of London. What was a passion with our Williams and Edwards, became in their successors a fashion also. Even the awkward and timid James deemed it a part of king-craft to affect a love of the chase. Hence the formation of St. James's Park by Henry VIII., and the retention of Hyde Park and Mary-bourne Park by that king and his successors, when other lands appropriated by the Crown at the dissolution of the monasteries were squandered away as lavishly as they were covetously grasped in the first instance. There are circumstances which would lead us to attribute to Henry VIII. a more extensive project than that of merely studding the country in the vicinity of the royal residence with deer parks. "A *chase*," says Blackstone, "is the liberty of keeping beasts of chase or royal game in another man's ground as well as in a man's own, with a power of hunting them thereon. A *park* is an enclosed chase, extending only over a man's own grounds. The word *park*, indeed, properly signifies an enclosure;* but yet it is not every field or common which a gentleman pleases to surround with a wall or paling and to stock with a herd of deer that is thereby constituted a legal park; for the King's grant or immemorial prescription is necessary to make it so." A proclamation issued by Henry in July 1546 would have had the effect of converting a considerable extent of country round Westminster into a royal *chase*, within which the parks would have been mere nurseries for the deer. The proclamation announces that—"Forasmuch as the King's Most Royal Majesty is much desirous to have the games of hare, partridge, pheasant, and heron, preserved in and about his Honour of the Palace of Westminster for his own disport and pastime; that is to say, from his said Palace of Westminster to St. Gyles in the Fields, and from thence to Islington, to Our Lady of the Oak, to Highgate, to Hornsey Park, to Hampstead Heath, and from thence to his said Palace of Westminster, to be preserved and kept for his own disport and pleasure and recreation; his Highness, therefore, straightly chargeth and commandeth all and singular his subjects, of what estate, degree, or condition soever they be, that they nor any of them do presume or attempt to hunt or to hawk, or in any means to take or kill any of the said game within the precincts aforesaid, as they tender his favour, and will eschew the imprisonment of their bodies, and further punishment at his Majesty's will and pleasure."

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* With a pretty wide latitude as to the kind of enclosure, the writ *de parco fracto* being directed against those guilty of *pound breach*. Only one name for a royal park and a village pound!

Had this attempt been strenuously insisted upon and carried through by the Crown, it might have proved more effectual than the frequent proclamations issued in subsequent reigns to prevent the extension of the buildings of the metropolis. New houses might have been pulled down, on the plea that they were encroachments upon the royal chase and interfered with the preservation of the game. This belt of royal hunting ground might have kept London cabined in within the liberties, or driven it across the Thames or down into the marshes of Essex. But Henry did not long survive, and in Edward's brief boy reign there were more serious matters to attend to than hunting, and Queen Mary hunted heretics, not hares, and Queen Elizabeth had too many reasons for keeping on good terms with the merchant-princes of London to insist upon a measure always so unpopular in England as an extension of the royal hunting reserves. So the plan, if ever seriously entertained, broke down, and the City Corporation hunted the hare at the head of the Conduit, where Conduit Street now stands, and killed the fox at the end of St. Giles's; and a flood of stone and mortar, leaving the royal parks isolated and far apart, like mountain peaks in the Deluge, rushed from London, covering the meres and brooks along which bluff Harry had sprung the heron and flown his hawk at her, and over the dry uplands where the quick-eared hare had trembled to hear the coming route of "Mayor, Aldermen, and many worshipful persons, the Masters and Wardens of the Twelve Companies, and the Chamberlain."

This forgotten proclamation of Henry VIII. marks the turning of a tide. William the Conqueror made new forests. One of the most bitter causes of quarrel between Charles I. and his subjects was the attempt of that monarch to enclose some new lands within a large park he attempted to erect between Richmond and Hampton Court. William carried his point. Charles's attempt helped to cost him his life. Henry only failed. Henry's attempt was made under the culmination of the star of feudal times. Looking back, we can see that it was impossible that the public should long be kept from sharing with the monarch in the good things he took from the church. The parks are essentially part of our Protestant institutions, and a very pleasant part too.

With these prefatory remarks we proceed to trace the separate adventures of each of the three parks, from the time they came into the possession of the Crown down to the present day. It will appear that each of them has its own peculiar character. St. James's, lying among palaces, and hedged round on all sides from a comparatively early period by the fashionable residences of the "West End," is the courtier. Hyde Park, not yet quite surrounded by the town, long, decidedly extending into a rural neighbourhood, is the "fine old country gentleman," essentially stately and noble, and a courtier too on occasions, yet with a dash of rusticity. The Regent's Park is a more equivocal character, more difficult to describe: not a *parvenu* exactly, for its connection with royalty is as ancient as either of the others;

not so unequivocally *bon ton*, for it has at times associated with curious society, and been kept in the back-ground; a sort of Falconbridge, perhaps, whose connection with royalty is rather irregular, but when once admitted within the circle can ruffle it with the best. But this is anticipating.

2. St. James's Park.

In this we include the Green Park, a good quiet soul with a separate name, but without separate adventures or history. There are also some neighbouring patches of ground now detached which must be included in an account of St. James's Park, ancient and modern.

It is impossible to saunter about St. James's Park without being struck by its beauties. If, however, any person wishes to enjoy them like a true epicure—to take as much of the beautiful and exclude as much of the commonplace as possible—to heighten the pleasure of each succeeding morsel by a judicious regard to harmony in the order in which they succeed each other,—it will be advisable to enter through the Green Park by the gate recently opened opposite Hamilton Place, at the west end of Piccadilly. Lounging (quick, business-like walking is only for those unamiable localities one wishes to get out of) onwards by the walk that descends close behind the Ranger's lodge, the eye passes along a vista between trees, at this moment covered with the first delicate verdure of spring, to rest upon a beautiful line of wood in the middle distance, out of which rise the towers of Westminster Abbey. Looking to the right as we advance, the royal standard of England—the most chastely gorgeous banner in the world—is floating at the foot of Constitution Hill. Immediately afterwards a massive corner of the Palace is seen between the trees nearer at hand. The walk here parts into two—that on the left hand descending into what has all the appearance from this point of a woody dell; the other carrying us into an open space, where we have a view of the white marble arch in front of the Palace, surmounted by the standard on one side, the unobtrusively wealthy mansions of Piccadilly on the other, and the more decorated line of buildings which form the eastern boundary of the Green Park in front. The pictures on every hand are at this point perfect in regard to composition: the arrangement of trees, lawn, and architecture is simply elegant. Turning to the right hand, at the mansion of the Duke of Sutherland we come into St. James's Park, and crossing the mall enter the ornamented enclosure in front of the Palace. Once here, it is a matter of perfect indifference what way the loiterer turns—only, if it be possible, he ought to get upon the grass as soon as he can. From the side at which we have supposed him to enter, he catches through the trees as he moves along such partial glances of the Palace, or of the Government offices at the opposite end of the Park, as make pretty pictures out of very questionable architecture. Opposite him he has the majestic receptacle of the dead royalty of old England. If he prefer the opposite side of the central sheet of water, the most eligible point of view is on the rising near the angle at Buckingham Gate, affording a fine view, closed by the dome of St. Paul's. To return to our *gourmand* metaphor: after he has discussed these *pièces de résistance* he may fill up the interstices of his appetite by discussing, as *hors d'œuvres*, the pretty vignettes of wood and water which present themselves to a saunterer round the canal.

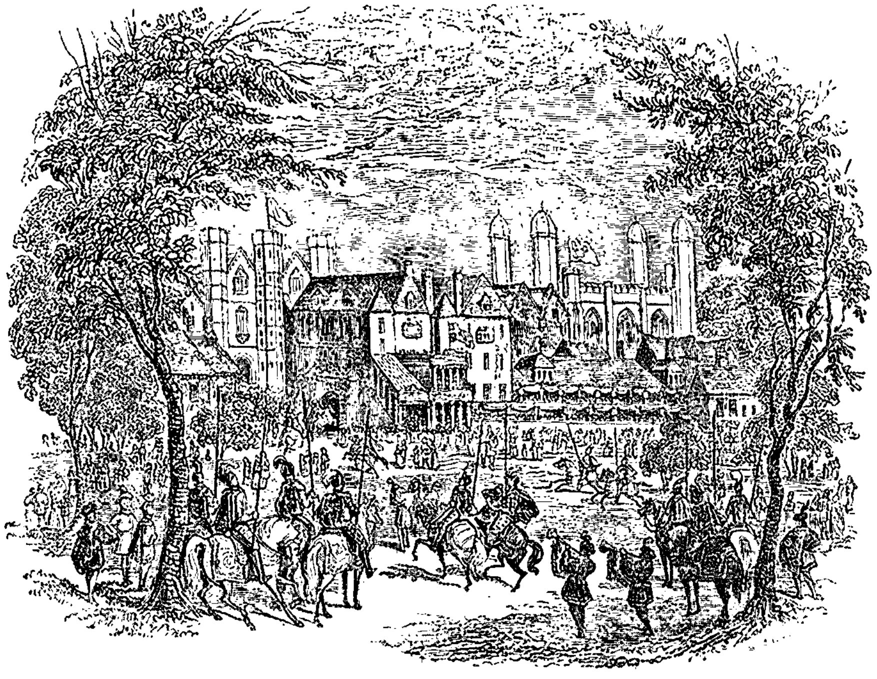
This is the still life, but in the "enjoyment of prospects" the shifting of the human and other figures is the most material source of pleasure to the spectator. Along the track which we have been pursuing in imagination, there is rich variety: from the glance and dash of equipages along Piccadilly to the pedestrians of the Green Park; thence to the stately, noiseless, sweep of the privileged vehicles of the nobility along the mall, enlivened by the occasional passage of a horseman, who rides as if the fate of empires depended on his keeping the appointment to which he is bound; and thence again into the ornamented enclosure, where, in the absence of other company, we are sure of the birds. There are worse companions than birds. We remember once hearing the most sparkling writer in the 'Northern Review' complain that he had not been able to sleep the whole of the preceding night. "What did you do, then?" asked a gentleman at his elbow, in a tone of intense sympathy. "I got up," said the invalid, with an air of languid pleasure, "went into the dressing-room, and talked with the parrot." And many an hour of pleasant intercourse may be spent with the water-fowl in St. James's Park, whether they be showing the ease with which habit has taught them to mingle in crowded society; or with their heads under their wings sleeping on the smooth water at eight o'clock in the morning—for like other inhabitants of the pleasure-seeking world of London, they have acquired bad habits of late rising; or in the intoxication of returning spring, wheeling in pursuit of each other in long circles over-head, then rushing down into their native elements, and ploughing long furrows in it on St. Valentine's Day.

St. James's Park, with its exquisite finish, surrounded on all sides by buildings, scarcely disturbed by vehicles or horsemen, always wears in our eyes a drawing-room character: it is a sort of in-doors rurality, and such it has been ever since we have records of it as a public haunt.

Its history falls naturally into three epochs:—from the first enclosure of the Park by Henry VIII. to its reformation under the auspices of Le Notre, under Charles II.; from the time of the merry monarch till the abolition of the old formal canal by George IV. and Nash; and the era in which we have the pleasure to exist.

The history of the first of these periods ought to be written by an author like Niebuhr, who feels himself put out by facts and contemporary narratives, and builds up a story more true than truth out of hints in old fragments of laws, treaties, and charters. At least the materials are too scanty to admit of treating it in any other fashion.

During the reigns of Elizabeth and the first two Stuarts, St. James's Park can only be considered as a nursery for deer and an appendage to the tilt-yard. The frequent allusions to it as a place of rendezvous by the dramatists of the age of Charles II. are sought for in vain in Shakspere and his contemporaries, with whom St. Paul's occupies its place. It could not well be otherwise. A visit to the Palace at Westminster was then going out of London, and to have gone out of the Palace into the Park would have been in the way of pleasure-hunting a work of supererogation—gilding refined gold. A passage occurs in Pepys's 'Diary' which enables us to form an idea of the comparative seclusion of the Park in these days. The date of the entry is not much earlier than that of the notice of the alterations made by Charles II., which ushered in the second period of the Park's history: "1660, July 22nd. Went to walk in the *inward park,* but could not get in; one man was basted by the keeper for carrying some people over on his back through the water." If the reader will consult one of the earlier maps of London, he will find a long, narrow, four-cornered piece of water introduced behind the tilt-yard, extending nearly from side to side of the Park, at right angles to the direction of the canal constructed in the time of Charles II. This apparently is the piece of water across which the crowd attempted to get themselves smuggled on the occasion referred to by Pepys into "the inward park."



[The Tilt-yard.]

So long as the tilt-yard maintained its interest, the space beyond it would have few attractions for the gazing public. On either side of the park there was a place of resort preferred by the loungers of the times anterior to the Restoration—Spring Garden and the Mulberry Garden.

The period at which Spring Garden was enclosed and laid out is uncertain. The clump of houses which still bears the name, indicates its limits with tolerable exactness. A servant of the Court was allowed in the time of Charles I. to keep an ordinary and bowling-green in it. An idea of the aspect of the garden at that time may be gathered from a letter of Mr. Garrard to the Earl of Stafford in 1634:—"The bowling-green in the Spring Gardens was put down one day by the King's command; but by the intercession of the Queen it was reprieved for this year; but hereafter it shall be no common bowling place. There was kept an ordinary of six shillings a meal (where the King's proclamation allows but two elsewhere), continual bibbing and drinking wine under all trees; two or three quarrels every week. It was grown scandalous and insufferable; besides, my Lord Digby being reprehended for striking in the King's Garden, he said he took it for a common bowling place." The King carried his point, for in a subsequent letter Mr. Garrard says:—"Since the Spring Garden was put down, we have, by a servant of the Lord Chamberlain's, a new Spring Garden erected in the fields behind the Meuse, where is built a fair house and two bowling-greens, made to entertain gamesters and bowlers to an excessive rate; for I believe it has cost him 400*l.*; a dear undertaking for a gentleman barber." The gardens must, however, have been re-opened at a later period, for Evelyn has this entry in his diary, 13th June, 1649:—"Dined with Sir John Owen: and afterwards I treated divers ladies of my relations in Spring Gardens." They were again shut up under Oliver Cromwell, as we learn from the same source:—"13th June, 1649. Lady Gerrard treated us at Mulberry Garden, now the only place of refreshment about the town for persons of the best quality to be exceedingly cheated at; Cromwell and his partisans having shut up and seized on Spring Gardens, which till now had been the usual rendezvous for ladies and gallants at this season." The Restoration again gave them to the public, in evidence of which a passage from a writer of the 17th century* may be cited, which bears more properly upon a later period of Park history, but being introduced here will prevent the necessity of recurring to this branch of the subject:—"The inclosure (Spring Gardens) is not disagreeable, for the solemness of the grove, the warbling of the birds, and as it opens into the spacious walk at St. James's; but the company walk in at such a rate, you would think all the ladies were so many Atalantas contending with their wooers; but as they run, they stay so long as if they wanted time to finish the race: for it is usual to find some of the young company here till midnight."

The Mulberry Garden was planted by order of James I., who attempted in 1608 to produce silk in England, and to that end imported many hundred thousand mulberry-trees from France, some of which were planted under his own inspection, and the rest dispersed through all the counties with circular letters directing the planting of the trees, and giving instructions for the breeding and feeding of silk-worms. In 1629 a grant was made to Walter, Lord Aston, &c., of "the custody of the garden, mulberry-trees, and silk-worms, near St. James's, in the county of Middlesex." How soon after this the silk-worms disappeared, and the gardens were opened to the gay world in the manner indicated by the above quotation from Evelyn, does not appear. He does not speak of the opening of the Mulberry Gardens as any thing new. A passage in Pepys's 'Diary,' not long after the Restoration, mentions a visit to these gardens, but speaks rather disparagingly of their attractions. Buckingham House, which stood where the central part of the palace now stands, was erected by John Duke of Buckingham in 1703, and the Mulberry Garden attached to the house as private property. Previously Arlington House, and a building to which the name of Tart-hall is given in some old plans, occupied the same site. These buildings seem to indicate the period at which the Mulberry Gardens ceased to be a place of public resort.

Some indications exist of St. James's having become to a certain extent a favourite lounge during or immediately previous to the civil war. Dr. King observes,—

"The fate of things lies always in the dark:
What cavalier would know St. James's Park?

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* Quoted, but not named, in Brayley's 'Middlesex.'

> For Locket's stands where gardens once did spring,
> And wild ducks quack where grasshoppers did sing;
> A princely palace on that space does rise
> Where Sudley's noble muse found mulberries."

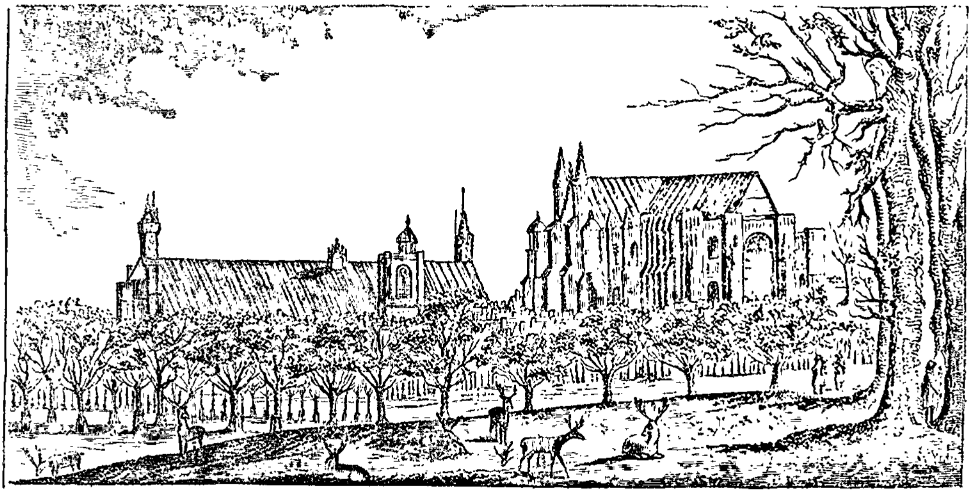
After Charing Cross had become more and more connected by lines of buildings with the City, and private dwelling-houses had multiplied along three sides of the Park by Pall-Mall and King Street, and the streets behind Queen Square, and when tournaments fell into disuse, the temptation to penetrate into the recesses of the Park would increase; and the lines just quoted seem to point at a tradition that it was a favourite haunt of the Cavaliers. The privilege, if it at all existed, would seem, however, from the scene described by Pepys at the piece of water behind the tilt-yard, to have been enjoyed on a rather precarious tenure. The mention which occasionally occurs in the records of Cromwell's time, of "the Lord Protector taking the air in St. James's Park in a sedan," makes neither for nor against its accessibility to the public; but is worthy of being noticed in passing on account of the ludicrous association between the rough conqueror at Worcester and a conveyance identified, in our notions, with the less robust wits of a later generation. The admission of the public in all probability scarcely extended beyond what Pepys, by implication, calls the outward Park. In the time of Charles I. a sort of royal menagerie had begun to take the place of the deer with which the "inward Park" was stocked in the days of Henry and Elizabeth.

So far our history has been based upon a very slender foundation. With the restoration of Charles II. begins the era of the Park's existence as a public haunt, and materials for its history become accessible.

The design according to which the Park was laid out has been generally attributed to Le Notre. Charles seems to have set to work with its adornment immediately on his return. The original disposition of the grounds under Henry VIII., it may easily be conceived, presented little that was striking, and neglect during the civil wars must have dilapidated that little. A taste for ornamental gardening seems to have grown upon the King during his residence on the Continent, which along with his fondness for walking would naturally make him desirous to have the grounds in the immediate vicinity of his residence made more sightly than he found them. At all events, he commenced his improvements very soon after his return. We can trace the progress of the operations in Pepys's 'Diary:'—

"1660. Sept. 16. * * * To the Park, where I saw how far they had proceeded in the Pall-Mall, and in making a river through the Park which I had never seen before since it was begun. * * * October 11. To walk in St. James's Park, where we observed the several engines at work to draw up water, with which sight I was very much pleased. Above all the rest I liked that which Mr. Greatorex brought, which do carry up the water with a great deal of ease. * * * 1661. August 4. * * * Walked into St. James's Park (where I had not been a great while), and there found great and very noble alterations. * * * 1662. July 27. I went to walk in the Park, which is now every day more and more pleasant by the new works upon it."

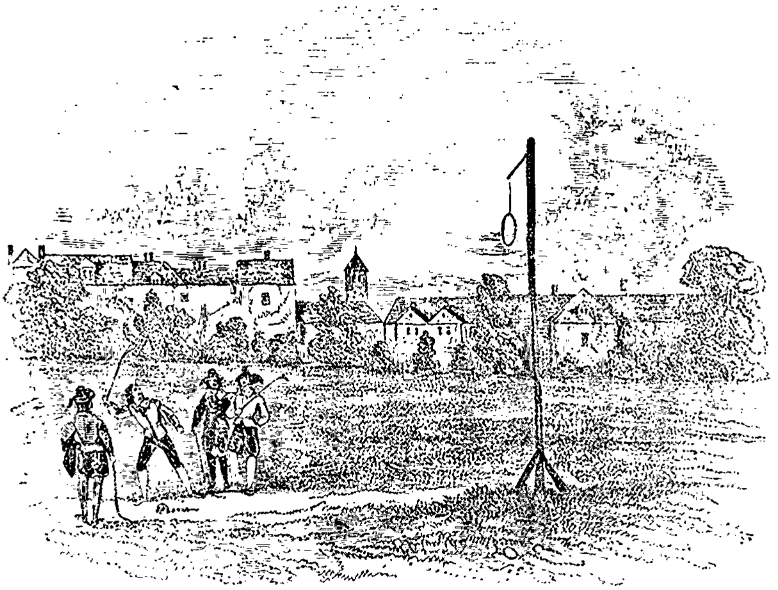
All the future representations of the Park during the reign of Charles II. exhibit to us his long rows of young elm and lime-trees, fenced round with palings to protect them from injury. We have such a row in front of the old Horse Guards, and another such following the line of the canals. These are occasionally relieved by some fine old trees, as in Tempest's view below.



We are able from various sources, plans, engravings, and incidental notices in books, to form a tolerably accurate notion of the aspect which the Park assumed in the course of these operations. At the end nearest Whitehall was a line of buildings occupying nearly the site of the present range of Government offices. Wallingford House stood on the site of the Admiralty; the old Horse Guards, the Tennis-yard, Cock-pit, and other appendages of Whitehall, on the sites of the present Horse Guards, Treasury, and offices of the Secretaries of State. The buildings then occupied by the Admiralty stood where the gate entering from Great George Street now is. From Wallingford House towards Pall-Mall were the Spring Gardens, opening as we have seen into the Park.

The south wall of the King's Garden extended in a line with the part of it which still remains behind the Palace of St. James's, at least as far as the west end of Carlton Terrace. Marlborough House was built on a part of the garden at a subsequent period. This wall, and its continuation at the back of Carlton Gardens, formed the north boundary of the Park between Spring Gardens and the west end of St. James's Palace. The Duke of Buckingham in a letter to the Earl of Shrewsbury, in which he describes this part of the Park as serving the purpose of an avenue to his newly erected mansion, gives us a notion of its appearance in the beginning of the 18th century:—"The avenues to this house are along St. James's Park, through rows of goodly elms on one hand and gay flourishing limes on the other; that for coaches, this for walking, with the Mall lying betwixt them." The Mall itself, a vista half a mile in length, received its name from a game at ball, for which was formed a hollow smooth walk, enclosed on each side by a border of wood, and having an iron hoop at one extremity. The curiously inquiring Mr. Pepys records:—"1663. May 15. I walked in the Park, discoursing with the keeper of the Pall-Mall, who was sweeping of it; who told me that the earth is mixed that do floor the Mall, and that over all there is cockle-shells powdered and spread to keep it fast; which, however, in dry weather turns to dust and deads the ball."

The game was, however, played somewhat differently, even in the Park. In a drawing of the time of Charles II., engraved in Smith's 'Antiquities of Westminster,' we observe a high pole, with a hoop suspended from an arm at its top, and through this the ball was driven. A similar representation occurs in a picture engraved in Carter's 'Westminster.'



[The Game of Pall-Mall.]

Immediately to the south of the east end of the Mall and in front of the Horse Guards was the great parade. The rest of the Park was an enclosure of grass-plots intersected by walks, planted, and having a broad canal running from the parade to the end next Buckingham House. On the south of this canal, near its east end, was the decoy, a triangular nexus of smaller canals, where water-fowl were kept. The ground contained within the channels of the decoy was called Duck Island; of which Sir John Flock and St. Evremond were in succession appointed governors (with a salary) by Charles II. Westward from the decoy, on the same side of the canal and connected with it by a sluice, was Rosamond's Pond. What fancy first suggested this name it might be difficult to conjecture; but this serio-comic description, at the bottom of an engraving of it in Pennant's Collection, tempts to the remark that it was prophetic of the use which was afterwards to be made of it:—"The south-west corner of St. James's Park was enriched with this romantic scene. The irregularity of the trees, the rise of the ground, and the venerable Abbey, afforded great entertainment to the contemplative eye. This spot was often the receptacle of many unhappy persons, who in the stillness of an evening plunged themselves into eternity."

The Bird-cage Walk, leading along the south side of the decoy and Rosamond's Pond, nearly in the same line as the road which still retains the name, was so named from the cages of an aviary disposed among the trees which bordered it.

A road entered the Park at the west end, near where Buckingham Gate now stands, crossing it between the Mulberry Garden and the termination of Bird-cage

Walk, the Canal and the Mall. On reaching the last-mentioned it turned off to the west, and wound up Constitution Hill towards Hyde Park Corner. Out of some fields which Charles is said to have added to the Park, arose in all probability the Green Park, enclosed between this road, the Mall, the houses west of St. James's Street, and Piccadilly, or as it was then called to the west of Devonshire House, Portugal Street. The Green Park consisted and consists of the declivity of two eminences between which the Ty-burn once flowed into the Mulberry Gardens, and thence to Tothill Fields and the Thames. The Ranger's House was erected on the slope of the western eminence, immediately south of Piccadilly.

Both Charles and the Duke of York appear to have taken an interest in the animals with which the Park was stocked. Pepys remarks, on the 16th of March, 1662, that while spending an hour or two in the Park, "which is now very pleasant," he "saw the King and Duke come to see their fowle play." Evelyn has left a short account of the collection in his Diary, 1664-5, Feb. 9.

The elegance of the Park transformed into a garden, with the attractions of the rare animals for the curious and the Mall for the gamesters, rendered it immediately the favourite haunt of the court. Charles, whose walking propensities seem to have rendered him a sort of perpetual motion, spent much of his leisure—that is of his whole time—there. Cibber tells us that "his indolent amusement of playing with his dogs and feeding his ducks in St. James's Park (which I have seen him do) made the common people adore him." It deserves to be mentioned that this taste for feeding the ducks once stood the peculators of the Mews in good stead. An inquiry having been instituted into the causes of the enormous waste of corn in the royal stables, the whole pilfering was laid on the shoulders of the King—he took it for his water-fowl. He was an early riser, which was sorely complained of by his attendants, who did not sleep off their debauches so lightly. Burnet complained that the King walked so fast, it was a trouble to keep up with him. When Prince George of Denmark complained on one occasion that he was growing fat, "Walk with me," said Charles, "and hunt with my brother, and you will not long be distressed with growing fat." Dr. King, on the authority of Lord Cromarty, has enabled us to accompany the merry monarch in one of his walks. The King, accompanied by the Duke of Leeds and Lord Cromarty, had taken two or three turns in St. James's Park, and after proceeding up Constitution Hill, which was then quite in the country, he encountered the Duke of York returning from hunting as he was about to cross into Hyde Park. The Duke alighted to pay his respects, and expressed his uneasiness at seeing his brother with so small an attendance: "No kind of danger, James," said Charles, "for I am sure no man in England would kill me to make you King." Another of the merry monarch's strolls in the Park is characteristic, and rendered more piquant by the decorous character of the narrator, Evelyn, in whose company he was at the time:—"1671. March 1. * * * I thence walked with him (King Charles) through St. James's Park to the garden, where I both saw and heard a very familiar discourse between Mrs. Nellie, as they called an impudent comedian, she looking out of her garden on a terrace at the top of the wall, and *** **** (*sic in orig.*) standing on the green walk under it. I was heartily sorry at this scene. Thence the King walked to the Duchess of Cleveland, another lady of pleasure and curse of our nation." During this interview with "Mrs. Nellie" the King was standing in the royal garden already mentioned as constituting the northern boundary of the Park—the same garden in which we find Master Pepys in his 'Diary' stealing apples like a school-boy. "Mrs. Nellie" looked down upon him from the wall of a small garden behind her house (near 79, Pall Mall)—the scene presents a curious *pendant* to the garden-scene in Romeo and Juliet. Nearly on the same spot was subsequently erected the stately mansion in which old Sarah of Marlborough indulged her spleen. All the associations which gather round this simple adventure are most grotesquely contrasted. Perhaps, however, a little incident related by Coke is even more characteristic of Charles, from its contrasting his loitering, gossiping habits with public and private suffering. Coke was one day in attendance on the King, who, having finished feeding his favourites, was proceeding towards St. James's, and was overtaken at the further end of the Mall by Prince Rupert. "The King told the Prince how he had shot a duck, and such a dog fetched it; and so they walked on till the King came to St. James's House: and there the King said to the Prince, 'Let's go and see Cambridge and Kendal,' the Duke of York's two sons, who then lay a-dying. But upon his return to Whitehall he found all in an uproar, the Countess Castlemaine, as it was said, bewailing above all others that she should be the first torn in pieces." The news of the arrival of the Dutch fleet in the river had just been received. Pepys gives in his 'Diary' a fine picture of a court cavalcade in the Park, all flaunting with feathers, in which the same Castlemaine takes a prominent part, while the King appears between her and his lawful wife and Mrs. Stuart (with reverence be it spoken) not unlike Macheath "with his doxies around:"—"1663. July 13. * * * I met the Queen-mother walking in the Pall Mall led by my Lord St. Albans; and finding many coaches at the gate, I found upon inquiry that the Duchess is brought to bed of a boy; and hearing that the King and Queen are rode abroad with the ladies of honour to the Park, and seeing a great crowd of gallants staying here to see their return, I also staid, walking up and down. By and by the King and Queen, who looked in this dress (a white laced waistcoat and a crimson short petticoat, and her hair dressed *à la negligence*) mighty pretty; and the King rode hand in hand with her. Here was also my Lady Castlemaine rode among the rest of the ladies; but the King took no notice of her, nor when she light did anybody press (as she seemed to expect and staid for it) to take her down, but was taken down by her own gentlemen. She looked mighty out of humour, and had a yellow plume in her hat (which all took notice of), and yet is very handsome but very melancholy; nor did anybody speak to her, or she so much as smile or speak to anybody. I followed them up into Whitehall, and into the Queen's presence, where all the ladies walked, talking and fiddling with their hats and feathers, and changing and trying one another's heads and laughing. But it was the finest sight to see, considering their great beauties and dress, that ever I did see in all my life. But above all Mrs. Stuart in this dress with her hat cocked and a red plume, with her sweet eye, little Roman nose, and excellent *taille*, is now the greatest beauty I ever saw, I think, in my life, and if ever woman do exceed my Lady Castlemaine, at least in this dress; nor do I wonder if the King changes, which I really believe is the reason of his coldness to my Lady Castlemaine."

It would have been in vain to rebuke Charles while alive, and would be still more vain now. We must take him as he was, a fine healthy animal, restless to the last degree, but without any purpose in his activity. His brother James seems to have indulged more in the human propensity to load care on his shoulders—to attempt to do something, instead of letting things take their own way, like his wise brother. We know from Pepys that the Duke had a taste, and even a talent for business, and we know from history that he lost his crown because he would be meddling and altering the institutions of his kingdom. We never meet him idling in the park like Charles; he is always doing something. We have already seen him returning from hunting (contrasting with his lounging brother, like Industry and Idleness in Hogarth's prints), and heard Charles's allusion to his indefatigable pursuit of the chase. Pepys often encounters him in the park, but always actively engaged:—" 1661. April 2. To St. James's Park, where I saw the Duke of York playing at pall-mall, the first time that ever I saw the sport." And—" 1662. Dec. 15. To the Duke, and followed him into the park, where, though the ice was broken, he would go slide upon his skaits, which I did not like, but he slides very well." This, by the way, is as good a place as any to mention that at the time of the entry just quoted skaiting was a novelty in England. A little earlier we read in Pepys:—" 1662. Dec. 1. * * Over the park, where I first in my life, it being a great frost, did see people sliding with their skaits, which is a very pretty art." Evelyn was also present, for we find in his 'Diary:'—" 1662. Dec. 1. Having seen the strange and wonderful dexterity of the sliders on the new canal in St. James's Park performed before their Majesties by divers gentlemen and others with scheets, after the manner of the Hollanders, with what a swiftness they pause, how suddenly they stop in full career upon the ice, went home." It is probable that some of the exiled Cavaliers had acquired the art, seeking to while away the tedium of a Dutch winter, and that but for the temporary overthrow of the monarchy we never should have had skaiting in England. At least Pepys speaks of it as something new, and Evelyn as Dutch; and we know of no other notices to form a link between this full-blown art of skaiting (the word "scheets" used by Evelyn is Dutch), and the rude beginnings of it recorded by Fitzstephen.* What a source of additional interest to the winter landscape of our parks would have been lost but for the temporary ascendancy of the Long Parliament and Cromwell! Even so late as the days of Swift, skaiting seems to have been little known or practised out of London. In the Journal to Stella, he says (January 1711):—" Delicate walking weather, and the canal and Rosamond's Pond full of the rabble, sliding, and with skaits, if you know what that is."

Where such gay doings were going on on the canal in winter, and in the Mall all the year round, crowds were attracted by curiosity. The game itself attracted to the latter many who were fond of exercise, and many who liked to display their figures. " To St. James's Park," wrote Pepys on the 1st of January, 1664,

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* "Others there are who are still more expert in their amusements on the ice: they place certain bones, the leg-bones of some animal, under the soles of their feet, by tying them round their ankles, and then, taking a pole shod with iron into their hands, they push themselves forward by striking it against the ice, and are carried along with a velocity equal to that of a bird, or a ball discharged from a cross-bow. Sometimes two of them thus furnished agree to stand opposite to one another, at a great distance; they meet—elevate their poles—attack and strike each other, when one or both of them fall, and not without some bodily hurt; and even after their fall they shall be carried a good distance from each other by the rapidity of the motion." A tournament on the ice, not unlike the water-quintain. In Holland the immense extent of frozen canals in winter led to the employment of skaits in that season, and consequently to the perfection of the implement: in England, where skaiting never can be anything but an amusement, the art seems to have remained in its primitive rudeness till the Dutch taught it to the Cavaliers.

"seeing many people play at pall-mall, where it pleased me mightily to hear a gallant, lately come from France, swear at one of his companions for suffering his man (a spruce blade) to be so saucy as strike a ball while his master was playing on the Mall." But more contemplative personages enjoyed a walk in the park. The Diaries of Pepys and Evelyn bear witness how often they visited it. And in a letter addressed to Sir Christopher Wren (one of the earliest members of the Royal Society along with Pepys and Evelyn) in 1663, Bishop Sprat says:—"You may recollect we went lately from Axe-yard to walk in St. James's Park, &c." But for the gay flutterers of the park in "Charles's easy reign," we must draw upon the poets who painted from life. Keeping in remembrance a passage formerly quoted, which tells us that Spring Gardens opened upon the Mall, the Duke of Buckingham's description of the Mall, with its lindens and elms, and the way for foot passengers on one side and that for carriages on the other, and that there was then as now an entry to the park from Pall-Mall at the west end of St. James's Palace, the reader will find no difficulty in filling up the outlines of this sketch by Etherege:—

"Enter *Sir Fopling Flutter and his equipage.*

"*Sir Fop.* Hey! bid the coachman send home four of his horses, and bring the coach to Whitehall; I'll walk over the park. Madam, the honour of kissing your fair hands is a happiness I missed this afternoon at my Lady Townly's.

"*Lev.* You were very obliging, Sir Fopling, the last time I saw you there.

"*Sir Fop.* The preference was due to your wit and beauty. Madam, your servant. There never was so sweet an evening.

"*Bellinda.* 'T has drawn all the rabble of the town hither.

"*Sir Fop.* 'Tis pity there's not an order made that none but the *beau monde* should walk here.

"*Lev.* 'Twould add much to the beauty of the place. See what a set of nasty fellows are coming.

"Enter *four ill-fashioned fellows, singing—' 'Tis not for kisses alone,' &c.*

"*Lev.* Fo! Their perriwigs are scented with tobacco so strong—

"*Sir Fop.* It overcomes my pulvilio.—Methinks I smell the coffee-house they come from.

"1. *Man.* Dorimant's convenient, Madam Loveit.

"2. *Man.* I like the Oylie-buttock that's with her.

"3. *Man.* What spruce prig is that?

"1. *Man.* A Caravan lately come from Paris.

"2. *Man.* Peace, they smoak—(*sings*)

"*There's something else to be done,*" *&c.*

"(*All of them coughing—exeunt singing.*)"

After the death of Charles II., St. James's Park ceased to be the favourite haunt of the sovereign. The burning of Whitehall, by occasioning the removal of the Court, may in part account for this—in part, the less gossiping turn of succeeding sovereigns. But the love of their subjects for this pleasing lounge was more lasting. Swift was a great frequenter of the Park. On the 8th of February, 1711, he wrote to Stella—"I walked in the Park to-day, in spite of the weather, as I do every day when it does not actually rain;" and on the 21st of the same month—"The days are now long enough to walk in the Park after dinner; and so I do whenever it is fair. This walking is a strange remedy: Mr. Prior walks to make himself fat; and I, to bring myself down; he has generally a cough, which he only calls a cold: we often walk round the Park together." It was a family taste with Prior. Swift, expressing astonishment at so young a man standing so high in office, dilates upon the youthfulness of his father:—"His father is a man of pleasure, that walks the Mall, and frequents St. James's Coffee-house and the chocolate-houses, and the young son is Secretary of State." The Dean, giving an account of his evening walks to his lodgings in Chelsea, incidentally lets us know that the ladies too continued their patronage of the Park:—"1711. May 15. My way is this: I leave my best gown and periwig at Mrs. Vanhomrigh's, then walk up the Pall Mall, out at Buckingham House, and so to Chelsea, a little beyond the church. I set out about sunset and get there in something less than an hour: it is two good miles, and just 5748 steps. * * When I pass the Mall in the evening it is prodigious to see the number of ladies walking there; and I always cry shame at the ladies of Ireland, who never walk at all, as if their legs were of no use but to be laid aside." His taste for evening walks experienced an interruption during the brief reign of the, Mohocks: he had been frightened by some of his friends, who told him that these worthies had an especial malice against his person.—"March 9, 1712. * * I walked in the Park this evening, and came home early, to avoid the Mohocks." Again, on the 16th, "Lord Winchelsea told me to-day at court that two of the Mohocks caught a maid of old Lady Winchelsea's, at the door of their house in the Park, with a candle, who had just lighted out somebody. They cut all her face and beat her, without any provocation."

Making allowance, however, for this brief ague fit, the years during which Swift was writing his 'Journal to Stella' were probably the happiest of his life. The tone of the Journal is triumphant, sanguine of the future, dictatorial. In his imagination he is the arm that alone upholds the ministry, and he is wreaking old grudges against Whigs whom he disliked, and against Whigs (Steele and Addison) with whom he had no quarrel, except that they would not turn with him. He is petulant as a schoolboy, and quite as happy. The best of his playful hits of malice belong to this period. And yet, with the page of his after life now lying open before us, there is something painful in the intoxication of his gratified vanity. We are aware of its momentary duration, and of the long years of repining in a narrower sphere, wasting his strength upon trifles through sheer horror of repose, paying a heavy penalty for his arrogance during his short exaltation, that are to ensue. Even the paralysis of his intellect which closed the fretful scene seems almost to be at work already in the giddiness of which he so often complains. Swift would not have felt much flattered by the remark, and yet it is true, that there is a strong analogy between him at this period of his life and the political upholsterer immortalised in the lucubrations of Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq.—also a great haunter of the Park. The reader must consult the 'Tatler' for the "high argument" of this sage politician; and also for the profound dissertations of the "three or four very odd fellows sitting together upon the bench at the upper end of the Mall"—all of them "curiosities in their kind"—"politicians who used to sun themselves in that place every day about dinner-time."

Horace Walpole enjoyed and appreciated St. James's Park. It requires an indolent or a good-natured man to do the latter. Walpole, who was indolent, and Goldsmith (see the old philosopher leading his equally antiquated cousin along the Mall in his miscellaneous essays), who was good-natured, both appreciated it. Swift, who certainly was not good-natured, walked in it for his health; and Samuel Johnson, who was troubled with thick coming fancies in an incessantly working brain, sought to drown them in the roar of Fleet Street. To Horace Walpole's power of appreciating the Park we are indebted for a picture of a party of pleasure in the Mall, quite equal to Etherege's half a century before:—

"1750. June 23. I had a card from Lady Caroline Petersham to go with her to Vauxhall. I went accordingly to her house, and found her with the little Ashe, or the Pollard Ashe as they call her. They had just finished their last layer of red, and looked as handsome as crimson could make them. * * * We issued into the Mall to assemble our company, which was all the town, if we could get it; for just as many had been summoned, except Harry Vane, whom we met by chance. We mustered the Duke of Kingston, whom Lady Caroline says she has been trying for these seven years; but alas! his beauty is at the fall of the leaf; Lord March, Mr. Whithead, a pretty Miss Beauclerc, and a very foolish Miss Sparre. These two damsels were trusted by their mothers for the first time to the matronly care of Lady Caroline. As we sailed up the Mall, with all our colours flying, Lord Petersham, with his hose and legs twisted to every point of crossness, strode by us at the outside, and re-passed again on the return. At the end of the Mall she called him: he would not answer; she gave a familiar spring, and between laugh and confusion ran up to him, 'My lord, my lord, why you don't see us!' We advanced at a little distance, not a little awkward, in expectation how all this would end, for my lord never stirred his hat, or took the least notice of anybody; she said 'Do you go with us, or are you going *anywhere else*?' 'I don't go with you—I am going *somewhere* else;' and away he stalked, as sulky as a ghost that nobody will speak to first. We got into the best order we could, and marched to our barge with a boat of French horns attending and little Ashe singing. We paraded some time up the river, and at last debarked at Whitehall."

A remarkable feature in the Park, and the feelings of its habitual visitants, from the time of Pepys to that of Horace Walpole, is the nonchalance with which the gay world considered the other classes of society as something the presence of which ought in no way to interfere with their amusements. The beaux and belles looked upon the wearers of fustian jackets as a kind of dogs and parrots, who might be there without breaking in on the strict privacy of the place. The tobacco-scented periwigs which disturbed the equanimity of Loveit and Sir Fopling, were worn by the rude fellows of their own rank: the upholsterer and his fellows were silent and submissive. But this equanimity was not to last. Only nine years after the free and easy scene described by Horace Walpole, we find him writing—and by a curious coincidence on the same day of the same month—"My Lady Coventry and my niece Waldegrave have been mobbed in the Park: I am sorry the people of England take all their liberty out in insulting pretty women." Additional light is thrown upon this passage by an anecdote inserted in the chronicle department of the 'Annual Register' for 1759:—

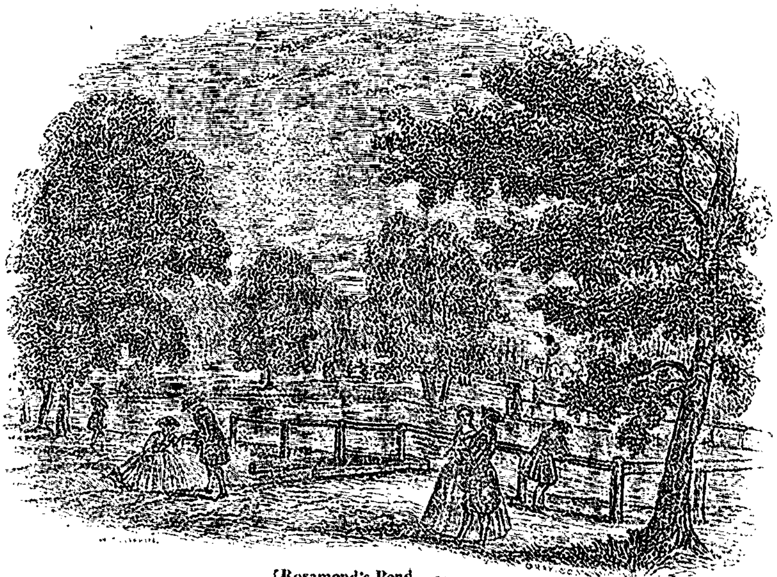
"20th June. A person was taken into custody on Sunday evening by some gentlemen in St. James's Park, and delivered to the guard, for joining with and encouraging a mob to follow and grossly insult some ladies of fashion that were walking there, by which means they were put in great danger of their lives. He was yesterday brought before John Fielding and Theodore Sydenham, Esqrs., and this day the following submission appeared in the 'Daily Advertiser.' (The apology, which is humble enough, is then given.) Insults of this kind have, notwithstanding this advertisement, been since repeated, and several persons have been apprehended for the like offence, who, it is to be hoped, will be punished with the utmost severity, in order to put a stop to such outrageous behaviour on the verge of the Royal Palace."

A paragraph in the volume of the same publication for 1761 shows how the toe of the peasant continued to gall the kibe of the courtier:—"June 24th. Last Sunday some young gentlemen belonging to a merchant's counting-house, who were a little disgusted at the too frequent use of the bag-wig made by apprentices to the meanest mechanics, took the following method to burlesque that elegant piece of French furniture. Having a porter just come out of the country, they dressed him in a bag wig, laced ruffles, and Frenchified him up in the new mode, telling him that if he intended to make his fortune in town, he must dress himself like a gentleman on Sunday, go into the Mall in St. James's Park, and mix with people of the first rank. They went with him to the scene of action, and drove him in among his betters, where he behaved as he was directed, in a manner the most likely to render him conspicuous. All the company saw by the turning of his toes that the dancing-master had not done his duty; and by the swing of his arms, and his continually looking at his laced ruffles and silk stockings, they had reason to conclude it was the first time he had appeared in such a dress. The company gathered round him, which he at first took for applause, and held up his head a little higher than ordinary; but at last some gentlemen joining in conversation with him, by his dialect detected him and laughed him out of company. Several, however, seemed dissatisfied at the scoffs he received from a parcel of 'prentice boys, monkified in the same manner, who appeared like so many little curs round a mastiff, and snapped as he went along, without being sensible at the same time of their own weakness."

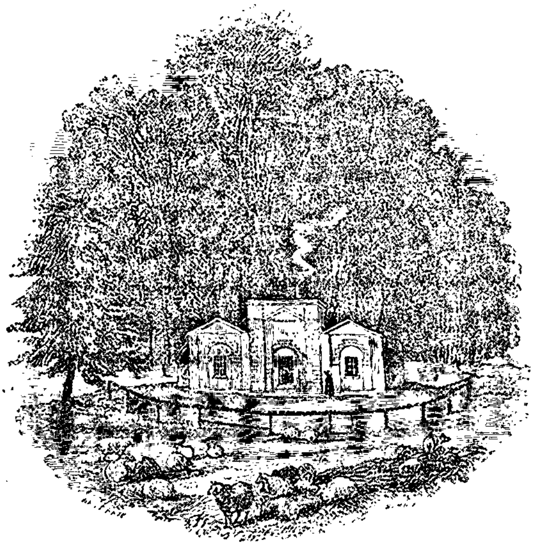
The disappearance of those distinctive marks in dress, which formerly told at once to what class an individual belonged, the gradual rise in refinement among all orders of society, and the restriction on the part of the aristocracy of what may be termed their undress amusements within the seclusion of their domestic privacy, at last put an end to these unseemly and unpleasant scenes. St. James's Park is more crowded now than ever with those who really have a taste for its beauties, or who enjoy finding themselves private in a crowd. All classes now mingle there, but in the progress of civil refinement they have all been toned down to an uniformity of appearance. This may be less picturesque, and less calculated to afford materials for scenic display than the old system, but it is on the whole much more comfortable—to use the exclusively English phrase. As the transition from the antediluvian state of Parkhood before the Restoration to the state of a stage for the gay world to flutter on, subsequent to that event, was marked by a change in the disposition of the grounds, so has the comparatively recent euthanasia of the age of beaux and belles. Nash, under the auspices of George IV., effected another transformation in the appearance of St. James's Park. It was high time that something should be done. Rosamond's Pond had long passed away from this sublunary scene, having been filled up about 1770; the decoy had vanished; the tenants of the Bird-cage Walk were nowhere to be seen. The line of the Mall, and the formal length of the central canal, alone remained—formal and neglected in their formality. Enclosure of the central space, a judicious deviation from the straight line on the banks of the canal, and the planting of some new trees and shrubs, were all that was required to produce the present pleasing scene.

The "silent sister" (to borrow an epithet applied by Oxford and Cambridge to the Irish University) of the Green Park has only had the hand of judicious ornament extended to it within the present year. Its history is in a great measure like Viola's imaginary sister—"a blank." It was not fenced in by royal residences like St. James's Park, on the verge of which the monarchy of England has built its bower—first at Whitehall, then at St. James's, and now at Buckingham Palace—for three hundred years, unable to tear itself away. St. James's Park is, in some sort, an out-of-door vestibule or ante-chamber to the Palace—frequented at times, it must be confessed, by courtiers of sufficiently uncouth appearance. But the Green Park was, until a recent period, away from the abodes of royalty and out of town. Looking from Constitution Hill to the west, south, and east, the eye rested upon fields and meadows interspersed with villages. Piccadilly was not the street of palaces it has since become—many mean buildings being to be found in it. The Green Park too (compared with its neighbours) was left bare of adornment, more resembling a village green than an appendage of royalty. During the last century it was occasionally a haunt for duellists, and at times the scene of outrages, such as Swift mentions being perpetrated at the door of Lord Winchelsea's house by the Mohocks. About the middle of the century some labourers employed in cutting a drain across it from Piccadilly, east of the Ranger's lodge, found a human skeleton, which did not appear to have been in the ground above thirty or forty years, and which bore traces of violence on the skull. Under the auspices of the new police, the Green Park, retaining its homeliness, has hitherto been a place for hand-ball and such amusements. The adornments of its neighbour are now extending to this neglected corner: it too has been set apart for the "enjoying of prospects."

It only remains to be mentioned, before we turn our attention to Hyde Park, that St. James's, although the seat where amusement seems to have taken up its favourite abode, has witnessed incidents of a more exciting character, in the same manner as the quiet of a domestic residence is sometimes invaded by the tragic occurrences of the restless world without. We read in the annals of the reign of Charles II., that the Duchess of Cleveland, walking one dark night across the Park from St. James's to Whitehall, was accosted and followed by three men in masks, who offered her no violence, but continued to denounce her as one of the causes of the national misery, and to prophesy that she would yet die the death of Jane Shore. It was at the entry to St. James's Palace from the Park that Margaret Nicholson attempted the life of George III. In the Park the same monarch received at one time the almost idolatrous homage of his subjects, and at another was with difficulty rescued from the violence of the assembled multitude. Charles I. walked across the Park, guarded by a regiment of foot armed with partizans, to his execution at Whitehall. His son, James II., walked across the Park from St. James's, where he had slept, to Whitehall, on the morning of his coronation. When the Dutch guards of the Prince of Orange were by his orders marching through the Park to relieve the English guards of James posted at Whitehall, the stout old Lord Craven made show of resistance, but received his master's orders to withdraw, and marched off with sullen dignity. This was the nearest approach to the actual intrusion of war into the Park, except when Wyatt, in the reign of Mary, marched his troops along the outside of its northern wall, and the royal artillery playing upon them from the heights sent its balls into the Park. But the mimic show of war has often appeared there. George Colman the younger (who by the bye was a native of the Park—born in a house the property of the Crown, which stood near the south-east corner of Rosamond's Pond), referring to 1780, wrote :—" Although all scenery, except the scenery of a playhouse, was at that time lost upon me, I have thought since of the picturesque view which St. James's Park then presented: the encampment which had been formed in consequence of the recent riots (Lord George Gordon's) was breaking up, but many tents remained; and seeming to be scattered, from the removal of others, out of the formal line which they originally exhibited, the effect they produced under the trees and near the canal was uncommonly gay and pleasing." Such of the present generation as witnessed the tents of the artillery pitched in the Park the evening before the coronation of her present Majesty, can form a pretty accurate conception of the scene witnessed by Colman. To these reminiscences belong the childish splendour of the Temple of Concord, and fire-works in the Green Park, in 1749; and the Chinese Bridge and Pagoda, and fire-works in St. James's Park, in 1814.



[Rosamond's Pond.—1752.]



[The Lodge in Kensington Gardens.]

XII.—THE PARKS.

3. Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens.

Kensington Gardens are properly part of Hyde Park. William III., not long after his accession to the throne, purchased from Daniel, second Earl of Nottingham, his house and gardens at Kensington. The extent of the gardens was about twenty-six acres, and with this William seems to have been perfectly satisfied. Even in this small space a part of the original Hyde Park was already included; for not long after 1661, Sir Heneage Finch, then Solicitor-General, obtained a grant of "All that ditch and fence which divide Hyde Park from the lands, grounds, and possessions of the said Sir Heneage Finch, adjacent to the said park, and all wood, underwood, and timber trees, growing and being within, upon, or about the said ditch and fence, containing in breadth ten feet, and in length one hundred and fifty roods, beginning from the south highway leading to the top of Kensington, and from thence crossing to the north highway leading to the town of Acton, which said piece of ground is by this grant disparked for ever." Queen Anne enclosed nearly thirty acres of the park (lying north of her conservatory) about 1705, and added them to the gardens. Caroline, Queen of George II., appropriated no less than three hundred acres of it, about 1730; and it is only since her time that the great enclosure of Kensington Gardens, and the curtailed Hyde Park, have a separate history.

In the survey of church lands made in pursuance of an Act of Parliament of the 26th of Henry VIII., and returned into the Court of First Fruits, the "Manerium de Hyde," belonging to the " Monasterium Sanct. Petr. Westm.," is valued at " xiiij*l*." No notice having been preserved of the original enclosure of this park, and the first keeper on record (George Roper, who had a grant of 6*d.* per diem for his service) having been appointed early in the reign of Edward VI., it has been conjectured that the park was enclosed while the manor was still in the possession of the Abbot and Convent. The list of keepers who succeeded Roper is unbroken down to the time of the Commonwealth. In a patent of 16th of Elizabeth, granting the office to Henry Cary, Lord Hunsdon, mention is made of " the herbage, pannage, and browse-wood for the deer." In 1596 the custody of Hyde Park was granted to Sir Edmund Cary, Knight, " with all the lodges, houses, and edifices in the same," reserving to Anne Baroness Hunsdon, during her life, " the lodge and mansion in the park, with the herbage and pannage of the same." The resolutions adopted by the House of Commons in 1652 relative to the sale of the Crown lands contain some curious details regarding Hyde Park.

The House resolved on the 21st of December, 1652, that Hyde Park should be sold for ready money; and in consequence of this resolution it was exposed for sale in parts, and sold to Richard Wilcox, of Kensington, Esq.; John Tracy, of London, merchant; and Anthony Deane, of St. Martin in the Fields, Esq. The first parcel, called the Gravel-pit division, containing 112 acres, 3 roods, 3 poles, was sold to Wilcox for 4141*l.* 11*s.*, of which sum 2428*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.* was the price of the wood. The Kensington division, consisting of 147 acres, 3 roods, 16 poles, was purchased by Tracy, who paid 3906*l.* 7*s.* 6*d.*, of which only 261*l.* 7*s.* 6*d.* was for the wood. The other three divisions—the Middle, Banqueting-house, and Old Lodge divisions—were sold to Deane, and cost him 9020*l.* 8*s.* 2*d.*, of which 2210*l.* was for the wood. At the south-west corner of the Banqueting-house division stood " that building intended at its first erection for a Banqueting-house:" its materials were valued at 125*l.* 12*s.* On the Old Lodge division stood the Old Lodge, with its barn and stable, and several tenements near Knightsbridge: the materials of the Lodge were valued at 120*l.* " The deer of several sorts within the said park " were valued at 765*l.* 6*s.* 2*d.* The ground and wood of Hyde Park were sold for 17,069*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*; the wood on it being (exclusive of the deer and building materials) valued at 5099*l.* 19*s.* 6*d.* The yearly rental of the park was assumed to be 894*l.* 13*s.* 8*d.*

The specifications in the indentures of sale enable us to trace with accuracy the boundaries of the park at that time, and also to form some idea of its state and appearance. It was bounded by " the great road to Acton " on the north; by " the way leading from Brentford great road to Acton great road " on the east; by the road designated, in one part of its course, the " Knightsbridge highway," and in another, " the highway leading from Knightsbridge to Kensington," evidently the " Brentford great road " mentioned above, on the south; and by " part of the house and ground usually taken to belong to Mr. Finch of Kensington," and " the ground lying near the Gravel-pits," on the west. About three of these boundaries there is little difficulty: they are clearly the two great lines of road which pass along the north and south edges of the park at the present day, and what is now called Park Lane. The whole of the ground within these three boundaries was within Hyde Park; for, in the description of Old Lodge division, especial mention is made of "that small parcel of ground formerly taken out of the park, and used as a fortification, being at the corner of this division called Park Corner." The fortification here alluded to was the large fort with four bastions thrown up by the citizens in 1642, on the ground now occupied by Hamilton Place. On this several houses were subsequently erected during the Protectorate, which were after the Restoration granted on lease to James Hamilton, Esq., the Ranger. Upon his death, the lease was renewed for ninety-nine years to Mrs. Elizabeth Hamilton in 1692. Apsley House stands on the site of the Old Lodge, and is held under the Crown: the original Apsley House was built by Lord Bathurst, when chancellor. By these grants the triangular piece of ground between the present gate and Park Lane came to be cut off from the park, the south-east corner of which, in 1652, extended along the north side of the highway, quite up to the end of Park Lane. The gradual encroachments made upon the park at its west end render it more difficult to ascertain its extent in that direction. The following indications may assist:—When King William purchased his mansion of the Earl of Nottingham at Kensington, there were only twenty-six acres of garden-ground attached to it. The Palace Green, on the west of the palace, was part of these twenty-six acres. We know that the old conduit of Henry VIII., on the west side of Palace Green, was built by that monarch on a piece of waste ground, called "the Moor," outside of the park. The mansion of the Earl of Nottingham must therefore have stood pretty close upon the eastern limits of his twenty-six acres. This view is corroborated by two circumstances. The first is, that the grounds acquired by Sir Heneage Finch, Recorder of London, ancestor of the Earl of Nottingham, between 1630 and 1640, are described in old charters as lying within the parishes of Kensington, St. Margaret's, Westminster, and Paddington. These three parishes meet at a point to the west of Kensington Palace, nearly equidistant from its outer gate in the town of Kensington, the circular pond in Kensington Gardens, and the junction of Bayswater and Kensington Gravel-pits on the western descent of Bayswater Hill. The second circumstance alluded to is, that the grounds purchased by King William from the Earl of Nottingham contained a small part of the original Hyde Park; Sir Heneage Finch, son of the Recorder, having obtained from Charles II. a grant of a "ditch and fence which divide Hyde Park from the lands, grounds, and possessions of the said Sir Heneage Finch;" "the said ditch containing in breadth ten feet, and in length one hundred and fifty roods, beginning from the south highway leading to the town of Kensington, and from thence crossing to the north highway leading to the town of Acton, which said piece of ground is by this grant disparked for ever." All these considerations seem to warrant the assumption that Hyde Park originally extended at its western extremity almost up to the east front of Kensington Palace.

But the indentures of sale enable us also to form some kind of idea of the appearance of the ground within these boundaries at the time the park was sold by order of Parliament. Great care seems to have been taken, in dividing the park into five lots or parcels, to divide the "pools" in the park equally between them. Two are attached to the Gravel-pits, two to the Kensington, three to the Middle, and four to the Old Lodge division. The relative positions and extent of these divisions, and the manner in which the "pools" are described, show that they must have formed a chain extending in a waving line from "Bayard's watering" to "the Spittle mead" at Knightsbridge—the exact course of the Serpentine River, and the stream sent off from its lower extremity. No pools are allotted to the Banqueting-house division, the reason of which seems to have been that it contained "a parcel of enclosed ground lying on the north-east corner of this division, formerly used as a meadow, commonly called Tyburn Meadow," the north-east corner being the angle formed by the great road to Acton and the road now called Park Lane. From this corner a depression of the ground can still be traced extending to the Serpentine between the heights on which the farm-house and the powder-magazine stand. These facts lead us to infer that Hyde Park was then intersected by a chain of "pools," (which old muniments of the manor of Paddington and the manor of Knightsbridge show must have been expansions in the bed of a stream,) tracing the same line as the Serpentine of the present day, and a shallow water-course running down to it from an enclosed meadow where Cumberland Gate now stands. The indentures of sale moreover enable us to make a pretty near guess as to the appearance of the ground intersected by these water-courses. The wood on the north-west or Gravel-pit division was valued at 2428*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.*; that on the south-west or Kensington division only at 261*l.* 7*s.* 6*d.*; and yet the Gravel-pit division contained not much more than 112 acres, while the Kensington division contained about 177 acres. Again, the Middle division, which lay on the north side of the park between the Gravel-pit division on the west and the Banqueting-house division on the east, contained only 83 acres, 2 roods, 38 poles, and the Banqueting-house and Old Lodge divisions contained between them 247 acres, 3 roods, 16 poles; yet the wood on the Middle division was valued at 1225*l.* 18*s.* 4*d.*, while that on the other two was not valued at more than 1184*l.* 11*s.* 2*d.* From these facts we infer that the north-western parts of the park and the banks of the "pools" were thickly wooded; that its north-east corner had fewer trees; and that the part which lay towards Kensington Gore and the town of Kensington was almost entirely denuded of wood. To complete the picture we must bear in mind that in the south-west part of the Kensington division there was "a parcel of meadow-ground enclosed for the deer;" that in the Banqueting-house division there was the enclosed Tyburn meadow on its north-east corner, and "that building intended at the first erection thereof for a banqueting-house, situate near the south-west corner of this division,"—from its position the house afterwards called Cake House or Mince-pie House, where the farm now stands; that where Apsley House is now was "the Old Lodge with the barn and stable belonging," and immediately east of it the remains of the temporary fortification thrown up in 1642. The park was enclosed—it is described in the indentures as "that impaled ground called Hide Park"—but with the exception of Tyburn meadow, the enclosure for the deer, the Old Lodge, and the Banqueting-house, it seems to have been left entirely in a state of nature. Grammont alludes to the park as presenting the ungainly appearance of a bare field in the time of Charles II. The value put upon the materials of the Old Lodge and Banqueting-house does not excite any very inordinate ideas of their splendour; it is probable, however, that the Ring, which we find a fashionable place of resort early in the reign of Charles II., without any mention being made of its origin, was originally the ornamental ground attached to the latter.

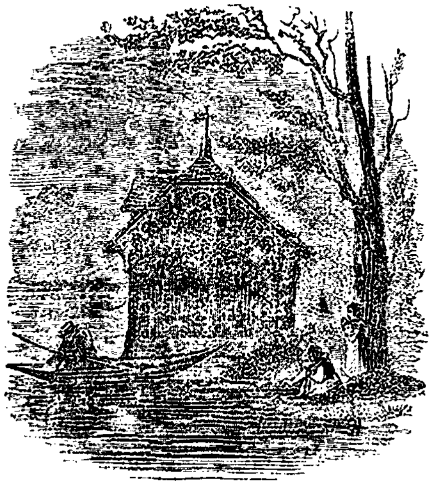
In this state Hyde Park seems to have continued with little alteration till the year 1730, and even then the improvements were almost exclusively confined to the part enclosed under the name of Kensington Gardens, to the history of which we must now turn our attention.

It has already been stated that the gardens attached to Kensington Palace when purchased by King William did not exceed twenty-six acres. Evelyn alludes to them on the 25th of February, 1690-1, in these words:—"I went to Kensington, which King William had bought of Lord Nottingham, and altered, but was yet a patched building; but with the gardens, however, it is a very neat villa, having to it the park and a strait new way through this park." In a view of the gardens near London in December, 1691, communicated to the Society of Antiquaries by Dr. Hamilton from a MS. in his possession, and printed in the twelfth volume of the 'Archæologia,' the gardens are thus described:—"Kensington Gardens are not great, nor abounding with fine plants. The orange, lemon, myrtle, and what other trees they had there in summer, were all removed to Mr. Loudon's or Mr. Wise's green-house at Brompton Park, a little mile from them. But the walks and grass were very fine, and they were digging up a plot of four or five acres to enlarge their garden."

Bowack, who wrote in 1705, has given an account of the improvements then carrying on by order of Queen Anne:—"But whatever is deficient in the house, is and will be made up in the gardens, which want not any advantages of nature to render them entertaining, and are beautified with all the elegancies of art (statues and fountains excepted). There is a noble collection of foreign plants, and fine neat greens, which makes it pleasant all the year, and the contrivance, variety, and disposition of the whole is extremely pleasing; and so frugal have they been of the room they had, that there is not an inch but what is well improved, the whole with the house not being above twenty-six acres. Her Majesty has been pleased lately to plant near thirty acres more towards the north, separated from the rest only by a stately green-house, not yet finished; upon this spot is near one hundred men daily at work, and so great is the progress they have made, that in less than nine months the whole is levelled, laid out and planted, and when finished will be very fine. Her Majesty's gardener has the management of this work." It appears from this passage that previous to 1705, Kensington Gardens did not extend farther to the north than the Conservatory, originally designed for a banqueting-house, and frequently used as such by Queen Anne. The eastern boundary of the gardens would seem to have been at this time nearly in the line of the broad walk which crosses them before the east front of the palace. Palace Green seems at that time to have been considered a part of the private pleasure-grounds attached to the palace, for the low circular stone building now used as an engine-house for supplying the palace with water was erected by order of Queen Anne, facing an avenue of elms, for a summer recess. The town of Kensington for some years later did not extend so far to the east as it now does. The kitchen gardens which extend north of the palace towards the Gravel-pits, and the thirty acres north of the Conservatory, added by Anne to the pleasure gardens, may have been the fifty-five acres "detached and severed from the park, lying in the north-west corner thereof," granted in the 16th of Charles II. to Hamilton, ranger of the park, and Birch, auditor of excise, to be walled and planted with "pippins and red-streaks," on condition of their furnishing apples or cider for the King's use. The alcove at the end of the avenue leading from the south front of the palace to the wall on the Kensington road was also built by Anne's orders. So that Kensington Palace in her reign seems to have stood in the midst of fruit and pleasure gardens, with pleasant alcoves on the west and south, and a stately banqueting-house on the east—the whole confined between the Kensington and Uxbridge roads, the west side of Palace Green, and the line of the broad walk before the east front of the palace. Tickell has perpetrated a dreary mythological poem on Kensington Gardens, which we have ransacked in vain for some descriptive touches of their appearance in Queen Anne's time, and have therefore been obliged to have recourse to Addison's prose in the 477th Number of the 'Spectator:'—"I think there are as many kinds of gardening as poetry: your makers of pastures and flower gardens are epigrammatists and sonnetteers in this art; contrivers of bowers and grottoes, treillages and cascades, are romance writers. Wise and Loudon are our heroic poets; and if as a critic I may single out any passage of their works to commend, I shall take notice of that part in the upper garden at Kensington, which was at first nothing but a gravel-pit. It must have been a fine genius for gardening that could have thought of forming such an unsightly hollow into so beautiful an area, and to have hit the eye with so uncommon and agreeable a scene as that which it is now wrought into. To give this particular spot of ground the greater effect, they have made a very pleasing contrast; for as on one side of the walk you see this hollow basin, with its several little plantations lying so conveniently under the eye of the beholder, on the other side of it there appears a seeming mount, made up of trees one higher than another as they approach the centre. A spectator who has not heard of this account of it, would think this circular mount was not only a real one, but that it had been actually scooped out of that hollow space, which I have before mentioned. I never yet met with any one who had walked in this garden who was not struck with that part of it which I have mentioned."

In reference to the operations of Queen Caroline, Daines Barrington remarks, in his 'Essay on the Progress of Gardening:'—"It is believed that George I. rather improved the gardens at Herrnhausen than those of any of his English palaces. In the succeeding reign, Queen Caroline threw a string of ponds in Hyde Park into one, so as to form what is called the Serpentine River, from its being not exactly straight, as all ponds and canals were before. She is likewise well known to have planted and laid out the gardens of Richmond and Kensington upon a larger scale, and in better taste, than we have any instances before that period. She seems also to have been the first introducer of expensive buildings in gardens, if one at Lord Barrington's is excepted." And yet Queen Anne's Green-house or Conservatory in the very gardens he was writing about must have cost something. Nearly 300 acres were added by Queen Caroline to Kensington Gardens. Opposite the Ring in Hyde Park a mound was thrown across the valley to dam up the streams connecting the chain of "pools" already mentioned. All the waters and conduits in the park, granted in 1663 to Thomas Haines on a lease of ninety-nine years, were re-purchased by the Crown. Along the line of the ponds a canal was begun to be dug. The excavation was four hundred yards in length and forty feet deep, and cost 6000*l.* At the south-east end of the gardens a mount was raised of the soil dug out of the canal. On the north and south the grounds, of which these works formed the characteristic features, were bounded by high parallel walls. On the north-east a fosse and low wall, reaching from the Uxbridge road to the Serpentine, at once shut in the gardens, and conducted the eye along their central vista, over the Serpentine to its extremity, and across the park. To the east of Queen Anne's gardens, immediately below the principal windows of the east front of the palace, a reservoir was formed into a circular pond, and thence long vistas were carried through the woods that circled it round, to the head of the Serpentine; to the fosse and low wall, affording a view of the park (this sort of fence was an invention of Bridgeman, "an attempt then deemed so astonishing, that the common people called them Ha-has, to express their surprise at finding a sudden and unperceived check to their walk"), and to the mount constructed out of the soil dug from the canal. This mount was planted with evergreens, and on the summit was erected a small temple, made to turn at pleasure, to afford shelter from the wind. The three principal vistas were crossed at right angles, by others at regular intervals—an arrangement which has been complained of as disagreeably formal, with great injustice, for the formality is only in the ground plot, not in any view of the garden that can meet the eye of the spectator at one time. Queen Anne's gardens underwent no further alteration than was necessary to make them harmonise with the extended grounds, of which they had now become a part.

Since the death of George II. Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens have undergone no changes of consequence. The Ring, in the former, has been deserted for the drive, and presents now an appearance which any Jonathan Oldbuck might pardonably mistake for the vestiges of a Roman encampment. New plantations have been laid out to compensate for the gradual decay of the old wood. That part of the south wall of Kensington Gardens which served to intercept between it and the Kensington road a narrow strip of the park where the cavalry barracks have been erected, has been thrown down. Queen Caroline's



[Humane Society's Boat-house.]

artificial mound had previously been levelled. A new bridge has been thrown across the Serpentine, and more ornamental buildings been erected on its bank to serve for a powder-magazine and the house of the Humane Society, (beautiful antithesis!) and infantry barracks have been erected within the precincts of the park near Knightsbridge.

Kensington Gardens now occupy the Gravel-pit division and the larger portions of the Kensington and Middle divisions of the time of Oliver Cromwell. Farther along the Serpentine, and below the waterless waterfall, at its termination, the appearance of the park has been wonderfully changed since the time of the Protectorate. The remainder is characterised, perhaps, by a more careful surface-dressing, but in other respects it has, if anything, retrograded in internal ornament. Of the Ring, once the seat of gaiety and splendour, we may say with Wordsworth, that—

> "Dying insensibly away
> From human thoughts and purposes,"

it seems

> "To yield to some transforming power,
> And blend with the surrounding trees."

We sometimes feel tempted to regret its decay, and also the throwing down of part of the south wall of the gardens, which seems to have let in too much sunlight upon them (to say nothing of east winds), and spoiled their umbrageous character. On the whole, however, the recent changes in Hyde Park are more striking in regard to its immediate vicinity, to the setting of the jewel as it were, than to the ground itself. Any one who enters the park from Grosvenor Gate (opened in 1724) and advances to the site of the Ring, will at once feel this change in its full force. Hemmed in though the park now is on all sides by long rows of buildings, one feels there, on a breezy upland with a wide space of empty atmosphere on every side, what must have been the charm of this place when the eye, looking from it, fell in every direction on rural scenes. For Hyde Park until very recently was entirely in the country. And this remark naturally conducts us to those adventures and incidents associated with Hyde Park which contribute even more than its rural position to render it less exclusively of the court, courtly, than St. James's.

Hyde Park was a favourite place of resort for those who brought in the 1st of May with the reverence once paid to it. Pepys breathes a sigh in his 'Diary' on the evening of the 30th April, 1661, (he was then on a pleasure jaunt,) to this effect:—"I am sorry I am not at London to be at Hide Park to-morrow morning, among the great gallants and ladies, which will be very fine." It was very fine, for Evelyn has entered in his 'Diary,' under the date of the identical 1st of May referred to by Pepys:—"I went to Hide Park to take the air, where was his Majesty and an innumerable appearance of gallants and rich coaches, being now at time of universal festivity and joy." But even during the sway of the Puritans, the Londoners assembled here "to do observance to May," as we learn from 'Several Proceedings of State Affairs, 27th April to 4th May, 1654.'—"Monday, 1st May. This day was more observed by people going a maying than for divers years past, and indeed much sin committed by wicked meetings with fiddlers, drunkenness, ribaldry, and the like; great resort came to Hyde Park, many hundreds of coaches and gallants in attire, but most shameful powdered hair men, and painted and spotted women. Some men played with a silver ball; and some took other recreation. But his Highness the Lord Protector went not thither, nor any of the Lords of the Commonwealth, but were busy about the great affairs of the Commonwealth." We would give a trifle to know whether one John Milton, a Secretary of the Lord Protector, were equally self-denying. In 1654 the morning view from the Ring in Hyde Park must have been not unlike this description of what had met a poet's eyes in his early rambles—

> "Some time walking not unseen
> By hedge-row elms on hillock green,
> Right against the eastern gate
> Where the great sun begins his state,
> Robed in flames and amber light
> The clouds in thousand liveries dight,
> While the ploughman near at hand
> Whistles o'er the furrowed land;
> And the milk-maid singeth blithe,
> And the mower whets his scythe,
> And every shepherd tells his tale
> Under the hawthorn in the dale."

And one of the poet's earlier compositions had afforded a strong suspicion of his idolatrous tendencies—

> "Now the bright morning-star, day's harbinger,
> Comes dancing from the east, and brings with her
> The flowery May, who from her green lap throws
> The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose.
> Hail! beauteous May, that doth inspire
> Mirth, and youth, and warm desire;
> Meads and groves are of thy dressing,
> Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.
> Thus we salute thee with our early song,
> And welcome thee, and wish thee long."

To all which circumstances may be added that the said John Milton is affirmed (perhaps with a view to be near the scene of his official duties) to have resided for some time in a house on the south side of St. James's Park, at no immeasurable distance from the place where the enormities of May worship were perpetrated in 1654, under the very noses of a puritanical government.

Be this as it may, the sports affected by the habitual frequenters of Hyde Park at all times of the year had a manly character about them, harmonizing with its country situation. For example, although the Lord Protector felt it inconsistent with his dignity to sanction by his presence the profane mummery of the 1st of May, he made himself amends for his self-denial a few days afterwards, as we learn from the 'Moderate Intelligencer:'—"Hyde Park, May 1st, 1654. This day there was a hurling of a great ball by fifty Cornish gentlemen of the side, and fifty on the other; one party played in red caps, and the other in white. There was present his Highness the Lord Protector, many of his Privy Council, and divers eminent gentlemen, to whose view was presented great agility of body, and most neat and exquisite wrestling, at every meeting of one with the other, which was ordered with such dexterity, that it was to show more the strength, vigour, and nimbleness of their bodies than to endanger their persons. The ball they played withal was silver, and designed for that party which did win the goal." Evelyn mentions in May 1658, "I went to see a coach-race in Hide

Park; and collationed in Spring Gardens." Pepys mentions in August, 1660:—"To Hide Parke by coach, and saw a fine foot-race three times round the park (*Qu.* Ring?) between an Irishman and Crow that was once my Lord Claypole's footman." Evelyn's coach-race (by which we must not understand such a race as might take place now-a-days between two professional or amateur coach-drivers, but more probably some imaginative emulation of classical chariot-races, for such was the tone of that age) recalls an accident which happened to Cromwell in Hyde Park in 1654. We learn from the 'Weekly Post,'—"His Highness the Lord Protector went lately in his coach from Whitehall to take the ayr in Hide Park; and the horses being exceedingly affrighted, set a running, insomuch that the postilion fell, whereby his Highness was in some danger; but (blessed be God) he was little hurt." Ludlow's version of this story is:—"The Duke of Holstein made him (Cromwell) a present of a set of grey Friesland coach-horses; with which taking the air in the park, attended only with his secretary Thurloe, and a guard of Janizaries, he would needs take the place of the coachman, not doubting but the three pair of horses he was about to drive would prove as tame as the three nations which were ridden by him; and therefore, not content with their ordinary pace, he lashed them very furiously. But they, unaccustomed to such a rough driver, ran away in a rage, and stopped not till they had thrown him out of the box, with which fall his pistol fired in his pocket, though without any hurt to himself: by which he might have been instructed how dangerous it was to meddle with those things wherein he had no experience." There may be some truth in this, although Ludlow was a small man, virulent in his vindictiveness, and a *gobemouche;* for the cautious journalist admits that the Protector was hurt; and Bates, Cromwell's physician, mentions that, from an idea that violent motion was calculated to alleviate some disorders to which he was subject, it was his custom when taking the air in his coach to seat himself on the driving-box, in order to procure a rougher shake. Cromwell—since we have got him in hand we may as well despatch him at once—seems to have been partial to Hyde Park and its environs. The 'Weekly Post,' enumerating the occasions on which Syndercombe and Cecill had lain in wait to assassinate him in Hyde Park ("the hinges of Hide Park gate were filed off in order to their escape") enumerates some of his airings all in this neighbourhood:—"when he rode to Kensington and thence the back way to London;" "when he went to Hide Park in his coach;" "when he went to Turnham Green and so by Acton home;" and "when he rode in Hide Park." One could fancy him influenced by some attractive sympathy between his affections and the spot of earth in which he was destined to repose from his stirring and harassing career. The unmanly indignities offered to his dead body harmed not him, and they who degraded themselves by insulting the dead were but a sort of sextons more hardened and brutal than are ordinarily to be met with. Cromwell sleeps as sound at Tyburn, in the vicinity of his favourite haunts, as the rest of our English monarchs sleep at Westminster or Windsor.

The fashionable part of Hyde Park was long confined within very narrow limits; the Ring being, from all time previous to the Restoration till far in the reigns of the Georges, the exclusive haunt of the *beau monde.* Subsequently Kensington Gardens, at the opposite extremity of the park, was appropriated by the race that lives for enjoyment; but even after that event a considerable space within the park remained allotted to the rougher business of life. During the time of the Commonwealth, as we have seen, it became private property. Evelyn (11th April, 1653) complains feelingly of the change:—"I went to take the aire in Hide Park, where every coach was made to pay a shilling, and horse sixpence, by *the sordid fellow* (poor Anthony Deane, of St. Martin's in the Fields, Esq.) who had purchased it of the state, as they are called." The courtly Evelyn had no words of reprobation for Mr. Hamilton, the ranger appointed at the Restoration, who continued for ten good years to let the park in farms; it not having been enclosed with a wall and re-stocked with deer till 1670.

Hyde Park has from an early period down to our own times been a favourite locality for reviews. "*Mercurius Publicus*" announced to the public on the 26th of April, 1660, that the Commissioners of the Militia of London were to "rendezvous their regiments of trained bands and auxiliaries" at Hyde Park; that Major Cox, "Quartermaster-general of the City," had been to view the ground; and that the Lord Mayor intended to appear at the review "with his collar of *esses*," and all the Aldermen "in scarlet robes, attended with the mace and cap of maintenance, as is usual at great solemnities." An 'Exact Account' of the pageant, published not long after, informs us that in Hyde Park "was erected a spacious fabric, in which the Lord Mayor in his collar of SS, and the Aldermen in their scarlet gowns, with many persons of quality, sate, by which the respective regiments in a complete order marched, giving many volleys of shot as they passed by;" that "in the White regiment of Auxiliaries in the first rank Major-General Mysse trailed a pike, who was followed with a numerous company of people with great acclamations;" that "the like hath hardly been seen, it being conceived that there could hardly be lesse than twenty thousand men in arms, besides the Yellow regiment which came out of Southwark, and also that complete regiment of horse commanded by Major-General Brown, where was likewise present so great a multitude of people, that few persons hath seen the like;" that "they marched out of the field in the same handsome manner, to the great honour and repute of the City of London, and satisfaction and content of all spectators;" and lastly, "which is observable, that in the height of this show the Lord Mayor received notice that Colonel John Lambert was carried by the park a prisoner unto Whitehall." Evelyn records a more courtly spectacle of the kind that took place on the same ground in July 1664:—"I saw his Majesty's Guards, being of horse and foote 4000, led by the General the Duke of Albemarle in extraordinary equipage and gallantry, consisting of gentlemen of quality and veteran souldiers, excellently clad, marched, and ordered, drawn up in battalia before their Ma^{ties} in Hide Park, where the old Earle of Cleveland trailed a pike, and led the right-hand file commanded by the Viscount Wentworth his son, a worthy spectacle and example, being both of them old and valiant souldiers. This was to show y^{e} French ambassador, Monsieur Comminges; there being a great assembly of coaches, &c., in the park." The prejudices of education might predispose one to imagine that the titled heroes celebrated by Evelyn "trailed the puissant pike" more gallantly than Major-General Mysse; but the observations of Pepys, who slipped into the park to see the review described by Evelyn, after cherishing his little body at an ordinary, induce us to suspend our judgment:—"From the King's Head ordinary with Creed to hire a coach to carry us to Hide Park, to-day there being a general muster of the king's guards, horse and foot; but they demand so high, that I spying Mr. Cutler the merchant did take notice of him, and he going into his coach and telling me he was going to the muster, I asked and went along with him; when a goodly sight to see—so many fine horses and officers, and the King, Duke, and others—came by a-horseback, and the two Queenes in the Queen-mother's coach (my lady Castlemaine not being there). And after long being there I light, and walked to the place where the King, Duke, &c., did stand, to see the horse and foot march by and discharge their guns, to show a Frenche Marquisse (for whom this muster was caused) the goodnesse of our firemen; which indeed was very good, though not without a slip now and then; and one broadside close to our coach as we had going out of the parke, even to the nearnesse to be ready to burn our hairs. *Yet methought all these gay men are not the soldiers that must do the king's business, it being such as these that lost the old king all he had, and were beat by the most ordinary fellows that could be.*" Horace Walpole's account of a somewhat similar scene, 1759, may serve as a pendant to these remarks:—"I should weary you with what everybody wearies me—the militia. The crowds in Hyde Park when the King reviewed them were inimaginable. My Lord Orford, their colonel, I hear looked ferociously martial and genteel, and I believe it; his person and air have a noble wildness in them; the regimentals too are very becoming, scarlet faced with black, buff waistcoat and gold buttons. How knights of the shire, who have never shot anything but woodcocks, like this warfare I don't know; but the towns through which they pass adore them, everywhere they are treated and regaled." The Brobdignaggian scale of the reviews of the Volunteers in the days of George III. are beyond the compass of our narrow page. The encampment of the troops in Hyde Park in 1780 after Lord George Gordon's riots, and of the Volunteers in 1799, must be passed over in silence; as also the warlike doings of the Fleet in the Serpentine in 1814, when a Lilliputian British frigate blew a Lilliputian American frigate out of the water, in commemoration of—the founders of the feast confessed themselves at a loss to say what.

But Hyde Park, unlike St. James's, has witnessed the mustering of real as well as of holiday warriors. It was the frequent rendezvous of the Commonwealth troops during the civil war. Essex and Lambert encamped their forces here, and here Cromwell reviewed his terrible Ironsides. And though Butler's muse, which, as the bee finds honey in every flower, elaborates the ludicrous from all events, has sneered at the labours of the citizens of London who threw up the fort in Hyde Park, the jest at which royalists could laugh under Charles II. was no joke to the Cavaliers of Charles I. The very women shared the enthusiasm, and, as the irreverend bard alluded to sings—

> "March'd rank and file with drum and ensign,
> T' entrench the city for defence in;
> Raisep rampions with their own soft hands,
> And put the enemy to stands.
> From ladies down to oyster wenches,
> Labour'd like pioneers in trenches,
> Fall'n to their pick-axes and tools,
> And help'd the men to dig like moles."

One circumstance that tends to impress us with the idea of the solitary character of Hyde Park and its environs when compared with St. James's Park during the reigns of the last Stuarts and the first sovereigns of the present dynasty is its being frequently selected, in common with the then lonely fields behind Montague House, now the British Museum, as the scene of the more inveterate class of duels. In the days when men wore swords there were many off-hand duels—*impromptu* exertions of that species of lively humour. Horace Walpole, sen., quarrelled with a gentleman in the House of Commons, and they fought at the stair-foot. Lord Byron and Mr. Chaworth stepped out of a dining-parlour in the Star and Garter Tavern, Pall Mall, and fought by the light of a bed-room candle in an adjoining apartment. More than one duel occurred in Pall Mall itself. But there were also more ceremonious duels, to which men were formally invited some time beforehand, and in which more guests than two participated. The pistol-duel in which Wilkes was severely wounded occurred in Hyde Park. Here too the fatal duel in which the Duke of Hamilton and Lord Mahon (November, 1712) fell, and their seconds were wounded, took place. Swift enables us to fix with precision the locality of this last event: he says in his 'Journal to Stella,' "The Duke was helped towards the Cake-house by the Ring in Hyde Park, where they fought, and died on the grass before he could reach the house." Its loneliness is also vouched for by the frequency of highway robberies in its immediate vicinity: pocket-picking is the branch of industry characteristic of town places like St. James's Park; highway robbery and fox-hunting are rural occupations. The narrative of the principal witness in the trial of William Belchier, sentenced to death for highway robbery in 1752, shows the state in which the roads which bound Hyde Park were at that time, and also presents us with a picture of the substitutes then used instead of a good police:—"*William Norton:* The chaise to the Devizes having been robbed two or three times, as I was informed, I was desired to go in it, to see if I could take the thief, which I did on the 3rd of June, about half an hour after one in the morning. I got into the post-chaise; the post-boy told me the place where he had been stopped was near the Half-way House between Knightsbridge and Kensington. As we came near the house the prisoner came to us on foot and said, 'Driver, stop!' He held a pistol tinder-box to the chaise and said, 'Your money directly: you must not stay, this minute your money.' I said, 'Don't frighten us; I have but a trifle; you shall have it.' Then I said to the gentlemen (there were three in the chaise), 'Give your money.' I took out a pistol from my coat-pocket, and from my breeches-pocket a five-shilling piece and a dollar. I held the pistol concealed in one hand and the money in the other. I held the money pretty hard: he said, 'Put it in my hat.' I let him take the five-shilling piece out of my hand: as soon as he had taken it I snapped my pistol at him; it did not go off: he staggered back, and held up his hands and said, 'Oh Lord! oh Lord!' I jumped out of the chaise: he ran away, and I after him about six or seven hundred yards, and there took him. I hit him a blow on his back; he begged for mercy on his knees; I took his neckcloth off and tied his hands with it, and brought him back to the chaise: then I told the gentlemen in the chaise that was the errand I came upon, and wished them a good journey, and brought the prisoner to London. *Question by the prisoner:* Ask him how he lives. *Norton:* I keep a shop in Wych Street, and sometimes I take a thief." The post-boy stated on the trial that he had told Norton if they did not meet the highwayman between Knightsbridge and

Kensington, they should not meet him at all—a proof of the frequency of these occurrences in that neighbourhood. Truly while such tricks were played in the park by noblemen and gentlemen in the daytime, and by foot-pads at night, the propinquity of the place of execution at Tyburn to the place of gaiety in the Ring was quite as desirable as it seems upon first thought anomalous.

The Ring we have already observed was the first part of the park taken possession of by the gay world. Evelyn's complaint of the exaction of the "sordid fellow who had purchased it of the state,' as they are called," seems to imply that it had been a resort for horsemen and people in carriages previous to 1653. He more than once notes a visit to Hyde Park, "where was his Majesty and abundance of gallantry." The sight-seeing Pepys, too, appears from his journal, as might have been anticipated, to have been a frequent visitant. We have already seen how dexterously he "did take notice of Mr. Cutler, the merchant," to save himself the expense of coach-hire; and heard the melodious sigh he breathed on account of his inability to be there on May-day. His Paul Pry disposition has led him to leave on record that on the 4th of April, 1663, he went "after dinner to Hide Parke; at the parke was the King, and in another coach my Lady Castlemaine, they greeting one another at every turn." Nor must we pass over in silence his own equestrian feats, worthy of his tailor-sire:—"1662, December 22. [Followed the Duke and Mr. Coventry into St. James's Park], and in the park Mr. Coventry's people having a horse ready for me (so fine a one that I was almost afraid to get upon him, but I did, and found myself more feared than hurt), and followed the Duke and some of his people to Hide Parke." The grave Etherege thought a ride in Hyde Park on the whole more conducive to morality than a walk in the Mall:—

"*Young Bellair*. Most people prefer Hyde Park to this place.

"*Harriet*. It has the better reputation, I confess; but I abominate the dull diversions there: the formal bows, the affected smiles, the silly by-words, and amorous tweers in passing. Here one meets with a little conversation now and then.

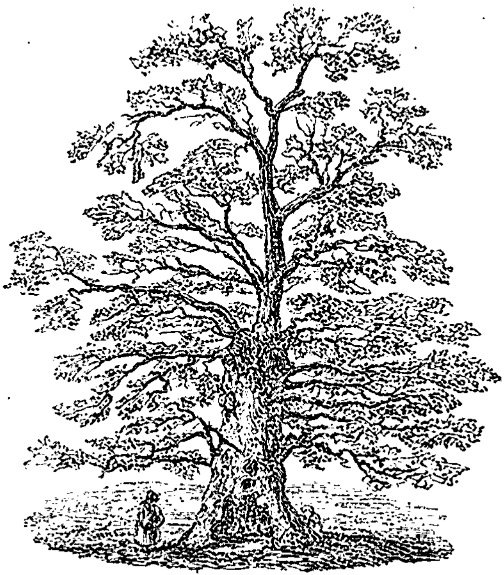
"*Y. Bell.* These conversations have been fatal to some of your sex, madam.

"*Har.* It may be so: because some who want temper have been undone by gaming, must others who have it wholly deny themselves the pleasure of play?"

After King William took up his abode in Kensington palace, a court end of the town gathered around it. The praises of Kensington Gardens, as they appeared in the days of Queen Anne, by Tickell and Addison, have already been alluded to. The large gardens laid out by Queen Caroline were opened to the public on Saturdays, when the king and court went to Richmond. All visitors, however, were required to appear in full dress, which must have lent a stately and *recherché* character to the scene. These occasional glimpses into the seclusion of sovereigns who were foreigners in the land they reigned over, contrast characteristically with the publicity-courting manners of the time of Charles II. The formal solitudes of Kensington, remote from the brilliant gaiety of the Ring and Mall, mark a new and widely different era. St. James's Park was the appropriate locality of a court in which Etherege, Suckling, Sedley, and Buckingham dangled. The umbrageous shades of Kensington, into which the clatter of the gaudy equipages at the further end of the park penetrated "like notes by distance made more sweet," was the equally appropriate retirement of a court, the type of whose literary characters was Sir Richard Blackmore, and from which the light graces of Pope kept at a distance. They were, however, not an unamiable race; these German sovereigns, as they could tell who were admitted to their society. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu knew that George I. could appreciate in his own quiet way a pretty face and lively disposition. A couple of anecdotes somewhere told of George II. have a bearing on our subject, and leave a favourable impression of a King of whose character ostentation formed no part:—"His Majesty came one day to the Richmond Gardens, and finding the gates of them locked, while some decently dressed persons were standing on the outside, called for the head gardener and told him to open the door immediately: 'My subjects,' added he, 'walk where they please.' The same gardener complaining to him one day that the company in Richmond Gardens had taken up some of the flower roots and shrubs that were planted there, his only reply was, 'Plant more, you blockhead.'"

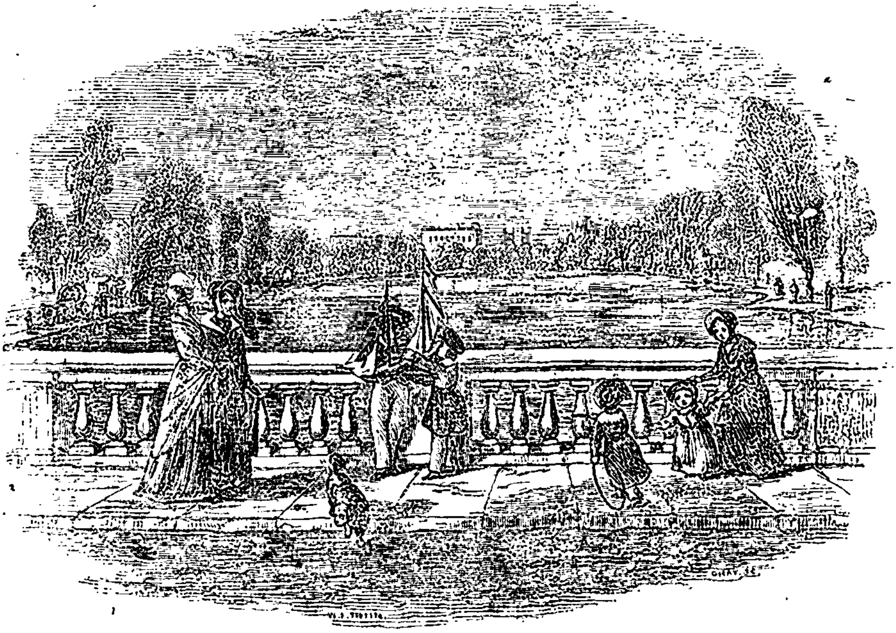
When the court ceased to reside at Kensington, the gardens were thrown entirely open. They still, however, retain so much of their original secluded character that they are impervious to horses and equipages. Between their influence and that of the drive, the whole park has been drawn into the vortex of gaiety. Its eastern extremity, except along the Serpentine, still retains a homely character, contrasting with that which St. James's Park has long worn, and the Green Park is now assuming. It is questionable whether any attempt to make it finer would improve it. The effect produced by the swift crossing and re-crossing of equipages, and the passage of horsemen—the opportunity of mingling with the crowd of Sunday loungers and country cousins congregated to catch a glimpse of the leading characters of the day, or determine the fashionable shade for *demi-saison* trousers, constitute the attraction of the park. The living contents throw the scenery amid which they move into the shade. The plainness of the park, too, makes it perhaps a more fitting vestibule to the more ornamented gardens at its west end.

Having ventured to point out the most eligible method of entering the Green Park and St. James's, we may do the same office for the visitants of Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens. Enter from Grosvenor Gate. After crossing the drive, if your object is to see the company, walk first along the footpath, in the direction of Hyde Park Corner, where Apsley House now stands and the Parliamentary fort once stood; then returning, extend your lounge on the other side till you reach Cumberland Gate, near where the elms of Tyburn witnessed the execution of the "gentle Mortimer;" and where, in after days, terminated the walk prescribed by way of penance to the Queen of Charles I. by her Confessor, and the less voluntary excursions of many offenders against the law; and where an iron plate, bearing the inscription "Here stood Tyburn turnpike," marks the last earthly resting-place of Oliver Cromwell. Walk backwards and forwards along this beat, like a wild beast in its cage, till satiated with the sight. [N. B. Do not forget to admire the little carriages for children, drawn by goats, which have a stand near Cumberland Gate, as donkeys for juvenile equestrians have on Hampstead Heath.] Next cross the park from Grosvenor Gate to the vestiges of the Ring, which scene of the gallantry of Charles II. you will in all probability find occupied by half-a-dozen little chimney-sweeps playing at pitch-and-toss. Advance in the same direction till midway between the Ring and the farm-house, and you stand on the spot which witnessed the tragedy described by Swift in the passage quoted above from his 'Journal to Stella.' Here turn down towards the Serpentine, and in passing admire the old elm—old amid an aged brotherhood, of which a representation is here inserted; it served for many years



[Old Elm.]

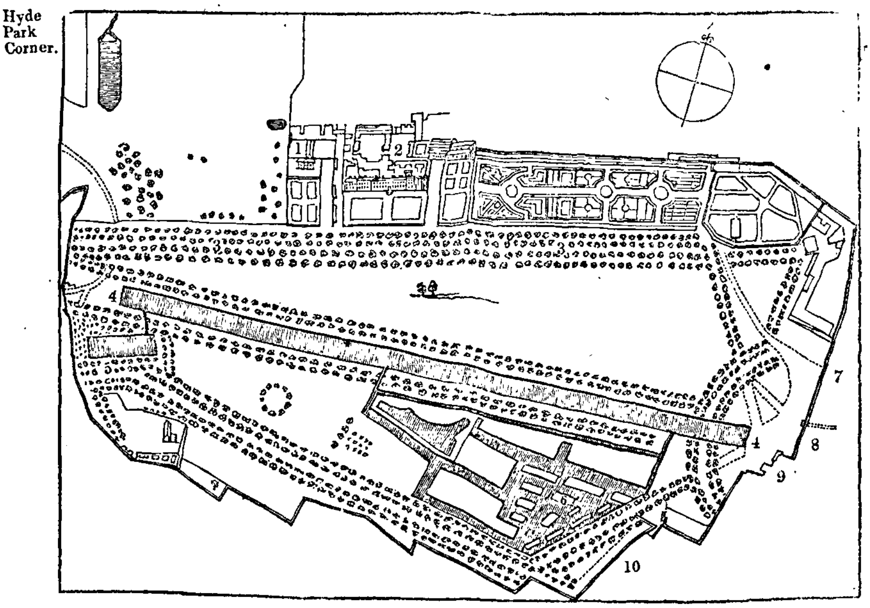
as the stall of a humorous cobbler. Then passing along the edge of the Serpentine, hasten to reach the centre of the bridge which crosses it, and there



[The Serpentine.]

allow your eyes to wander across the water to the gateways admitting to Hyde Park and Constitution Hill, and behind them to the towers of Westminster Abbey. This is also a favourable spot for a morning or mid-day peep into Kensington Gardens. It is a curious feeling with which one amid the freshness of a spring or summer's morning watches the boatman of the Humane Society slowly oaring his way across the "river," sparkling in the early sun, as if in quest of those who may have availed themselves of the silence of night to terminate their earthly sufferings in the water. It reminds one of the horrible grotesque of the inscription below a plate of Rosamond's Pond, which we quoted when talking of that scene. Once in Kensington Gardens, you cannot go wrong. Ramble deviously on along the vistas and through the thickets, now surrounded by nibbling sheep, now eyeing the gambols of the squirrel, till you come into the airy space surrounded by the palace, the banqueting-house of Queen Anne, and stately trees, where a still pond lies mirroring the soft blue sky.*

* Hyde Park, the Green and St. James's Parks, may be regarded as forming part of an uninterrupted space of open pleasure-ground. This is not so apparent now that they only touch with their angles, but it was otherwise before the ground on which Apsley House and Hamilton Place stand was filched from Hyde Park. Even yet the isthmus which connects them, where Hyde Park Gate and the gate at the top of Constitution Hill front each other, is only attenuated, not intersected. They have moreover since the Revolution been invariably intrusted to the care of the same ranger. To remind the reader of their continuity, a plan of old St. James's Park, in which the position of Hyde Park Corner is indicated, is subjoined.



[St. James's Park, temp. Charles II.]

1. Cleveland House.
2. St. James's Palace.
3, 3. Mall.
4, 4. Canal.
5. Rosamond's Pond.
6. Decoy.
7. Horse Guards.
8. Tilt Yard.
9. Cock Pit.
10. Admiralty.

4. The Regent's Park.

The Regent's Park lies at the south foot of the conical eminence called Primrose Hill, which is connected by a ridge somewhat lower than its summit with the higher eminence of Hampstead to the north. On the west side of Primrose Hill a small stream is formed from the drainings of several springs, nearly at the same elevation as the connecting ridge, which originally flowed in a southern direction across what is now the Regent's Park, to the west side of Marybone workhouse; thence in a direction slightly to the east of south between Manchester Square and the High Street of Marybone, Grosvenor Square, and Hanover Square, to the mews between Bond Street and Berkeley Square; thence turning to the west of south, it crossed the lower part of Berkeley Square, and entering the Green Park a little to the east of the Ranger's house, crossed what was once the site of the Mulberry Garden, now the Garden of Buckingham Palace, and Tothill Fields, to the Thames. This is the celebrated rivulet Ay-bourne or Tybourne, from which, what has been called in later days the parish and manor of Mary-le-bone, or Marybone, took their original name. The ancient Manor-house of Marybone stood opposite the church. In the time of Queen Elizabeth it was in the possession of the Crown, and mention is made of a stag having on one occasion been hunted within the pale of the park attached to it for the amusement of the Russian Ambassadors. A part of the manor has ever since remained in the Crown. Out of this and some neighbouring fields, purchased for the purpose, was constructed the Park, which, by its name, reminds us of its having been projected and laid out during the Regency.

The south side of the Regent's Park is about half a mile in length, and parallel to the New Road, which is to the south of it. The east side, nearly at right angles to the south side, extends northward to Gloucester Gate, a distance of almost three-quarters of a mile. The west side, forming an oblique angle with the south side, extends in a direction west of north to Hanover Gate, a distance of half a mile. The northern terminations of the east and west sides are connected by an irregular curve nearly coinciding with the sweep of the Regent's Canal, which passes along and within the northern boundary of the park. A sheet of water extends from Hanover Gate in a south-east direction parallel to the west side of the park, and curving round at a south-west angle, continues in a direction parallel to the south side to about the middle of it. Opposite the middle of the west side an arm of this sheet of water extends at right angles to the very centre of the park. The bottom of the valley, through which Tyburn rivulet flowed in days of old, stretches from its termination up to Primrose Hill, which is nearly due north of it. Nearly two-thirds of the park, forming an oblong parallelogram, slope down on the eastern side of the valley to the former channel of the stream and the north-east and south arms of the artificial lake which is formed by its collected waters, and which resemble, to use a simile more accurate than dignified, the arrangement of the three legs on an Isle-of-Man halfpenny. Within the houses of the Crescent formed by its north-east and south arms is the Ring, the interior of which is occupied by the Garden of the Botanical Society. On the eastern slope, at the north end of the park, is the Garden of the Zoological Society. On the east side of the park, a little south of Gloucester Gate, are the enclosed villa and grounds of the late Sir Herbert Taylor; on the west side, a little north of Hanover Gate, those of the Marquis of Hertford. Along the east, south, and west sides of the park are continuous ranges of buildings, the architecture of which is in some cases sufficiently florid, in others more than sufficiently grotesque. The open north side allows the eye to range over the beautiful uplands, Primrose Hill, Highgate, Hampstead, and the range extending westward in the direction of Harrow.

The history of the Park, as a park, is a brief one. An anonymous writer speaks of it in 1812 as "already one of the greatest, if not absolutely one of the most fashionable, Sunday promenades about town;" adding, however, that it "does not appear to be in a progress likely to promise a speedy completion." It is now perhaps as far advanced towards completion as human aid can bring it; time and the vegetative power of nature alone can give those dimensions to its trees that will reveal, to its full extent, the taste with which the grounds are laid out. Even in their immature state, however, the grounds have much of beauty in them, and the view to the north is an advantage possessed by none of the other parks. When Primrose Hill has been included within the *enceinte*, its managers may say,

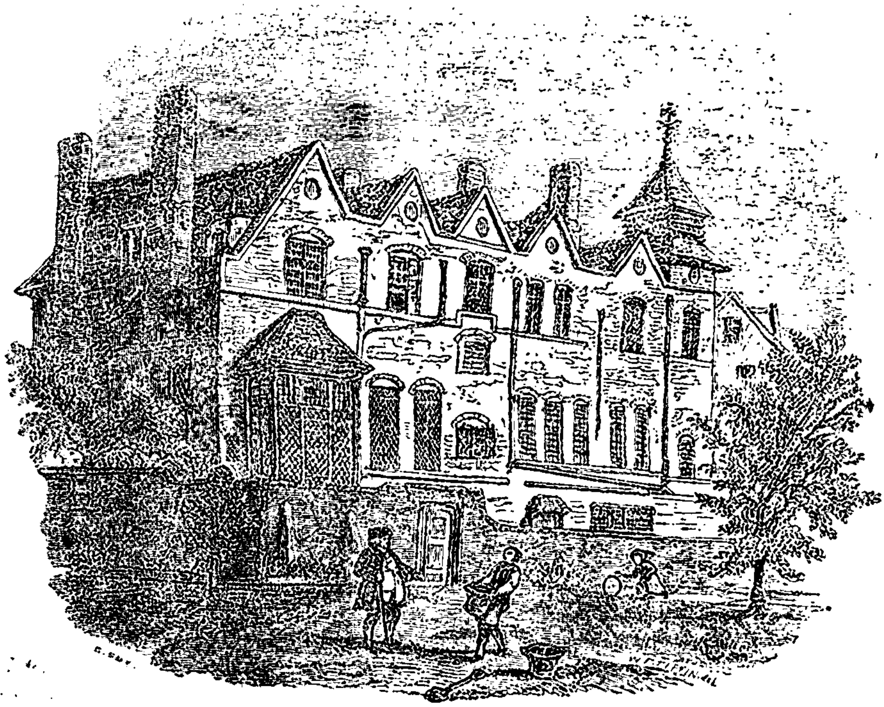
> "And now laborious man hath done his part."

As a promenade, the Regent's Park seems quite as much in vogue as either of the other two; as a drive, Hyde Park retains its uncontested supremacy. The Zoological Gardens are a source of interest not possessed by the other parks, and the Colosseum is a rare attraction to sight-seers.

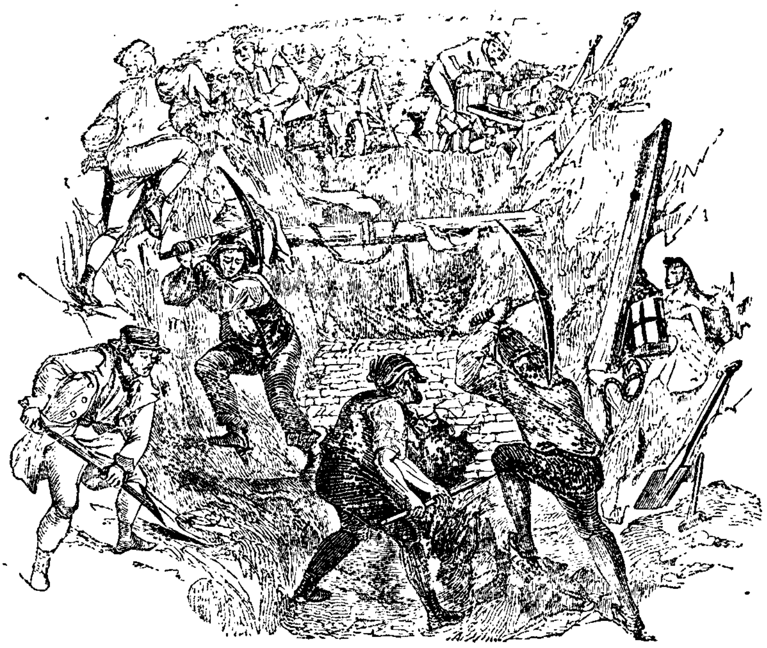
The ante-park period of the Regent's Park history cannot be passed over in utter silence. The ancient Manor-house, already alluded to more than once, had a bowling-green, which, at the beginning of Queen Anne's reign, was frequented by persons of rank, but afterwards fell into disrepute. The amusements of the place are alluded to by Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, who, in the line—

> "Some dukes at Marybone bowl time away"—

points at John Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, who was constant in his visits, and gave here the annual feast to his *pendables*, at which his standing parting toast was—"May as many of us as remain unhanged next spring meet here again." Previous to 1737 Marybone Gardens were open to the public; after that year, according to Malcolm, "the company resorting to them becoming more respectable, Mr. Gough, the keeper, determined to demand a shilling as entrance-money"—the only instance in which we have heard of a fine imposed upon people for becoming respectable. In 1777 the gardens were finally closed. Their memory will be preserved by Peachum's regret that Captain Macheath should lose his money playing with lords at Marybone, and his wife's advice to Filch to resort thither in order to acquire sufficient valour to encounter the dangers of his profession with credit to himself and his patrons.



[Marylebone House.]



[Opening a Sewer by Night.]

XIII.—UNDERGROUND.

Could we imagine any calamity to occur to London which should utterly sweep away all those outward evidences of her greatness which more particularly excite the wonder and admiration of the world, and reduce her to as dread a ruin as that which the author of the 'Fairy Queen' describes—

> "High towers, fair temples, goodly theatres,
> Strong walls, rich porches, princely palaces,
> Large streets, brave houses, sacred sepulchres,
> Sure gates, sweet gardens, stately galleries,
> Wrought with fair pillars and fine imageries;
> All these, oh pity! now are turn'd to dust,
> And overgrown with black oblivion's rust;"—

could we imagine that this great capital of capitals should ever be what Babylon is,—its very site forgotten,—one could not but almost envy the delight with which the antiquaries of that future time would hear of some discovery of a *London below the soil* still remaining. We can fancy we see the progress of the excavators from one part to another of the mighty, but for a while inexplicable, labyrinth, till the whole was cleared open to the daylight, and the vast system lay bare before them, revealing in the clearest language the magnitude and splendour of the place to which it had belonged, the skill and enterprise of the people. Let us reflect for a moment upon what this system accomplishes. Do we want water in our houses?—we turn a small instrument, and the limpid stream from the springs of Hertfordshire, or of Hampstead Heath, or from the river Thames, comes flowing, as it were by magic, into our vessels. Do we wish to get rid of it when no longer serviceable?—the trouble is no greater; in an instant it is on its way through the silent depths. Do we wish for an artificial day?—through that same mysterious channel comes streaming up into every corner of our chambers, counting-houses, or shops, the subtle air which waits but our bidding to become —light! The tales which amuse our childhood have no greater marvels than these. Yet, as the very nature of a system of underground communication precludes it from being one of the shows of the metropolis, we seldom think of it, except when some such picturesque scene as that shown in the engraving calls our attention to those gloomy regions, or when we hear of people wandering into them from the Thames till they find Cheapside or Temple Bar above their heads.* It is principally to the growth of this system in its two chief features, the sewage and supply of water, that we now propose to request our readers' attention.

"Anciently, until the time of the Conqueror, and two hundred years later, this City of London was watered (besides the famous river of Thames on the south part) with the river of the Wells, as it was then called, on the west; with a water called Walbrook running through the midst of the City into the river of Thames, severing the heart thereof; and with a fourth water, or bourn, which ran within the City through Langbourn Ward, watering that part in the east. In the west suburbs was also another great water, called Oldborn, which had its fall into the river of Wells."† To this we may add, from Fitzstephen, "There are also about London, on the north of the suburbs, choice fountains of water, sweet, wholesome, and clear, streaming forth among the glistening pebble-stones. In this number Holywell, Clerkenwell, and Saint Clement's Well are of most note, and frequented above the rest when scholars and the youth of the City take the air abroad in the summer evenings." We fancy the worthy ancient who describes this scene, amidst which, no doubt, he had himself often sauntered, now stopping to admire the "glistening pebble-stones," now reclining beneath the shade of some of the trees that bordered the stream, would be puzzled could he see Clerkenwell now. This part took its name "from the parish clerks in London; who, of old time, were accustomed there yearly to assemble, and to play some large history of Holy Scripture. For example, of later time,—to wit, in the year 1390, the fourteenth of Richard II.,—I read that the parish clerks of London, on the 18th of July, played interludes at Skinner's Well, near unto Clerks' Well, which play continued three days together; the King, the Queen, and nobles, being present. Also in the year 1409, the tenth of Henry IV., they played a play at the Skinner's Well which lasted eight days, and was of matter from the creation of the world. There were to see the same the most part of the nobles and gentles in England."‡

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* It appeared, from an inquest held on the remains of a man discovered beneath Shire Lane, Temple Bar, in September, 1839, that there were persons who actually made a livelihood by going up these sewers in search of any stray articles that might be left by the stream. We have ourselves been told by one of them that he has been in the sewers for eighteen hours together, and that he has gone from the Thames not merely to Holborn, or Clerkenwell, but to Camden Town. They carry a lantern with them to scare away the rats. A stout heart must indeed be necessary for so frightful an occupation. The gases evolved are sometimes so powerful as to blow up the masonry; and even in lesser explosions those within may be stifled in the sudden flame. Such cases, we are told, have occurred.

† Stow, b. i. p. 23.

‡ Ib. b. i. p. 24.

All the streams which Fitzstephen mentions flowed into the river of Wells, and, in fact, gave that name to it; although it appears to have been also known from a very early period as the Fleet. As this river forms an important illustration of our subject generally, we may as well first notice such other running streams that originally watered and drained London as had no connection with the Fleet. The Wall-brook came from the north (probably Moor) fields, and, entering the City wall between Moorgate and Bishopsgate, divided the City into two parts. "From the wall it passed to St. Margaret's Church in Lothbury; from thence beneath the lower part of the Grocers' Hall, about the east part of their kitchen; under St. Mildred's Church, somewhat west from the Stocks Market; from thence through Bucklersbury, by one great house builded of stone and timber, called the 'Old Barge,' because *barges out of the river of Thames were rowed up so far into this brook;* on the back side of the houses in Walbrook Street (which taketh name from the said brook); by the west end of St. John's Church upon Walbrook; under Horseshoe Bridge; by the west side of Tallow Chandlers' Hall, and of the Skinners' Hall; and so behind the other houses to Elbow Lane, and by a part thereof down Greenwich Lane into the river of Thames."*

As the City increased in wealth and importance, and became the centre towards which the wealthiest merchants and men of business pressed, every inch of ground grew valuable. Bridges here and there were thrown over the Walbrook, and houses erected upon them; the example became generally followed; until at last the whole was arched over as it remains to this day. Some interesting traces of this once "fair brook of sweet water" were recently discovered. In making the excavations for the new line of streets north of the Mansion House, the soil at the depth of thirty feet below the present surface was found to be moist, highly impregnated with animal and vegetable matter, and almost of inky blackness in colour. Throughout the same line were at intervals noticed a vast and almost continuous number of piles, which in Princes Street were particularly frequent, and where also they descended much deeper. From this we may perceive at what an early period the Walbrook had been embanked, and how important its stream must have been thought when such extensive labours were bestowed upon it. The Langbourn, which gave name to the ward, and was so called from the length of its winding stream, has disappeared in the same way as the Walbrook. This welled out of the ground in Fenchurch Street, and ran through Lombard and other streets to Share-bourn Lane, which received that name on account of the *bourn* here *sharing* or dividing into several rills, taking each a separate way to the Thames.

The source of that river which Pope has immortalized as

> "The king of dykes! than whom no sluice of mud
> With deeper sable blots the silver flood,"

is in a spot somewhat different from the place where one might look for it who knew it only by Pope's famous allusions. The Fleet has its origin in the high grounds of that most beautiful of heaths, Hampstead; nor did its waters for some centuries belie the place of their birth. From Hampstead it passed by Kentish Town, Camden Town, and the old church of St. Pancras, towards Battle Bridge,

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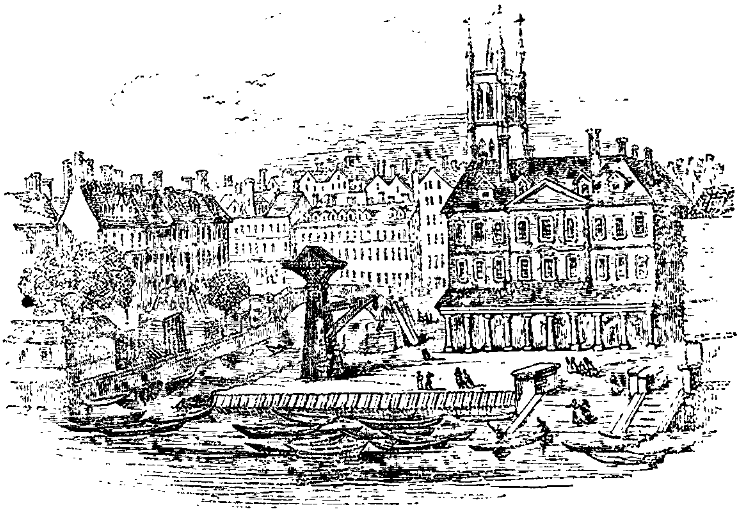
* *Stow, b. ii. p. 2.*



[Fleet Ditch, 1749.]

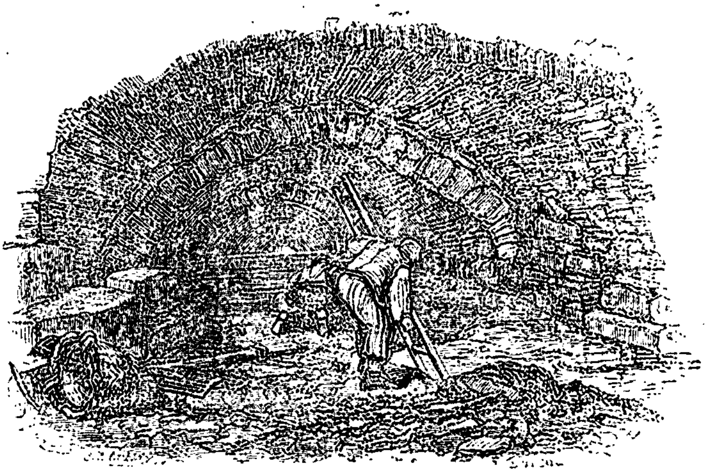
in the neighbourhood of which place an anchor is said to have been found, from which it is inferred that vessels must have anciently passed from the Thames so far up the river. It next directed its course past Bagnigge Wells and the House of Correction, towards the valley at the back of Mount Pleasant, Warner Street, and Saffron Hill, and so to the bottom of Holborn. Here it received the waters of the Old Bourne (whence the name Holborn), which rose near Middle Row, and the channel of which forms the sewer of Holborn Hill to this day. We have Stow's express testimony to the ancient sweetness and freshness of the Fleet; but it did not long retain its original character when a busy population had gathered upon its banks. So early as 1290 the monks of White Friars complained to the King and Parliament that the putrid exhalations arising from it were so powerful as to overcome all the *frankincense* burnt at their altars during divine service, and even occasioned the deaths of many of the brethren. The monks of the Black Friars, and the Bishop of Salisbury, whose house was in Salisbury Court, joined in the complaint. The state of the river appears to have been as injurious to the commerce, also, as to the health of the metropolis. At a Parliament held at Carlisle in 1307, Henry Lacy, Earl of Lincoln, complained that, whereas, in times past, the course of water running at London, under Old Borne Bridge and Fleet Bridge, into the Thames, had been of such breadth and depth that ten or twelve ships, navies at once with merchandizes, were wont to come to the foresaid bridge of Fleet, and some of them unto Old Borne Bridge; now the same course (by filth of the tanners and such others) was sore decayed; also by raising of wharfs, but especially by "diversion of the water made by them of the New Temple, for their mills standing without Baynard's Castle." The river was accordingly cleansed, and the mills, which for a time gave to it the name of Turnmill Brook, removed; but it did not recover its former depth or breadth. From that time down to the last century numerous were the occasions on which it was found necessary to scour the whole channel through; and towards the close of the sixteenth century a great endeavour was made to accomplish a still more important measure—that was the bringing together into one head, at or near Hampstead, all the springs that supplied it, in the hope that thus a sufficient stream might be obtained to keep the river constantly clean. The attempt, however, failed, and from that time may be dated the regular progress of the decline of the once important Fleet river. About this period it lost the charm attached to the name of *river;* it became known as the *Fleet Dyke*. The river never looked up after that. Everything was done for it that could be done. The Lord Mayor and the civic authorities, in 1606, cleansed it as before, and caused floodgates to be made in "Holborn Ditch and Fleet Ditch," with some little benefit. Several interesting remains were discovered on this occasion. At the depth of fifteen feet were found Roman utensils, and a little deeper a great quantity of Roman coins, in silver, copper, brass, and other metals, but more in gold. At Holborn Bridge were found two brazen lares, or household gods of that people, about four inches long—the one a Bacchus, the other a Ceres. Maitland and Pennant concur in thinking it highly probable that these were thrown in by the affrighted Romans at the approach of Boadicea, when seventy thousand of their people were slain and the city reduced to ashes. Some similar circumstance appears to have occurred in a later time, from the number of Saxon antiquities found in the same place, including spurs, weapons, keys, seals, medals, crosses, and crucifixes. After the fire of London, the Fleet was again cleansed, deepened, and enlarged, and various other improvements made. The sides were built of stone and brick, with warehouses on each side, which ran under the street, and were designed to be used for the laying in of coals and other commodities. It had now five feet water at the lowest tide at Holborn Bridge; the wharfs on each side of the channel were thirty feet broad, and were rendered secure from danger in the night by rails of oak being placed along it. Over the ditch were four stone bridges—viz. at Bridewell (close to the Thames), Fleet Street, Fleet Lane, and Holborn. The old river once more bore the broad barges of the merchants up even to Holborn Bridge. Unfortunately, however, but a few years elapsed before it was as muddy, noisome, and useless as ever. The wits now began to let fly their merciless shafts at it. One notorious offender in particular had the impudence to summon the heroes of his 'Dunciad' to

> "—Where Fleet Ditch, with disemboguing streams,
> Rolls the large tribute of dead dogs to Thames,"—

with the invitation—

> "Here strip, my children; here at once leap in,
> And prove who best can dash through thick and thin."

This was too much. Within the next ten years the unfortunate river ceased to trouble its enemies any longer. In 1732 a petition was presented to Parliament, in which we find the petitioners stating that "a part of the said channel, from Fleet Bridge to Holborn Bridge, instead of being useful to trade, as was intended, is not only filled up with mud and become useless, but is now, and for some years past hath been, a common nuisance; and that several persons have lately lost their lives by falling into the same." To remedy this state of things the petitioners prayed for power to fill up the channel of the Fleet from Holborn Bridge to Fleet Bridge; and next year a bill was brought in to accomplish their desire. The late Fleet Market soon occupied the site of the river from Holborn to Fleet Bridge; and, somewhat later (in 1764), the present Chatham Place the remainder of its course to the Thames, including its mouth, where the "navies" were formerly wont to ride. Henceforward the history of the Fleet merges into the general history of the sewers of the metropolis.



[Fleet Ditch, 1841.—Back of Field Lane.]

It is not easy to form an adequate conception of the inconvenience and annoyance which the inhabitants of London must have experienced before the formation of underground communications for carrying off the drainage of private houses. Soil had to be carried from the houses to places appointed by the City authorities, and there were no means of avoiding those domestic inconveniences which were experienced until within a recent period in Edinburgh, and are still so annoying to the inhabitants of many towns on the Continent. In 1670 the public laystalls and dunghills were at Mile End, Dowgate Dock, Puddle Dock, and Whitefriars. The consequences were, that Pestilence and Disease marked the city as their own. "One time with another," says Sir William Petty, writing towards the close of the seventeenth century, "a plague happeneth in London every twenty years." In short, London generally must have been then almost as bad as St. Giles's is now! The first attempt of any importance in the way of remedy was an act passed in 1531, appointing a commission, the members of which were authorised "to survey the walls, streams, ditches, banks, gutters, sewers, gotes, calcies, bridges, trenches, mills, milldams, floodgates, ponds, locks, and hebbing wears." Under this very act, passed in the reign of Henry VIII., two of the seven existing boards of commissioners still exercise their powers. From the passing of that act down to the present time the progress of improvement has been slow but steady; and although much still remains to be done, enough has been accomplished to make London in all these matters an example to most of her sister capitals throughout the world. We must notice a few of the chief features of the system. The metropolitan district of sewers includes an area of ten miles round the General Post Office, which is subdivided, and placed under the management of the seven "boards" we have mentioned. The commissioners assess the inhabitants in their respective districts to the sewer-rate, which is expended in the repair of old sewers or in the forming of new. When the older commissions were instituted, surface drainage alone was thought of; and as all the houses on the line were considered to be benefited by it, all were taxed for its support. The covering in of these ancient drains has, however, given an advantage to all those persons whose houses have a direct communication with them, which should have been followed by a corresponding arrangement with regard to payments. But at present houses which have no underground communication with the main sewers pay precisely the same as if they had. It is to be hoped that this difficulty will be ultimately got rid of through the facilities afforded (and which are continually increasing) of extending the advantages of the system to every part of the metropolis. In all that concerns this subject we have every one of us the deepest interest. Dr. Southwood Smith's striking observation to the Committee on the Health of Towns should be constantly remembered: "If," he says, "you were to take a map and mark out the districts which are the constant seats of fever in London, as ascertained by the records of the Fever Hospital, and at the same time compare it with a map of the sewers of the metropolis, you would be able to mark out invariably and with absolute certainty where the sewers are and where they are not, by observing where fever exists; so that we can always tell where the commissioners of sewers have been at work by the track of fever."

The progress of the sewage in London is now, however, very rapid, and but a few years more will elapse before the system must become essentially complete. At present the aggregate length of the sewers of the metropolis is enormous; and there is, perhaps, no other instance to be found where the expenditure of the requisite capital has been attended with such beneficial results. From 1756 to 1834 the number of sewers either built wholly or in part in the City district was one hundred and fourteen, some of them of very large dimensions; and one-third of the sewers had been made in the ten years preceding 1834. But a few facts relating to the Holborn and Finsbury Division will most strikingly illustrate the extent and rate of progress of the London Sewage. In this, the length of main covered sewers is 83 miles; the length of smaller sewers to carry off the surface water from the streets and roads, 16 miles; the length of drains leading from houses to the main sewers, 254 miles; and the length of main sewers constructed within the *last* TWENTY years, 40 miles. From July, 1830, to December, 1837 (a period of six years and a half), there was constructed of the above, 12½ miles; and from January, 1838, to December, 1840 (a period of three years), the length of main covered sewers constructed was 10¾ miles. The very poorest parts of London now alone remain to be intersected with an underground communication; and, looking at what has been already done, we cannot despair of the accomplishment of the rest. Indeed, the bill at present before Parliament, with every probability of being passed, will effect whatever is necessary. It provides that no future houses shall be built without sufficient drainage, and that the occupants of those already erected shall construct drains where requisite.

The works of the Metropolitan Sewage are as large as their objects are extensive. The general rule of the Commissioners of Sewers appears to be, not to make any public sewers which workmen cannot enter for the purpose of effecting repairs. The great drain which once formed the channel of the Fleet from

Holborn Bridge is now divided into two branches, which are carried along each side of Farringdon Street. Its commencement is from springs on the south of the ridge of Hampstead and Highgate Hills; and in its course it receives the drainage of parts of Hampstead and Highgate,—all Kentish Town, Camden Town, and Somers Town,—parts of Islington, Clerkenwell, St. Sepulchre,—and nearly all that part of the Holborn Division south of the New Road from Paddington to the City. The total surface draining into it in the Holborn and Finsbury Division is about 4444 acres. When Mr. Roque made his survey of London, in 1746, there was of this surface about 400 acres covered with streets and buildings: the surface now covered with streets and buildings is about 1788 acres. There has consequently since then been much less absorption through all those parts, and the waters to be carried off by the Fleet sewer have increased in proportion; so that it became necessary to enlarge the whole line from the City near Holborn Bridge to Grafton Place, Kentish Town. The length was 15,990 feet, the estimated cost 46,682*l.* Of this length, 11,510 feet has been completed since 1826, at a cost of 30,556*l.*; and a further length of 1450 feet is in progress, estimated at 4016*l.*; leaving only 3130 feet to complete the line—the greater part of which will be carried along in the direction of the new street leading from Farringdon Street towards Clerkenwell Green. The portion now remaining open will then be arched over. The size of the sewer as enlarged varies, according to the locality, from 12 feet high by 12 feet wide to 9 feet high by 10 feet wide; then 8 feet 6 inches wide by 8 feet 3 inches high; and at the upper or northern portion it is 6 feet 6 inches high by 6 feet 6 inches in width. The size of the old sewer at the northern portion was 4 feet 1 inch wide by 4 feet high; with a superficial area of 12 feet 1 inch: the enlarged sewer at that point has a superficial area of 34 feet. Before reaching the Thames the dimensions of this great sewer are 14 feet wide and 6 feet 6 inches high, and at its mouth it is 18 feet by 12 feet. In the sudden thaw of last winter the superficial area occupied by the water at the northern portion of the sewer was 18 feet, so that, had the sewer remained in its original capacity, a great part of Kentish Town and other parts must have been flooded to a considerable depth. To prevent the contents of the sewer from being deposited on the bank of the river at low water, they are carried some distance into the Thames by an iron culvert, and thus are swept away by the tide. The water in this important drain sometimes rises five feet almost instantly after heavy showers—the surface waters collected in its upper course and by its hundred tributaries rolling in a dark and turbid volume to the Thames. The ordinary movement of the current from Bagnigge Wells is three miles an hour. The sewer from Holborn Bars to Holborn Bridge (formerly the channel of the Old Bourne) is one of the most considerable feeders of the Fleet. It is 5½ feet high and 4½ feet in width. The smaller public sewers are from 4¼ feet high by 2¼ feet wide to 5¼ feet high and 3 feet in width, the average size being 4½ feet by 2½ feet. The private drains from each house enter the main sewer in all cases about two feet from its level, and have a descent of one inch in thirty-six, their diameter being nine inches. These drains carry off every description of refuse, with the exception of such as is conveyed away by the dustmen, a remarkable class of London characters, who seem indigenous to the soil. Mr. Roe, the surveyor of the divisions, has made a series of scientific experiments, with a view of ascertaining the best and most economical mode of cleansing the sewers, the deposit at the bottom of which averages 1½ inch yearly; and he has invented an ingenious apparatus for using water in flushes, by which the sewers are effectually scoured. The water used for forming a head is contracted for with the water-companies, and amounts to about 20,000 hogsheads yearly. When a sewer is to be cleansed the water is backed up, and when let off cleanses the sewer to an extent proportionate to the quantity of head-water, the fall of the sewer, and the depth of the deposit. By providing heads of water at suitable distances from each other, and "flushing" them periodically, perhaps three or four times a-year, the deposit of sediment might be prevented from accumulating at all, which is surely a most important improvement to the health of so densely crowded a population as that of London. The saving effected is very considerable; but the great benefit to the public consists in sweeping off the foul deposit which would otherwise remain for years, and at particular periods, when in a state of fermentation, creates that noxious effluvia which is at once disagreeable and dangerous. The breaking up of streets to cleanse the sewers, when their contents are deposited on the surface, is avoided by means of Mr. Roe's flushing apparatus. Under the old system the deposit accumulated at the bottom of sewers until the private drains leading into it became choked; and it was only from the complaints arising from this circumstance that the officers of the Commission of Sewers became aware of the state of the main drain; so that not only the main sewer, but the smaller drains connected with it, were generally choked at the same time.

Any one who has seen London at night, from some elevation in the neighbourhood, will readily understand how minute, as well as extensive, must be the network of pipes overspreading its soil a few feet below the surface, to afford an unfailing supply to that glorious illumination. The history of gas we have already referred to in "Midsummer Eve;"* we need therefore only add to that account the following very striking summary of the statistics of the system:— "For lighting London and its suburbs with gas, there are eighteen public gas-works; twelve public gas-work companies; 2,800,000*l*. capital employed in works, pipes, tanks, gas-holders, apparatus; 450,000*l*. yearly revenue derived; 180,000 tons of coals used in the year for making gas; 1,460,000,000 cubic feet of gas made in the year; 134,300 private burners supplied to about 400,000 customers; 30,400 public or street consumers (about 2650 of these are in the city of London); 380 lamplighters employed; 176 gas-holders, several of which are double ones, capable of storing 5,500,000 cubic feet; 890 tons of coals used in the retorts, in the shortest day, in twenty-four hours; 7,120,000 cubic feet of gas used in the longest night, say 24th December; about 2500 persons employed in the metropolis alone in this branch of manufacture: between 1822 and 1827 the consumption was nearly doubled; and between 1827 and 1837 it was again nearly doubled."†

In looking back from the position we have attained in science, art, manufacture, or in social or political economy, it must surprise any one to see how much we owe to the efforts of single individuals. It is often asked as an excuse for indolence,—what can one man do? It should rather be said, what *cannot* one man do? Passing by the cases which naturally rise to the memory on the first thoughts of the subject, we may observe that the history of the metropolitan system of water supply affords an additional name to that long and illustrious list of men who stand out in our common history as the landmarks of Progress. Sir Hugh Middleton bears some such relation to that magnificent system as Watt does to the steam-engine. He may rank less as regards the amount or value of his services as a discoverer; but as regards the sagacity which saw what could be done, and the strength of mind which determined to do it, and fulfilled that determination, he never had a superior. This praise will not we think appear to be more than justly belongs to him, after reading over the comparatively slight sketch that we shall be here able to give of his labours. As these will be better understood when we have seen the state of things in London before his interference, we will now first follow the previous history of the supply of water to the citizens of London from the time when the "sweet and fresh" running streams before mentioned formed their only but sufficient resource.

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* Page 97.

† Mr. Hedley, Engineer of the Alliance Gas Works, Dublin.

"The said river of the Wells, the running water of Walbrook, the bourns aforenamed, and other the fresh waters that were in and about this city, being in process of time, by encroachment for buildings, and otherwise heightening of grounds, utterly decayed, and the number of the citizens mightily increased, they were forced to seek sweet waters abroad; whereof some, at the request of King Henry III., in the twenty-first year of this reign, were (for the profit of the city and good of the whole realm thither repairing; to wit, for the poor to drink and the rich to dress their meat) granted to the citizens and their successors by one Gilbert Sanford, with liberty to convey water from the town of Tyburn, by pipes of lead, into the City."* These pipes were of six-inch bore. They conveyed the water to Cheapside, where the first of those characteristic features of old London, a conduit, was built. Its site was near Bow Church. It consisted of a leaden cistern castellated with stone; and, being repaired from time to time, remained down to the latter part of the seventeenth century, when it was removed in the course of the improvements that were made after the great fire. Other conduits were built immediately after this, and some of them supplied from it. A great one was erected in 1401 on Cornhill, called the Tonne. Among the other principal conduits were the Standard and the Little Conduit, both situated in Cheapside, and one that stood at the south end of Shoe Lane, Fleet Street, which is thus described: "On the same was a fair tower of stone, garnished with images of St. Christopher on the top, and angels round about lower down, with sweet-sounding bells before them, whereupon, by an engine placed in the tower, they, divers hours of the day, with hammers chimed such an hymn as was appointed." "Bosses" of water were also provided in different parts, which, like the conduits, in some cases drew their supply from the Thames. These conduits, it appears, used to be regularly visited in former times; and "particularly on the 18th of September, 1562, the Lord Mayor (Harper), aldermen, and many worshipful persons, and divers of the masters and wardens of the twelve companies, rid to the conduit heads for to see them after the old custom. And afore dinner they hunted the hare, and killed her, and thence to dinner at the head of the conduit. There was a good number entertained with good cheer by the Chamberlain. And after dinner they went to hunting the fox. There was a great cry for a mile; and at length the hounds killed him at the end of St. Giles'. Great hallooing at his death, and blowing of horns."* One of the "conduit heads" here referred to is shown in the following engraving.

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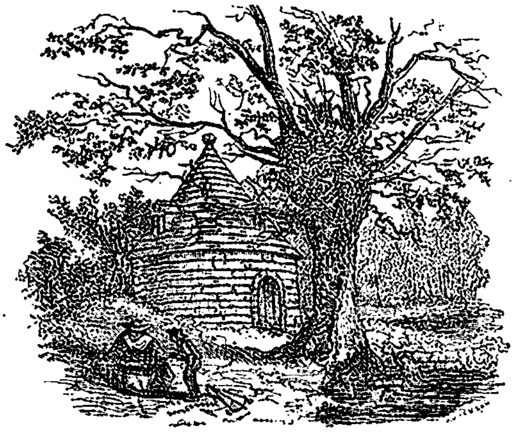
* *Stow*, b. i. p. 24.



[Bayswater Conduit.]

On some very festive occasions the conduits flowed forth a more potent fluid than would delight the Naiads of the springs. At the coronation of Anne Bullen, for instance, claret flowed from the mouths of the lesser conduit in Cheapside during the time the Queen was being welcomed by Pallas, Juno, and Venus; those deities having condescendingly alighted there to meet her. Mercury also was present as spokesman. He presented the Queen, in the name of the goddesses, with a ball of gold divided into three parts, signifying the three gifts bestowed on her by the Olympian triune, namely, Wisdom, Riches, and Felicity. Poor Anne Bullen! what a bitter mockery of the fate that awaited her!

Great as was the improvement consequent upon the introduction of conduits, they had inherent evils which showed plainly enough that they were fitted only for a transition state from a comparatively inartificial and not very thickly peopled society to one presenting exactly opposite characteristics. Water had to be fetched by hand—a circumstance of itself productive of continual annoyance, were it only for the mere trouble and loss of time. But there were more serious evils. Of all the articles necessary for domestic comfort, there can be none so necessary as a plentiful, lavish, even supply of water. Cleanliness without it is impossible.—Health, whether of the individual or the society to which he belongs, without it is impossible. Yet let us ask ourselves, habituated as we are to the use of an unlimited supply, whether, even under those circumstances, we should not be apt to lose some considerable portion of the advantages that supply affords if it could only be obtained in the old way? An inconvenience of a less serious and more amusing nature attached to the conduits is illustrated to this day, by the collection of men, women, and children, one sees gathered round a plug in the winter when the pipes are frozen up.

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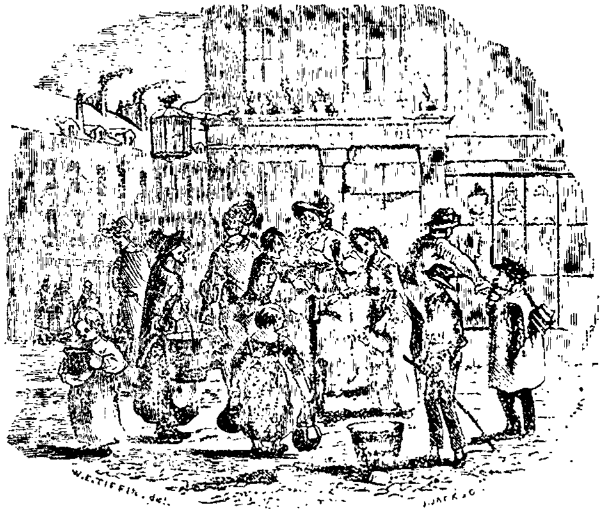
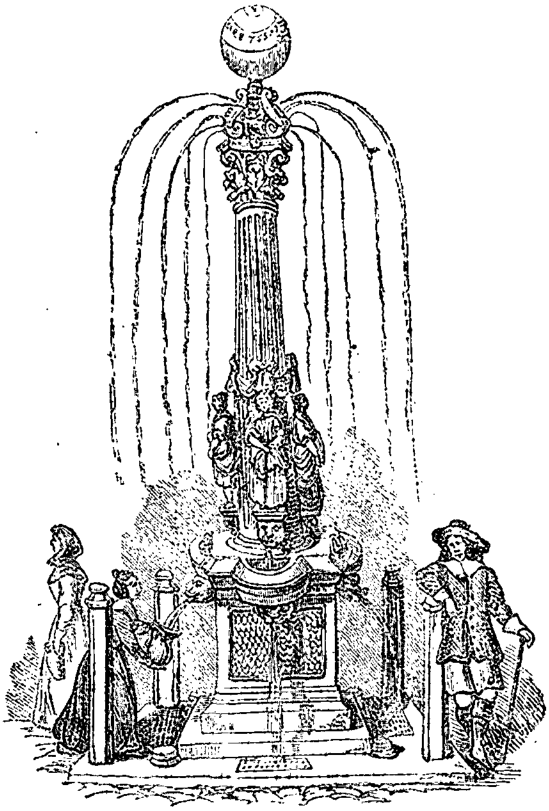
* Stow, b. i. p. 25.



[Plug in a Frost.]

In the Print-room of the British Museum there is a very curious sheet engraving—a woodcut, partly coloured or daubed over; a copy, apparently, of a print of the seventeenth century. It is headed, "Tittle Tattle, or the Several Branches of Gossiping;" and has for its object a little good-humoured satire against what the author appears to have thought the prevailing female vice of the age. Accordingly, he has here represented groups of ladies at market—at the bakehouse—at the ale-house, where they are taking their "noggins" of beer—at the hot-house, apparently a bathing-house, where, in one compartment, they appear to have just left, or are about to enter the bath, and in another are refreshing themselves with some kind of collation—at the river, where some of the washers are beating the clothes with a small flat instrument like a mallet (the batler)—at the church, where the men and women are standing divided into separate bodies, the last all eagerly talking—and, above all, at the conduit, where two of the ladies, being unable to agree as to the right of precedence, are endeavouring to settle the matter by a summary but not very gentle or graceful process; in short, they are fighting, and with good old English earnestness. There is still one other inconvenience connected with the conduits which must be mentioned; and that is, the great interruption they caused to the streams of business constantly flowing through the great thoroughfares of the metropolis, increased by the occasional throngs of people collected to witness squabbles of the kind just mentioned. It was this consideration that ultimately caused the removal of the chief ones after the fire, when Sir Hugh Middleton, and his predecessor, the Dutchman, at London Bridge, had deprived them of their original claim to respect and preservation—their utility. One feature of London which co-existed with the conduits we own we regret the loss of—fountains. What a graceful ornament would a structure like that which formerly stood in Leadenhall Street be opposite the Mansion

House, in the room of the mere gas-pillar and posts placed there for the defence of persons crossing the road of that crowded thoroughfare!



[Conduit at Leadenhall, erected 1655.]

It was not until 1582 that any great mechanical power or skill was applied in providing London with water; but in that year Peter Morris, a Dutchman, made "a most artificial forcier," by which water was conveyed into the houses. On the Lord Mayor and aldermen going to view the works in operation, Morris, to show the efficiency of his machine, caused the water to be thrown over St. Magnus' Church. The City granted him a lease for the use of the Thames water and one of the arches of London Bridge for five hundred years; and two years afterwards he obtained the use of another arch for a similar period. These were the water-works famous for so long a period as one of the sights of London. The original works supplied the neighbourhood "as far as Gracechurch Street"—no great distance, and the fact does not speak much for their efficiency. In 1594 water-works of a similar kind were erected near Broken Wharf, which supplied the houses in West Cheap and around St. Paul's as far as Fleet Street. And this was all that was done in the way of supplying the populous "and still increasing London" up to the time of the appearance of Hugh Middleton, "citizen and goldsmith," upon the scene. It appears that power had been granted by Elizabeth for cutting and conveying a river from any part of Middlesex or Hertfordshire to the city of London, with a limitation of ten years' time for the accomplishment of the work. The man, however, was more difficult to obtain. Elizabeth died without having witnessed the slightest progress made in the matter. King James confirmed the grant; and then it was that, after all else had refused to undertake so vast an affair, the "citizen and goldsmith" came forward with the offer of his wealth, skill, and energy. The arrangements were soon concluded, and Middleton set off into the neighbouring counties to find a fitting steam. After long search and deliberation he fixed upon two springs rising in Hertfordshire—one at Chadwell near Ware, the other at Amwell. The first positive commencement of the work took place on the 20th of February, 1608. Owing to the circuitous route he was obliged to follow, partly from the inequalities of the surface, and partly, perhaps, from the excessive opposition he met with from the owners, the entire distance amounted to about thirty-nine miles, whilst the ordinary road measured but nineteen. Stow, who writes with an honourable enthusiasm both of the work and the author, rode down "divers times to see it; and diligently observed that admirable art, pains, or industry were bestowed for the passage of it, by reason that all grounds are not of a like nature, some being oozy and very muddy, others again as stiff, craggy, and stony. The depth of this trench in some places descended full thirty feet, if not more; whereas, in other places, it required a sprightful art again to mount it over a valley in a trough, between a couple of hills, and the trough all the while borne up by wooden arches—some of them fixed in the ground very deep, and rising in height above twenty-three feet."* Bridges, drains, and sewers innumerable had also to be made. And all this, it must be remembered, was accomplished when engineering science was in a very different state to what it is at present. But, after all, these were the least of the difficulties he had to encounter. Little friendship, but a great deal of enmity, and a world of ridicule, attended him through all his labours. The opposition, indeed, raised against him was so serious, that he was unable to complete the work within the allotted time. The Corporation, however, set his mind at rest upon this point. But a more appalling danger was behind—want of funds. He had already sunk a splendid fortune in the undertaking; he had, in all probability, also used to the utmost whatever resources he could command among his friends and connexions. He applied to the City of London for assistance, and *was refused*. And now he must have been utterly ruined but for the assistance of the King. James did many foolish things, and some that deserve a much harsher epithet; let this, however, always be remembered to his honour—he was wise enough to appreciate a great work and a great man; he was generous enough to risk something for their safety when no one else would. On the 2nd of May, 1612, James covenanted with Middleton to bear an equal share of the expense, past and future, in consideration of being entitled to half the property. In a twelvemonth from that time the *New River* was in existence. The cistern by Islington was built to receive its waters; and splendid was the ceremony attending their first admission into it. This was a proud day for Middleton; it was rendered more gratifying by the presence of his brother, elected on that same day Lord Mayor. The procession was begun by "a troop of labourers, to the number of sixty or more, well appareled, and wearing green Monmouth caps, all alike, who carried spades, shovels, pickaxes, and such-like instruments of laborious employment, and marching, after drums, twice or thrice about the cistern, presented themselves before the mount where the Lord Mayor, aldermen, and a worthy company beside, stood to behold them; and one man, in behalf of all the rest, delivered a poetical address, more clever and more true than such compositions generally are:—

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* Stow, b. i. p. 24.

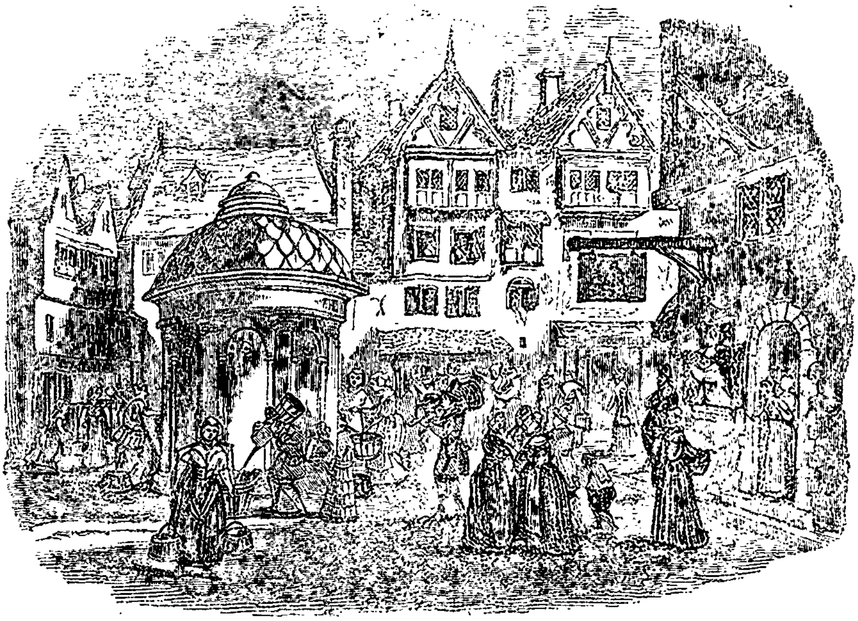
'Long have we labour'd—long desir'd and pray'd
For this great work's perfection; and by the aid
Of Heaven, and good men's wishes, 'tis at length
Happily conquer'd by Cost, Art, and Strength:
And after five years' dear expense in days,
Travail and pains, beside the infinite ways
Of malice, envy, false suggestions,
Able to daunt the spirits of mighty ones
In wealth and courage, this, a work so rare,
Only by one man's industry, cost, and care,
Is brought to bless'd effect,' &c.

After some further observations the speaker desired the Clerk of the Work to reach him

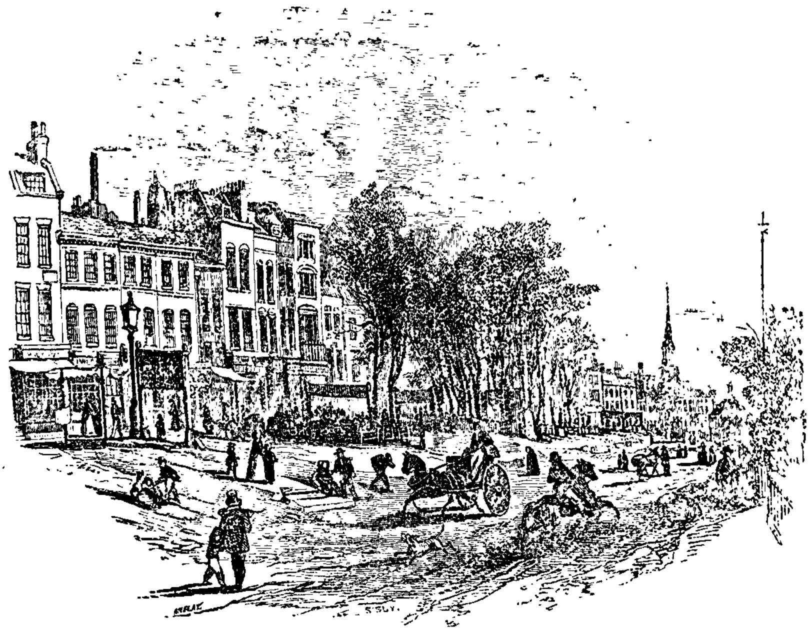
'—the book to show
How many arts from such a labour flow.
First, here 's the Overseer, this tried man,
An ancient soldier, and an artisan;
The Clerk next him, mathematician;
The Master of the Timber-work takes place
Next after these; the Measurer; in like case
Bricklayer and Engineer; and after those
The Borer and the Pavior. Then it shows
The Labourers next; Keeper of Amwell Head;
The Walkers last: so all their names are read.
Yet these but parcels of six hundred more
That at one time have been employ'd before.
Yet these in sight, and all the rest, will say
That all the week they had their royal pay.
Now for the fruits then: flow forth, precious spring,
So long and dearly sought for, and now bring
Comfort to all that love thee. Loudly sing;
And with thy crystal murmurs strook together,
Bid all thy true well-wishers welcome hither.'

At the last words the floodgates flew open, the stream ran gallantly into the cistern, drums and trumpets sounding in a triumphal manner, and a brave peal of chambers gave full issue to the intended entertainment." In 1622 James knighted Middleton: would that his history ended here! It is to be hoped that, when Middleton ventured into the undertaking, he was prepared to pursue his object as a public benefactor from higher motives than mere gain; otherwise the result must have been lamentable indeed. For eighteen years after the completion of the New River there was no dividend whatever; and, in the nineteenth, it amounted but to 11*l*. 19*s*. 1*d*. each share. A share has been sold since that time for 14,000*l*.! Whether he lived to participate in the prosperity that attended the undertaking after this time is uncertain; if so, it could only have been for a brief period. Such was the fate of the founder of that gigantic system which rendered conduits useless, and is now incessantly occupied in ministering to our wants, pouring daily its twenty or thirty millions of gallons of water, through its innumerable channels into the still thirsty and ever-craving monster City.

The quantity of water *daily* supplied by the eight different water-companies of London in 1833-4 was 21,110,555 imperial gallons. By far the greatest portion of this was drawn from the Thames, a small quantity from Hampstead, and the remainder from the Lea River and the New River. The capital expended on the works of these companies then amounted to 3,170,000*l.*; their gross rental to nearly 300,000*l.* The number of houses or buildings supplied by them was nearly 200,000, each of which had an average supply of about 180 gallons, at a cost also, on the average, of about 30*s.* yearly. These results are, of course, given but as approximations to the truth, and require some modification. Thus, for instance, the average daily supply to private houses is much less than is here stated; the nominal average being considerably enhanced by the demands of large manufactories. Making, however, every allowance of this kind, still, how extraordinary is the amount of the general supply remaining! What other city in the world has provided for the comfort, direct or indirect, of *each individual* of its population, a daily supply of about ten gallons of this chief article of life? The contrast is indeed striking between this state of things and the ancient conduits!



[Tittle-Tattle.]



[Islington: One Mile from the spot where Hicks's Hall formerly stood.]

XIV.—SUBURBAN MILESTONES.

JEDEDIAH JONES (he was called Jedediah in consequence of the admiration his father cherished for the character of Jedediah Buxton, the great calculator) was a schoolmaster at Barnet. His delight in his occupation was hereditary; for the elder Jones had properly impressed his son with a sense of the high responsibilities and privileges of his calling, and had shown him how superior a schoolmaster was to any of the other mighty functionaries of the land—to a judge, or a minister of state, or even to a bishop. Jedediah grew, in time, to be somewhat of an important personage, especially as his love of learning branched out into sundry matters of abstruse inquiry, by his knowledge of which he not only puzzled his wondering pupils, but occasionally perplexed the most sagacious of his neighbours. He was not a philosopher in the ordinary sense of the word, for he did not busy himself with any of the sciences as they exist in the present day; but he contrived to know something about the theories of these matters as they were received two or three centuries ago, and was always reflecting and experimenting upon propositions that all mankind have agreed to reject as absurd or impracticable. He was acquainted with the past existence of many vulgar errors; but he by no means acknowledged the propriety of that sweeping condemnation of certain opinions which was contained in the title of Sir Thomas Brown's folio. He had considerable faith that he should some day meet the Wandering Jew on the great Holyhead Road: he turned up his nose at the belief that a griffin had not existed, for why should people have them painted on carriages if their ancestors had never seen such things: he was almost certain that he had himself heard a mandrake shriek when he pulled it up—(on purpose to hear it): and he was quite sure that there were only three Queen Anne's farthings coined, and that he had got one of them. As the old alchymists obtained some knowledge of chymistry in their search after gold, so our schoolmaster obtained a smattering of history and philosophy in his search after those crotchety points of learning which history and philosophy have determined to throw overboard; and thus, upon the whole, he managed to pass with the world as a very wise man, and his school flourished.

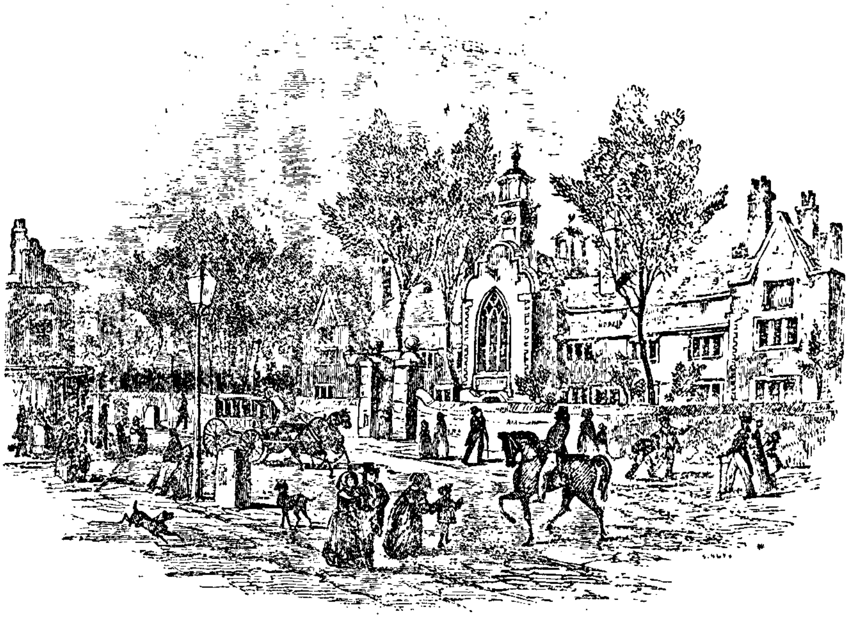
There were some matters, however, with all his learning, which puzzled Jedediah Jones exceedingly. One of these dark and important questions was a source of perpetual irritation to him. He took long walks on half-holidays, and generally his face, on these occasions, turned towards London; for he had a secret conviction that his ultimate vocation was to be in that mighty metropolis, and that he should be summoned thither by a special decree of the Royal Society, or the Society of Antiquaries, and be humbly requested to solve some great enigma, of which all mankind, except himself, had missed the solution. In these long walks he was constantly reminded by the milestones that there was one point of learning as to which he still remained in absolute ignorance. This was grievous. These milestones had proclaimed to him, from the days of his earliest recollections, that it was seven miles, or six miles, or five miles, or four miles, or three miles and a half, "*from the spot where Hicks's Hall formerly stood.*" Now in all his books he could find not an iota about Hicks, or Hicks's Hall. For ten tedious years had he been labouring at this riddle of Hicks's Hall. It was his thought by day, and his dream by night. Who was Hicks? How did Hicks obtain such a fame that even the milestones were inscribed to his memory? What was his Christian name? Was he General Hicks, or Admiral Hicks, or Bishop Hicks, or Chief Justice Hicks? Or was he plain Mr. Hicks? and if so, was he M.P., or F.R.S., or F.A.S., or M.R.I.A.? Why did Hicks build a hall? Was it a hall like "the colleges and halls" of Oxford and Cambridge, or like the Guildhall in King Street, Cheapside? Perhaps it was a hall for public entertainments,—perhaps Hicks was a member of one of the City companies, and built a hall which the company in gratitude called after his name. How long ago was Hicks's Hall built? Was it in the Gothic or the Roman style of architecture? Was it of brick or stone? Had it a carved roof? When did Hicks's Hall cease to exist? Was it burnt down? Was it pulled down by the mob? Was it taken down to widen the street? Was it suffered to go to decay and fall down? Was anybody killed when it fell down? Are the ruins still to be seen? Has anybody written the History of Hicks's Hall? Has anybody written the Life of Hicks? Shall I, Jedediah Jones, write this work which the world must be so anxiously looking for?

Such were a few of the perplexing and yet inspiriting thoughts which had for years passed through Jones's mind, as he walked from Barnet, Highgate-ward. His difficulties at last became insupportable. He took up his resolution, and he was comforted. A week still remained of the Christmas holidays. He would set out for London, and not see his house again till he had penetrated the mystery of Hicks's Hall.

With his trusty staff in his right hand, and a small bundle containing his wardrobe in a pocket-handkerchief under his left arm, Mr. Jones sallied forth from Barnet, under the auspices of the New Weather Almanac, on a morning which promised to be "fair and frosty," in January, 1838. The morning was misty, with rain, which occasionally became sleet, driving in his face. He courageously marched on through Whetstone, and crossed the dreary regions of Finchley Common,—without meeting a highwayman,—which was a disappointment, as he had an implicit belief in the continued existence of those obsolete contributors to the public amusement. He at length reached the northern ascent of Highgate Hill, and his spirits, which were somewhat flagging, received a new impulse. The milestone proclaimed that he was only five miles "from the spot where Hicks's Hall formerly stood." Onward he went, over Highgate Hill, till he arrived at the stone which told him that he was only "four miles" from the shrine to which his pilgrimage was dedicated. But here was a new attraction—an episode in his journey of discovery. He had reached Whittington's Stone,—and there he read that this redoubted thrice Lord Mayor of London had passed through these repetitions of glory in the years of our Lord 1397, and 1406, and 1419. Here then Whittington had sat—here he had heard Bow Bells—here he had thought of his faithful cat—here he had returned to cherish his cat once more, and to win all the riches of which his cat was the original purveyor. But then a thought came across him as to which was the greater man, Whittington or Hicks? If Whittington had one stone raised to his memory, Hicks had twenty; Hicks, therefore, must be the greater man. Who was Hicks? Where was Hicks's Hall? He was only four miles "from the spot where Hicks's Hall formerly stood;" the problem would be soon solved.

He at length reached Islington Green, stopping not to gaze upon the suburban gentility of Holloway, nor going out of his way to admire the architectural grandeur of Highbury. He was now only "one mile from the spot where Hicks's Hall formerly stood." The stone which proclaimed this great truth reared its proud head, unencumbered by houses, at a distinguished distance from the foot-pavement and the high road. It seemed, as he approached the scene of Hicks's glories, that there was an evident disposition to call attention to the name of the immortal man, whoever he might have been. He was persuaded that he should now learn all about Hicks;—the passers-by must be full of Hicks;—the dwellers must reverence Hicks. He went into a pastrycook's shop opposite the triumphal stone. He bought a penny bun, and he thus addressed the maiden at the counter: "Young woman, you have the happiness of living near the spot where Hicks's Hall formerly stood. I have walked ten miles to see that place. Which is the road?" The young woman replied, "Hicks, the greengrocer, lives over the way; there is no other Hicks about here." This was satisfactory. Hicks, the greengrocer, must be a descendant of the great Hicks; so he sought Hicks, the greengrocer, and, bowing profoundly, he asked if he could tell him the way to the spot where Hicks's Hall formerly stood? Now Hicks, the greengrocer, was a wag, and his waggery was increased by living in the keen atmosphere of the Angel at Islington, and by picking up something of the wit that is conveyed from the West to the East, and from the East to the West, by the omnibuses that arrive every three minutes from the Exchange at one end, and from Paddington at the other. To Jones, therefore, Hicks answered by another question, "Does your mother know you're out?"* This was a difficult question for Jedediah to answer. He had not communicated to his mother—good old lady—the object of his journey; she might have disapproved of that object. How could Mr. Hicks know he had a mother? how could he know that he had not told his mother all his anxieties about Hicks's Hall? He was unable to give a reply to Hicks, the greengrocer; so Hicks, the greengrocer, recommended him to get into an omnibus which was standing opposite the door.

Into the omnibus Jedediah Jones accordingly went, and he desired the gentleman called a conductor to put him down at the spot where Hicks's Hall formerly stood. The gentleman grinned; and something passed between him and another gentleman, called a cad, which had better be trusted to the immortality of their unwritten language than be here inscribed. On went the omnibus, and after a tedious hour Jedediah Jones found the carriage deserted, and the conductor bawled out "Elephant and Castle, Sir." During his progress our worthy schoolmaster had put sundry questions to his fellow-passengers touching Hicks's Hall, but he found them of an ignorant and perverse generation; they knew nothing of Hicks—nothing of Hicks's Hall—nothing of the spot where Hicks's Hall formerly stood. The ignorance of the people, he thought, was beyond all calculation; and he determined that not a boy of Barnet should not, henceforward, be thoroughly informed of matters upon which mankind were called upon, by the very milestones, to be all-knowing.



[One mile from the Standard in Cornhill.]

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* The favourite mode of salutation in the streets in the year 1837.

At the Elephant and Castle our traveller had lost all traces of Hicks's Hall. The milestones had forgotten Hicks and his hall. They were full of another glory—"*the Standard in Cornhill.*" What was the Standard in Cornhill? Was it the Royal Standard, or was it the Union Jack? Perhaps it might be the new standard of weights and measures. He was clearly out of the region of Hicks, so he would make his way to the Standard at Cornhill. Who could tell but he might there find the standard of the English language, which he had long been searching for? At any rate they would there tell him of the place where Hicks's Hall formerly stood.

By the aid of another omnibus our pains-taking Jedediah was placed in the busiest throng of the London hive. He was in Cornhill. Jones was somewhat shy, according to the custom of learned men,—and he, therefore, knew not how to address any particular individual of the busy passengers, to inquire about the Standard at Cornhill. He did, however, at last venture upon a very amiable and gentlemanly-looking man,—who politely offered to show him the desired spot. The promise was not realised;—in a moment his friend slipped from his side,—and Jedediah found that his purse, containing two pounds seven shillings and sixpence, had vanished from his pocket. He forgot the Standard in Cornhill; and in despair he threw himself into a Hampstead stage, resolved not to give up his search after Hicks's Hall although he had only a few shillings in his waistcoat pocket.

In a melancholy reverie Jedediah arrived in the Hampstead stage at Camden Town. He knew that he ought not to go further, unless he was quite prepared to abandon the original object of his inquiry. It was a bitter afternoon. The rain fell in torrents. He had a furious appetite,—he had lost his purse,—yet still he would not sleep till he had found the spot where Hicks's Hall formerly stood. He left the Hampstead stage, and there was light enough for him to ascertain whether the milestones were still faithful to Hicks. A new difficulty presented itself. The milestone in Camden Town informed him that he was *two miles from St. Giles's Pound.* What was St. Giles's Pound? Why did a saint require a pound? If it was a pound sterling, was there not a slight anachronism between the name of the current coin and the era of the saint? If it were a pound for cattle, was it not a very unsaintly office for the saint to preside over the matter of strayed heifers? He was puzzled;—so he got into a cab, being disgusted with the ignorance of the people in omnibuses, for the opportunity of a quiet colloquy with the intelligent-looking driver.

"My worthy friend," said Jones, "we are only two miles from St. Giles's Pound—what sort of a pound is St. Giles's Pound?" "For the matter of that," said the cab-driver, "I have driv here these ten years, and I never yet seed St. Giles's Pound, nor Holborn Bars,—no, never,—though ve always reckons by them." "Wonderful!" replied Mr. Jones,—"then please to drive me to the Standard in Cornhill." "The Standard in Cornhill,—that's a good one!—I should like to know who ever seed the Standard in Cornhill. 'Ve knows the Swan with Two Necks in Lad Lane, and the Golden Cross, and the Vite Horse Cellar in Piccadilly, but I never heerd of anybody that ever seed the Standard in Cornhill." "Then, Sir," said Jones, breathlessly, "perhaps you don't know the place where Hicks's Hall formerly stood?" "As for Hicks's Hall," said the cabman, "it's hall a hum. There's no such place,—no more than the Standard in Cornhill, nor Holborn Bars, nor St. Giles's Pound,—and my oppinnun is, there never wor such places, and that they keep their names on the milestones to bilk the poor cabs out of their back carriage."

Jedediah Jones was discomfited. He did not quite understand the cabman's solution; and he had a vague notion that, if the milestones were placed with reference to the Post-office, or St. Paul's, or some place which *did* exist, the back carriage and other carriage of cabmen and hackney-coachmen would be better regulated. He, however, made the best of his position. He spent one of his remaining shillings upon a *very* frugal dinner; and, wending his way back to Islington, he bestowed the other upon the coachman of a Holyhead mail to convey him to Barnet without further loss of time or property.

The journey of discovery which we have thus narrated is not an impossible one to have been undertaken by a person whose curiosity was greater than his judgment.* The suburbs of London continue to be full of puzzling inscriptions, such as that of Hicks's Hall. The system of measuring the roads out of London by some well-known centrical object, such as the Standard in Cornhill (a conduit once known to every passenger), was a right system, and ought to have been the uniform one. But the other system was that of measuring the roads from some point where London was supposed to terminate. There is a wide part of St. John Street, some two hundred yards from Smithfield, where we learn, by an inscription on a mean public-house, that Hicks's Hall *there* formerly stood. This was the Sessions House for the justices of Middlesex; and it was built at the sole cost of Sir Baptist Hicks, in the reign of James I. Here then, two centuries ago, was something like the beginning of London proper, to those who arrived from the country. The Hall was surrounded with fields and scattered houses; and it was of course a remarkable object to those who entered the metropolis from the north. Again, St. Giles's Pound,—a real pound for cattle, which is marked upon the old plans,—was a prominent object, standing in the village of St. Giles's, at the intersection of the roads from Hampstead and from Oxford. This, also, was something like the beginning of London: but Hicks's Hall and St. Giles's Pound have long since vanished; and the milestones which record their faded glory ought also to be swept away. Similar changes have taken place under our own eyes. Some ten years ago Tyburn Turnpike existed. The intolerable nuisance of a gate in one of the most crowded roads seemed to draw a line of demarcation between London and the suburbs; and so the roads were measured from Tyburn Turnpike. Now an inscription tells us where Tyburn Turnpike stood,—a matter upon which we should have no desire to be informed if the milestones onward did not continue to refer to Tyburn Turnpike. Hyde Park Corner is, in the same way, nearly obsolete; but it was a real barrier when its gates stretched across the road, with their wondrous illumination of a dozen oil lamps before the days of gas. The managers of this road have now begun, as they conceive, to reform the milestones; and these dumb oracles tell us that we are "one mile from *London*," or "two miles from London." What is London? Where does it begin? where does it end? Is not the character of London always shifting? We now call Tottenham Court Road, London; but it was not London a century ago. Knightsbridge is now as much London as Tottenham Court Road. In London, then, a stranger is told he is a mile from London. This, of course, is unintelligible. But why not tell the stranger, and at the same time afford most valuable information to the resident, that at Knightsbridge he is four miles from the General Post-office? In the Preface to the Population Returns of 1831 we have a little plan of the places comprised within a circle whose radius is eight miles from St. Paul's. That circle then comprised one million seven hundred and seventy-six thousand inhabitants. Reduce the circle to a radius of four miles, and we have the London of the present day, with as many inhabitants as were contained in the larger circle of 1831, if not more.

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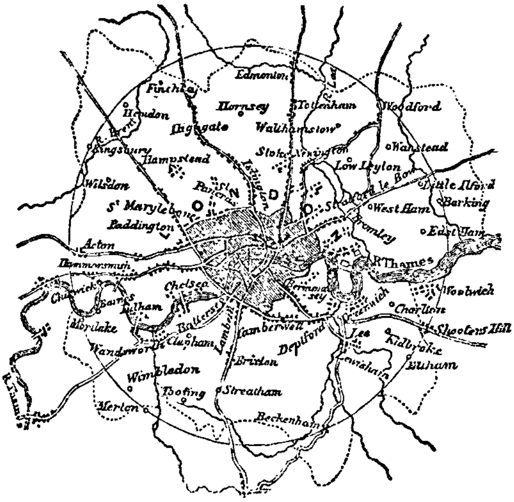
* This imaginary relation, as we have here given it, was written by the Editor of 'London' as a "friendly contribution" to a little work published by Lady Mary Fox, in 1838, for the benefit of the "Royal Schools of Industry at Kensington." As this volume was limited in its circulation to a small number of well-wishers to the charity, the Editor of 'London' has no hesitation in making it the introduction to the present paper.


Edmonton
Finchley
Hendon
R. Brent
Hornsey
Tottenham
Woodford
Highgate
Walthamstow
Kingsbury
Hampstead
Stoke Newington
Wanstead
Low Leyton
Wilsdon
St Pancras
Islington
Stratford le Bow
Little Ilford
St Marylebone
Barking
West Ham
LONDON
Paddington
Bromley
East Ham
Acton
Hammersmith
R. Thames
Chiswick
Barnes
Fulham
Chelsea
Bermondsey
Greenwich
Woolwich
Charlton
Mortlake
Battersea
Camberwell
Shooters Hill
Lambeth
Wandsworth
Clapham
Deptford
Lee
Kidbrooke
Brixton
Lewisham
Eltham
Wimbledon
Tooting
Streatham
Merton
Beckenham

[Eight Miles round St. Paul's.]

The history of the growth of London is a subject as large as it is interesting. But its local details require to be traced with minute accuracy; and this subject we propose to attempt in a Series of Memoirs on the Maps of London at various periods. We shall at present confine ourselves to some general notices of the progressive increase of the population; which may have some additional claim upon the attention from the circumstance that the new census is to be taken on the 1st of July next.

It is impossible to turn to any of the ancient accounts of the populousness of London without being satisfied that the number of its inhabitants has been the subject of the most extraordinary exaggeration. Fitzstephen says, "this city is honoured with her men, graced with her arms, and peopled with a multitude of inhabitants. In the fatal wars under King Stephen there went out to a muster men fit for war, esteemed to the number of twenty thousand horse-men armed, and sixty thousand foot-men." Eighty thousand men fit for war living *within* walled London, and not only living within but going out to a muster! If we suppose that only one-fourth of this number remained at home to carry on the business of the city, and assume (the general proportion) that half the population was under twenty years of age and half above, we have two hundred thousand males in London in the reign of King Stephen; and this calculation would give us a population of four hundred thousand. In 1821 London within the walls (a distinction which no longer exists for any practical purposes) contained only fifty-six thousand inhabitants. But if the statements of Fitzstephen may be supposed to be somewhat loose, we shall find some calculations still more extraordinary as we enter upon the times of regular legislation, when the increase of population was viewed with alarm or satisfaction according to the theories which prevailed as to the causes of national wealth. The progressive increase of London was always regularly asserted, and it was always a subject of alarm. In 1581 a proclamation was issued forbidding the erection of new buildings within three miles of the city gates, and requiring that only one family should inhabit the same house. The Queen went on proclaiming, and the Parliament went on enacting, in the same spirit, to the end of the sixteenth century. In 1602 a proclamation, more remarkable for its stringency than any which had preceded it, was put forth. No new buildings were to be erected within three miles of London and Westminster: No existing dwelling-house should be converted into smaller tenements: If any house had been so divided within the preceding ten years, the inmates should quit it: All sheds and shops erected within seven years should be pulled down: Empty houses, built within seven years, should not be let: Unfinished buildings, on new foundations, should be pulled down. The reasons for these severities are thus assigned in the proclamation:—"Her Majesty foreseeing the great and manifold inconveniences and mischiefs which daily grow, and are likely more and more to increase, unto the state of the City of London, and the suburbs and confines thereof, by access and confluence of people to inhabit the same, not only by reason that such multitudes could hardly be governed by ordinary justice to serve God and obey her Majesty without constituting an addition of more officers and enlarging of authorities and jurisdictions for that purpose, but also could hardly be provided of sustentation of victual, food, and other like necessaries for man's relief, upon reasonable prices: and finally, for that such great multitudes of people inhabiting in small rooms, whereof many be very poor, and such as must live by begging, or worse means, and being heaped up together, and in a sort smothered, with many families of children and servants in one house or small tenement, it must needs follow, if any plague or other universal sickness come amongst them, it would presently spread through the whole city and confines, and also into all parts of the realm," &c. &c.

In a proclamation of Charles I., twenty-eight years afterwards, pretty nearly the same commands were issued; and the heads of families were also, as they had formerly been, forbidden to receive inmates,—the facilities for residing in London being such, it was alleged, as would multiply the inhabitants to so great a degree that they could neither be governed nor fed. The measures which were taken to prevent the increase of buildings no doubt tended to produce the evil of "great multitudes of people inhabiting in small rooms;" for it is perfectly clear that no statute or proclamation could prevent the rush of strangers to the City whenever there was a demand for their industry. It was sensibly enough observed, in 1662, "that the City is repeopled, after a great Plague, in two years." The christenings are properly considered by this observer as a standard of the increase or decrease of the inhabitants; and he tells us that in 1624, the year preceding a great Plague, they amounted to 8299; in 1626, the year after the Plague, they were only 6701; but in 1628 they reached a higher number than in 1624, being 8408.* This decrease in the births would show a decrease of 45,000 persons during the year of the Plague; and which void was filled up in another year. That the proclamations of Elizabeth and Charles, inoperative as they might be for any large results, were in some measure carried into effect, there can, however, be no doubt. Houses *were* pulled down—when the owners could not manage to bribe those in power to let them remain. The buildings went on increasing; and soon after the Restoration they had increased so much that an ingenious and accurate observer,—one of our best of letter-writers, Howel,—had persuaded himself, and attempted to persuade others, that London contained a million and a half of people:—"For number of human souls, breathing in City and suburbs, London may compare with any in Europe in point of populousness. The last census that was made in Paris came under a million; but in the year 1636 King Charles sending to the Lord Mayor to make a scrutiny what number of Roman Catholics and strangers there were in the City, he took occasion thereby to make a census of all the people; and there were of men, women, and children, above seven hundred thousand that lived within the bars of his jurisdiction alone; and this being one and twenty years passed, 'tis thought, by all probable computation, that London hath more by the third part now than she had then. Now, for Westminster, and Petty France, the Strand, Bedford Berry, St. Martin's Lane, Long Acre, Drury Lane, St. Giles of the Field, High Holborn, Gray's Inn Lane, St. James and St. George's Street, Clerkenwell, the outlets of Red and Whitecross Street, the outlets beyond the Bars of Bishopsgate, Aldersgate, and Southwark Bars, beyond the Tower, &c.,—take all these places, with divers more which are contiguous and one entire piece with London herself,—I say, take all these buildings together, there will be found, by all probable conjecture, as many inhabitants at least as were found before within that compass where the point of the Lord Mayor's sword reacheth, which may amount in all to a million and a half of human souls. Now, one way to know the populousness of a great city is to observe the bills of mortality and nativities every week. I think there is no such custom in Paris; but for Amsterdam, which is a very populous mercantile place, the ordinary number there of those that go weekly out of the world is but fifty, or thereabouts, and about so many come into the world every week."

Nothing can be more precise and circumstantial than this statement. "The last census that was made in Paris came under a million." No doubt it did. The population of the Department of the Seine, extending eight miles from the centre of Paris, was, in 1829, only thirteen thousand above a million. But fifty years after this statement of Howel's, the annual number of births in Paris was 16,988, which, multiplied by 28, the probable proportion *then* of the births to the population, the number of inhabitants was under *half* a million. Howel compared

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* *Quoted in Strype's Stow.*

London with Amsterdam: his computation of the population by the births would only give a result of about seventy thousand inhabitants for that city. The births in London were about four times as many as those of Amsterdam when Howel wrote. The "scrutiny" to which he refers of the actual inhabitants of the *City* took place in 1631; and it is, perhaps, the first approach to a regular enumeration of the people which we possess. The government did not desire to know the number of Roman Catholics and strangers; but it was afraid of an approaching dearth: and in those days, when the corn-merchants, who were called monopolists and forestallers, were not permitted to mitigate the evils of scarcity by buying up corn in times of plenty, the government called upon the Lord Mayor to know what number of mouths were in the City and the Liberty,—how much corn was requisite to feed that number for a month,—where the corn was to be kept,—when the city intended to make this provision,—what stock of money was provided, &c. The number of people in each ward was accordingly ascertained, and it was returned to the Privy Council as 130,268. The foundation of Howel's calculation is thus demolished. Statistical documents were then not printed, but talked about; and such an exaggeration would be easily enough received. But his account is still valuable and curious. It shows us in what directions London was increasing. Howel has one of his characteristic gossiping passages upon this matter:—"The suburbs of London are larger than the body of the city, which make some compare her to a Jesuit's hat, whose brims are far larger than the block; which made Count Gondomar, the Spanish ambassador, to say, as the Queen of Spain was discoursing with him, upon his return to England, of the City of London—'Madam, I believe there will be no city left shortly, for all will run out of the gates to the suburbs.'" Captain Graunt, who published his 'Observations on the Bills of Mortality' in 1661, says "that the trade and very City of London removes *westward*,—that the walled city is but a fifth of the whole pile." But he shows us how, even in the walled city, the population was increasing—great houses, formerly belonging to noblemen, had been turned into tenements. There were two reasons, according to this accurate writer, why London increased in a westerly direction:—the Court now resided entirely in Westminster—the old streets of the city were too narrow for the use of coaches, and the new streets towards Covent Garden were broad enough. This was before the Great Fire. That event silenced for ever all the attempts to restrain the growth of the city beyond the walls and liberties. Under the Commonwealth the contest between the government and the owners of land and builders, who acted upon the irresistible impulse of demand and supply, became an affair of compromise. Fines upon new buildings were levied to the use of the Commonwealth, instead of houses being pulled down. The statute gravely says, "by the law the said houses and nuisances ought to be abated; but as the severity of the law would be the undoing of divers persons, one year's clear annual value of each house shall be taken in full satisfaction and discharge." We may form some notion of the increase of building from a pamphlet published in 1673, entitled 'The Grand Concern of England Explained,' in which the writer, who is also for putting down the abomination of stage-coaches, maintains that the increase of London is the ruin of the country:—"I desire every serious, considerate person that knew London and Westminster, and the suburbs thereof, forty or fifty years ago, when

England was far richer and more populous than now it is, to tell me whether, by additional buildings upon new foundations, the said cities and suburbs since that time are not become at least a third part bigger than they were; and whether, in those days, they were not thought and found large enough to give a due reception to all persons that were fit or had occasion to resort thither, whereupon all further buildings on new foundations, even in those days, were prohibited? Nevertheless, above thirty thousand houses, great and small, have been since built, the consequences whereof may be worthy of our consideration. These houses are all inhabited. Considering, then, what multitudes of whole families, formerly dwelling in and about the said cities, were cut off by the two last dreadful plagues, as also by the war abroad and at home, by land and by sea, and how many have transported themselves, or been transported, into our foreign plantations, and it must naturally follow that those who inhabit these new houses, and many of the old ones, must be persons coming out of the country; which makes so many inhabitants the less there where they are most needful and wanting." But pamphlets were as ineffectual as proclamations to stop the increase. The writer of 'The Grand Concern' lets us into the secret of the moving power which compelled the increase, in a few simple words: "In short, these new buildings are advantageous to none but to the owners of the ground on which they are built, who have raised their wonted rents from a hundred pounds to five or six hundred pounds per annum, besides the improvements in reversion; or to the builders, who by slight buildings on long leases make ten or twelve pounds per cent. of their moneys." The advance of rents from one hundred pounds to six hundred, and twelve per cent. upon the cost of building, were arguments such as Parliament or pamphleteer could do little to overturn. Fashion, too, had something to do with the extension of the suburbs. When the great merchants had their City mansions, the wealthy ladies of the City were content with their narrow lanes. But the Great Fire destroyed something of the love of the old localities. Dr. Rolles, who wrote a book in 1668 on the rebuilding of London, says that the "marring of the City was the making of the suburbs; and some places of despicable termination, and as mean account, such as Houns-*ditch*, and Shor-*ditch*, do now contain not a few citizens of very good fashion." The notion then of the probable extension of London was much the same that we have been accustomed to hear in our own day—that London was going to Hammersmith, to Brentford, to Hounslow,—or to Paddington, to Kilburn, to Edgeware,—or to Camden Town, to Hampstead,—and so forth. In 'The Play House to Let' of D'Avenant we have this passage:—

"We'll let this theatre, and build another, where,
At a cheaper rate, we may have room for scenes.
Brainford's the place!
Perhaps 'tis now somewhat too far i' th' suburbs;
But the mode is for builders to work slight and fast;
And they proceed so with new houses
That old London will quickly overtake us."

The continual influx of strangers to London was one great cause, as it is at the present day, for the demand for new houses and new accommodation for inmates. Whilst James I. was commanding all noblemen, knights, and gentlemen, who had mansion-houses in the country, to return to their several habitations, to abide there until the end of the summer vacation, the Scots who had followed him to England were building up the Strand. Howel says, "the Scots, greatly multiplying here, nestled themselves about the Court; so that the Strand, from the mud walls and thatched cottages, acquired that perfection of buildings it now possesses." The French Protestants came over here in many thousands about 1687, and established themselves in the neighbourhood between Covent Garden and St. Giles's, which we now know as Seven Dials and Long Acre; Spitalfields, also peopled by them, grew into a town. A little previous to this Sir William Petty had made his celebrated calculations on the quantity of people in London, and the continual increase of the capital. In 1682 he estimates that there were 84,000 tenanted houses; he fixes the number in each at eight persons; and he thus obtains a population of 672,000. In this calculation he includes, under the name of London, all the built ground in Middlesex and Surrey which could be considered "contiguous unto, or within call of," London, Westminster, and Southwark. According to the 'Parish Clerks' Registers of the Bills of Mortality,' the average christenings about this period reached 15,000 annually, which will give a total population of more than 400,000. The registers were, of course, imperfect records of the number of births; and, looking at the larger space included in Sir W. Petty's calculation, he was probably not very greatly in excess—perhaps to the extent of 100,000. Neither is there any very extraordinary change in the habits of London indicated by the fact of it being assumed that there was an average of eight persons in each house a century and a half ago. The present proportion is more than six persons to each house. The diffusion of comforts divides the people into separate houses. In Paris each floor of a house is, in many senses of the word, a separate house; yet still there is less of comfort, according to our English notions, in such a packing up of the population in high buildings. There, in 1817, 26,751 houses held 657,172 individuals —an average of more than twenty-five persons to each house: but then each house contained eight families. Sir W. Petty calculated that in 1682 London was seven times larger than in the beginning of the reign of Elizabeth, in 1560—that is, that the population in 1560 was under 100,000. This we should consider far too low an estimate, and one rather formed to accommodate Sir W. Petty's theory, that London doubles the number of its inhabitants every forty years, than built on any certain *data*. His theory led this very able man to some conclusions which now look like many other statistical prophecies will look when tested by time,—sufficiently absurd. He says that as London doubles its inhabitants every forty years, in the year 1840 the number of its people will be above *ten millions;* that the inhabitants of all the rest of England will be very little more,—under eleven millions. Now, this, he says, cannot be—which we very readily admit; and that London must therefore have reached its utmost height of population at the next preceding period, 1800, when it will exceed five millions,—and that *there* the number must *stop*. But how stop? Suddenly, through famine? or by the universal agreement of the excessive population to emigrate? The whole fallacy of the apprehensions of nearly three centuries, that the growth of London was something unnatural and therefore ruinous to the country, lies in the mistake which Sir W. Petty fell into, that its increase was not in the same ratio as the increase of the people generally. In England, and Wales, and Scotland, the increase of population in 1811, as compared with 1801, was above 15 per cent.—in London, above 16; in 1821 the general increase was little more than 14 per cent.—in London more than 17; and in 1831 the difference was still greater, the country population having increased 15 per cent., whilst London had increased 20 per cent. Thus at the last census London had increased in ten years 25 per cent. faster than the general population of Great Britain. But, comparing the returns of 1831 with those of 1801, we are enabled to trace the particular directions of the increase. New cities, during the present century, have been almost created. London proper—the City of London—had *decreased* 4 per cent. in its inhabitants and 5 per cent. in the number of houses. London, Westminster, and Southwark,—the London of a century ago,—contained only 450,000 inhabitants in round numbers. But Finsbury contained 224,000; St. Mary-le-bone, 234,000; Lambeth, 154,000; the Tower Hamlets, 302,000. Each of these are mighty cities; and the four embrace a population that at the present time we may reckon as containing a million of inhabitants.

During the lapse of two centuries and a half since the proclamations of Elizabeth against the increase of London, and of two centuries from the date of those of Charles I., we have got rid of the apprehension that the "access and confluence" of people dependent upon and urging forward the increase of the capital would amount to such multitudes that they "could hardly be governed by ordinary justice." London has gone on increasing; and yet for how long a time has it been exempt from such scenes as those described by Fleetwood, its Recorder, about the period of Elizabeth's proclamation of 1581! He writes thus to Lord Burghley: "My singular good lord,—Upon Thursday, at even, her Majesty in her coach near Islington, taking of the air, her Highness was environed with a number of rogues. One Mr. Stone, a footman, came in all haste to my Lord Mayor, and after to me, and told us of the same. I did the same night send warrants out into the said quarters, and into Westminster, and the Duchy; and in the morning I went abroad myself, and I took that day seventy-four rogues." The number of rogues who environed her Majesty appears to have produced a tremendous consternation. Fleetwood went on taking "shoals of rogues," "numbers of rogues," and, to use his very expressive term, he "gave them substantial payment." He adds, "the chief nursery of all those evil people is the Savoy, and the brick-kilns near Islington."* London is now, with its two millions of inhabitants, the most orderly city in the world. There are no shoals of rogues brought in to be whipped; their gathering together is prevented. And yet no honest man, however humble, quietly pursuing his occupation, can be molested by this preventive power. Fleetwood lets us into a secret as to the mode in which, amongst the rogues, "each one received his payment according to his deserts." He says, "they brought unto me at Bridewell six tall fellows that were draymen unto brewers. The constables, if they might have had their own will, would have brought as many more." Were these tall fellows discharged? "*They were all soundly paid, and sent home to their masters.*" *This*, we hope, was not quite the ordinary justice by which the increasing multitudes of London were to be governed; and yet the administration of the laws had so little justice, and therefore so little policy, in its composition, that we are not surprised that the government dreaded any increase of the masses of the people. There was, however, another cause of alarm. The increasing multitudes "could hardly be provided of sustentation of victual, food, and other like necessaries for man's relief, upon reasonable price." It is just possible that, with very bad roads, a large city might be in this condition. We doubt if there ever was a very large city without ample means of external communication by sea, by rivers connected with the sea, or by inland roads. The supply of food to such a city must be drawn from a larger area than the country immediately around it. London is most favourably situated in this respect; and we believe that even in the time of Elizabeth there could have been no difficulty in supplying with food any amount of inhabitants in the capital. The increase of its inhabitants must, to a certain extent, have been always proportionate, if not to the actual increase of the other inhabitants of the country, to the increase of the whole productive power of the country. London could not be fed during an increase of its inhabitants, if the capital and profits of London did not proportionally increase. But that increase of capital would increase the food, by the best of all possible means—by increasing the productive power by which it could alone be supplied. We may dismiss therefore, once and for ever, the notion that London can sustain a deficiency of food as long as she has the means of purchasing food. The wonderful precision with which her daily supplies are regulated may be almost termed the result of a law of nature. Nothing is done in concert; but each man acts upon the dictates of his own interest; and thus, and thus alone, there is no deficiency, and no waste.

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* Ellis's Letters, vol. ii.

But there was a third cause of apprehension in the proclamations of Elizabeth, with regard to the increase of people in London, which we seem rather to have shut our eyes against. It has been one of those things which it is not pleasant to look upon. It has not made to itself a loud voice, like that of the rogues about Queen Elizabeth's coach. It has not been an imaginary evil, like that of the fancied disproportion between the demand and the supply of food. The proclamation complains of "great multitudes of people inhabiting in small rooms, whereof many be very poor, heaped up togethes, and in a sort smothered with many families of children in one house." This is an evil which exists up to the present hour. If the legislators of the time of Elizabeth had understood how to correct the evil, they would have encouraged building in the suburbs, instead of legislating against the local extension of London. *We* occasionally sweep away the wretched dens, hidden in back courts and alleys, where the poor are in a sort smothered; but neither do we make any provision for them, by building habitations fit for their reception. One of the great improvements of our streets that has long been contemplated, is the opening of a road from the east end of Oxford Street direct to Holborn, without passing through the narrow and sinuous entrance by St. Giles's Church. The district which would be required to be destroyed is one of the most densely populated in London. Few of our readers know of its existence, fewer have ever ventured through it. It is familiarly known by the names of the Rookery and the Holy Land. A distinguished architect, who has also the higher distinction of being a most benevolent man, thus described it in 1834:—"The unutterable abominations of it can only be conceived by those who, in the exercise of charity, or in quest of crime, have been forced to become familiar with its recesses. It is indeed the retreat of wretchedness, the nest of disease, and at once the nursery and sanctuary of vice. A very short excursion into this place will be enough to convince any one, through the medium of every sense, that it was built before the present wholesome regulations respecting building and cleansing were in force; and no part of the town can more strongly attest the imperfections of the law on the head of drainage. Indeed, there is scarcely a single sewer in any part of it; so that here, where there is the greatest accumulation of filth, there is the least provision made for its removal."* But Mr. Smirke did not propose to drive the plough of civic improvement over the greater part of this district, without providing such buildings for the future reception of the inhabitants as would wonderfully increase their comforts and the safety of the whole community. The great Plague of 1665 broke out in St. Giles's. The *plague* districts of that day are now *fever* districts. Independently of the general want of drainage in such neighbourhoods, the inmates of each house are "smothered up" in a manner that appears totally irreconcilable with the general civilization of the capital, and with the practical benevolence which is at work to mitigate the evils which nothing but a universally improved state of society can wholly eradicate. Mr. Smirke gives an example (and we have reason to believe, from other sources of information, that this was not a very extraordinary case) of one house, consisting of nine small rooms, being occupied by eleven men, thirteen women, and thirty children. One room on the underground-floor held one man, one woman, and five children. Two rooms on the ground-floor contained two men, two women, and eight children. Two on the first floor were stuffed with two men, three women, and five children. Two on the second floor were smothered up with three men, four women, and six children. Two garrets completed the horrible mountain of misery, indecency, and disease, with three men, three women, and six children. These poor squalid families collectively paid to the landlord of the house a daily rent amounting to nearly one hundred a year. Mr. Smirke says, "The poorest vagrant now pays sixpence per night for leave to lie down on a wretched pallet in some foul chamber in St. Giles's, with a dozen or more forlorn beings like himself; and a workman is obliged to pay from three shillings to four shillings per week for the hire of a single room, in which he, his wife, and perhaps a numerous family, are condemned to live day and night." The remedy suggested by Mr. Smirke is a very obvious one—for the government, or, what is perhaps better, for private speculators, to build in the suburbs airy and commodious lodging-houses, for the class of persons who inhabit such places as the Rookery; with common means of warmth, common kitchens, common grounds for exercise and recreation. The scheme is a noble one,—and it is a practicable one,—it would pay—the consideration which must always prevail, and which should always prevail, in the decision upon projects which involve a large and enduring expenditure of capital. In the districts we have described, and in many others of a similar nature, there are lodging-houses for persons who when they rise in the morning know not where they are to sleep: "They generally consist of six or eight small rooms, each of which often contains six beds; and it is no uncommon circumstance for sixty persons to be sleeping in one of these loathsome abodes. For the use of these wretched beds (if such they may be termed) fourpence or sixpence is required per night; and it is a fact familiar to the parish officers, that great properties have been, and still are, accumulated in this way." Mr. Smirke would construct *dormitories* for this class of persons, in suitable parts of each parish. The rooms would much resemble the wards of Chelsea Hospital. One such building, containing eighty-four beds or compartments, could be erected for 2400*l.*; and if each compartment were let at twopence per night, an annual rental would be produced of 252*l.*, being ten and a half per cent. upon the outlay. There would be difficulties, no doubt, in effecting such changes,—in part arising from the indisposition of any great body of the people, accustomed to habits producing even positive suffering to themselves, towards a change to other habits which are to work out for them comfort, and happiness, and respectability. Another difficulty arising out of the congregation of any great mass of labourers in the suburbs would be the distance between their place of lodging and their occupation. The saving would, we have no doubt, provide such a working community with omnibuses to ride to their employ. But they would gladly walk. May such changes be effected in our day; and may those who would be the most benefited by them inscribe on the gates of some suburban palace for the poor, words that in our times would be more intelligible and more edifying than the inscriptions to the glory of Hicks's Hall or St. Giles's Pound, the Standard in Cornhill or Holborn Bars, Tyburn Turnpike or Hyde Park Corner,—

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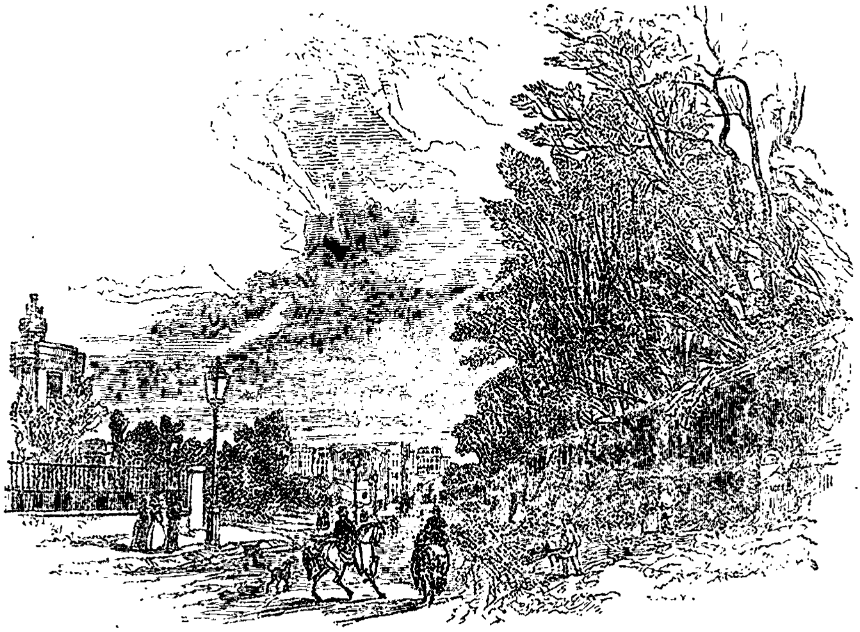
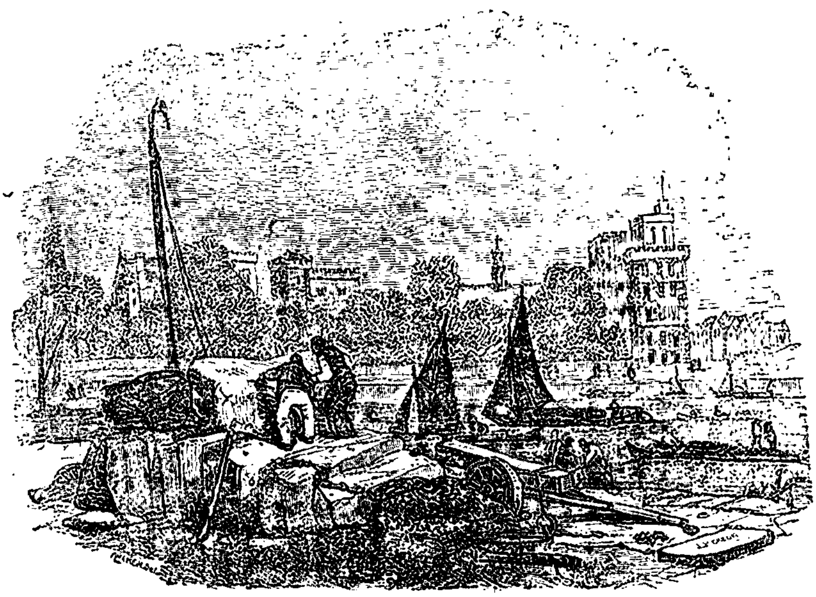
* Suggestions for the Architectural Improvement of the Western Part of London. By Sydney Smirke. p. 56.

"TWO MILES FROM THE SPOT WHERE THE ROOKERY FORMERLY STOOD."



[Knightsbridge: One Mile from London.]



[View of Lambeth Palace from the River.]

XV.—LAMBETH PALACE.

A HISTORY of the origin of important edifices would make an amusing and far from uninstructive work. In the strange variety of human motives that such a history would exhibit it would be almost difficult to say whether the habitual satirizers, or the lovers of their species, would find most matter for gratification. Are we asked for illustrations? Why, look where you will, and they rise innumerable to the eye. Let us pause, for instance, one moment upon the bridge immortalised by Wordsworth as the spot on which one of the finest of his sonnets was composed, commencing—

> "Earth has not anything to show more fair,"—

and, glancing over the scene it commemorates, notice the history of some of the most prominent of the buildings which line the shores of the river. First, there is the most magnificent of halls—that of Westminster; rich beyond expression with the historical memories attached to it: yet what was the original purpose of Westminster Hall? It was built by William Rufus to dine in! Farther on there is Somerset House, erected in a great measure from the plunder of some of the most ancient, and in every sense most sacred, edifices of the metropolis, such as the church of the ancient Knights of St. John of Jerusalem at Clerkenwell, and the cloisters and other portions of old St. Paul's, blown up with gunpowder for the purpose. Still farther distant, on the opposite side of the Thames, is the church of St. Mary Overies, founded, as we have already stated, by a ferryman's daughter, from the earnings of the ferry. Lastly, there is the Monument, the "tall bully" of Pope, of which we may say, with reference to the inscription first placed upon it ascribing the fire to the Papists, and with a slight alteration of the poet's words, it "*lifted* its head *to* lie. The origin of Lambeth Palace, as stated by Matthew Paris, and in the words of his translator, Stow, is still more curious, and presents us with an extraordinary view of an eminent churchman of the thirteenth century.

"Boniface," saith Matthew Paris, "Archbishop of Canterbury, in his visitation came to this Priory [of St. Bartholomew, in Smithfield], where, being received with procession in the most solemn wise, he said that he passed not upon the honour, but came to visit them. To whom the canons answered, that they, having a learned bishop, ought not, in contempt of him, to be visited by any other. Which answer so much offended the Archbishop, that he forthwith fell on the Sub-Prior, and smote him on the face, saying, Indeed, indeed! doth it become you English traitors so to answer me? Thus raging, with oaths not to be recited, he rent in pieces the rich cope of the Sub-Prior, and trod it under his feet, and thrust him against a pillar of the chancel with such violence that he had almost killed him. But the canons, seeing their Sub-Prior thus almost slain, came and plucked off the Archbishop with such force that they overthrew him backwards, whereby they might see *he was armed and prepared to fight.* The Archbishop's men, seeing their master down, being all strangers, and their master's countrymen, born at Provence, fell upon the canons, beat them, tore them, and trod them under foot. At length the canons, getting away as well as they could, ran, bloody and miry, rent and torn, to the Bishop of London to complain; who bade them go to the King at Westminster, and tell him thereof. Whereupon four of them went thither; the rest were not able, they were so sore hurt. But when they came to Westminster the King would neither hear nor see them, so they returned without redress. In the mean season the whole city was in an uproar, and ready to have rung the common bell, and to have hewed the Archbishop into small pieces; who was secretly crept to Lambeth, where they sought him, and, not knowing him by sight, said to themselves, Where is that ruffian—that cruel smiter? He is no winner of souls, but an exacter of money, whom neither God nor any lawful or free election did bring to this promotion; but the King did unlawfully intrude him; being unlearned, a stranger born, and having a wife, &c. But the Archbishop conveyed himself over [to Westminster], and went to the King with a great complaint against the canons, whereas himself was guilty."* So the Archbishop from Lambeth boldly issued a sentence of excommunication against his opposers, satisfied that the King would support him in his violent tyranny. Another tribunal, however, was appealed to which had no particular prepossession for the Archbishop—the Pope; who commanded him by way of expiation to build a splendid mansion at Lambeth for the occupants of the see, in the room of the humble manor-house that is supposed to have existed previously. Such was the origin of the first building erected at Lambeth expressly as the archiepiscopal seat. Of the history of the place prior to this period there are but few recorded facts. The first positive evidence we have on the subject refers to the eleventh century, when the manor was possessed by Goda, wife to Walter Earl of Mantes, and subsequently to Eustace Earl of Boulogne; and who was also sister to Edward the Confessor. This Eustace was one of the Normans who came over to visit Edward, and who on his return, when within a mile of Dover, caused all his people to march in armed array through the town, and when there by their insolence so to exasperate the people of Dover that an affray took place, which ended in the death of nineteen of Eustace's attendants, and in his own hasty flight back towards the King at Gloucester. This little incident produced important consequences. The great Saxon Earl Godwin (Harold's father) defended the people of Dover from the vengeance meditated by the King, but in so doing brought on himself a sentence of banishment. Released from Godwin's control, Edward invited the Normans to his court in greater numbers than ever, and among them came William Duke of Normandy, the future conqueror of England, who then, it is said, obtained a promise of the crown after Edward's death, and who, at all events, it appears, from that time determined upon its acquisition. By this Earl of Boulogne the manor of Lambeth was bestowed on the see of Rochester; that nobleman reserving to himself the right of patronage to the church. After the Conquest William seized the manor and gave part of its lands to his brother Odo Bishop of Bayeux, but afterwards restored the whole to its former owners. In 'Domesday Book' we find it referred to as the manor of St. Mary, or Lanchei; and the following particulars of its state at that time are there recorded:—"In demesne there are two carucates, and twelve villains, and twenty-six bordars, having four carucates. Here is a church, and nineteen burgesses in London, who pay a rent of thirty-six shillings; and here are three servants and sixteen acres of meadow, wood to feed three hogs," &c. During the reign of the Red King, some part of the revenues appear to have been appropriated to the maintenance of the monks of Rochester; in the charter of Gundolph, Bishop of that see, one thousand lampreys out of Lamhea (one of the old names for Lambeth) are assigned to their use; and his successor, Ernulph, ordained also that one salmon should be furnished to the convent, caught no doubt in the silvery waters of the Thames at Lambeth.

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* Stow, b. iii. p. 235.

It was not until the reign of Richard I. that this manor of St. Mary's became the property and seat of the Archbishops of Canterbury; and the immediate cause of the change appears to have been, in some measure, the wish of the King to have the primate Baldwin near him. The latter consequently agreed with Glanville, Bishop of Rochester, in 1189, to exchange for a part of his court at Lambeth, on the Thames, the manor of Darent in Kent, with the church and chapel of Helles, and a sheep-walk, called Estmershe, in Clive or Cliff. Eight years later, by another exchange, the entire manor became the property of the Archbishops, with the exception of a small piece of land, on which the Bishops of Rochester erected a mansion for their use whenever they attended Parliament.* It was not till some time after this that Lambeth became more than an occasional residence of the primates of England. The cause was as follows:—

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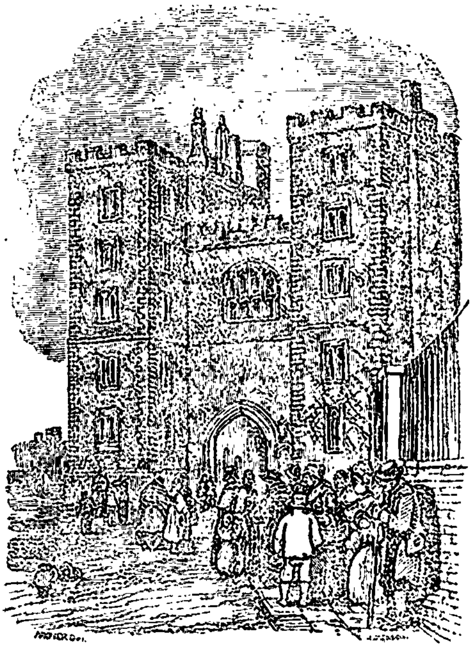
* This edifice was long known by the name of Rochester Place. The last bishops of that see who inhabited it were Fisher and Hilsley; after their deaths it fell into the hands of Henry VIII., who exchanged it with Aldridge, Bishop of Carlisle, for certain houses in the Strand, when its name was changed to Carlisle House. The dirty lane known as Carlisle Lane now stands on the site; and it is said, in Herbert and Brayley's 'Lambeth Palace,' that the houses still belong to the see.

Hubert, the primate, jealous of the monks of Canterbury, and desirous to abridge their privileges, had determined to raise up against them a rival body, in the form of an establishment of canons regular, for whom he proceeded to erect a splendid edifice at Lambeth, with the approbation of the King, Richard I. This plan had originated with Archbishop Baldwin, who had intended to have reared his establishment at Hackington, near Canterbury. But as the monks of the latter place had successfully opposed this the first plan for their humiliation, so did they now bestir themselves to bring the second to a similar conclusion. There was one consideration in particular that appears to have strongly stimulated their zeal. The glory and the gain attached to the possession of the relics of St. Thomas à Becket were in danger; they had little doubt but that Hubert meant to remove them to the new establishment. They again appealed to the Pope, Innocent III., who warmly supported them, and directed a bull to the Archbishop, in 1198, commanding him in a very imperious style to desist. "It is not fit," said he, "that any man should have any authority who does not reverence and obey the apostolic see." He then, in another bull, threatened the King for his contumacy in abetting Hubert; and, in a third mandate, declared he would not endure the least contempt of himself, or of God, whose place he held upon earth. "We will take care," he says, "so to punish both persons and lands without distinction that oppose our measures, as to show our determination to proceed prudently, and in a royal manner." The *royalty* of this style strikes one rather more than its *prudence;* yet it achieved its object—the lion-hearted King and the rebellious Archbishop were both alarmed, and the rising edifice was at once destroyed. In disgust with this conclusion of the affair, the Archbishops thenceforward removed their chief residence from Canterbury to London. A more splendid house accordingly became desirable at Lambeth; and the brawl before referred to gave the Pope an admirable opportunity of imposing its erection on Boniface.

To enumerate merely in the driest manner all the important events that have taken place in Lambeth would inconveniently occupy our space, and to no useful purpose. Church councils of the highest interest in the history of their respective periods have been frequently held here; many of the most eminent prelates have been consecrated, amidst all the splendours of the old church ceremonies, in the ancient chapel; Kings and Queens, we were almost about to say, have been ordinary guests, so frequent have been their visits: for instance, there are no less than fifteen of Elizabeth's to Whitgift recorded. We omit, therefore, any particular notice of those incidents which have ceased to have a general interest, and may thus devote more attention to the remainder. One of the most interesting of these connected with the early history of Lambeth was the sitting of the council, in 1100, with Archbishop Anselm as president, to consider the legality of the proposed marriage of King Henry I. with Matilda, the daughter of Malcolm King of Scotland; an important proposition, as being one of the first proofs of any value given by the Norman conquerors of their desire to amalgamate Saxons and Normans into an English people. The circumstances on which the council had to deliberate were as peculiar as they were interesting.

Maude, or Matilda, was a descendant of the great Alfred, and, as she grew up, became an object of considerable rivalry among the Norman captains of Rufus. After the death of the latter, and the accession of Henry to the throne, she found a still nobler suitor at her feet—the King sought her as his wife. To his astonishment, however, she exhibited the most decided aversion to the match. The Saxons then appealed to her: "Oh, most noble and fair among women, if thou wilt, thou canst restore the ancient honour of England, and be a pledge of reconciliation and friendship; but if thou art obstinate in thy refusal the enmity between the two races will be everlasting, and the shedding of human blood know no end." She at last consented; and then the Normans interposed, who did not at all relish the idea of the equality between the races to which this match tended. They asserted that Maude was a nun, that she had worn the veil as the spouse of Christ, and therefore could now form no earthly alliance. Anselm, the kind and benevolent Archbishop, was much grieved to hear this, but at once declared that nothing could induce him to break so sacred a tie. He sent for her, however, possibly to Lambeth, to question her personally, when she denied the truth of the rumour. Her explanation gives us a melancholy proof of the treatment to which even high-born Saxon ladies were exposed. "I must confess," said she, "that I have sometimes appeared veiled; but listen to the cause. In my first youth, when I was living under her care, my aunt, to save me, as she said, from the lust of the Normans, who attacked all females, was accustomed to throw a piece of black stuff over my head, and when I refused to cover myself with it she treated me very roughly. In her presence I wore that covering, but as soon as she was out of sight I threw it on the ground, and trampled it under my feet in childish anger." Anselm then summoned the council we have mentioned, before which Matilda repeated her statement to the full satisfaction of the ecclesiastical authorities. Henry and she were married, and, although he was a most unfaithful husband, not the less did she think it her duty to be "a right loving and obedient wife." These qualities, added to her beautiful person, great charity, and her reputation as a lover of learning, confirmed the popularity which her Saxon blood had produced. Long after her death did the poor oppressed people speak with affectionate reverence of "Maude the Good." As we shall find a more convenient opportunity to notice the other historical memories of Lambeth Palace, let us now, as Pennant says, take our "accustomed walk" along the fine promenade which skirts the palace gardens, overshadowed with trees of the noblest growth (pity that it is so short!), towards the fine architectural group presented by the Palace Gateway and Lambeth Church.

Among the buildings enumerated in the steward's accounts of the palace, in the 15th year of Edward II., we find the "great gate" mentioned, which then admitted friends and repelled foes, in accordance with the double duties imposed upon those characteristic old piles. The present gateway, which for size and height has perhaps no existing rival, was rebuilt about 1490 by Cardinal Morton. The groined roof is very fine, the different portions of which it is composed springing from four pillars, one in each corner. A low doorway on the right leads through the porter's lodge to a room the original purpose of which there is little difficulty in discovering: three strong iron rings yet hang from the excessively thick walls, which have echoed with the sighs of hopeless prisoners, torn from their quiet firesides, and the company of those dear to them by the ties of nature and of love, to expiate the crime of daring to think for themselves. The ordinary tradition respecting this place is that it was used for the confinement of the prisoners for whom room could not be found in the prison of the Lollard's Tower. Another tradition refers to a name inscribed on the wall—*Grafton*—who it is said perished here. In the tower are the Record-room, the name of which explains its purpose; and the rooms occupied by the Archbishop's secretary for the transaction of the archiepiscopal business of that vast and magnificent system, the Established Church of England. Before quitting the gateway we must notice the group of poor people waiting without, and which reminds us of a custom that has continued unbroken (except perhaps during the Commonwealth) for many centuries down to the present time, a custom that one does not often see in London in these days—we refer to the dole of money, bread, and provisions, given three times a week to poor parishioners of Lambeth, ten different persons on each occasion, making in all thirty who enjoy the Archbishop's bounty. The amount of such bounty in former times was really astonishing. Archbishop Winchelsey, in the reign of Edward I., gave, beside the daily fragments of his house, "every Friday and Sunday, unto every beggar that came to his door, a loaf of bread of a farthing price, which no doubt was bigger than our penny loaf now (Stow says it was sufficient for his sustenance for the day); and there were usually such almsmen in time of dearth to the number of five thousand, but in a plentiful year four thousand, and seldom or never under; which amounted unto five hundred pounds a-year. Over and above all this, he used to give, every great festival-day, one hundred and fifty pence to so many poor people—to send daily meat



[Gateway.]

drink, and bread unto such as by reason of age or sickness were not able to fetch alms at his gate—and to send money, meat, apparel, &c., to such as he thought wanted the same and were ashamed to beg. But of all other he was wont to take the greatest compassion upon those that by any misfortune were decayed, and had fallen from wealth to poor estate."* In Archbishop Parker's regulations for the officers of his household we meet with a pleasant, because kind and thoughtful, provision for the comfort of those depending in a great measure upon his bounty. He gave particular orders, not only that there should be no purloining of meat from the tables, "but that it be put into the alms-tub, and the tub to be kept sweet and clean before it be used from time to time." Custom has also established another small claim upon the bounty of the occupier of the palace. When Archbishop Tenison possessed the see, a very near relation of his, who happened to be master of the Stationers' Company, thought it a compliment to call at the palace in his stately barge, during the annual aquatic procession of the Lord Mayor from London to Westminster; and the Archbishop, in return, sent out a pint of wine for each liveryman, with new bread, old cheese, and plenty of strong ale, for the watermen and attendants. Next year the Stationers' barge was found again stopping at Lambeth Stairs, and with a similar result; and from that time the thing has become a settled custom. The Company, in return for this hospitality, present to the Archbishop a copy of the several almanacs they publish.

Passing through the gateway, we find ourselves in the outer court, with a fine old wall covered with ivy on our left, dividing the palace demesnes from the Thames and the favourite promenade we have mentioned, known as the "Bishop's Walk;" the Water Tower (attached to which, and beyond, is the Lollard's Tower) in front; and the great hall and the Manuscript-room on the right extending down to the gateway. Walking through a narrow pass around the base of the towers, we perceive, by the difference of the style, and the state in which they remain, that one is older than the other. The Water Tower is of brick, the Lollard's of stone; the workmanship of the windows of the latter, too, appears in a great measure eaten away by time, although some portions of the ornaments of the beautiful niche that we perceive high up on its walls still seem sharp and exquisite as ever: but the statue of Thomas à Becket which formerly adorned it is utterly gone. The exterior of the great hall presents to us the characteristics of a not very noble style—the style of the days of Charles II. The buttresses, large enough in their real dimensions, are frittered away in effect by the fantastic appearance of their white stone facing; and the roof does not derive any powerful attractions from the round balls which surmount the frieze,—a poor substitute for the fretted pinnacles of a more artistical period. The windows, however, are numerous and very fine; they are in all probability the restorations of an earlier structure: of this subject more presently. From the centre of the roof rises a lantern, evidently also of Charles's time. The Manuscript-room has been built of late years, and rendered fire-proof for the better security of its valuable contents; among which may be mentioned the manuscript of 'The Notable Wise Dictes and Sayings of Philosophers,' translated from the French by Anthony Woodville, Earl of Rivers, in the reign of Edward IV. It is written in a fair, regular hand, and has prefixed a fine illumination of the Earl presenting Caxton the printer to the King, in the presence of the Queen, the Duke of York, and a brilliant court. The 'Dictes and Sayings' was published by Caxton, with a preface in which he mentions a curious liberty he had taken with it, and which is interesting from the covert humour of the great printer. "I find," he writes, "that my said Lord hath left out certain and divers conclusions touching women; whereof I marvelled that my said Lord hath not writ on them, nor what hath moved him so to do, nor what cause he had at that time. But I suppose that some fair lady hath desired him to leave it out of his book; or else he was amorous on some noble lady, for whose love he would not set it in his book; or else, for the very affection, love, and good-will that he hath unto *all* ladies and gentlewomen, he thought that Socrates spared the sooth, and wrote of women more than truth; which I cannot think that so true a man and so noble a philosopher as Socrates was, should. * * * But I perceive that my said Lord knoweth verily that such defaults be not had nor found in the women born and dwelling in *these* parts nor regions of the world. * * * I wot well, of whatsoever condition women be in Greece, the women of this country be right good, wise, pleasant, humble, discreet, sober, chaste, obedient to their husbands, true, secret, steadfast, ever busy and never idle, temperate in speaking, and virtuous in all their works; —*or at least should be so.*" Accordingly, Caxton gathers up all the missing fragments, and publishes them together at the end of the book,—a process not likely to decrease their effect. Among the other treasures of this room are a finely-blazoned missal which belonged to Archbishop Chicheley, an illuminated 'Chronicle of St. Albans,' and a most splendid MS. on the 'Apocalypse of St. John,' with seventy-eight illuminations, rich beyond description in gold and brilliant colours. A curiosity of another kind is also preserved here,—the shell of a tortoise, which was placed in the gardens of the palace by Laud in 1633, and lived there till 1753, when it was killed by the negligence of the gardener. Beneath the Manuscript-room is a gateway leading from the outer to the inner court, where we find, on the left, ranges of buildings extending round two sides of the square, and a lofty wall enclosing the remainder, over which, in front, appear the stables, and in the corner on the right the tower of the church. Following with our eye the course of the buildings we have mentioned, we perceive, first, the back or less ornamented side of the great hall, with a low but elegant modern porch leading into it, on the west, or the side parallel with the Thames; then the Guard-room beyond, with its curious but beautiful gable window; and lastly, the very splendid new buildings erected by Mr. Blore within the last few years, including the principal palace front, on the south. On a little green in the centre of the court is a kind of ornamental cross, supporting lamps; and here and there round the area the walls are overhung by lofty trees.

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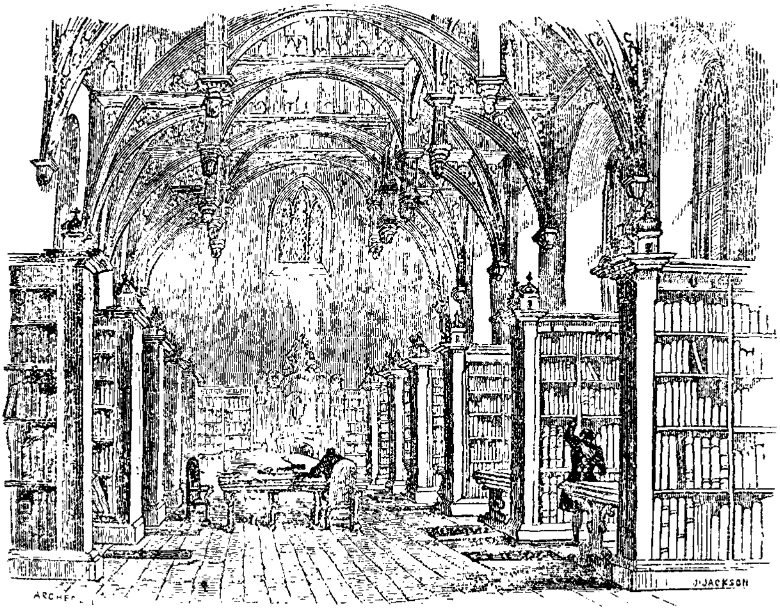
* Godwin's 'De Præsulibus Angliæ Commentarius.'

We may add to this general view of the appearance of the principal court or quadrangle, that between the buttresses on this side of the great hall are growing some small shoots of the fig-tree; these are all the remains of the trees planted by Cardinal Pole in the gardens of the palace, and one of which, when cut down about nine years ago, overspread the whole of the east end of the buildings then standing where the new buildings stand now. The trees were of the white Marseilles sort, and bore the most delicious fruit. It would be difficult to praise too highly the pure taste which reigns throughout these erections by Mr. Blore. To have built them in entire accordance with the remains of the old pile would have been impossible, for the very sufficient reason, that those remains, being erected at very different times, present very different styles. Yet an air of fine harmony pervades the entire palace, the best proof of the skill that has presided over the recent erections. The front, before which we are now standing, is irregular, embattled, with turret towers in the centre, mullioned windows on the left, and a fine oriel window on the right. The entrance-hall is a model of exquisite beauty. It is of great height and noble proportions. At the top of the staircase, with its elaborately worked open balustrade, which ascends directly from the door, in the centre, a screen of three arches admits into the corridor running away to the right and the left. Above the screen is a gallery,—its floor formed by the roof of the corridor,—overlooking the whole. The exquisitely panelled walls on the ground round the staircase must not be overlooked. On the right the corridor leads to the principal private apartments of the new buildings; on the left, to the more ancient remains of the old. We shall, however, find it convenient to visit the latter by a different route. We recross the square therefore to the great hall.



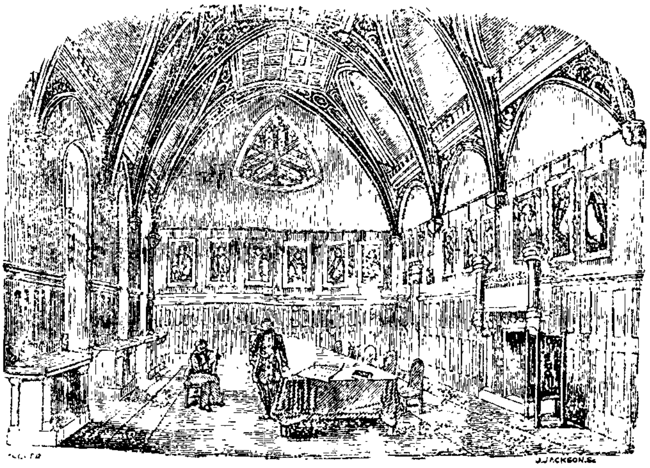
[Great Hall.]

It is very probable that the foundation-walls of this magnificent room were built by Boniface, for since his time we find no notice of its erection as an entirely new structure. It was repaired or refounded by Chicheley, and in the years 1570-1571 the roof was covered with shingles by Archbishop Parker. During the Commonwealth Lambeth was granted to Scot and Hardyng, two of the judges who sat on Charles's trial, and who, it is said, pulled down the noble hall, and sold the materials. On the Restoration Archbishop Juxon rebuilt it, as nearly as possible on the ancient model, and we have no doubt partly on the original walls.

It cost him in all 10,500*l.*, and was not finished at his death; but so anxious was he in the matter, that he left the following direction in his will:—" If I happen to die before the hall at Lambeth be finished, my executors to be at the charge of finishing it according to the model made of it, if my successor shall give leave." On entering the hall, the first object that catches the eye is the lofty and beautiful painted window immediately opposite, full of interesting memorials collected from different parts of the old palace buildings that have been destroyed; in particular, a portrait of Chicheley, who, as we have said, repaired the hall, and erected a part of the palace which does less honour to his name—the Lollard's Tower. Juxon's arms here form a conspicuous object; and those of Philip of Spain, the husband of Mary, as a Knight of the Garter, are very brilliant and splendid: they are supposed to have been painted by order of Cardinal Pole, as a compliment to his royal mistress. From the window the eye roams along the great space comprised within those lofty walls, and then upwards to the roof, which is a most extraordinarily elaborate work, in some respects like the roof of the great hall of Eltham Palace; only that, in the latter, the series of broad semicircular arches, which more particularly characterize the pendant timber frame-work of Lambeth, are wanting. The lantern skylight is also peculiar to the latter. Oak, chestnut, and other woods, constitute the materials of the roof, which is covered with beautiful carvings, the effect of which, however, is lost from the great height. The dimensions of the hall are, in length about ninety-three feet, breadth thirty-eight feet, and height above fifty. We need not, however, wonder at the size of this or similar halls, when we consider the magnificence of the feasts given in them,—the unbounded hospitality which rendered such vast places necessary. Let us look, for instance, at the list of the officers of Cranmer's household. It comprised a steward, treasurer, comptroller, gamators, clerk of the kitchen, caterer, clerk of the spicery, yeoman of the ewry, bakers, pantlers, yeomen of the horse, yeomen ushers, butlers of wine and ale, larderers, squilleries, ushers of the hall, porter, ushers of the chamber, daily waiters in the great chamber, gentlemen ushers, yeomen of the chamber, carver, sewer, cup-bearer, groom of the chamber, marshal, groom-ushers, almoner, cooks, chandler, butchers, master of the horse, yeoman of the wardrobe, and harbingers. The state observed of course corresponded with such a retinue. There were generally three tables spread in the hall, and served at the same time, at the first of which sat the Archbishop, surrounded by peers of the realm, privy councillors, and gentlemen of the greatest quality; at the second, called the Almoner's table, sat the chaplains and all the other clerical guests below the rank of diocesan bishops and abbots; and at the third, or Steward's table, sat all the other gentlemen invited. The suffragan bishops by this arrangement sat at the second, or Almoner's table; and it was noted as an especial aggravation of the ingratitude of Richard Thornden to Cranmer in conspiring against him, that the Archbishop had invited Thornden, his suffragan, to his own table. Shortly after the thorough establishment of the Church of England these suffragan, or rather assistant, bishops, were discontinued. Cardinal Pole had a patent from Philip and Mary to retain one hundred servants, so that we may judge that, in his hands, the magnificence and hospitality of Lambeth Palace had not degenerated. With an interesting passage descriptive of the order observed in dining here in Archbishop Parker's time, in the reign of Elizabeth, we dismiss this part of our subject. "In the daily eating this was the custom: the steward, with the servants that were gentlemen of the better rank, sat down at the tables in the hall on the right hand; and the almoner, with the clergy and the other servants, sat on the other side, where there was plenty of all sorts of provision, both for eating and drinking. The daily fragments thereof did suffice to fill the bellies of a great number of poor hungry people that waited at the gate; and so constant and unfailing was this provision at my Lord's table, that whosoever came in either at dinner or supper, being not above the degree of a knight, might here be entertained worthy of his quality, either at the steward's or almoner's table. And moreover, it was the Archbishop's command to his servants, that all strangers should be received and treated with all manner of civility and respect, and that places at the table should be assigned them according to their dignity and quality, which redounded much to the praise and commendation of the Archbishop. The discourse and conversation at meals was void of all brawls and loud talking, and for the most part consisted in framing men's manners to religion, or to some other honest and beseeming subject. There was a monitor of the hall; and if it happened that any spoke too loud, or concerning things less decent, it was presently hushed by one that cried Silence. The Archbishop loved hospitality, and no man showed it so much, or with better order, though he himself was very abstemious."

The hall now affords food and hospitality of another kind: it is used as the library of the palace. Along the walls on each side are projecting bookcases, containing some thirty or thirty-five thousand volumes, valuable chiefly for their works on controversial divinity, though not deficient of those belonging to general literature. Persons properly introduced are allowed to borrow from these extensive stores—a circumstance too honourable to the liberality of their owner to be overlooked. The history of this library is somewhat curious. It was formed by Archbishop Bancroft, who, dying in 1610, left "unto his successors the Archbishops of Canterbury for ever a great and famous library of books of divinity, and of many other sorts of learning." Security was to be given for its preservation to the see, by his successors, in failure of which the whole was to be given to Chelsea College, if erected within the next six years after his death (which it was not), and otherwise to the University of Cambridge. On the execution of Laud, in 1644, Selden, fearing for the preservation of the books in such troubled times (already they were in process of dispersion, having been first granted for the use of Dr. Wincocke, then given to Sion College, and many lent to private individuals), wisely suggested to the University to claim them, which it did with success in 1649. On the Restoration, Juxon demanded their return; but it was not until the time of his successor, Sheldon, who repeated the demand, that it was acceded to. An ordinance of parliament had then also to be obtained, to enforce the restoration of the books in private hands; among others, in the hands of John Thurloe and Hugh Peters. Bancroft's original gift was increased by donations, bequests, or purchases of the books of Abbot, Laud, Sheldon, Tenison, Secker, and Cornwallis, which are respectively known by their arms on the covers.

Between the little porch and the great hall is a kind of vestibule, with a staircase leading to the gallery and Guard-room. The gallery is modern, elegant, and admirably lighted by square lanterns in the ceiling, occurring at intervals along its course. The pictures are chiefly portraits of bishops, including those of Warren, by Gainsborough (unfinished); Burnet; Hough and Loyd, both of whom opposed themselves to the despotic acts of James II.; and Hoadly. The gallery also contains a portrait of the accomplished son of James I., Prince Henry, whose premature death so much excited the sensibilities of the English nation; another, of Catherine Parr, most richly painted and gilded; and a picture, one of the most interesting in the collection, of Luther and his wife, supposed to be the work of Holbein. He has one arm round her neck, and with the hand of the other he holds one of her hands. The expression of the faces is very fine, and the whole so beautifully painted as to leave little doubt but that it is attributed to the proper artist. At all events, we learn that it has always been treasured at the palace as a most valuable work. From the gallery a door leads us into one of the most interesting parts of the palace, the Guard-room, which is also one of the most beautiful chambers we have ever had the good fortune to see. Our readers may in some measure judge for themselves whether the room here shown does not deserve the utmost praise that can be bestowed on it.


J. JACKSON. Sc.

[The Guard-room.]

It is very old, for we find it mentioned in the steward's accounts of the time of Henry VI.; and it was a restoration of a former Guard-room. The arms kept here passed, by purchase, from one Archbishop to another. When our readers have gazed sufficiently long upon the fine proportions and most beautiful roof of this room, we would call their attention to the line of portraits extending round the walls, comprising an unbroken series of the Archbishops, from the time of Warham to that of Sutton, the present Archbishop's predecessor, with portraits of one or two others of a still earlier date. What a host of associations rise to the mind as we look upon these suggestive memorials! There are few of our greatest historical events in which some or other of these men have not had an important share. Indeed, a very agreeable—and not remarkably incomplete—History of England would be composed by one who, walking round this room, should pour forth from the stores of an abundant knowledge all the thoughts and memories that the sight of these silent but most expressive portraits naturally produce. Our notices must be of a less ambitious character.

Among the Archbishops whose portraits are wanting in this valuable collection, there are some who must not be passed without notice. The famous Cardinal Langton, for instance, who extensively repaired the palace; and Sudbury, who was beheaded during the insurrection of Wat Tyler, under such peculiarly cruel circumstances, in the Tower: two days before the insurgents had burned the furniture and all the records and books in the palace. One of the many interesting memories of the place is referred to the time of Archbishop Sudbury, when the most illustrious of our early Reformers, Wickliffe, himself appeared to defend his tenets within the precincts of Lambeth Palace. The following account is from his biographer, Lewis, whose authority was Walsingham. It must be premised that Wickliffe had previously been cited to St. Paul's, whither he went attended by the all-powerful John of Gaunt, his protector, of course to the very great dissatisfaction of the ecclesiastical authorities, among whom were some delegates from the Pope expressly commissioned to inquire into the matter. A new, and what was intended should be a more private council, was therefore held in the Archbishop's Chapel at Lambeth, before which Wickliffe appeared; "when not only the London citizens, but the mob, presumed to force themselves into the chapel, and to speak in Dr. Wickliffe's behalf, to the great terror of the delegates; and that the Queen's mother sent Sir Lewis Clifford to them to forbid them to proceed to any definitive sentence:" with which message the delegates are said to have been much confounded. "As the reed of a wind shaken," says the historian on whose authority this statement rests—Walsingham (Hist. Angliæ)—"their speech became as soft as oil, to the public loss of their own dignity, and the damage of the whole church. They were struck with such a dread that you would think them to be as a man that heareth not, and in whose mouth are no reproofs." On this occasion Wickliffe delivered in writing an elaborate statement of his views, but which was so little satisfactory to the delegates that they commanded him to repeat no more such propositions either in the schools or his sermons. We shall, however, soon find the obnoxious "propositions" coming in a more multitudinous voice, and attacked by more terrible weapons than verbal condemnation. The earliest portrait the gallery contains is that of Arundel, whose brother was beheaded at the time he was himself banished by Richard II. "The tonsure of his hair," as an ecclesiastic, says Fuller, was alone the cause of "the keeping of his head." He returned with Bolingbroke, whom he crowned in Westminster Abbey. Archbishop Arundel has the bad reputation of being the first head of the church in England who brought in the argument of the fiery stake to aid the church in its endeavours to convince "heretics" of their heresy. The first victim was William Sawtre, priest of St. Osyth's, London; who, after a preliminary examination, having been adjudged to be a relapsed heretic, was delivered over to the secular power, in accordance with the provision of the famous law passed against such persons in the second year of Henry IV.'s reign. "The primate, Arundel, and six other bishops, assembled in the Cathedral of St. Paul's, arrayed in their pontifical robes, to perform the impressive preliminary ceremonial. Their victim was brought before them in his priestly attire, with the chalice for holding the host, and its paten or lid in his hands. As the Archbishop solemnly pronounced his degradation from the priestly order, he took from him these sacred insignia, and at the same time stripped him of his casule, or distinctive rule of the priesthood, made in imitation of the scarlet robe of mockery of the Saviour. His degradation from the office of deacon was in like manner effected by putting the New Testament in his hands, and then taking it from him, and depriving him of the stole or tippet worn about the neck in memory of the cord with which Christ was bound. He was next divested of the alb or surplice, and also of the maniple (otherwise called the fanon or fannel), a kind of scarf worn on the left wrist, to denote his degradation from the order of sub-deaconship: after that he surrendered, as acolyte, the candlestick, taper, and small pitcher called arceole; as exorcist, the book of exorcisms; as reader, the lexionary or book of daily lessons; and as sexton, the surplice of that office and key of the church-door. Finally, his priest's cap was removed from his head, the tonsure obliterated, and the cap of a layman put upon him. When he had thus been wholly divested of his clerical character, he was delivered over to the custody of the High Constable and Marshal of England, who were present to receive him, the primate finishing his task by pronouncing the formal recommendation to mercy, with which the church was accustomed to veil, but only with a deeper horror, its deeds of blood. Sawtre was burned in Smithfield in the beginning of March, 1401, a vast multitude of people crowding to witness, with various, doubtless, but all with strong emotions, a spectacle then new in England."* These men were "wise in their generation;" all this ceremony, senseless as it now appears to us, was undoubtedly calculated to deepen the impression made by the execution, which for a time appeared to have accomplished all the objects hoped from it. We have, however, only to look upon this neighbouring portrait of Arundel's successor, Chicheley, who is represented standing within a rich Gothic niche, to remember that within the next twenty years it was found necessary to build new prisons, and to substitute prolonged imprisonment, whipping, and various other punishments, instead of the penalty of death, so numerous by that time were the heretics sentenced by the ecclesiastical courts. Then it was that the famous, or infamous, Lollard's Tower was built by Chicheley. Of the next five Archbishops, Stafford, Kemp, Bourchier, Morton, and Deane, there are no portraits, nor are there any circumstances connected with them requiring notice, except in the instance of Bourchier. During the period he held the see, Reginald Peacock, the learned, able, and moderate Bishop of Chichester, was summoned to Lambeth to answer to the truth of various false opinions attributed to him. Peacock was no Lollard; why then was he attacked? Simply because he wished the church to tolerate a latitude of opinion upon points that had been often acknowledged, even by the church, to be obscure, and in some respects incomprehensible. But this was sufficient to draw down upon his head the hatred and jealousy of the Establishment. On the day on which he was cited he appeared at Lambeth Palace, before twenty-four learned doctors, with his books, who were to report the result to three auditors—William Waynfleet Bishop of Winchester, Chedworth Bishop of Lincoln, and Lowe of Rochester. He was convicted of heresy, and would have been burnt but for his abjuration of the opinions he had promulgated, which also took place at Lambeth, November 28, 1457. He was then sent to Canterbury, by way of penance, prior to the more public ceremonial that was to take place at Paul's Cross. There he read his abjuration before the Archbishop and others of the clergy, and thousands of spectators, delivering at the same time fourteen of his books to an attendant, who threw them into a fire lighted for the purpose. After all this, the unhappy man was left to die in prison. The finest picture in the whole collection is that of Warham, the prelate next in succession to Morton. It was painted by Holbein, and presented by him to Warham, with the addition of a portrait of Holbein's friend Erasmus. The most remarkable circumstance connected with the palace in this Archbishop's time is the confinement of Latimer in it, most probably for a very brief period, as the fact is mentioned without further particulars. The next portrait in point of time is that of the great Oxford martyr, Cranmer, who, on the 28th of May, 1533, first declared within these walls to the public the marriage of Anne Bullen and the King, and then confirmed it with his judicial and pastoral authority; and who, on the 17th of the same month three years later, having "God alone before his eyes," pronounced in the same place that the marriage of Anne Bullen was, and always had been, utterly null and void, in consequence of certain just and lawful impediments which it was said were unknown at the time of the union, but had lately been confessed to him by the lady herself. Two days after poor Anne Bullen went to the scaffold; and on the third day, her successor, Jane Seymour, to the royal bed.

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* '*Pictorial History of England*,' Book V. p. 142.

In the interval between the confirmation and the annulling of this marriage, occurred another interesting, but not, we should presume, very satisfactory event, to Cranmer, who could not but be doubtful of the righteousness of the course he was pursuing. On the 13th of April, 1534, Sir Thomas More and the venerable Bishop Fisher were sent for from the Tower to attend the commissioners then sitting at Lambeth, to administer the oath of succession (which excluded the Princess Mary, the daughter of Queen Catherine, in favour of the heirs of Queen Anne Bullen) to the clergy and others of London who had not already sworn. Neither of these eminent men, it appears, objected so much to the ostensible object of the oath as to the doctrinal points involved in it, and Cranmer had endeavoured to save them by seeking permission to omit the latter. But he failed; and it is highly probable that Cranmer now sent for them in order to try once more to induce them to save themselves by subscribing to the oath in its original state. Both again refused. The following little incident is recorded of Sir Thomas More on this occasion. A certain doctor of Croydon, who had made some difficulty before to the oath, now went up with the rest to be sworn. As he passed More, the latter, turning to Fisher, said, with a satirical smile, "He went to my Lord's buttery-hatch as he passed, and called for drink, and drank very familiarly, whether it were for gladness, or dryness, or that he was known to the Pontiff;"—a remark happily expressive of the doctor's forced endeavours to carry off, with an unconcerned air, what he was doing, and was ashamed of. In 1537 the archbishops and bishops held various meetings here to devise the composition of what has been styled the 'Bishops' Book;' but they were obliged to separate on account of the plague then raging at Lambeth, and which was so virulent that persons were dying at the palace gates. A circumstance that shows how sincerely Cranmer participated in the Reformation, although compelled by circumstances and his own weakness frequently to appear almost in the light of an opponent, is the residence of the eminent French Reformer, Bucer, at Lambeth, who had been invited from his native country by Cranmer. Another guest of the Archbishop's, the Earl Cassilis, came under different auspices. He was taken prisoner in the defeat of the Scottish army at Solway Moss, in 1542, which was attended by such disgraceful circumstances that it broke their King's (James) heart. On reaching London Cassilis was sent to Lambeth Palace on his parole, where Cranmer busied himself with endeavours to turn him from the errors of Popery. The Archbishop succeeded, and it is stated by Bishop Burnet that he was afterwards a great promoter of the Reformation in Scotland. It would have been as well if Cranmer had made Cassilis an honest man as well as a Protestant. Among all those traitors to their native land who, bribed by English gold, were for years endeavouring to place the crown of Scotland upon the head of Henry VIII., Cassilis appears to have played the most conspicuous part. The next portrait that meets our eye reminds us that the religion of the country had again shifted. Cranmer's successor was Cardinal Pole, the man who had made Europe ring again with the murder of Sir Thomas More; who did not, however, return to England till some time after the great Protestant Archbishop had perished with his glorious companions at Oxford. He arrived in 1554, and, having presented himself at court, went in his barge to Lambeth; where soon after he summoned the bishops and inferior clergy then assembled in convocation in London to come to him and be absolved from all their perjuries, heresies, and schisms. Lambeth Palace is said to have been completely furnished by Mary, at her own expense, for the reception of the Cardinal; and she still further honoured him by frequent visits. It is curious enough that they should both have died on one day. The portrait of Pole, though only a copy of one in the Barberini Palace, has great spirit and beauty. It represents him in the splendid dress usually worn by Cardinals. Fuller tells an interesting story of Pole's election to the Popedom:—"After the death of Paul III. he was, at midnight, in the Conclave, chosen to succeed him. Pole refused it, because he would not have his choice a deed of darkness, appearing therein not perfectly Italianized, in not taking preferment when tendered, and the Cardinals beheld his refusal as a deed of dulness. Next day, expecting a re-election, he found new mornings new minds; and Pole being reprobated, Julius III., his professed enemy, was chosen in his place." Next to him we have another Protestant bishop, Parker,—"a parker indeed," exclaims the quaint writer from whom we have just been transcribing, "careful to keep the fences and shut the gates of discipline against all such night stealers as would invade the same,"—whose portrait was, most probably, the work of Richard Lyne, an artist of great merit, whom the prelate retained in his establishment. Two engravers were also kept constantly employed by him, besides a number of the most learned and eminent men of his time, who were engaged in transcribing, collecting, and publishing some of the old historians,—as Matthew Paris, Asser, Walsingham, &c. The bible known as Parker's or the Bishop's Bible was translated under his auspices. He appears for some time to have been as great a favourite with Elizabeth as his predecessor had been with her sister. On his first promotion to the see she committed to his charge the deprived Roman Catholic Bishops, Tonstal and Thirlby, whom Parker treated in a manner that must ever redound to his honour. He could appreciate their conscientious adherence to the old religion, when it came, as in their cases, in a mild and tolerant form, and was based upon extensive learning. Tonstal lived but about four months, and then was buried in the adjoining church, where among other interesting memorials are some of different Archbishops of the see interred therein. Thirlby was the prelate's guest for ten years; during all this time being treated with the greatest respect and attention. A contemporary writer, speaking of Tonstal, Thirlby, and Dr. Boxal, late secretary to Queen Mary, who was also a prisoner here, says, "All these had lodgings to themselves, with chambers for three men, and diet for them all in those lodgings; save only when they were called to the Archbishop's own table (when he dined, as the speech went abroad, out of his own private lodging three days weekly, and then persons of the degree of knights and upwards came to him); fuel for their fire, and candle for their chambers; without any allowance for all this, either from the Queen or from themselves; saving, at their death, he had from them some part of their libraries that they had there. Often had he others committed or commanded unto him from the Queen or Privy Council, to be entertained by him at his charge, as well of other nations, as home subjects; namely, the L . . . as a prisoner, and after, the L. H. Howard, brother to the Duke of Norfolk. Those ever sat (but when they were with the Archbishop himself) at the steward's table, who had provision of diet answerable to their calling, and they had also fuel to their chambers." The body of Bishop Thirlby was accidentally discovered a few years ago, in opening a grave for the interment of Archbishop Cornwallis. It was wrapped in fine linen, moist, and had evidently been preserved in some species of pickle, which still retained its volatile smell, not unlike that of hartshorn; the face was perfect, the limbs flexible, the beard very long and beautifully white; the linen and woollen garments were all well preserved. Elizabeth was a frequent visitor of Parker, though there was one circumstance which must have always prevented the Archbishop from taking any pleasure in this mark of his royal mistress's favour. He was married, and Elizabeth disliked all such ties in connection with the clergy. So strong, indeed, was her feeling on this point, that she appears never to have recognised the Archbishop's lady as his lawful spouse. Although from the first "the Archbishop dissembled not his marriage," yet neither would Queen Elizabeth "dissemble her dislike of it. For whereas it pleased her often to come to his house in respect of her favour to him (that had been her mother's chaplain), being once above the rest greatly feasted, at her parting from thence, the Archbishop and his wife being together, she gave him very special thanks, with gracious and honourable terms; and then looking on his wife, 'And you,' saith she, 'madam I may not call you, and mistress I am ashamed to call you, so I know not what to call you, but yet I do thank you.'"*

Grindall, who succeeded Parker, was less fortunate than the latter, because more tolerant, in his intimacy with the Queen. Persecution had taught him great truths. In the reign of Mary, long before he occupied the see, he had been compelled to exile himself from England, with Coverdale, Fox the martyrologist, and the great Scottish reformer Knox. Soon after his elevation by

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* Harrington's 'Brief View of the Church of England,' p. 3.

Elizabeth he ventured to recommend that milder measures should be used toward the Puritans; the consequence was his own suspension from the duties of his office till the last year of his life. Whitgift, the next Archbishop, was more obsequious and more intolerant; accordingly he had the honour of almost innumerable visits from the Virgin Queen, who stayed sometimes two or three days together. James I. showed him equal favour; his last visit took place on the 28th of February, 1604, when the prelate was dying. The King appears to have been greatly moved at the scene. He told the Archbishop he would pray to God for his life, and that if he could obtain it he should think it one of the greatest temporal blessings that could be given him. The Archbishop would have said something in reply, but his speech failed him; and though he made two or three attempts to write his thoughts, he could not,—the pen falling from his hand through the power of the disease that had seized him, which was paralysis. It is said that Whitgift's death was accelerated by his mortification at James's wholesale interference in the affairs of the church; mingled, perhaps, with considerations of a more personal nature. Whitgift, assisted by certain deputies of the University of Cambridge, had drawn up at Lambeth, in 1594, certain articles, denominated the 'Nine Articles of Lambeth,' of a high Calvinistic tone, which were sent down privately to the University, with a direction from the Archbishop to use them with discretion, as Elizabeth, then on the throne, would not have given her sanction to anything of the kind. On the 14th of the month preceding that in which Whitgift died, her successor, James, held his famous Conference at Hampton Court, when it was proposed to add the Nine Articles to the general established articles of religion. But James, who then for the first time heard of them, immediately declared against needlessly extending the book with such superfluous matter. Scarcely was the breath out of the Archbishop's body when Bancroft, the next possessor of the see, began to infuse his violent spirit into the affairs of the church. Three hundred ministers were silenced or deprived in his primacy of six years. His death, and the elevation of Abbot to the vacant see, greatly improved the position of the Puritans, and they accordingly have treated the memory of the latter with much respect. "He was a man," says Clarendon, "of very morose manners and a very sour aspect, which in that time was called gravity." Hatred to Laud formed, it is said, no inconsiderable part of his motives to lenity towards the Nonconformist Puritans. During his time the commissioners for the trial of ecclesiastical causes sat frequently at Lambeth; and he complains bitterly of the cost it put him to. "I think it may be justified by my officers on oath that since I was Archbishop this thing alone has cost me out of my private estate one thousand pound and a half, and if I did say two thousand it were not much amiss, besides all my trouble of my servants, who neither directly nor indirectly gained five pounds by it in a whole year, but only travel and pains for their master's honour, and of that they had enough, my home being like a hostelry every Thursday in the term; and for my expenses no man giving so much as thanks."* His portrait here is a fine picture, of great expression and brilliant colouring, bearing the date 1610. As James, toward the latter part of his reign, found himself, in spite of his (supposed) predilections for Calvinism, driven by political considerations to discourage that mode of faith, Abbot, the Calvinistic Archbishop, grew out of favour, and was ultimately disgraced and suspended, whilst his rivals and enemies—Laud, Neile, and others—were honoured and promoted at every opportunity. He stood, however, in the way of the former to the Archbishopric for many years. He died on the 4th of August, 1633. Laud writes in his Diary, "That very morning there came one to me, seriously; and that carried ability to perform it, and offered me to be a cardinal. I went presently to the King (Charles I.), and acquainted him both with the thing and the person." He determined, however, to be content with the primacy of England, to which he was appointed on the 19th of the following month. This is the most important and in every way interesting period in the history of Lambeth Palace; and it becomes still more interesting from the circumstance that from the Diary before mentioned we can, without quitting our text, the palace, illustrate his momentous history in his own words:—

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* Whitelock's 'Memorials.'

"1633. Sep. 19.—I was translated to the Archbishopric of Canterbury. The Lord make me able, &c. The day before, viz. Sep. 18, when I first went to Lambeth, my coach, horses, and men sunk to the bottom of the Thames in the ferry-boat, which was overladen; but, I praise God for it, I lost neither man nor horse. 1637. Thursday.—I married James Duke of Lennox to the Lady Mary Villiers, the daughter of the Lord Duke of Buckingham: the marriage was in my chapel at Lambeth; the day very rainy; the King present. 1640. May 9.—A paper posted upon the Old Exchange, animating 'prentices to sack my house upon the Monday following. May 11. Monday night.—At midnight my house was beset with 500 of these rascal routers. I had notice, and strengthened the house as well as I could; and, God be thanked, I had no harm: they continued there full two hours. Since I have fortified my house as well as I can, and hope all may be safe. May 26. Thursday.—One of the chief, being taken, was condemned at Southwark, and *hanged* and quartered on Saturday morning following.* Oct. 27. Tuesday.—Simon and Jude's Eve.—I went into my upper study to see some manuscripts which I was sending to Oxford. In that study hung my picture taken by the life; and coming in, I found it fallen down upon the face, and lying on the floor, the string being broken by which it was hanged against the wall. I am almost every day threatened with my ruin in parliament. God grant this be no omen!

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* "Such a riot was in itself a serious offence, and the leaders of it subjected themselves to punishment, though no harm was done beyond threatening and hard words. But it is atrocious to see the cold-blooded manner in which the head of a Christian Church and the model historian of the royalists can speak of the hanging and quartering of the offender. Clarendon says that the man was a sailor; but neither he nor the Archbishop relates the worst part of the story. Miss Aikin, in her interesting 'Memoirs of the Court of King Charles,' makes up for this deficiency, and corrects some of their mistakes or wilful misrepresentations. She says, 'This person, named John Archer, was a drummer in the north; but, having obtained leave of absence immediately after the dissolution of parliament, he joined in the attack on Lambeth Palace, and was taken into custody. Being rescued from prison by his comrades, he was subsequently proclaimed as a traitor. The captain of his troop in the north, seeing the description of his person in the proclamation, wrote to the council to inform them where he was to be found. Upon this the poor drummer was arrested and paraded through the city by a troop of train-bands to the Tower. "On the Friday following," says a contemporary, "this fellow was racked in the Tower to make him confess his companions. I do fear he is a very simple fellow, and knows little or nothing, neither doth he confess anything save against himself. But it is said there will be mercy showed to save his life; but this is more than I am yet certain of. The King's serjeants, Heath and Whitfield, took his examination on the rack last Friday." It will be recollected that, in the case of Felton, the judges had solemnly decided against the use of torture, as always, and in all circumstances, contrary to the law of England. Its subsequent employment in this case was therefore an enormity destitute of all excuse, and it can scarcely be doubted that it was perpetrated by the direction of Laud himself. In all probability the execution of the wretched victim preserved the *atrocious secret* in few hands, or it would surely have attracted the notice of the Long Parliament. The circumstance is mentioned by no historian, but the warrant for applying the torture still exists in the State Paper Office.' It has been printed by Mr. Jardine in his interesting tract on the Use of Torture in England."—*Pictorial England*, b. vii. p. 219.

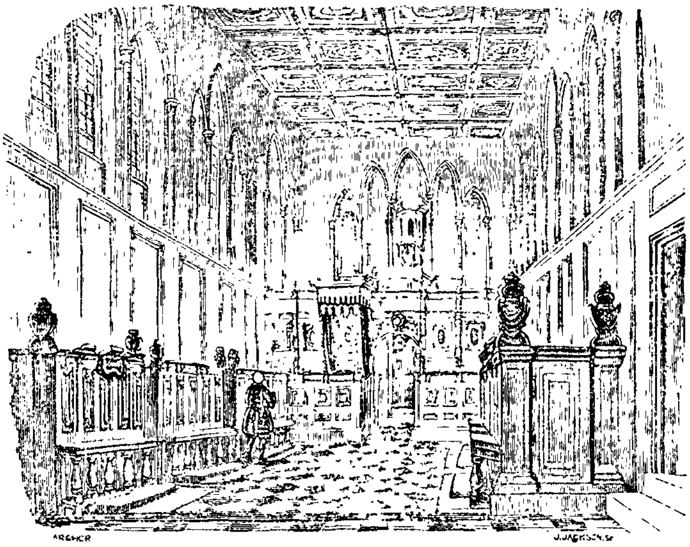
"Dec. 18. Friday.—I was accused by the House of Commons for high treason, without any particular charge laid against me; which they said should be prepared in convenient time. I was presently committed to the gentleman usher; but was permitted to go in his company to my house at Lambeth, for a book or two to read in, and such papers as pertained to my defence against the Scots. I stayed at Lambeth till the evening to avoid the gaze of the people. I went to evening prayer in my chapel. The Psalms of the day (Ps. xciii. and xciv.) and chap. l. of Isaiah gave me great comfort. God make me worthy of it, and fit to receive it! As I went to my barge, hundreds of my poor neighbours stood there, and prayed for my safety and return to my house. For which I bless God and them.

"1642. Aug. 19.—A party of soldiers [went to Lambeth] to search for arms, and, under that pretence, broke open doors and committed other outrages. Nov. 24.—The soldiers broke open the chapel-door, and offered violence to the organ, but were prevented by their captain. 1643. May 1.—The chapel windows were defaced, and the steps torn up." Lastly. May 9.—All the Archbishop's goods and books were seized on, and even the very Diary, from which the preceding extracts have been transcribed, taken by force out of his pocket.

We need not follow his history further, as it so soon ended on the scaffold, whither his royal master was speedily to follow him. His portrait is by Vandyck; we need hardly therefore say that it is a very fine one. Close to this picture is the portrait of Juxon, the prelate who attended Charles in his last moments, and received that mysterious communication conveyed in the word "Remember," which has so puzzled historians to understand. No unusual space exists between the two portraits; one would think, from merely looking at them, that no interruption had taken place. Yet what a momentous period had passed when Juxon received the appointment to the primacy in 1660—a period more thronged with great men and great events than any period of similar extent, whether in our own or in any other country! It was not probable that the men in power during that time should have much respect for Lambeth Palace, the late residence of him whose memory was linked in their minds with the atrocities of the Star Chamber. We have seen in Laud's Diary that it was occupied and defaced by troops; who, however, after all, did no very serious injury. By the Commonwealth Lambeth Palace was ordered to be used as a prison; and among the prisoners confined there were the Earls of Chesterfield and Derby; Sir Thomas Armstrong, afterwards executed for his participation in the Duke of Monmouth's rebellion; Dr. Allestry, an eminent divine; and Richard Lovelace, the poet. Sir George Bunkley, also, it is supposed, died here in confinement: his name is on the parish register. He was one of the party who so distinguished themselves in the defence of Basing House. Lambeth was put up to sale in 1648, and purchased with the manor for 7073*l.* 0*s.* 8*d.* by Colonel Thomas Scot and Matthew Hardyng. The former was Cromwell's secretary of state, and had sat on the trial of Charles I., for which he was executed, after the Restoration, at Charing Cross, in 1660. During the period

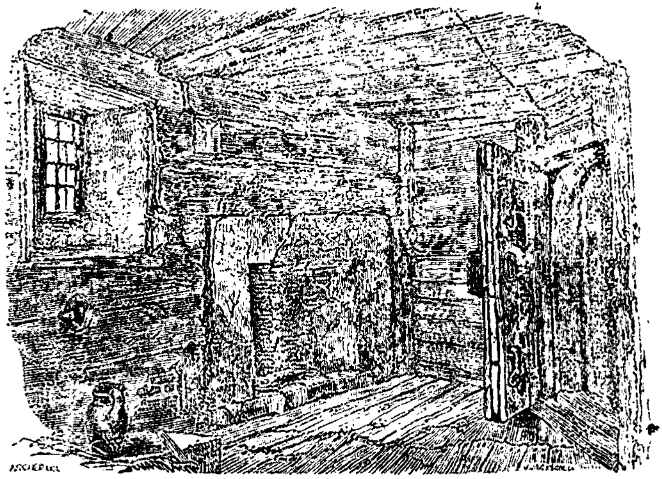
Lambeth was thus occupied, the great hall was nearly destroyed, and the chapel used in its room. To restore the palace to its former splendour was the great object of Archbishop Juxon, on his appointment to the see at the Restoration; and although he lived scarcely three years afterwards, he had the satisfaction of seeing his wishes very nearly accomplished. In all, he expended nearly fifteen thousand pounds in this way. The remainder of the portraits which enrich the Guard-room are those of Sheldon; Sancroft, who was one of the seven prelates committed by James II. to the Tower; Tillotson, of whom a very characteristic circumstance is related—his study was over the old hall-door, from which he had peep-holes into the hall, court, &c., so that he could see every one who passed in or out of the palace; Tenison, who had the honour of a visit from Peter the Great, to witness the ceremonies attending an ordination; Wake; Potter; Herring, whose portrait is by Hogarth: Hutton, by Hudson; Secker, by Reynolds; Cornwallis, by Dance, in whose time the palace had nearly been destroyed by a "No Popery" riot; Moore; and Sutton.

From the Guard-room there is a passage through some private apartments down to the vestry, in which is preserved a very splendid old chest, covered inside and out with figures and landscapes in relief, wonderfully elaborate. It is evidently a foreign work, said to be Chinese. From the vestry we pass into the chapel.



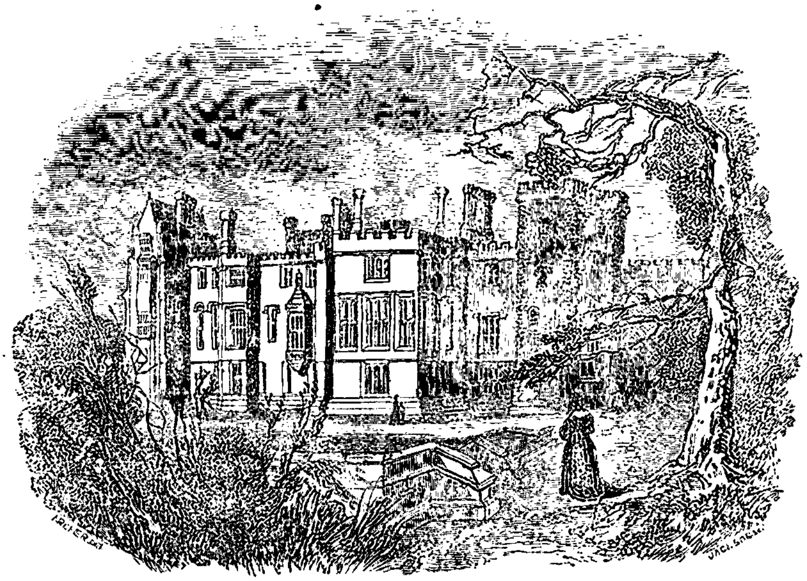
[The Chapel.]

This is probably of Boniface's original erection; for the walls and windows are evidently very ancient, though partially deprived of their character by the modern roof, and painted screen, and furniture. The dimensions of the chapel are seventy-two feet in length, twenty-five in breadth, and thirty in height. The western window, like the eastern in its original state, which is shown in the accompanying view, consists of five lights set between deep and massive masonry. The screen, which is very elaborate, was, with the other internal decorations, added by Laud. It is a strange circumstance that all this beautiful timber-work of *oak* should be painted. Before the civil war there was very fine painted glass in the windows of the chapel, representing the whole history of man from the Creation to the Day of Judgment. The windows being divided into three parts, those on the side contained the types in the Old Testament, and the middle portion the anti-type and verity in the New. Laud, on coming to Lambeth, found the windows "shameful to look on, all diversly patched, like a poor beggar's coat,"—and repaired them. This circumstance, it appears, was produced against him at his trial, his accusers alleging "that he did repair the story of those windows by their like in the Mass-book." The Archbishop, in denial, affirmed that he and his secretary had made out the story as well as they could by the remains that were unbroken. In the course of a few years these beautiful windows were all defaced by the Puritans. There was an organ in the chapel in Archbishop Parker's time, and in Laud's. The great memory of the chapel is its connexion with Archbishop Parker, who was consecrated here, Miles Coverdale assisting, and who, dying, directed his remains to be buried in it. A friend wrote a very favourable epitaph whilst the primate was yet alive, and showed it to him. The Archbishop's reply was very happy. He could not, he said, assume the description of such a character to himself, but he would so make use of it as to attain as far as possible the good qualities and virtues it specified. In 1648 the monument with this inscription was taken away; for, Lambeth House then coming into the possession of Colonel Scot, he, wanting to turn the chapel into a hall or dancing-room, found this monument in his way, and so demolished it. Nor was that all. With the fanaticism which all the religious parties of the day exhibited in their conduct towards each other, Matthew Hardyng, a Puritan (and Archbishop Parker had been no friend to the Puritans), caused his body to be dug up, stripped of its leaden covering, which was sold, and the venerable remains to be buried in a dunghill, where they remained till after the Restoration. Sir William Dugdale had the honour of procuring their restoration. He heard of the matter accidentally, and immediately repaired to Archbishop Sancroft, by whose diligence, aided by an order from the House of Lords, the bones were found and again buried in the chapel. A stone, with the following inscription (translated from the Latin original), now marks the place: "The body of Matthew (Parker), Archbishop, here rests at last." Sancroft also caused the monument to be again erected to his memory, with a long inscription, in the part of the chapel divided from the rest by the screen. From the chapel we pass through a very fine and very ancient gateway into the Post-room. We do not anywhere find the idea thrown out that this gateway, with the large window above, now partly filled up, as shown in our drawing, formed in all probability an exterior front to the chapel long before the building of the Lollards' Tower; yet such no doubt was the case. Of the origin or purpose of the Post-room, which derives its name from a stout pillar in the centre, we can gather no information from the local historians. It forms the lowest story of the Lollards' Tower; is it possible that it was intended for the personal punishment of the unfortunate heretics confined above? It is on record, as we have already seen, that the builder of the Tower, Chicheley, found during his time the impossibility of punishing all heretics with death, and the inconvenience, and, as perhaps he thought, the inefficiency, of merely confining them; whipping and other severe and degrading punishments were consequently adopted. We fear that the Post-room was expressly set apart for this purpose. A low door in one corner originally led, we have been informed, to the crypt beneath, an exceedingly fine work, with groined roof, the whole size of the chapel; and the restoration of which to its pristine state would be an act worthy of the enlightened prelate who has already done so much for the palace, and who, we are informed, also meditates the complete restoration of the chapel. Upwards this door led by a stone staircase, now ruinous, to the gallery of the chapel, and across that into the staircase to the Lollards' prison. But the ordinary way to this room lies through a door on the opposite side of the Post-room. Entering through this door, we follow the winding track that many have gone before under circumstances requiring the highest efforts of their minds to enable them to bear up under the inflictions that awaited them. The strength they sought, however, was given to them. These prison-walls have doubtless witnessed many an agonizing effort to stun the voices of wives, children, friends, whispering to them of the relief that was to be purchased by apostacy; they have doubtless also witnessed the sublime victory that these gallant spirits have achieved. Could we know all the separate histories of the men whose handwriting lies on the wall of this strange-looking room, what glorious revelations into the dim but holy recesses of the human heart might not be given to us! There is one circumstance that must instantly arrest the attention of every one in the Lollards' prison: it is entirely boarded over—floor, ceiling, and walls. Could this have been done by Chicheley, who was not an unfeeling man when out of the performance of what he esteemed his duties, for the comfort of his prisoners; or was it necessary for their safety during the winter? In another respect this prison was far from being an unpleasant one, considered simply as a prison. The dash of falling oars into the water—the sighing of the wind in the tree-tops close to the window—the melody of the birds, who would sing as merrily for the heretics as for the orthodox Archbishop himself—must have materially lessened the horrors of captivity. A pleasing picture too rises to the mind's eye, as we contemplate the

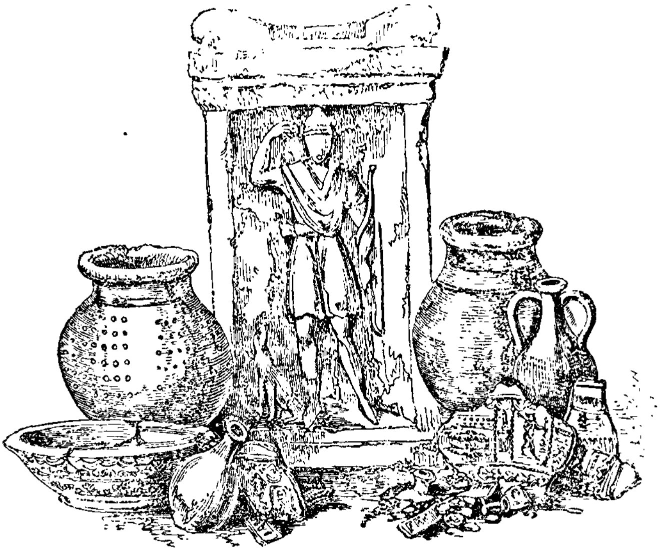


[The Lollards' Prison.]

disposition of one of the rings—immediately under the principal window. The person who had that post might, no doubt, have been often heard telling his companions of what he saw passing on the river; noticing the splendid barges continually stopping at Westminster on the opposite shore, and speculating as to the names or objects of their owners. The feelings aroused by such narrations must have often been changed suddenly into an emotion of a deeper nature, as they saw the Archbishop or his messengers, in the episcopal barge, crossing towards Lambeth, with an order perhaps for the release of one of them, perhaps for his death. There are eight of these rings in all. The dimensions of the room are, as may be judged from our engraving, very small; about thirteen feet by twelve, and about eight high. The door within the stone walls is set in an immense framework of timber. There is another window besides that we have mentioned, which looks into the palace gardens. To these we now descend, and, having paused a while to admire the exquisite view of the palace thence obtained, finally quit, with no unnatural reluctance, this beautiful and deeply interesting place.



[Lambeth Palace—Garden View.]



[Altar of Apollo, and Vases:—See pp. 293, 294.]

XVI.—THE ROMAN REMAINS.

In a former paper we endeavoured, by the combined light of ancient records and existing appearances, to trace the history and the limits of Roman London; but our space confined us to that general survey, so that, to complete our account, we have still to notice at least some of the most remarkable of the relics and vestiges of the Roman occupation that the waste of time has left.

Of these there are now few, if any, to be seen above ground. Perhaps a few of the lowest courses of the masonry of the wall still forming a part of Mr. Atkinson's hemp-warehouse behind America Crescent may be regarded as Roman;* but of the Roman towers which Woodward and Maitland describe as existing in their day in Houndsditch and the Vineyard, behind the Minories, not a fragment now remains visible. And certainly no other building in London yet in use has any claim to be considered a Roman structure even in the smallest or oldest portion of it. Even in the shape of a mere ruin there is, we believe, nothing now standing of the Roman age.

To the eye, however, of one learned antiquary at least, the metropolis and its neighbourhood so recently as in the latter half of the last century still presented numerous legible memorials of Julius Cæsar himself, and of the state of things that earliest invader found established among the Britons under their native kings. In Long Acre—which can scarcely be said to have to the unlearned anything particularly poetical either in the sound or the sight—the ingenious Stukeley saw as plainly as if it had been a recollection of his boyhood the *Long Agger* of the ancient British metropolis—" the magnificent circus, or racecourse, founded by Eli, father of Immanuence and of Casvelhan! And indeed it may be observed, that, although it has been found necessary to discontinue the horse and chariot races, the street is still famous for its coach-builders, who may be considered as no bad representatives of the original character of the locality in our more mechanical age." Eli's tumulus, or grave, Stukeley further informs us, was " on Windmill Street edge, at the end of Piccadilly," where a windmill was erected in after-times. It was this tumulus, or *agger*, it seems, which gave name to Long Acre, and also to the street descending from it to the south called Hedge Lane, that is, Agger Lane, the same, we believe, that is now called Whitcombe Street, the continuation of Wardour Street and Prince's Street. The *agger*, too, is plainly the origin of the Edgeware Road. Then, is not the very name of Eli still heard in that of the chief street of the west end of London? For what is Piccadilly, but *Peak Cad Eli*—that is, being interpreted, the *tumulus ducis Eli*, the barrow or monumental mound of the royal Eli? " Cad is a common name of the Welsh kings," adds the worthy Doctor, with all the satisfaction of a mathematician pronouncing his Q. E. D. But the most awkward corruption of all which these venerable British names have undergone is that of the site of the chief temple of ancient London—which from *Kneph Agger*, that is, the Agger or Mount of the Divinity (so called by the Egyptians, as well as by the Druids, from *canaph*, the root of the verb to fly, in the Semitic tongues), has been actually transformed by modern ignorance into *Knaves' Acre!* Whereabouts the said Knaves' Acre may be to be looked for we do not precisely know—but we greatly fear the place, if it were discovered, would be found to have retained but little of its old odour of sanctity, any more than the name. We recollect nothing to match this odd instance of the slipperiness of human speech, except the perversion of the pious old tavern legend of *God Encompasseth Us* into the sign of the *Goat and Compasses*.

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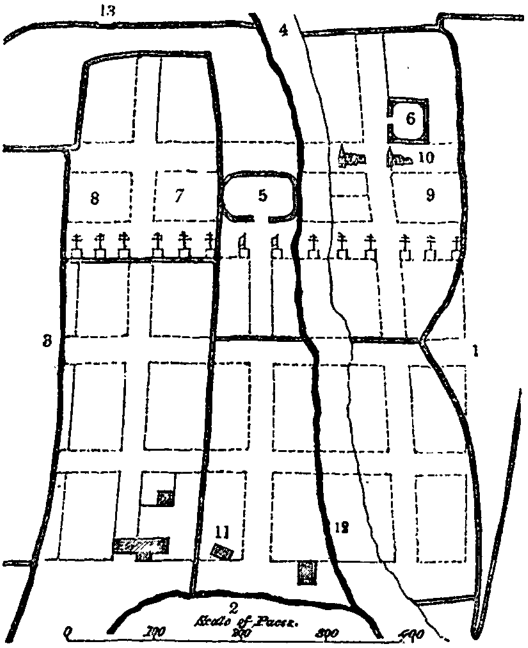
* See No. IX. p. 163.

The greatest of Stukeley's discoveries, however, is that of a camp of Julius Cæsar, " no farther off than Pancras Church." " It is easy," says the enthusiastic old man, " to imagine the pleasure to be found in an agreeable walk from my situation in Queen Square through the fields that lead me to the footsteps of Cæsar, when, without going to foreign parts, I can tread the ground which he trode. By finding out several of his camps I was enabled off-hand to distinguish them; and they are very different from all others we meet withal." Stukeley, who, after commencing life as a physician, had, on the plea of ill-health, subsided into a clergyman, and, as incumbent of St. George the Martyr, in Queen Square, had, after the performance of all the duty that was expected from him in that capacity, as matters were then managed, at least six days in every week to spend, without disturbing or being disturbed by anybody, in any innocent way that suited his fancy, seems to have pored over this imaginary camp at St. Pancras till he must have almost believed that he had himself been present at the formation of it in some previous state of existence. Certainly Pythagoras never expressed himself more confidently about the events of the Trojan war, in which he had served as Euphorbus the son of Panthous, than does the reverend Doctor touching the minutest circumstances of the famous Roman's arrival and sojourn at this interesting spot. Cæsar, he informs us, having crossed the Thames at the Coway Stakes, where the name of Chertsey still preserves his memory as Cherbourg does in France, encamped on Greenfield Common, near Staines, "where a splendid embassy came to him from the Londoners, desiring his alliance and protection, and that he would restore their prince Mandubrace, who was then in his retinue." "To his little camp, or prætorium, on this account," adds our communicative recorder of these long-past transactions, "he orders another to be drawn round it, for reception of these ambassadors and their prince, together with forty hostages, which he demanded, and corn for his army." A second "appendix" to this camp was afterwards ordered for the reception of other ambassadors who came from the Cenimanni, the Segontiaci, &c. Having finished his business with these deputations, Cæsar then moved forward to attack Cassivellaunus, or Casvelhan, as the name ought properly to be written, who had retreated to his fortified town at Watford—throwing up other camps, the description of which we omit, on his way. After he had reduced Casvelhan's two strongholds of Watford and Rickmansworth, and compelled the unfortunate king's complete submission, he turned to London, and set out on his march upon that capital, "effectually to serve his friend and ally Mandubrace, whose protection he had undertaken, in the kingdom of the Trinobantes, and reconcile him to his subjects and his uncle Casvelhan." Mandubrace, it seems, was the son of Immanuence, the same who by the British historians is commonly called Lud, that is, the Brown; Lud, or Immanuence, had been put to death by his ambitious brother Casvelhan, who had usurped his throne, and forced Mandubrace to fly to Gaul to implore the aid of Cæsar. Such was the true origin of Cæsar's invasion—although, strangely enough, he chooses in his own account to be altogether silent, possibly out of modesty, in regard to facts which would have gone so far to justify what otherwise has so much the air of an unprovoked aggression. However, to the capital of the Trinobantes he proceeded, to put the finishing stroke to his disinterested expedition. "It was not suitable," continues our author, "to his honour or his security to quarter in the city of London; but he pitched his camp where now is Pancras Church; his prætorium is still very plain, over against the church, in the footpath, on the west side of the brook; the vallum and the ditch visible; its breadth from east to west forty paces; its length from north to south sixty paces. This was his prætorium, where his own tent was pitched in the centre; the prætorian cohorts around it. There was no great magnificence in Cæsar's tent, here placed; it was not his manner. . . . . When I came attentively to consider the situation of it, and the circumjacent ground, I easily discerned the traces of his whole camp: a great many ditches, or divisions of the pastures, retain footsteps of the plan of the camp; . . . and whenever I take a walk thither, I enjoy a visionary scene of the whole camp of Cæsar; . . . a scene as just as if beheld, and Cæsar present." And again:—"North of the churchyard is a square moated about, in length north and south forty paces, in breadth east and west thirty; the entrance to the west. It was originally the prætorium of Mandubrace, king of London, and of the Trinobantes. The ditches have been dug deep to make a kitchen-garden for the rector of the church, from whom I suppose in after-times it has been alienated. Hither Casvelhan was sent for, and reconciled to his nephew, enjoined not to injure him as an ally of Rome, assigned what tribute he should annually pay, what number of hostages he should send to him into Gaul, &c." All this, it must be confessed, bears a portentous resemblance to the harangue of the worthy Mr. Jonathan Oldbuck of Monkbarns on the ancient fortifications discovered at the Kaim of Kinprunes:

“ Here, then, let us take our stand on this tumulus, exhibiting the foundation of ruined buildings,—the central point—the *prætorium,* doubtless, of the camp. From this place, now scarce to be distinguished, but by its slight elevation and its greener turf, from the rest of the fortification, we may suppose Agricola to have looked forth on the immense army of Caledonians,” &c. &c. It is difficult, with this scene in one's memory, to read Stukeley's elaborate dissertation without anticipating the sudden intrusion of some Edie Ochiltree, with his “ Prætorian here, prætorian there, I mind the bigging o' t.”



[Cæsar's Camp at St. Pancras Church; reduced from the Plan in Stukeley's ‘Itinerarium Curiosum.’]

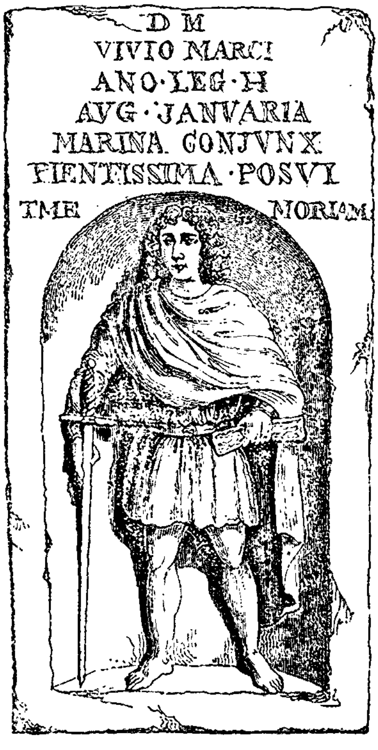
1. Porta Principalis.
2. Porta Prætoria.
3. Porta Quæstoria.
4. Porta Decumana.
5. Cæsar's Prætorium.
6. Prætorium of Mandubrace.
7. The Quæstorium.
8. Station of Marc Antony.
9. Station of Quintus Cicero.
10. Old St. Pancras Church.
11. The Brill.
12. The river Fleet, with the old road to Kentish Town along its left bank.
13. Fig Lane.

Whether any traces of this St. Pancras camp of Cæsar's, or Stukeley's, are still supposed to be distinguishable, we do not know; nor indeed are we aware that it has ever revealed itself to anybody, its discoverer himself excepted—whose description, published in the Second, or posthumous, Century of his *Itinerarium Curiosum,* is dated October 1758. Yet some of the particulars he notices are curious enough. The fact of a Roman encampment having once occupied this ground he conceives to be attested by the name of the Brill, which is still given to what was formerly a hamlet a few hundred yards to the south of the churchyard, and is now a nexus of lanes and courts behind the west side of Brewer Street. A tavern at the southern extremity of that street is also, we believe, called the Brill. The Brill is the name of a village in Buckinghamshire, which Camden thinks must have been an old Roman station from the number of Roman coins that have been found in it; and he supposes the name to be a contraction of Bury or Burgh Hill, which is what the Saxons would have called an ancient fortified place on an elevated site. The former importance of this Buckinghamshire Brill is further evidenced by its having been a royal village of Edward the Confessor. Camden also mentions a Roman camp near Chichester which retains this same name of the Brill or the Brile. And we have the town of Briel, or the Brill, as it is often called, in the isle of East Voorn, in the Netherlands, which is supposed, as well as our St. Pancras Brill, to have been originally one of Cæsar's camps. It is remarkable, too, that Stukeley, when he proceeded to survey this camp by pacing its boundaries, should, as he tells us, have "found everywhere even and great numbers;" that is, that the lines of limitation and intersection were each of the exact length of forty, fifty, four hundred, five hundred, or some such number of paces. But possibly in so obscure a matter the round number of paces was sometimes found serviceable in determining the position of an all but invisible division or angle.

However all this may be, Stukeley assures us that in this camp at Pancras Cæsar made the two British Kings, Casvelhan and his nephew Mandubrace, as good friends again as ever; "the latter, I suppose," adds the worthy Doctor, "presented him with that corslet of pearls which he gave to Venus in the temple at Rome which he built to her as the foundress of his family." Why this one fact in particular should be stated as a mere supposition, we do not understand.

But the most undoubted as well as the most numerous relics of Roman London have been preserved under ground—beneath the protecting "paste and cover" of the dust and rubbish which fourteen centuries have deposited upon the original floor of this great gathering-place of human beings, and centre of industry and commerce. The modern Londoner dwells at what was a considerable height up in the air to his predecessor of the Roman age—in general from about fifteen to twenty feet, as we observed in our former paper, overhead of the ancient city; and most memorials of the latter and of its inhabitants are, of course, buried to that depth in the earth. In former times excavations were probably seldom made to the requisite depth, and when they were, the discoveries that were made were for the most part left unrecorded and were soon forgotten; but the more extensive operations that have been carried on for the improvement of the capital since the epoch of the Great Fire have brought to light a considerable portion of the antiquarian wealth of what is called the Roman stratum, consisting of tessellated pavements, foundations of buildings and other architectural remains, coins, urns, pottery, and utensils, tools, and ornaments of a great variety of descriptions.

Unfortunately, no complete account has been preserved of the discoveries made by Wren, who, in the course of surveying the ruins of the city after the fire, and superintending the rebuilding of St. Paul's, and of other parts of it, had opportunities of examining what lay deep under the surface of the earth in all the principal localities. The article of greatest interest which is mentioned as having come into his hands was a small sepulchral monument of stone, exhibiting both an inscription and an effigy, which was found near Ludgate. It is now among the Arundel Marbles at Oxford. The stone is so much mutilated that neither the words nor the figure can be quite distinctly made out; and the various copies that have been given of both must be regarded as in some particulars rather conjectural restorations than accurate transcripts. The inscription, however, commencing with the usual formula, D. M., for *Diis Manibus*, intimating a dedication to the Manes or departed spirit of the deceased, seems to record that the stone was erected by his most loving wife Januaria Marina (or perhaps Matrina), in memory of Vivius Marcianus, a soldier of the Second Legion. It has been commonly assumed from the dress in which he is represented that Marcianus must have been a native Briton; but we may remark that it was not usual for the natives of any of the provinces who were taken into the armies of the Empire to be allowed to serve in their own countries. If the person to whom this monument was raised, therefore, was a barbarian at all, it is most likely that he was of other than British birth. But in truth nearly all the points of his attire and accoutrements are so uncertainly delineated on the mutilated stone that anything like a complete or consistent picture of the whole can only be made out by an exercise of fancy. We give the most approved version of the rude and half-obliterated sculpture, representing the deceased, according to Pennant's description, "with long hair, a short lower garment fastened round the waist by a girdle and fibula, a long sagum or plaid flung over his breast and one arm, ready to be cast off in time of action, naked legs, and in his right hand a sword of vast length, like the claymore of the later Highlanders: the point is represented resting on the ground: in his left hand is a short instrument, with the end seemingly broken off." Pennant regards this as the picture of "a British soldier, probably of the *Cohors Britonum,* dressed and armed after the manner of the country."* But it might serve very well, in truth, for that of any Roman soldier. However, in other professed copies of the figure both the hair and the sword are short, instead of long; the sword is held across the body, instead of with its point resting on the ground; and the cloak is brought not over the right shoulder and arm, but over the left! "Such tricks hath strong imagination" in our draughtsmen and engravers.



[Sepulchral Stone found at Ludgate.]

Wren conjectured that this soldier might have been buried in the vallum of what he, or the writer of the Parentalia, calls the Prætorian camp, which must mean the encampment of the officer holding the chief command at London when it was a mere military station. Of course there was nothing that could with any propriety be called a prætorian camp among the permanent features or appendages of Roman London, although the antiquarians are in the habit of repeating after one another that the eminence on which St. Paul's now stands was appropriated to that purpose. Possibly, however, the city may have been guarded by a fortress in this neighbourhood—though it is more likely that such an erection would be placed on the bank of the river, where Baynard's Castle or the Castle of Montfichet was afterwards built, than on the site of the Cathedral. And the precinct of a fort so situated might very well have extended as far northwards as the spot where the monument of Marcianus was found. In fact we know that in a later age the fossa or ditch of the royal fortress called the Palatine Tower, which appears to have occupied the same site with Baynard's Castle, included part of what is now St. Paul's Churchyard; for when Bishop Richard de Beaumeis in the reign of Henry I. built the first complete wall around the churchyard he obtained a grant from the King of so much of the said ditch as should be required for the wall and a street outside of it. Nay, the words of the charter seem to imply that the foss had also partially encompassed the church on the north side before it had been encroached upon by the Bishop's operations.* The probability, therefore, is, that during the Roman occupation the fort at the western extremity of the city may have stretched its boundaries from the river as far as Ludgate—which would scarcely be a greater extent of space than seems to have been embraced by the limits of the similar stronghold in the east, situated where the Tower now stands. We have had occasion to notice in a former paper several military monuments resembling the Ludgate stone which were found in the latter neighbourhood on different occasions in the latter part of the last century;† as well as some coins and an ingot of silver—which last, found in 1777, among some foundations of ancient building on the site of the present Ordnance Office, and bearing the name of Honorius, is supposed to have been transmitted from the imperial mint for the purpose of ascertaining the purity of the coin sent along with it—perhaps the pay for the last Roman legion ever stationed in Britain. In July 1806, among other ancient remains, there was dug up at the back of the London Coffeehouse, very near the spot where the Arundel monument was found, another sepulchral monument with an inscription intimating, apparently, that it had been raised to his deceased wife by a person named Anencletus—whom Gough, from the epithet *Provincialis,* conceives to have been a soldier belonging to a troop raised in the province. The wife, called Claudina Martina, is described as having been only eleven years old, if the reading of the inscription may be trusted. But perhaps something has been obliterated at this place; for it was not customary, if it was even legal, for females among the Romans to marry at so early an age. The inscription was cut on the front of a hexagonal pedestal, bordered with foliage; along with which were found a mutilated head of a woman, and the trunk of a statue of Hercules, half the size of life, leaning, as usual, on his club, and with the skin of the Nemæan lion thrown over his left shoulder.

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* Some Account of London, p. 16.

Among the most interesting relics of the Roman occupation are the various tessellated pavements that have been brought to light in different parts of the City. The custom of ornamenting the floors of their apartments by figures formed of *tesseræ,* or small pieces of coloured pebble, marble, artificial stone, and glass, was probably not introduced among the Romans till after the destruction of the Republic. Suetonius notes it as one of the sumptuous habits of Julius Cæsar in the latter part of his career that he used on his marches to carry about with him such pavements, or rather, probably, quantities of the materials for forming them—*tessellata et sectilia pavimenta*—with which it has been supposed he floored his prætorium wherever he pitched his camp. How this species of decoration has come in modern times to receive the name of Mosaic-work is matter of dispute—though the term is commonly supposed to be a corruption of *Museum* or *Musivum*, which Pliny and other later Roman writers seem to speak of as a kind of ornamental pavement, or rather ceiling—so called, it is conjectured, because it may have been originally used in caves or grottos consecrated to the Muses. It may be observed, however, that the tessellated pavements of the ancients have little pretension to rank with the Mosaic pictures of modern times, in which, by the aid of a vast variety of colours, almost as perfect a gradation of shades is effected as could be produced by the pencil. The Roman tessellated pavements in general present only the simplest patterns, such as a scroll border with an indifferently drawn human or animal figure in the centre; and most of them are composed of not more than two or three different colours. In some rare instances, however, the tints are considerably more numerous. The most magnificent specimen yet discovered in London was found in December 1803, in Leadenhall Street, immediately in front of the easternmost columns of the portico of the India House. It lay at the depth of only nine feet and a half below the street, which therefore had not been raised at this spot nearly so high above the Roman level as in most other parts of the city. Unfortunately, the line of an old sewer which ran across the street had cut away above a third of the pavement on the east side; but the central compartment, a square of eleven feet, remained nearly entire, as well as the greater part of the border. Altogether, the apartment of which it had been the floor appeared to have been a room of more than twenty feet square. The device occupying the centre was a figure of Bacchus, reclining on the back of a tiger, holding his thyrsus erect in his left hand, while a small two-handed drinking-cup hung from his right; a wreath of vine-leaves circling his forehead—a purple and green mantle falling from his right shoulder, and gathered round his waist—with a sandal on his extended left foot, the lacing of which reached to the calf of the leg. This design was surrounded by three circular borders; the first exhibiting, on a party-coloured field composed of dark grey, light grey, and red ribands, a serpent with a black back and white belly; the second, a series of white cornucopiæ indented in black; the third and outermost, a succession of concave squares. In two of the angular spaces between this last circle and the circumscribing rectangular border were double-handed drinking-cups; in the other two, delineations of some unknown plant; both figures wrought in dark grey, red, and black, on a white ground. The square border surrounding the whole consisted of two distinct belts—one described as bearing "some resemblance to a bandeau of oak, in dark and light grey, red, and white, on a black ground;" the other exhibiting "eight lozenge figures, with ends in the form of hatchets, in black on a white ground, enclosing circles of black, on each of which was the common ornament, a true lovers' knot." Beyond this was a margin at least five feet broad, formed of plain red tiles, each an inch square. We annex such a copy as a woodcut can produce of this elaborate design, taken from a coloured print published soon after its disinterment by Mr. Thomas Fisher, accompanied with the description to which we have been indebted for the above particulars. "In this beautiful specimen of Roman Mosaic," says Mr Fisher, "the drawing, colouring, and shadows are all effected with considerable skill and ingenuity by the use of about twenty separate tints, composed of tessellæ of different materials, the major part of which are baked earths; but the more brilliant colours of green and purple, which form the drapery, are glass. These tessellæ are of different sizes and figures, adapted to the situations they occupy in the design. They are placed in rows either straight or curved, as occasion demanded, each tessella presenting to those around it a flat side: the interstices of mortar being thus very narrow, and the bearing of the pieces against each other uniform, the work in general possessed much strength, and was very probably, when uninjured by damp, nearly as firm to the foot as solid stone. The tessellæ used in forming the ornamented borders were in general somewhat larger than those in the figures, being cubes of half an inch." This Leadenhall Street tessellated pavement, which lay on a bed of lime and brick-dust, an inch in thickness, was taken up at the charge of the East India Company, but was broken to pieces in the process; the fragments of it, however, were deposited in the Company's Library.

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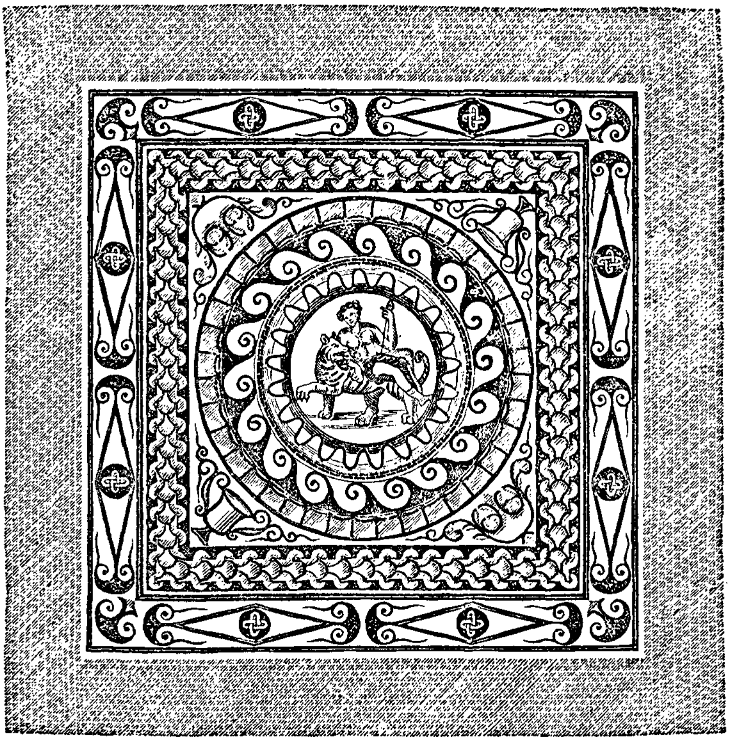
* The words are—"Tantum de fossato mei castelli ex parte Tamesis ad meridiem quantum opus fuerit ad faciendum murum ejusdem ecclesiæ, et tantum de eodem fossato quantum sufficiat ad faciendum viam extra murum; *et, ex altera parte ecclesiæ ad aquilonem,* quantum prædictus episcopus de eodem *fossato* diruit."—*Dugdale's Hist. of St. Paul's Cathedral, by Ellis, Append.* p. 365. The expression *ad aquilonem* can hardly be understood as meaning on the north side of the castle, the preceding *ad meridiem* clearly referring *to* the south side of the church.

† See No. IX. p. 159.



[Tessellated Pavement.]

In 1805, in the course of digging the foundations for an extension of the buildings of the Bank of England, another tessellated pavement was found in Lothbury, near the south-east angle of the area now enclosed by the walls of the Bank. It lay at the depth of about eleven feet below the surface. Of this too Mr. Fisher published a coloured engraving and a description; and, having been taken up without sustaining any injury under the direction of the late Mr. Soane, the architect, it was presented by the Directors of the Bank to the British

Museum, where it may still be seen. But it is not to be compared to the Leadenhall Street specimen either in design or workmanship. Its dimensions are only four feet each way, and it occupied the centre of a floor of eleven feet square. The central figure seems designed to represent four expanded leaves; the rectangular border is similar to the innermost of the two stripes forming the double border of the other pavement. Mr. Fisher states, that, "on examining the fragments of the marginal pavement which had been taken up with it, evident marks of fire were observed on the face of them; and to one piece adhered some ashes of burnt wood, and a small piece not quite burnt."

Other tessellated pavements are recorded to have been discovered in Bush Lane, Cannon Street, in 1666; near St. Andrew's Church, Holborn, in 1681; at Crutched Friars in 1787; behind the old Navy Pay Office in Broad Street, in Northumberland Alley, Fenchurch Street, and in Long Lane, Smithfield, about the beginning of the present century; near the Church of St. Dunstan's in the East in 1824; in East Cheap in 1831; at St. Clement's Church, and in Lothbury, opposite to Founders' Court, in 1834; in Crosby Square in 1836; behind Winchester House in Southwark in 1650; in various places on both sides of the Borough High Street at different times from 1818 to 1831; and in a few other localities. But in few or none of these instances has either the pavement itself been preserved or even any description of it. Within these few weeks what appeared to a somewhat hurried and not very close view to be a very perfect and rather elegant specimen was brought to light in pulling down the French Protestant Church in Threadneedle Street, at the depth apparently of nine or ten feet under where the floor of the church had been, immediately within and a little to the left of the principal entry. This, we understood, it was intended to have carefully taken up, and it will probably be deposited in some public museum or private collection. But it was more interesting to look down upon it there where it lay on the very spot which it had occupied for certainly more than fourteen centuries—where the eye of admiration had first rested upon it, and it had borne the actual tread of Roman feet, mingling in the dance or other social assemblage, in the palmy days of that buried civilization, when what was now a darksome pit dug in the earth had made part of an airy, glittering domicile, full of light and life. The colours, among which a deep yellow or tawny predominated, looked wonderfully fresh and glowing—thus still more strongly forcing upon the imagination the presence of the past.

Of the other Roman antiquities recently discovered in London, the most numerous, various, and interesting are those that were found in 1834, 1835, and 1836, in the course of the operations connected with the opening of the magnificent new thoroughfare leading across the heart of the City from London Bridge to the line of the old wall at Moorgate; an account of which has been given in an able and learned paper in the Transactions of the Antiquarian Society by Mr. Charles Roach Smith.* Beginning his survey from the neighbourhood of the bridge, Mr. Smith states that on either side of the line of King William Street, "at a depth ranging from fourteen to twenty feet, the evidences of Roman habitations became numerous. Walls built with rough unhewn pieces of chalk (cemented by the firm mortar peculiar to Roman edifices), and containing in many instances an admixture of flints, were from time to time made visible." Adjoining to St. Clement's Church, in St. Clement's Lane, East Cheap, was found the tessellated pavement noticed above, which is described as corresponding to the one found a few years before in East Cheap, and similar to that afterwards discovered opposite to Founders' Court, in Lothbury. Near St. Clement's Church also were dug up many vessels of the common brown and black earthenware; six small earthen lamps; a great quantity of the finer pottery called Samian ware, both figured and plain; some rings of base metal; and a few coins—these last much decayed, from the unfavourable quality of the soil. They were mostly second-brass of Claudius, Vespasian, and Domitian, mixed with base denarii of Severus, Caracalla, Alexander Severus, and Julia Mammæa, such as are found in all parts of London. Along the line of Princes Street, bounding the Bank of England on the west, where, as we noticed in a former paper,* the Roman stratum descended to much beyond the usual depth, the Roman remains found are stated to have been more various and of a more interesting kind than had been met with in any other part of London. Among the articles which Mr. Smith enumerates as having been picked up by the labourers are, a pair of small brass scales, fibulæ, styli, needles in brass and bone, coins, a sharpening steel, several knives, one with a bone handle, and many vessels of Samian ware. In Lothbury, between Founders' Court, where they came upon the fragment of the tessellated pavement, and St. Margaret's Church, at about ten or twelve feet deep, they met with "a vast number of iron instruments, such as chisels, crowbars, hammers, &c., all in a very corroded state"—the store, probably, of some dealer in such articles, or perhaps the tools of a body of workmen, left behind them in haste, and forgotten in the confusions of the last days of the Roman dominion. At a greater depth, beyond the church, and at the east corner of the Bank, were turned up a leathern sandal, thickly studded with nails on the sole, quantities of red and black pottery, a coin of Antoninus Pius, having Britannia on the reverse, and many middle-brass coins of Domitian. From Lothbury to London Wall were found brass coins of Claudius, Vespasian, and Trajan, spatulæ of various kinds, styli, needles, a gold ring, an engraved cornelian, a pair of brass tweezers with an earpick attached by a ring, a hair-pin five inches long, with an eye about an inch from the point, and the other end flattened to about the size of a shilling, and embellished with sculpture —besides pottery of different kinds. But the most curious discovery here made was on the west side of the new line of street, near the public-house called the Swan's Nest in Coleman Street, where they came upon a well or pit containing a store of earthen vessels of various patterns and capacities, carefully planked over with thick boards: the vases were not in disorder, but lay imbedded in the mud and sand, which had found its way into the pit, regularly packed on their sides: those preserved held from a quart to two gallons, but some that were broken in taking out were much larger. The well, the mouth of which measured nearly three feet square, was boarded nearly all the way down with planks from about an inch and a half to two inches thick; and at the bottom were found a coin of the usurper Allectus, a boat-hook, and a bucket handle. Allectus, it may be remembered, was defeated and slain by the Præfect Asclepiodotus, in the year 297. At Honey Lane, under some Saxon remains, were found a few more Roman coins, one of which was of Trajan, and another of Allectus. In Bread Street, besides some richly figured Samian vases, and some of the circular earthen pans which have commonly been held to be mortaria, or triturating instruments, but which Mr. Smith conceives to have more probably been used for cooking in, were obtained some specimens of what are called "paintings from the walls of Roman dwellings," but which seem to have been in fact merely coloured designs with which the walls were embellished, in something of the same style with the patterns on our modern paper-hangings. Even as such, however, they were objects of the highest curiosity. Unfortunately, they were greatly injured. "They exhibit," says Mr. Smith, "great freshness of colours when first brought to the air, and washed free from dirt, but soon vary and fade, so as in a short time to afford but a faint idea of their original beauty. The prevalent colours on the specimens I obtained were yellow, white, red, and green: some have a border of white circles, and some alternate borders of white and green on a red ground, while others exhibited traces of flowers or fanciful designs." Such designs, however, can hardly be considered as belonging to the same class with the varied and spirited delineations exhibited by the frescos in many of the houses of Pompeii—which are really pictures in the highest and truest sense.

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* Observations on the Roman Remains found in various parts of London in the years 1834, 1835, 1836. In Archæologia, vol. xxvii. pp. 140—153.

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* See No. IX. p. 107.

Some of the most interesting of the Roman antiquities recently found have been obtained from the bed of the Thames; for water, in its effectual exclusion of the great corroder, the common atmospheric air, is in some respects a still better preserver than a thick covering of earth, which, if it protects the articles deposited in it from some dangers and injurious influences, acts upon many of them with peculiar powers of its own almost as virulent and destructive. There is in the British Museum a silver Harpocrates, about two inches and a half in height, which was found in the bed of the river in 1825, and presented to the Museum by Messrs. Rundle and Bridge, of Ludgate Hill. It is supposed to have been worn as an amulet, or by a priest as his ensign of office, being suspended by a chain of gold, very delicately wrought, which crosses the image in front, and passes through a strong rivet at the back. Many imperial coins were also found, and so deposited, it has been stated, across the bed of the river, as to afford a strong confirmation to the opinion that there must have been a passage over the Thames by a bridge in the time of the Romans. And since the completion of the new bridge, a number of bronzes were found in January 1837 in its neighbourhood by some men employed in ballast-heaving, of which Mr. Smith has given an interesting account in another paper in the Archæologia.* One of them represents a priest of Cybele; another the God Mercury; the third appears to be a fragment of a Jupiter; the fourth, which is also mutilated, is an Apollo, of remarkable beauty; the fifth, representing Atys, is of coarser workmanship than the others—it was found at Barnes among gravel taken from the spot where the others had been found. Mr. Smith conceives that the Mercury, the Apollo, and the Atys, were probably the penates of some opulent Roman family residing in London—and that they were not lost, but thrown into the Thames, after they had been intentionally mutilated—the injuries they have received being apparently such as could hardly have been the effect of accident. Such iconoclastic procedures were common with the early converts to

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* Archæologia, vol. xxviii. pp. 38—46.

Christianity; and to that cause we are no doubt to attribute the destruction or mutilation of many ancient sculptures and other productions of the arts which had been dedicated to the service of Paganism. Of the few relics of the old religion, besides cineraries, lachrymatories, and some sacrificing vessels, that recent subterranean investigation has brought to light in London, one of the most remarkable is a stone altar, exhibiting a figure of Apollo, which was found some years ago in Foster Lane in digging the foundations for the new Goldsmiths' Hall.*

We have already had occasion to notice some of the appearances detected in digging a sewer in Lombard Street in 1786—particularly the remarkable indications of an ancient conflagration which the soil at a certain depth presented.† Some considerable fragments of building, and other curious antiquities of the Roman age, were also brought to light in the course of that excavation. Near Sherbourn Lane, at about twelve feet under ground, the workmen came upon a pavement of about twenty feet in breadth, running across Lombard Street, "composed of small irregular bricks, in length two inches, in breadth one and a half, mostly red, but some few black and white: they were strongly cemented with a yellowish mortar, and were laid in a thick bed of coarse mortar and stones." Between this pavement and the Post Office, but along the north side of the street, ran a wall eighteen feet in length and ten feet high, its summit being ten feet under the level of the street, constructed of "the smaller-sized Roman bricks," and remarkable as being pierced by two perpendicular flues, the one semicircular in shape, the other rectangular and oblong—the chimneys, doubtless, of the long untenanted mansion of which the wall had formed a part. Directly opposite to the Post Office was another wall, and near it a tile-pavement; and still more to the eastward, another pavement, of small red bricks, intermixed with a few black ones and some white stones, in a state of great dilapidation. "This pavement," says the account in the Archæologia, "as well as most of the others, was laid on three distinct beds of mortar: the lowest very coarse, about three inches thick, and mixed with large pebbles; the second, of fine mortar, very hard, and reddish in colour, from having been mixed with powdered brick; this was about one inch in thickness, and upon it the bricks were imbedded in a fine white cement." Various other fragments of walls and pavements were encountered in proceeding farther to the eastward along Lombard Street—and also in Birchin Lane, where the corner was uncovered of a tessellated pavement, appearing to run under the adjacent houses, which exhibited a border of an elegant design composed of black, red, green, and white dies, each about a fourth of an inch square. Intermixed with these vestiges of a compact population were observed the wood-ashes and other traces of fire in the situation described in a former paper. Great quantities also of Roman coins were found, and of fragments of pottery and glass bottles, together with a few other articles, especially some keys and beads, specimens of which were introduced in one of the cuts in our Ninth Number.‡ Among the coins were a Galba, a Nero, and an Antoninus Pius, of gold, and an Alexander Severus of silver; three hundred brass pieces, very rudely executed, of Tetricus (who assumed the imperial title in Gaul in the latter part of the third century) and of Constantine, were found together in a heap at the end of St. Nicholas Lane. The vessels and fragments of earthenware were of various colours, white, black, red, brown, grey, &c.; some were fine, others coarse; some glazed and some not; some had inscriptions on the rims; and many of those of the finest quality were ornamented with figures on the outside, which were often very spiritedly drawn. A richly-bordered design surrounding a large vessel of red Samian ware (engraved in our Ninth Number) exhibited an animated combat, in which figures both on foot and on horseback were opposed and mingled. Armed men, satyrs, hares, dogs, birds, foliage, a boar's head, and sundry fancy ornaments embellished other specimens. There were also many fragments of the round shallow vessels of close clay which have generally been regarded as mortaria, or triturating instruments; they seemed when entire to have measured about a foot in diameter, and had each a channel running across their broad rim, apparently for the purpose of pouring off their contents when ground.*

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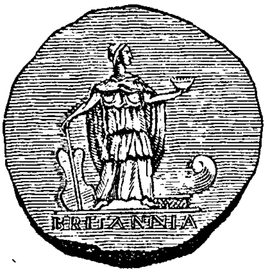
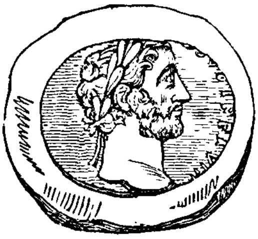
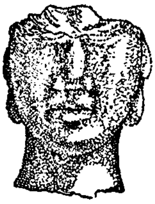
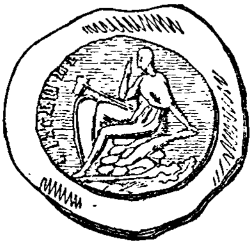
* See Archæologia, vol. xxiv. p. 300.
† See No. IX. p. 151.
‡ See p. 168.









When we consider the evidence that the various facts we have enumerated afford of the existence in Roman London of many buildings which must have been of considerable extent and architectural sumptuousness, it naturally becomes matter of surprise that so few fragments should be found either above or below ground of the ornamental stonework which may be presumed to have been employed in their construction—that their chequered floors and unhewn foundations should be nearly all the memorials that remain of edifices whose external splendour must surely in some degree have corresponded with the strength and costliness which these vestiges indicate. A fluted pillar of four or five feet in circumference which was discovered in 1836 in an old wall of the Grey Friars' Monastery, now the Church of Christ's Hospital, and which is supposed to have been Roman, is almost the only specimen of the kind which has been noticed. It is the subject of a communication in the Archæologia from A. J. Kempe, Esq., who accounts for the general disappearance of such remains by the supposition that they were for the most part made use of in the construction of new buildings in the Saxon and early Norman ages. † And this no doubt was the fact in many cases. William of Malmesbury, writing in the twelfth century, expatiates upon the extraordinary quantity of Roman architecture still to be seen in all parts of England in his day, declaring that it exceeded what any other country on this side the Alps could boast of. That the ruins of the Roman towns served as quarries for the builders of subsequent times we may infer from what is related by Matthew Paris of two abbots of his monastery of St. Alban's in the tenth century—the first of whom, Ealred, he tells us, in breaking down the subterranean vaults of old Verulamium, and stopping up the arched passages, to prevent them from continuing to be lurking-places of thieves and haunts of debauchery, carefully laid aside all the tiles (or bricks) and stones he found fit for building; and the second of whom, Eadmer, the immediate successor of Ealred, is expressly stated to have erected the new monastery of St. Alban's with the materials thus obtained by himself and his predecessor out of the ancient Roman city. As he went on with the works which Ealred had begun, the labourers came upon the foundations of an ancient palace in the middle of the old city, in pulling which down they found in a cavity of a wall a number of books, covered with oaken boards and tied with strings of silk, one of which, we are assured, contained the Life of St. Alban written in the British tongue—the others related to the rites of the Gentiles. A passage to move the hearts of all antiquaries—most of whom, however, we fear, would have prized the Pagan far above the Christian portion of the library. Eadmer, for anything that appears, preserved neither—books, even though bound in oak, not being available as materials for building. However, the story goes on to inform us that, when they opened the earth to a greater depth, they found not only glass vessels containing the ashes of the dead, and burned earthenware vessels of various sizes and descriptions, but also stone tables, bricks, columns, and whatever else was wanted for the new fabric.* And indeed the rifling of the Roman ruins for such purposes continued to be practised, on a smaller scale, almost as long as any were to be found in the island—only the last century having witnessed the destruction of perhaps the most remarkable of all our ancient monuments—the famous Arthur's Oven on the banks of the Carron—"its barbarous owner, a *Gothic* knight," having demolished it, Pennant tells us, to make a mill-dam with the materials—adding, what it is gratifying to learn, that "within less than a year, the Naiades, in resentment of the sacrilege, came down in a flood and entirely swept it (the mill-dam) away." † But, although the decayed or prostrate grandeur of old Roman London too may have in this way furnished a few sculptured pedestals, shafts, and capitals, to be broken down and hidden in the walls of the humbler structures of a later time, it is probable that that city was principally built, like our modern metropolis, not of stone but of brick—the convenient material which nature offered then as it does still in unlimited abundance on the spot, so that the most extensive ranges of architecture might be actually reared, almost like plantations, out of the very ground where they stood. It is the opinion, we may add, of Mr. Rickman, a first-rate authority on such subjects, that "nothing very good of Roman work ever existed in Britain." "All the fragments of architecture which have been discovered," says he, "whether large or small, whether the tympanum of a temple, as found at Bath, or small altars, as found in many places, I believe were all deficient either in composition or in execution, or in both, and none that I know of have been better, if so good, as the debased work of the Emperor Diocletian in his palace at Spalatro." ‡

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* Archæologia, vol. viii. pp. 116—132.

† Id. vol. xxvii. p. 410.

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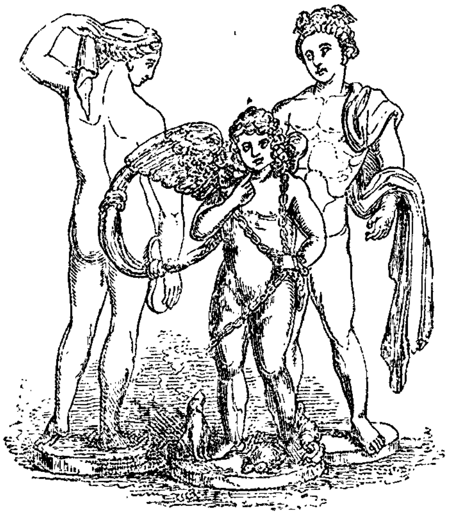
* Viginti trium Abbatum S. Albani Vitæ.

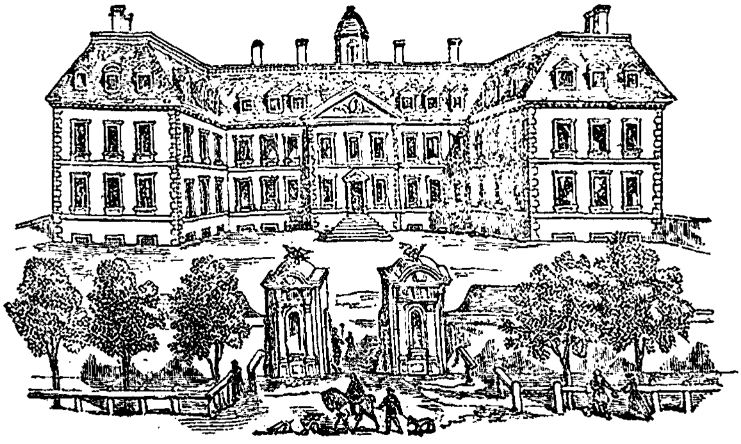
† Pennant's Tour in Scotland (in 1769), p. 212.

‡ Letters on Architecture, in Archæologia, vol. xxv. p. 167.

It is probable, indeed, that Roman London, a commercial emporium rather than a luxurious capital, was distinguished not so much by any works of extraordinary architectural splendour as by the general prevalence of neatness, comfort, and a modest elegance in the dwellings of its inhabitants. The climate, for one thing, would probably be felt to be unsuited to any great attempts in the only style of architecture then known—both the lowness of the temperature for a great part of the year exacting sacrifices for the sake of internal accommodation unnecessary in the classical regions of the south, and the moisture of the atmosphere operating with more or less of injurious effect upon every species of external decoration;—obstacles that have yet only been partially overcome by the invention of another style better adapted to a northern sky. But the evidence both of remains and of records warrants the belief that, though it may not have been a magnificent, it was still both a populous and opulent city, and that here too grew and flourished that earlier civilization, which, differing in so many respects from our own, and presenting deficiencies which to our view seem so striking and so fundamental, was nevertheless undoubtedly one of the noblest forms into which our common humanity has ever expanded, and, besides a renown that can never die, has left some of the brightest examples and highest lessons in the arts, in letters, and in morals to all coming time, in virtue of which and of what of its institutions, or their spirit, ages of barbarism were not able to destroy, it must always remain a principal basis and active element of the civilization at least of our western world.



[Silver Statue of Harpocrates, and two other bronze Statues found in the Thames:—See p. 292.]



[Clarendon House.]

XVII.—PICCADILLY.

In spite of steam Piccadilly continues to be one of the great vomitories of London. The Birmingham, Great Western, and South-western Railways have eclipsed the glories of long-stage coaching. The White-horse Cellar is no longer what it was. The race of long-stage drivers, in white milled box-coats, multitudinous neck-handkerchiefs, and low-crowned hats, who gave law to the road, and were the "glass of fashion and the mould of form" to the ingenuous youth of England, are disappearing.* Never again shall we, diffident of our own powers of early rising, and distrustful of those of our whole family, take a bed at the Gloucester, when intending to start next morning with some early coach for the West of England, and, between the stirring influence of spring and the anticipation of rural drives, watch from the window the first faint glimmer of the reservoir in the Green Park, till broad day come, and with it Boots, to warn us that the hour of starting draws nigh. And yet the incessant plying of omnibuses from nine in the morning till twelve at night, and the continued influx of huge market-carts bound for Covent Garden from midnight till daybreak, to say nothing of post-chaises and huge West-country waggons, reminding us of Strap and Roderick Random, Captain and Mrs. Weazle, and the obstreperously laughing Joey, present us with a thoroughfare not a whit less crowded, bustling, and confusing than in the days of old.

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* Hazlitt has done justice to the imposing appearance of the mail-coaches in Piccadilly:—"The finest sight in the metropolis is that of the mail-coaches setting off from Piccadilly. The horses paw the ground and are impatient to be gone, as if conscious of the precious burden they convey. There is a peculiar secrecy and despatch, significant and full of meaning, in all the proceedings concerning them. Even the outside passengers have an erect and supercilious air, as if proof against the accidents of the journey. In fact, it seems indifferent whether they are to encounter the summer's heat or the winter's cold, since they are borne through the air in a winged chariot. The mail-carts drive up—the transfer of packages is made—and, at a given signal, they start off, bearing the irrevocable scrolls that give wings to thought, and that bind or sever hearts for ever! How we hate the Putney and Brentford stages that draw up in a line after they are gone! Some persons think the sublimest object in nature is a ship launched on the bosom of the ocean; but give me, for my private satisfaction, the mail-coaches that pour down Piccadilly of an evening, tear up the pavement, and devour the way before them to the Land's End." Pursuing his reverie Hazlitt remarks that in the time of Cowper mail-coaches were hardly set up; and already they are far advanced in their "decline and fall." Even the "Putney and Brentford stages" are being superseded by the Putney and Brentford omnibuses.

Hyde Park Corner is a worthy terminal mark to a great metropolis. Entering or issuing, it is alike imposing. "To him who hath been long in city pent," the view from the Achilles along the elm-rows towards the Serpentine has a park-like appearance that makes him feel out of town the moment he reaches it. To the traveller from the country the view across the Green Park towards Westminster Abbey is truly courtly and metropolitan. The triumphal archways on either side corroborate the impression of stately polish; the magnificent scale of St. George's Hospital is worthy the capital of a great nation; the statue in Hyde Park, notwithstanding the gross blunder in the interpretation of its action by the bungling copyist who erected it, is magnificent in its scale, outline, and position; and Apsley House seems placed there in order that the hero of a hundred fights may keep watch and ward on the outskirts of the central seat of power of the land whose troops he has so often led to victory.

In the old map of London, attributed to Ralph Aggas, which represents the metropolis as it appeared in the early part of the reign of Elizabeth, the west end of the line of road now called Piccadilly is introduced under the designation of "The way to Reading." It is quite a country road. Between St. Martin's Church and the Mews is St. Martin's Lane, which extends in a waving line to the western extremity of an enclosure round St. Giles's Church. From the northwest corner of this enclosure a road is represented extending due west, bearing the double name "The way to Uxbridge," "Oxford Road:" from the southwest corner "the way to Reading" curves to the south-west till it reaches the northern extremity of the Haymarket, from which its direction seems to be parallel to the more northern line of road. In Aggas's plan there are a few houses around the church of St. Giles, one at the corner of the enclosure of the Convent Garden, apparently where Long Acre and St. Martin's Lane now meet, a mass of buildings at the Mews, and a few houses with a chapel rather to the west of the south end of the Haymarket, in what is now Pall Mall. To the west and north of these erections seems to have been fields and open country.

Some light is thrown upon the condition of the line of road afterwards called Piccadilly (in the early part of the reign of Queen Mary) by Stow's narrative of the rash attempt of Sir Thomas Wyatt upon London in 1554. Wyatt, having crossed the Thames at Kingston, advanced upon Brentford. The proceedings of the Queen's adherents in London, and the further movements of the rebels, in so far as they bear upon our subject, are thus described by Stow :—

"The same night (6th February, O.S.), about five of the clock, a trumpeter went about and warned all horsemen and men of arms to be at St. James's Field, and all footmen also to be there, by six of the clock on the next morning. The Queen's scout, upon his return to the court, declared Wyatt's being at Brentford, which sudden news made all in the Court wonderfully afraid. Drums went through London at four of the clock in the morning, commanding all soldiers to armour, and so to Charing Cross.

"Wyatt hearing the Earl of Pembroke was come into the field, he staid at Knightsbridge until day, where his men, being very weary with travel of that night and the day before, and also partly feebled and faint, having received small sustenance since their coming out of Southwark, rested. There was no small ado in London; and likewise the Tower made great preparation of defence. By ten of the clock the Earl of Pembroke had set his troop of horsemen on the hill in the highway above the new bridge over against St. James's: his footmen were set in two battles, somewhat lower and nearer Charing Cross, at the lane turning down by the brick wall from Islington-ward, where he had also certain other horsemen; and he had planted his ordnance upon the hill-side. In the mean season Wyatt and his company planted his ordnance upon a hill beyond St. James, almost over against the Park Corner; and himself, after a few words spoken to his soldiers, came down the old lane on foot, hard by the Court gate at St. James, with four or five ancients, his men marching in good array. Cuthbert Vaughan and two ancients turned down towards Westminster. The Earl of Pembroke's horsemen hovered all this while without moving, until all was passed by, saving the tail, upon which they did set and cut off. The other marched forward in array, and never staid or returned to the aid of their tail. The great ordnance shot off freshly on both sides. Wyatt's ordnance overshot the troop of horsemen. The Queen's ordnance, one piece, struck three of Wyatt's company in a rank, upon the heads, and, slaying them, struck through the wall into the Park. More harm was not done by the great shot of neither party.

"The Queen's whole battle of footmen standing still, Wyatt passed along by the wall towards Charing Cross, where the said horsemen that were there set upon part of them, but were soon forced back. At Charing Cross there stood Sir John Gage, Lord Chamberlain, with the guard, and a number of others, being almost a thousand; the which, upon Wyatt's coming, shot at his company, but at the last fled to the Court gates, which certain pursued, and forced with shot to shut the Court gates against them. In this repulse the said Lord Chamberlain and others were so amazed that many cried treason in the Court, and had thought that the Earl of Pembroke, who was assaulting the tail of his enemies, had gone to Wyatt, taking his part against the Queen. There was running and crying out of ladies and gentlemen, shutting of doors and windows, and such a shrieking and noise as was wonderful to hear."

Wyatt passed on to Ludgate, but, finding that the city was in possession of the Queen's forces and that no one joined him, he lost his self-possession and surrendered. For our purpose, it is only necessary to add further from Stow that—"The noise of women and children, when the conflict was at Charing Cross, was so great that it was heard at the top of the White Tower, and also the great shot was well discerned there out of St. James's Fields: there stood upon the leads the Marquis of Northampton, Sir Nicholas Penn, Sir Thomas Pope, Master John Seymour, and others." And that—"The 11th of April Sir Thomas Wyatt was beheaded at Tower Hill, and after quartered; his quarters were set up in divers places, and his head on the gallows at Hay Hill, near Hyde Park, from whence it was shortly after stolen and conveyed away."

This stirring narrative of the most striking incident in the early reign of "bloody Mary"—of the first inconsiderate protest of the national sentiment against a relapse into the old religion, of which the projected union with the King of Spain, which Wyatt sought to break off, gave dark augury—conveys to us a precise notion of the scene of action. Two lines of road, "the old lane," which passes "hard by the Court-gate at St. James's," and the "highway on the hill," "over against St. James's," on which is "the new bridge," diverge on the summit of a hill "beyond St. James's, almost over against the Park Corner." It is clear that the one must have crossed the fields afterwards thrown into the Green Park slantingly to the north-east corner of St. James's Palace, and thence along the north side of the Park wall to Charing Cross. The "new bridge" must have crossed the stream which ran in the hollow, east of the ranger's house in the Green Park, and the line of road on which it was constructed must have climbed the acclivity to the east of it. The "old lane" led to Charing Cross; the "highway on the hill" to the "lane turning down by the brick wall from Islington-ward." This description corresponds with the plan of Aggas, in which the wall of the Convent Garden forms for a space the eastern boundary of St. Martin's Lane. In corroboration of this inference regarding the relative position of the "old lane" and the "highway" is the fact that a shot from the Queen's ordnance broke through the Park wall. Thus do we form our first acquaintance with Piccadilly as a country road, amid the bustle of mailed and mounted men, the clash of arms and the roar of artillery, the screaming of the affrighted maids of honour in the court at Whitehall, and with the still picture of the lords and gentlemen on the leads of the White Tower in the background, strengthening our impression of the hubbub at once by the sheer force of contrast, and by the thought that they at that distance, and through the din and bustle of the thronged city, heard the wail of women, and saw the smoke of the ordnance. This is a stately prologue to the history of Piccadilly, contrasting with the even tenor of its subsequent story much in the same way that the stately entrance to the street at Hyde Park does with its homely termination in Coventry Street.

During the subsequent part of Mary's reign, and during the whole reigns of Elizabeth and James I. (excepting what we learn from the map of London already referred to), the history of Piccadilly is a blank. Under Charles I. we again catch a glimpse of it, and are for the first time introduced to the name it now bears. Lord Clarendon, in his 'History of the Rebellion,' speaks of "Mr. Hyde going to a house called Piccadilly, which was a fair house for entertainment and gaming, with handsome gravel-walks with shade, and where an upper and lower bowling-green, whither many of the nobility and gentry of the best quality resorted for exercise and recreation," &c. This seems to have been the same house mentioned by Garrard in his letter to the Earl of Strafford (alluded to in our paper on St. James's Park), dated June, 1635, as "a new Spring Garden erected in the fields beyond the Mews, where is built a fair house and two bowling-greens, made to entertain gamesters and bowlers—at an excessive rate, for I believe it hath cost him above four thousand pounds, a dear undertaking for a gentleman barber."

We are enabled to fix with considerable precision the site of "Piccadilly House," by means of some proceedings before the Privy Council in the reign of Charles II. On the 24th of May, 1671, a petition from Colonel Thomas Panton was read at the Board of Privy Council, "setting forth that the petitioner having been at great charge in purchasing a parcel of ground lying at Pickadilly, part of it being the two bowling-greens fronting the Haymarket, the other part lying on the north of the Tennis Court, on which several old houses were standing;" and praying for leave to build upon this ground, notwithstanding the royal proclamation recently issued against building on new foundations within a certain distance from London. Sir Christopher Wren, "surveyor-general of his Majesty's works," was appointed to report upon the application, which he did in favour of the petitioner. In consequence of Sir Christopher's favourable report, Colonel Panton obtained leave to build "certain houses" in Windmill Street; "on the east corner towards the Haymarket, about one hundred feet in front;" on the west (east ?) side of Windmill Street "in the two bowling-greens between the Haymarket and Leicester Fields;" and "a fair street of good buildings" between the Haymarket and Hedge Lane, marked in the MS. to be called Panton Street. The tract of ground designated Piccadilly in these transactions seems to have extended from Panton Street on the south to a considerable way northward in Windmill Street. Evelyn, in his 'Diary,' seems to use the name with a similar latitude of application, when he speaks of a meeting of the Commissioners for reforming buildings and streets in London, on the 31st of July, 1662, at which orders were issued to pave "the Haymarket about *Piqudillo*." The site of "Piccadilly House," mentioned by Clarendon, seems satisfactorily ascertained by that of "the two bowling-greens between the Haymarket and Leicester Fields," apparently "one hundred feet east of the corner of Windmill Street," and "fronting the Haymarket." It is the site on which Panton Square, at the end of Arundel Street on the north side of Coventry Street, now stands. We are also enabled to fix the western limits of the district called Piccadilly by the Act of Parliament of 3 James II., erecting a portion of St. Martin's parish into "the parish of St. James within the liberty of Westminster." This statute, tracing the boundaries of the new parish, mentions "the mansion-house of the Earl of Burlington *fronting* Portugal Street." In the same Act of Parliament a "toft of ground" on the north side of the church, which is assigned to the rector along with some other pieces of ground as a glebe, is said to be situated in Piccadilly. In the early maps of the parish of St. James, several of which are preserved in the King's Collection in the British Museum, the line of street from the Haymarket to Swallow Street is inscribed Piccadilly; its continuation to the west of Swallow Street is marked Portugal Street.

These citations seem to establish with tolerable certainty that Piccadilly, originally the name of what in Faithorne's plan of London, published in 1658, is called "the Gaming House," had come in time to designate the upper or northern part of the Haymarket, and the fields immediately adjoining on the north and west. The name itself seems to be derived by common consent from the ruffs called "piccadils," or "peccadilloes," worn by the gallants of the reigns of James I. and Charles I. In 1615 the Chancellor of the University of Cambridge, in anticipation of a visit from King James, thought it necessary to issue an order prohibiting "the fearful enormity of dress in all degrees, as, namely, *strange peccadilloes*, vast bands, large cuffs, shoe-roses, tufts, locks and tops of hair, unbeseeming that modesty and carriage of students in so renowned a university." Barnaby Rice, in his 'Honestie of the Age,' furnishes data for an approximative guess at the ambiguity of the ornament:—"He that some forty years sithens should have asked after a *piccadilly*, I wonder who would have understood him, or could have told what a piccadilly had been, either fish or flesh." Hone, in his 'Every-day Book,' on the authority of Nares's 'Glossary' and Blount's 'Glossographia,' gives a more extended sense to the "peccadil," interpreting it to mean "the round hem, or the piece set about the edge or skirt of a garment, whether at top or bottom; also a kind of stiff collar made in fashion of a band that went about the neck and round about the shoulders:" hence the term wooden peccadilloes (the pillory) in Hudibras. The meaning of the word is sufficiently established; the difficulty is, how came it to be transferred to the house and neighbourhood? One author (Nightingale) disposes of it thus: "Piccadillo House was a sort of repository for ruffs." Another (Hone) is of opinion that "the celebrated ordinary near St. James's, called Piccadilly, might derive its name from the circumstance of its being the outmost or skirt-house situate at the hem of the town;" or that "it took its name from Hoggins, a tailor, who made a fortune by piccadils, and built this with a few adjoining houses." Where all is conjecture, one more can do no harm; it may have been popularly called the house to which the peccadilloes, the gallants wearing peccadilloes, resorted.

At all events, the name does not seem to have been recognised for a considerable time as the grave business-name of the district, but rather as a semi-ludicrous popular epithet. Mary-le-bone Lane (or Street) retained its name; Windmill Street, Panton Square, Coventry Street, the Haymarket, and Panton Street gradually superseded the name of Piccadilly. Had the marriage of Charles II. with the Infanta of Portugal proved prolific, and thus remained as it was originally popular, Portugal Street would in all likelihood have obliterated the last trace of Piccadilly. But the bad odour into which that alliance matrimonial was brought by the factious mixing up of it among the charges against Lord Clarendon brought Portugal Street into discredit, and the name of Piccadilly was gradually extended to the whole of the "highway" along which the Earl ot Pembroke posted his ordnance and lances to repel the attack of Sir Thomas Wyatt, and perpetuity was thus given to a name derived from a fantastic article of dress, and originally applied to denote a region haunted by the gay and idle, the locality of tennis-courts and bowling-greens. In the 'Tatler' of the 18th of April, 1709, we read—"advices from the upper end of Piccadilly say that May Fair is utterly abolished;" which shows that by that time, in popular discourse, the name had extended as far as the vicinity of Hyde Park.

Previous to 1683, the year in which Wren finished the Church of St. James's, at the expense of Henry Jermyn, Earl of St. Alban's, and the principal inhabitants of the district, there does not appear to have been any continuous building in Portugal Street or Piccadilly west of the church. At a meeting of commissioners for reforming streets and buildings in London, already alluded to as mentioned by Evelyn to have been held in July 1662, orders were issued for the "paving of the way from St. James's, north, which was a quagmire, and also of the Haymarket about Piqudillo." An Act passed the 13th Charles II. (1662) made provision for the pavement of Pall Mall, the Haymarket, and St. James's Street. Building was going rapidly forward on the space encompassed by these three streets, under the auspices of the Earl of St. Alban's. Pepys has this entry in his 'Diary' on the 1st of April, 1666 :—" Up and down my Lord St. Alban his new building and market-house, looking too and again into every place building :" and under the date 2nd September, 1663, he remarks, " My Lord Mayor told me the bringing of water to the city hath cost, at first and last, above 300,000*l.*; but by the new building and the building of St. James's by my Lord St. Alban's (which is now about, and which the City stomach, I perceive, highly, but dare not oppose it), were it now to be done it would not be done for a million of money." Jermyn Street, St. Alban Street, and St. James's Square were far advanced; but the Park and Palace were the suns to which they turned their faces. Piccadilly and Portugal Street was merely a road behind them—the highway to the Haymarket. This feeling is expressed in the superior ornament bestowed by Wren upon " the handsome door of the Ionic order, with bold masculine trusses and entablature, next Jermyn Street." The Piccadilly line of road formed at its east end the line of demarcation between the courtly mansions erecting in St. James's Fields and " the small and mean habitations, which will prove only receptacles for the poorer sort and the offensive trades,—to the annoyance of the better inhabitants; the damage of the parishes, already too much burdened with poor; the choking up the air of his Majesty's palace and park and the houses of the nobility; the infecting of the waters, &c. &c.;" of which Wren complained in a petition to the king in 1671, as "contrived and erected in Dogs' Fields, Windmill Fields, and the fields adjoining So-ho."

To the north-west, however, we emerge into pleasant fields upon which the nobility and gentry had already erected mansions: more were erecting, some destined only to an ephemeral existence, some of which still survive. Evelyn and Pepys furnish us with some peeps into their interiors that throw light on the manners of their time, and have some not unedifying associations attached to them.

The present Arlington Street occupies the space once taken up by the gardens of Goring House. An entry in Evelyn's 'Diary' enables us to form a conjecture both as to the appearance of the mansion and the view from it; for it seems probable that the remark about the decoy must have been suggested by its being seen from the house or grounds:—" 29th March, 1665. Went to Goring House, now Mr. Secretary Bennett's; ill-built, but the place capable of being made a pretty villa. His Majesty was now finishing *the decoy in the park.*" This entry also indicates the period at which Lord Arlington took possession: it was occupied by him till the period of its destruction by fire, also recorded by Evelyn:—" 21st November, 1674. Went to see the great loss that Lord Arlington had sustained by fire at Goring House, this night consumed to the ground, with exceeding loss of hangings, plate, rare pictures, and cabinets; hardly anything was saved of the best and most princely furniture that any subject had in England. My Lord and Lady were both absent at Bath." The same author gives us an account of part of this "most princely furniture," while mentioning a visit he paid to the Countess in April, 1673:—"I carried Lady Tuke to thank the Countess of Arlington for speaking to his Majesty on her behalf for being one of the Queen Consort's women. She carried us up into her new dressing-room at Goring House, where was a bed, two glasses, silver jars and vases, cabinets, and other so rich furniture as I had seldom seen: to this excess of superfluity were we now arrived, and that not only at court, but universally, even to profusion." To Pepys we are indebted for the information that a sister of Milton's Hartlib (everybody's Hartlib) was married at Goring House:—"10th July, 1660. Home, and called my wife, and took her to Clodins's to a great wedding of Nan Hartlib to Mynheer Roder, which was kept at Goring House with very great state, cost, and noble company." The same gossip has left us a picture of himself standing amid the gaping crowd which waited to see the new Chancellor issue from Goring House when the seals were taken from Clarendon:—"31st August, 1667. At the office in the morning, where by Sir W. Penn I do hear that the seal was fetched away to the King yesterday by Secretary Morrice, which puts me in a great horror. In the evening Mr. Ball of the Excise Office tells me that the seal is delivered to Sir Orlando Bridgeman, the man of the whole nation that is the best spoken of and will please most people; and therefore I am mighty glad of it. He was then at my Lord Arlington's, whither I went, expecting to see him come out; but stayed so long, and Sir William Coventry coming there, whom I had not a mind should see me there idle upon a post night, I went home without seeing him; but he is there with his seal in his hand." Roger North, in his Life of his brother, Sir Dudley, has an allusion to the process by which the villa-ground was transformed into a street. "When he came first to England," says Roger, "all things were new to him, and he had an infinite pleasure in going about to see the considerable places and buildings about town. I, like an old dame with a young damsel, by conducting him, had the pleasure of seeing them over again myself." St. Paul's, then building, was his ordinary walk; and much did he speculate on the pressure of arches;—*à propos* of which inquiries, we are informed—"But not only at St. Paul's, but at many other places, he had the like diversion; for wherever there was a parcel of building going on, he went to survey it, and particularly the high buildings in Arlington Street, which were scarce covered in before all the windows were wry-mouthed, the fascias turned SS, and divers stacks of chimneys sunk right down, drawing roof and floors with them." Sir Dudley returned from Constantinople to England in 1680, and died in December, 1691: the erection of the "high buildings" in Arlington Street must therefore fall in the interval between these two years.

In 1665 three villas were begun to be built on the opposite side of the way from Goring House, as we learn from Pepys:—"20th February, 1664-5. Rode into the beginning of my Lord Chancellor's new house, near St. James's, which common people have already called Dunkirk House, from their opinion of his having a good bribe for the selling of that town: and very noble I believe it will be. Near that is my Lord Barkeley beginning another on one side, and Sir J. Denham on the other."

If we are to understand that the grounds belonging to *Berkeley, Clarendon, and Burlington Houses, occupied the whole space on the north side of Piccadilly,* where these mansions were erected, the grounds attached to Clarendon House must have extended on the east to Burlington Arcade; for that, as appears from the Act of Parliament by which the district appertaining to St. James's Church was erected into a parish, was the western boundary of the Earl of Burlington's possessions. On the west the grant of land made by the Crown to Lord Clarendon seems to have extended to where the Three Kings livery-stable yard now is, at the entrance into which may be seen two pillars, with Corinthian capitals, according to D'Israeli the only surviving relics of Clarendon House. The Chancellor began to build here (as we learn from Evelyn's 'Diary') in the course of the year 1664, "encouraged thereto," as he has left on record in his memorial of his own life, "by the royal grant of land, by the opportunity of purchasing the stones which had been designed for the repairs of St. Paul's, and by that passion for building to which he was naturally too much inclined." It remained in Lord Clarendon's possession till his flight after he had been deprived of the great seal; and was for a time occupied by his son, who sold it to the second Duke of Albemarle, by whom it was ultimately disposed of to a company of building speculators. Evelyn and Pepys furnish us with some graphic representations of the varying fortunes of this magnificent pile during its brief existence.

"After dinner," writes Evelyn on the 15th of October, 1664, "my Lord Chancellor and his Lady carried me in their coach to see their palace now building at the upper end of St. James's Street, and to project the garden." Pepys has an entry under the date of the 31st January, 1665-6—"To my Lord Chancellor's new house, which he is building, only to view it, hearing so much from Mr. Evelyn of it; and indeed it is the finest pile I ever did see in my life, and will be a glorious house." On the 28th of December in the same year Evelyn has noted—"Went to see Clarendon House, now almost finished, a goodly house to see to, placed most gracefully." On the 20th of January, 1665-6, Evelyn wrote to Lord Cornbury—"I have never seen a nobler pile. * * Here is state, use, solidity, and beauty, most symmetrically combined together. Nothing abroad pleases me better, nothing at home approaches to it." He had contributed to the internal adornment as well as to the laying out of the gardens; for in March, 1666-7, we find him sending the Chancellor a list of "pictures that might be added to the assembly of the learned and heroic persons of England which your Lordship has already collected;" and dining with Lord Cornbury at Clarendon House, after the Chancellor's flight, he remarks in his 'Diary' that it is "now bravely furnished, especially with the pictures of most of our ancient and modern wits, poets, philosophers, famous and learned Englishmen, which collection I much commended and gave a catalogue of more to be added." In April, 1667, he alludes to the library. In short, the house and gardens of the Earl of Clarendon seem to have resembled, in stately dignity, the style of his 'History of the Great Rebellion,' and to have been in strict keeping with the tasteful and reserved character of that thoroughbred Englishman, who, like Bacon or Milton, preserved a solemn air, even in his enjoyments; of whom Evelyn said, "he was of a jolly temper after the old English fashion." Clarendon's love for this villa was strong, for even in exile, after writing that "his weakness and vanity" in the outlay he made upon it "more contributed to that gust of envy that had so violently shaken him than any misdemeanor that he was thought to have been guilty of," he confesses that, when it was proposed to sell it, in order to pay his debts and make some provision for his younger children, "he remained so infatuated with the delight he had enjoyed, that though he was deprived of it he hearkened very unwillingly to the advice."

A storm of public wrath did indeed rage around Clarendon House. "Mr. Hater tells me, at noon," writes Pepys on the 14th of June, 1667, "that some rude people have been, as he hears, at my Lord Chancellor's, where they have cut down the trees before his house and broke his windows; and a gibbet either set up before or painted upon his gate, and these words writ: 'Three sights to be seen—Dunkirk, Tangier, and a barren Queen.'" The plague, the great fire, and the disgraceful war with Holland, had goaded the public mind into a temper of savage mutiny; and the "wits and misses," to aid their court intrigues against the Chancellor, had done what in them lay to direct the storm against his head. The marriage of the Chancellor's daughter to the Duke of York, and the barrenness of the Queen, were represented as the results of a plot; the situation of Clarendon House, looking down on St. James's, and the employment of stones collected with a view to repair St. Paul's, were tortured into crimes. An unsparing lampoon, in the 'State Poems,' is entitled 'Clarendon's House-warming;' and still more venomous, though more rugged, are some rhymes quoted by D'Israeli from a MS. poem of that day:—

"Lo! his whole ambition already divides
The sceptre between the Stuarts and the Hydes;
Behold, in the depth of our plague and wars,
He built him a palace outbraves the stars,
Which house (we Dunkirk, he Clarendon names)
Looks down with shame upon St. James';
But 'tis not his golden globe will save him,
Being less than the Custom-house farmers gave him;
His chapel for consecration calls,
Whose sacrilege plunder'd the stones from St. Paul's.
When Queen Dido landed she bought as much ground
As the *hide* of a lusty fat ox would surround;
But when the said *hide* was cut into thongs,
A city and kingdom to *Hyde* belongs;
So here in court, church, and country far and wide,
Here's nought to be seen but Hyde! Hyde! Hyde!
Of old, and where law the kingdom divides,
'Twas our hides of land, 'tis now our land of Hydes!"

In front of Goring House we saw the clever, vain, vulgar, honest Pepys waiting in the crowd to see the new Chancellor when Clarendon was unseated. The high-minded Evelyn carries us into the presence of overthrown grandeur on t'other side the way. Whatever may be men's opinions of the balance of Lord Clarendon's virtues and faults, elevation and weaknesses, he must be admitted to be one who fought stoutly in the long earnest struggle from 1641 to the Restoration: he had a powerful mind, and a tragic interest attaches to his fall. "1667. August 27. Visited the Lord Chancellor, to whom his Majesty had sent for the seals a few days before: I found him in his bed-chamber very sad. The Parliament had accused him, and he had enemies at court, especially the buffoons and ladies of pleasure, because he thwarted some of them and stood in their way.

I could name some of the chief. The truth is, he made few friends during his grandeur among the royal sufferers, but advanced the old rebels. He was, however, though no considerable lawyer, one who kept up the form and substance of things with more solemnity than some would have had. * * * 28th. I dined with my late Lord Chancellor: * * * His Lordship pretty well in heart, though now many of his friends and sycophants abandoned him.—December 9. To visit the late Lord Chancellor. I found him in his garden, at his new-built palace, sitting in his gout-wheel-chair, and seeing the gates setting up towards the north and the fields. He looked and spake very disconsolately. Next morning I heard he was gone."

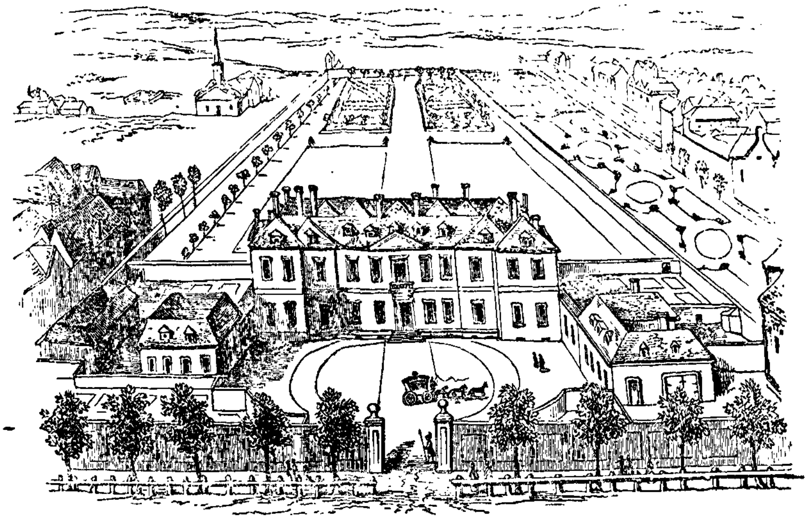
The same kind and delicate chronicler who notes the exit of the founder records the fate of the building he reared and loved so well:—"19th June, 1683. I returned to town with the Earl of Clarendon: when passing by the glorious palace his father built but a few years before, which they were now demolishing, being sold to certain undertakers, I turned my head the contrary way till the coach was gone past it, lest I might minister occasion of speaking of it, which must needs have grieved him that in so short a time their pomp was fallen." And on the 18th of September—"I went to survey the sad demolition of Clarendon House, that costly and only sumptuous palace of the late Lord Chancellor Hyde, where I have often been so cheerful with him, and sometimes so sad. * * The Chancellor gone and dying in exile, the Earl, his successor, sold that which cost 50,000*l.* building to the young Duke of Albemarle for 25,000*l.* to pay debts, which how contracted remains yet a mystery, his son being no way a prodigal. Some imagine the Duchess, his daughter, had been chargeable to him. However it were, this stately palace is decreed to ruin, to support the prodigious waste the Duke of Albemarle had made of his estate since the old man died. He sold it to the highest bidder, and it fell to certain rich bankers and mechanics, who gave for it and the ground about it 35,000*l.*; they design a new town as it were, and a most magnificent piazza. 'Tis said they have already materials towards it, with what they sold of the house alone, more worth than what they paid for it. See the vicissitude of earthly things! I was astonished at the demolition, nor less at the little army of labourers and artificers levelling the ground, laying foundations, and contriving great buildings, at an expense of 200,000*l.* if they perfect their design."

Lord Berkeley's house, begun, according to Pepys, about the same time with that of Lord Clarendon, on the west side of it, is described by Evelyn in these terms:—"25th September, 1672. I dined at Lord John Berkeley's. It was in his new house, or rather palace, for I am assured it stood him in nearly 30,000*l.* It is very well built, and has many noble rooms, but they are not very convenient, consisting but of one *Corps de logis*: they are all rooms of state, without closets. The staircase is of cedar; the furniture is princely; the kitchen and stables are ill placed, and the corridor worse, having no respect to the wings they join to. For the rest, the fore-court is noble, so are the stables, and, above all, the gardens, which are incomparable, by reason of the inequality of the ground, and a pretty *piscina*. The holly hedges on the terrace I advised the planting of. The porticoes are in imitation of a house described by Palladio, but it happens to be the worst in his book, though my good friend, Mr. Hugh

May, his Lordship's architect, affected it." In June, 1684, Evelyn writes:—"I went to advise and give directions about building two streets in Berkeley Gardens, reserving the house and as much of the garden as the breadth of the house. In the mean time I could not but deplore that sweet place (by far the most noble gardens, courts, and accommodations, stately porticoes, &c., anywhere about town) should be so much straitened and turned into tenements. But that magnificent pile and gardens contiguous to it, built by the late Lord Chancellor Clarendon, being all demolished and designed for piazzas and buildings, was some excuse for my Lady Berkeley's resolution of letting out her gardens, also for so excessive a price as was offered, advancing near 1000*l.* *per annum* in mere ground-rents; to such a mad intemperance was the age come of building about a city by far too disproportionate already to the nation. I have in my time seen it almost as large again as it was within my memory." Independently of the beauties of the house and gardens, but slender interest attaches to Berkeley House. Its founder is represented by Pepys as "a passionate and but weak man as to policy; but as a kinsman brought in and promoted by my Lord St. Alban's." The house was destroyed by fire, in what year we have been unable to ascertain. Devonshire House, which now stands between the two streets built, "reserving the house and as much of the gardens as the breadth of the house," was erected by the third Duke of Devonshire (the second Duke died 4th June, 1729), from one of Kent's designs, at an expense of 20,000*l.*; including 1000*l.* presented to the architect for his plans.

Regarding the house mentioned by Pepys as begun by Sir John Denham on the opposite side of Clarendon House from Lord Berkeley's, we find the Secretary to the Admiralty recording on the 28th of September, 1668—"From St. James's to my Lord Burlington's house, the first time I ever was there, it being the house built by Sir John Denham, next to Clarendon House." How the transfer came to be made does not appear, but in the time which elapsed between the commencement of the building by Denham and Pepys's visit to the house when occupied by Lord Burlington, a dark episode had occurred in Sir John's history. In June, 1666, Pepys remarks—"Pierce, the surgeon, tells me how the Duke of York is wholly given up to his new mistress, my Lady Denham, going at noon-day, with all his gentlemen with him, to visit her in Scotland Yard, she declaring she will be owned publicly." In September he notes the progress of the intrigue:—"At night went into the dining-room and saw several fine ladies; among others, Castlemaine, but chiefly Denham again, and the Duke of York taking her aside and talking to her in the sight of all the world, all alone; which was strange, and what also I did not like. Here I met with good Mr. Evelyn, who cries out against it and calls it bickering; for the Duke of York talks a little to her, and then she goes away, and then he follows her again like a dog." In November comes the catastrophe:—"10th. I hear that my Lady Denham is exceeding sick, even to death, and that she says, and everybody else discourses, that she is poisoned.—12th. Creed tells me of my Lady Denham, of whom everybody says she is poisoned, and he hath said it to the Duke of York.—January 7th. Lord Brouncker tells me that my Lady Denham is at last dead. Some suspect her poisoned, but it will be best known when her body is opened to-day." The rest is silence.

But Pepys's visit to Burlington House was troubled with no such tragic recollections. His memorabilia of the occasion are:—"Here I first saw and saluted my Lady Burlington, a very fine-speaking lady and good woman, but old and not handsome; but a brave woman. Here I also, standing by a candle that was brought for sealing a letter, do set my periwig a-fire; which made such an odd noise nobody could tell what it was till they saw the flame, my back being to the candle."



[Burlington House.]

The present front of Burlington House and the colonnade within its court were designed and erected by Richard Boyle, third Earl of Burlington and fourth Earl of Cork, at whose death the title (since revived) became extinct. The Earl was so passionate an architectural amateur that he designed houses for his friends as well as for himself: among others, one for General Wade, in Cork Street, of which it was said by the public that it was too small for living in and too big to be hung at a watch. Lord Chesterfield said—"Since the General could not live in it at his ease, he had better take a house over against it, and look at it." Nightingale (vol. iv. p. 613) says, "Burlington House was left to the Devonshire family, on the express condition that it should not be demolished." The fact may be so, but the authority is none of the best. The crude compiler who makes the statement tells this story in the same breath:—"The first good house that was built in this street (Piccadilly) was Burlington House, the noble founder of which said that he placed it there because he was certain no one would build beyond him." Something to the same purpose is told of the founder of Northumberland House in the Strand; and as to Burlington House, it was founded not by a nobleman, but by Sir John Denham; and Clarendon House and Berkeley House were founded at the same time, whilst Goring House had been built many years before. Immediately to the east of Burlington House, on the site now occupied by the Albany, stood the house and gardens of the versatile Earl of Sunderland, the treacherous minister of James II. The date of the erection of this villa we have not been able to ascertain.

These scattered notices enable us to form an idea both of the appearance of the part of Piccadilly extending from St. James's Church to the west end of Devonshire House, towards the close of the seventeenth and beginning of the eighteenth centuries; and also of the tastes and pursuits of the noble occupants of the villas we have been describing, and the process by which some of them were converted into streets, and those which remained gradually surrounded by a populous city. The houses in that part of Piccadilly east of Devonshire House continued to be numbered separately from those to the west of it down to the commencement of the present century. The Court Guide for 1816 retains this double numbering. The turnpike, subsequently removed to Hyde Park Corner, was originally placed at the east end of Devonshire House, at the end of Berkeley Street. For many years subsequent to the transfer the trustees of the roads paid annually 1000*l.* to the parish of St. George's, Hanover Square, towards the expense of maintaining the road between Berkeley Street and Hyde Park Corner, and that part of the street is still watered by trustees under a separate Act of Parliament. We allude to these facts for the purpose of explaining why we carry down the history of Piccadilly East a considerable way into the eighteenth century before adverting to Piccadilly West.

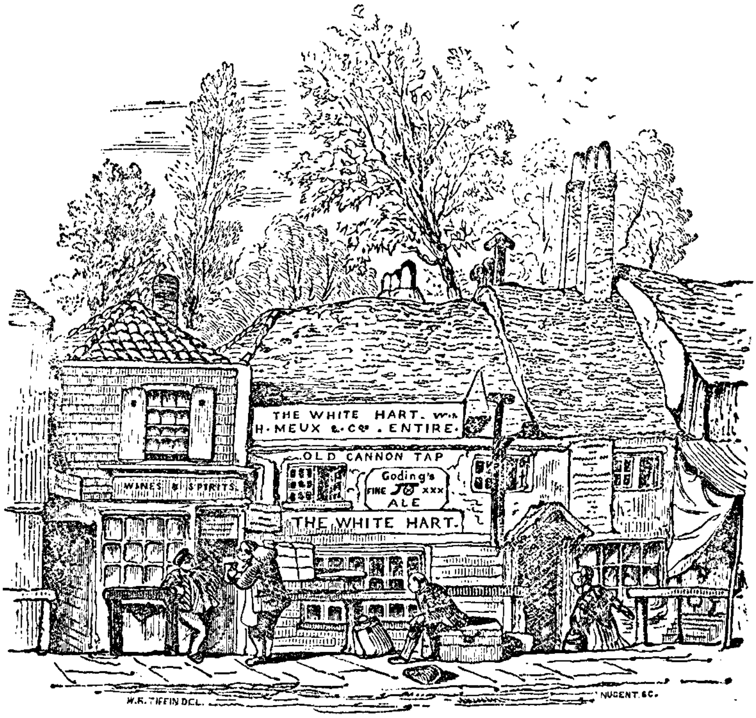
Little remains, however, to be told of the former. The conversion of the site of Goring House into Arlington Street, and the extension of the new town commenced by the Earl of St. Alban's to the north-east, soon gave a decidedly town character to the south side of Piccadilly; and the example of the adventurers who purchased Clarendon House, and that of Lady Berkeley, produced a similar effect on the north side. Bond Street—a street of shops and lodging-houses—soon became a fashionable lounge. In the 'Weekly Journal' of the 1st of June, 1717, we read —"The new buildings between Bond Street (*i. e.* Old Bond Street) and Mary-le-bone go on with all possible diligence; and the houses even let and sell before they are built. They are already in great forwardness. Could the builders have supposed their labours would have produced a place so extremely fashionable, they might probably have deviated once at least from their usual parsimony by making the way rather wider: as it is at present, coaches are greatly impeded in the rapidity of their course, but this is a fortunate circumstance for the Bond Street *loungers*, who are by this defect granted glimpses of the fashionable and generally titled fair, who pass and repass from two till five o'clock; and for their accommodation the stand of hackney-coaches was removed, though by straining a point in the powers of the Commissioners." While New Bond Street was thus advancing northwards, the Earl of Burlington was converting what seems to have been originally called "Ten-acres-field," at the back of his gardens, into a semi-private town bounded by the thoroughfares Bond Street and Swallow Street on the west and east, and by the school founded by Lady Burlington "for the maintenance, clothing, and education of eighty females" on the north. At the south end of Old Burlington Street is a stately mansion, built by Leoni for Gay's patron, the Duke of Queensberry, the proprietor of which was allowed to erect his house so that it commanded a view into Burlington Gardens. This mansion, after remaining for some time in a state of dilapidation, was purchased by the Earl of Uxbridge, who repaired it, and gave it his own title. In Cork Street is General Wade's house already alluded to. Returning to the west side of Bond Street, we are informed that in 1723 the Duke of Grafton and the Earl of Grantham purchased the waste ground at the upper end of Albemarle and Dover Streets for gardens, and turned a road leading into May Fair another way. This accounts for the termination to the north given by Grafton Street, which consists of two streets meeting at right angles, and uniting Dover Street with Bond Street.

Fielding, discoursing of the mob (1740-50) as the fourth estate of the realm, describes it as gradually encroaching upon people of fashion, and driving them from their seats in Leicester, Soho, and Golden Squares, to Cavendish Square and the streets in its vicinity. The discomfited fashionables seem to have swept along or across Piccadilly East without attempting to make any settlement there; for the villas of noblemen enclosed by the street dwellings must be considered as among—not of—them. It is true that a letter from Sir William Petty to Pepys in September, 1687, is dated from Piccadilly: but an item in the inventory of theatrical properties inserted in the 'Tatler' of the 16th of July, 1709—"Aurungzebe's scymeter, made by Will Brown of Piccadilly"—seems to express more correctly the class by which it was chiefly inhabited. The fashionables occupied the streets opening into Piccadilly. Thus we find Sir Robert Walpole residing in Arlington Street; Evelyn, at an earlier period, occupying a house in Dover Street, where he must have been constantly reminded of having been "oftentimes so cheerful and sometimes so sad with Chancellor Hyde" on that very ground; and at a later period Boswell domiciled in Bond Street. Mr. Allworthy's lodgings too were in Bond Street, and there some of the most touching scenes in 'Tom Jones' are laid.

The first attempt to build along the north side of Piccadilly, west of Devonshire House, fell to the ground. Clarges House, the residence of Sir Thomas Clarges, brother-in-law to the first Duke of Albemarle, stood on the site of the present Clarges-street. A considerable piece of ground adjoining it was let on lease by Sir Thomas, towards the close of the seventeenth century, to Mr. Thomas Neale, Groom-porter to the King, and first introducer of lotteries on the Venetian plan, who built the Seven Dials in St. Giles's, on condition that he was to lay out 10,000*l.* in building on it. Sir Walter, son and heir of Sir Thomas, with considerable difficulty got the lease out of the hands of Neale, who never took any steps to fulfil his part of the bargain.

At the end of Piccadilly nearest Hyde Park, however, building, as we had occasion to remark while treating of the Parks, began at a comparatively early period. "During the Usurpation," says Faulkner, in his 'History of Kensington,' "several houses were built on the skirts of the Park, between Hyde Park Corner and Park Lane. These were afterwards granted on lease to James Hamilton, Esq. (appointed ranger in September 1660, on the death of the Duke of Gloucester), and the lease was renewed to Mrs. Elizabeth Hamilton, for ninety-nine years, in 1692. Hamilton Street takes its name from this family." Faulkner adds, "Apsley House stands on the site of the old lodge, and is held under the Crown. Apsley House was built by Lord Bathurst, while Chancellor; that is, between 1771 and 1778. Hamilton Place was built about thirty-five years ago. The three houses contiguous to Apsley House were erected before any of the other large houses on that side of Hamilton Place; the exact time we have not been able to ascertain, but it must have been previous to 1787, for in the April of that year M. Calonne was obliged to resign the office of Comptroller of the Finances, and take refuge in England. He threw the houses Nos. 146 and 147 into one, and furnished them in a most superb style. It is therefore only since 1780 that this part of Piccadilly changed its primitive appearance.

Before that time, where Apsley House now stands, stood a tavern called the Hercules Pillars, the same at which the redoubted Squire Western, with his clerical satellite, is represented as taking up his abode on his arrival in London, and conveying the fair Sophia. The character of the house in Fielding's time is implied in the speech put into the Squire's mouth when he says he looked upon the landlord as a fit person to give him information respecting fashionable people, seeing their carriages stopped at his house. It seems to have been a comfortable low inn in the outskirts of the town, at which gentlemen's horses and grooms were put up, and whither farmers and graziers resorted. In front of the inn (and in front of Apsley House till a comparatively recent period), a square, rather pyramidical column stood by the kerb-stone, on which was engraved the distance from the Standard in Cornhill. Between the three houses next to Apsley House and Hamilton Place was a row of small houses, one of them a public-house called the Triumphant Chariot. It was a watering-house for hackney-coaches, and by the kerb-stone in front of it was a bench for the porters, and a board over it for depositing their loads. Such resting-places for that strong-backed fraternity were once universal in front of this class of houses, and they are still bright spots in our memory, associated with sunny days in June, tempered by light breezes, with watering troughs for the horses, and with deep draughts of stout for the men, such as are idealised in Hogarth's 'Beer Street.' About forty yards west of Hamilton Place was the street mentioned by Faulkner as deriving its name from the Hamilton family; it contained twenty small houses, and two or three on a larger scale; they were pulled down, and


THE WHITE HART. Wm. H·MEUX & Co. ENTIRE.
OLD CANNON TAP
Goding's FINE J&T XXX ALE
THE WHITE HART.
WINES & SPIRITS
W.R. TIFFIN DEL.
NUGENT SC.

[Watering-house, Knightsbridge.—1841.]

Hamilton Place built, about thirty-five years ago. Where the opening of Hamilton Place is now, was a one-storied building occupied by a barber, as we have been told by one upon whom that functionary has operated, before the march of comfort had taught every man to handle his own razor as well as to be present at the shaving of his own beard. Between Park Lane and Hyde Park Corner there was a terrace elevated some feet above the road, which was lowered within the last thirty years; the houses between Hamilton Place and Apsley House are sometimes called the Terrace still. In this part of Piccadilly a Mr. Winstanley had, about the beginning of the eighteenth century, his "water theatre,"—a house distinguished from its neighbours by a "windmill on the top of it, in which curious effects produced by hydraulic pressure were exhibited in the evenings." Evelyn speaks of Winstanley as an ingenious man, and Steele alludes to his theatre in the 'Tatler.' The eccentric Sir Samuel Moreland, also a mechanical genius and acquaintance of Evelyn, dates a letter from his "hut near Hyde Park Gate."

The ground intervening between Park Lane and Devonshire House was from a very remote period the scene of May Fair—an annual occasion of rude festivity, which, although repeatedly presented by grand juries as a nuisance, kept its ground till far in the last century. The annual fair granted by Edward I. to the Hospital of St. James's was removed at the time of the enclosure of St. James's Park by Henry VIII. to Brook Fields,—the ground on both sides of the rivulet of Tyburn, which formerly crossed Piccadilly east of where the ranger's lodge now stands, probably under "the new bridge" mentioned by Stow in his narrative of Sir Thomas Wyatt's rash enterprise. Pepys, in 1660, calls it "St. James's Fair." An advertisement quoted by Malcolm,* which appeared in the London journals of 27th April, 1700, conveys an idea of the character of the fair at that time:—"In Brookfield market-place, at the east corner of Hyde Park, is a fair to be kept for the space of sixteen days, beginning with the 1st of May; the first three days for live cattle and leather, with the same entertainments as at Bartholomew Fair, where there are shops to be let ready built for all manner of tradesmen that usually keep fairs, and so to continue yearly at the same place." The May Fair of 1702 opened with great *éclat*. There was Mr. Miller's booth "over against" Mr. Barnes, the rope-dancer's, where was "presented an excellent droll, called 'Crispin Crispianus, or a Shoemaker a Prince,' with the best machines, swinging, and dancing ever yet in the fair." The pickpockets and others of the dishonest fraternity were, however, so active that the magistrates felt called upon to interfere; and some soldiers taking part with the mob against the constables, Mr. John Cooper, a peace-officer, was killed; he was buried at St. James's Church, and a funeral sermon preached on the occasion by Dr. Wedgewood before the justices, high constable, &c. &c., of Westminster.

The 'Observator,' a paper published twice a week, said next year of May Fair, in reference to these events—"Oh the piety of some people about the Queen, who can suffer things of this nature to go undiscovered to her Majesty, and consequently unpunished! Can any rational man imagine that her Majesty would permit so much lewdness as is committed at May Fair for so many days together so near her royal palace, if she knew anything of the matter? I do not believe the patent for that fair allows the patentees the liberty of setting up the

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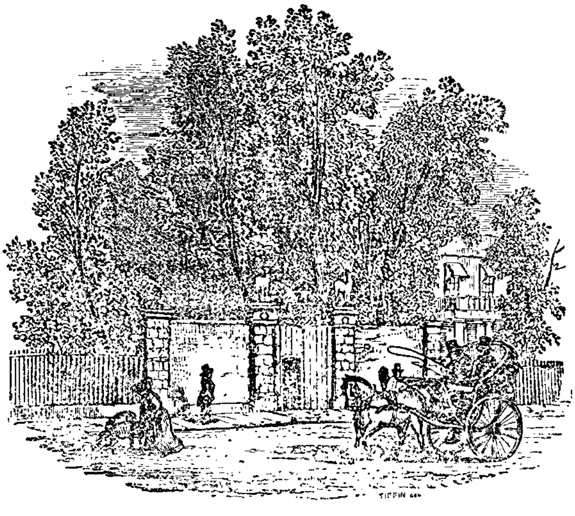
* *Anecdotes, &c.*, ii. 108.

Devil's shops, and exposing his merchandise to sale; nor was there ever one fair or market in England constituted for this purpose. But this fair is kept contrary to law, and in defiance of justice; for the last fair, when the civil magistrates came to keep the Queen's peace there, one constable was killed and three others wounded." In 1708 the grand jury of Westminster presented the fair as a nuisance, and for the time it appears to have been discontinued, if not absolutely suppressed. In the 'Tatler' of 18th April, 1709, it is observed—"Advices from the upper end of Piccadilly say that May Fair is utterly abolished; and we hear Mr. Pinkethman has removed his ingenious company of strollers to Greenwich." And on the 24th of May—"May Fair is now broke. * * The downfal of May Fair has quite sunk the price of this noble creature (a tame elephant), as well as of many other curiosities of nature. A tiger will sell almost as cheap as an ox; and I am credibly informed a man may purchase a calf with three legs for very nearly the value of one with four. I hear likewise that there is great desolation among the gentlemen and ladies who were the ornaments of the town, and used to shine in plumes and diadems, the heroes being most of them pressed, and the queens beating hemp." May Fair survived, however; for the newspapers of the time inform us that in 1736 "an ass-race attracted vast crowds to May Fair;" and in 1744 the grand jury of Middlesex, among several gaming-houses and places frequented by people of bad character, presented "The proprietors of a place called Hallam's New Theatre, at May Fair, within this county, where there are usually great meetings of idle and disorderly persons." And in the edition of Maitland published in 1756 May Fair is mentioned as still annually celebrated.

What neither justice, grand jury, nor constable could put down, seems to have been squeezed out of existence by the progress of building leaving no room for its fantastic gambols. A paragraph in the 'London Journal,' 27th May, 1721, states—"The ground on which May Fair formerly stood is marked out for a large square, and several fine streets and houses are built upon it." After Sir Walter Clarges obtained possession of the lease granted by his father to Neale, his grounds were soon let on building-leases; and before the middle of the eighteenth century Piccadilly West had an almost continuous range of houses on the north side. Between the end of Dover Street and the bottom of the hill westward there was originally a terrace raised some three feet above the carriage-road. The old pavement of this elevation, of a kind of stone resembling cobblers' lapstone, has never been removed, but is now four feet below the surface. The proprietor of a house in that part of Piccadilly came upon it some years since in digging a cellar. Seventy years ago there were no houses in Piccadilly to the west of Devonshire House (with the exception of Bath House) more than one or two stories high. Many of them were inns or watering-houses, like the Hercules Pillars or the Triumphant Chariot. Halfmoon Street and White Horse Street appear to have been named after public-houses which stood at their corners in Piccadilly. The Peartree livery-stables received that name from a man called Peartree, who kept them for forty or fifty years. At the bottom of the hill, where Engine Street now is, was a large mason-yard, known by the name of the Figure-yard, which was built up about sixty years ago.

Bath House, already alluded to, was the first house of any pretensions erected to the west of Devonshire House. It was built by Pulteney Earl of Bath, after Sir Robert Walpole, by forcing him into the House of Peers, had contrived to place him on the shelf in the very moment of his fancied triumph. This house, after being transformed into the Pulteney Hotel, to which the title of Imperial was subsequently added, on account of its having been occupied by the Emperor Alexander during his visit to London, has been replaced by the mansion of Lord Ashburton. Apsley House and the three mansions adjoining it seem to stand next in point of seniority. One of the houses occupied by ex-financier Calonne is now the residence of the ruler of the European money-market. About sixty years ago a house was built for the late Lord Barrymore on the site of the "Figure-yard." It was burned down a few years after its erection, and the house now leased out in chambers erected where it stood. Hamilton Place was built by Mr. Adams, about thirty-five years ago. The house with a bow-window fronting Piccadilly, a little to the east of Hamilton Place, nearly opposite the new entrance into the Green Park, was the residence of the notorious Duke of Queensberry, better known as "Old Q.," with an adjunctive epithet we care not to repeat. The house built by the father of Mr. Michaël Angelo Taylor for the Duke of Grafton came next in order. A view of the Ranger's house in the Green Park was engraved and published fifty years ago, with the designation "*Rus in urbe*;" the stags over the gateway were placed there by the late Lord William Gordon, when Deputy Ranger. It would be in vain to attempt enumerating all: suffice it to say that the one and two storied houses of this part of Piccadilly have of late years been for the most part either replaced by finer buildings or have had their fronts entirely altered.



[Entrance to Ranger's Lodge, Green Park, Piccadilly.—1841.]

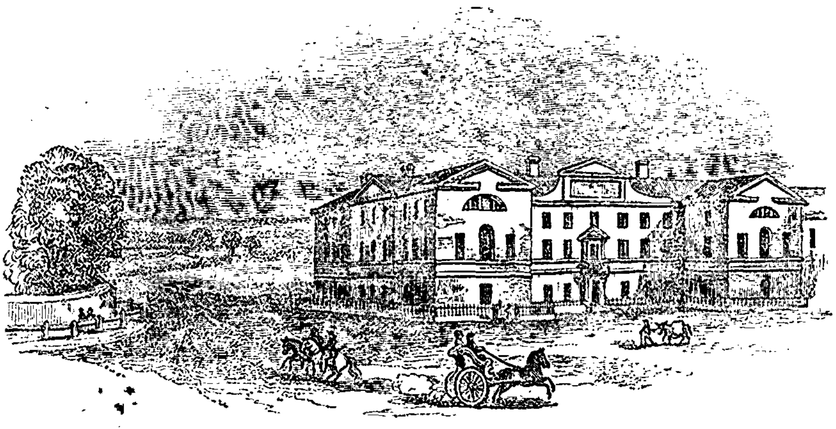
Some time, however, elapsed after this improvement upon the buildings in this part of Piccadilly had made considerable progress, before the street assumed its present elegant and airy appearance. The toll-gate at Hyde Park Corner, which narrowed and interrupted the thoroughfare, and gave a confined appearance to the street, was only removed about the end of 1825. Where an iron railing now permits pleasing glimpses of the Park, was, within the memory of many who have not yet passed the middle stage of life, a long blank line of dead wall. There might be seen, strung in a long line, ballads—not as now, "one hundred choice new songs for one penny" crammed into one huge sheet, but each apart on its tiny strip of whity-brown paper, "fluttering in the breeze," or, if a somewhat violent pun can be tolerated, dancing on the air to which they were set. The foot-path under this wall was considered fifty or sixty years ago unsafe at night for solitary passengers, many robberies being committed there. It was under this Park wall that the Prince of Wales, described in his epitaph as "Fred, who was alive and is dead," dutifully sat to huzza the voters on their way to Brentford, who went to vote against his father's government. This, and the commotion, what time the Sergeant at Arms, if we may believe a poet of the day, serenaded Sir Francis Burdett, then occupying the house now the Duke of St. Albans', after this fashion—

> "The lady she sate and she play'd on the lute,
> And she sung, 'Will you come to the bower?'
> The sergeant-at-arms had stood hitherto mute,
> But now he advanc'd, like an impudent brute,
> And said, 'Will you come to the Tower?' "—

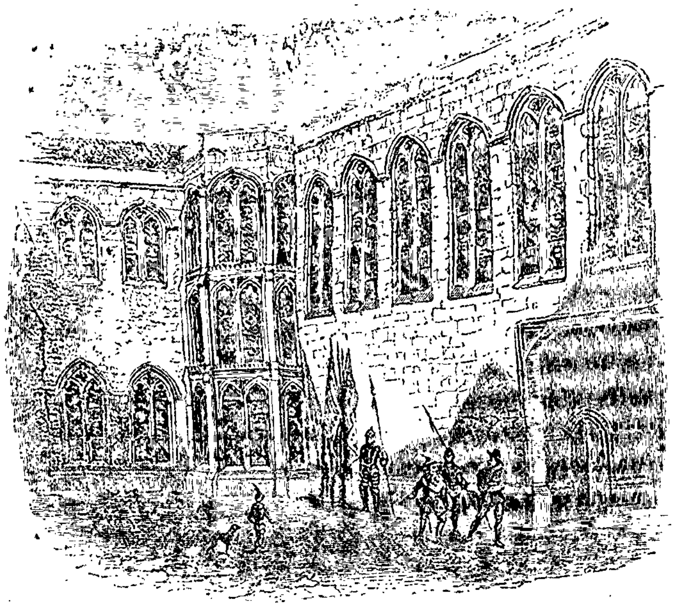
may serve to show how differently we manage these affairs from the way they set about them in the days of Sir Thomas Wyatt. The outside of the toll-gate was equally disfigured by the dead wall of Hyde Park extending towards Knightsbridge. The accompanying cut shows the appearance of St. George's Hospital before it was rebuilt by Wilkins in 1827. The centre of the building was the mansion of Pope's

> "Sober Lanesborough dancing with the gout,"

who died here in 1724. The wings were added previous to the first opening of the hospital for the reception of patients in 1734. The view of the open country beyond it is now intercepted by the houses in Grosvenor Place—indeed so completely has Pimlico been built up, that we might say with more propriety the open country has ceased to exist.



[St. George's Hospital, about 1750.]



[Exterior of the Hall of Crosby Place.]

XVIII.—CROSBY PLACE.

There are few things more striking by way of contrast in London that the sudden change which one may almost everywhere obtain from the noise, bustle, and apparent confusion of the narrow and crowded streets of the city, to the serene quiet of some fine old edifice lying close beside them, utterly undisturbed by the eternal roar of the great Babel. And to all those who feel, whether as a passing mood or as a more enduring sentiment, that consciousness of solitude in populous places which Byron has so beautifully described, what can be more refreshing than to come unexpectedly upon these green spots in the desert—what more delightful than to step out of the whirl and the throng into some peaceful place where the echo of your own footsteps is the loudest sound you may hear, and the rush of interesting recollections, which people the silent but most eloquent walls, the only crowd that can arrest your wanderings? No happier example of this contrast between the fancy-stirring Past and the matter-of-fact Present, which London so frequently and so forcibly presents, can perhaps be found than in the instance of the subject before us. Crosby Place is certainly one of the most interesting edifices in London; and little as its history or even its existence is known to the thousands who pass daily through Bishopsgate Street, yet does it stand within a very few yards of the busiest part of that most busy of thoroughfares. Pass those few yards, and you will soon forget the locality of Crosby Place. It appears itself too absorbed in the remembrance of its past glories, and of the great men who have lived within its sheltering arms, to heed the tumult without; and as to the visitor, the antique impressive air of the place soon subdues his thoughts to its own colour.

Crosby Place derives its name from Sir John Crosby, its reputed builder, an alderman of London during the reign of Edward IV. He held also the offices of Sheriff, Warden of the Grocers' Company, and the Mayoralty of the Staple of Calais; in 1461 he represented the city in Parliament. He appears to have distinguished himself among the party attached to the House of York, and was one of those whom Edward knighted on his approach to London, after the landing at Ravenspur in 1471. In the following year a most delicate commission was given to him, in common with Sir John Scott, Marshal of Calais, Watcliffe, the King's Secretary, Dr. John Russell, Archdeacon of Berkshire, and other eminent persons. Their chief ostensible object was to arrange various matters then in abeyance between the Duke of Burgundy and the King of England, and, we presume, to form a treaty of alliance against France, which Edward then meditated attacking. From thence they passed to the court of the Duke of Brittany, where, besides concluding a similar treaty, they were, says Stow, "to have gotten there the two Earls of Pembroke and of Richmond." Had they succeeded in this object, in what very different channels might not the history of this country have run! Soon after the defeat of the Lancastrians at the battle of Tewkesbury, the Earl of Pembroke had fled with his young charge to seek refuge in France. A storm drove his vessel on the coast of Brittany, and the two nobles were detained by Francis, the reigning Duke. Edward now claimed them as enemies and fugitive traitors, but in vain; he could get no other assurance than that they should never be allowed to disturb his government. This was far from satisfactory; hence the secret mission given to Sir John Crosby and his companions, who, by profession of friendship for the exiles, succeeded at last in persuading both them and the Duke of the propriety of returning to England. The future conqueror of Bosworth Field was already at St. Malo on the point of embarkation, when Landois, the minister of the Duke, suddenly arrived, and prevented his sailing on various pretexts, till Richmond took the alarm, and fled from the agents of the man who had probably the same fate in store for him that had awaited Henry VI. The lease of the site of Crosby Place, with a great tenement then standing on it, formerly in possession of Cataneo Pinelli, a merchant of Genoa, was granted to Sir John by Alice Ashfield, prioress of the Convent of St. Helen's, adjoining: this tenement was most probably pulled down to make way for the magnificent erection that soon appeared upon its site, and of which there is no reason to doubt but the more ancient parts of the present structure are the genuine remains. Sir John Crosby died in 1475, so that he could have enjoyed but for a short time the splendour of Crosby Place, then noticed as the highest domestic building in London. A beautiful tomb in the church of St. Helen's marks the last resting-place of his and his wife's remains.

The well-known passage in Shakspere will occur to all readers, where the Duke of Gloster, at the conclusion of his successful wooing of the Lady Anne, thus addresses her:—

"And if thy poor devoted servant may
But beg one favour at thy gracious hand,
Thou dost confirm his happiness for ever.
Anne.—What is it?
Glo.—That it may please you leave these sad designs
To him that hath most cause to be a mourner,
And presently repair to Crosby House;*
Where, after I have solemnly interr'd
At Chertsey monastery this noble King,
And wet his grave with my repentant tears,
I will with all expedient duty see you."

This passage is of great importance; for the preservation of Crosby Hall, through all the vicissitudes of its fortunes, is attributable to the popularity it derived from it. What its own intrinsic beauty and historical character might not have accomplished for it, has been done by a mere incidental notice in the great poet's writings. Richard's residence here, however, at the time of his marriage, 1473, is very doubtful, as Sir John Crosby was then alive. But a much more important event than the poet refers to unquestionably did take place in this building in connexion with Richard. It was in the hall of Crosby Place that he determined upon the deposition, perhaps the death, of the young King, Edward V., and it was here that all the plans were concocted for his own elevation to the vacant throne. When Edward IV. died, on the 9th of April, 1483, his eldest son, the Prince of Wales, was with his maternal uncle, the Earl of Rivers, at Ludlow Castle, and the younger with his mother, Elizabeth, in London. Richard Duke of Gloster was at the same moment at the head of an army devoted to his service in the marches of Scotland. He immediately marched upon York, where he caused his nephew to be proclaimed King, and from thence proceeded towards London. The Prince or King was also, by his mother's directions, advancing towards the metropolis. The Duke, aware of his movements, so well timed his own that they met at Stony Stratford, without any appearance of intention on the part of the uncle. There the unsuspicious youth and his guardians were seized, the former being conveyed with all outward marks of respect and allegiance to London, and the latter to Pontefract, where they were almost immediately beheaded. The news of these events preceded the chief actor in them. Elizabeth withdrew with the Duke of York to the sanctuary at Westminster, and great was the commotion among the citizens. But the Lord Hastings, another of Richard's destined victims, quieted their minds by assuring them that the Duke was faithful to his Prince, and that the Earl Rivers and his companion had merely been arrested for matters attempted by them against the Duke and the Duke of Buckingham. A curious kind of proof was displayed to the populace—barrels filled with arms, which their conductors said the traitors had privately got together to destroy the two noble lords. "It were alms to hang the traitors!" was the exclamation, as the spectators turned away perfectly satisfied with this species of optical logic. Such was the state of things when Richard arrived in London, and, having lodged the young King in the Tower, took up his own residence for a short time at Crosby Place. For what follows we are indebted to the graphic pen of Sir Thomas More.

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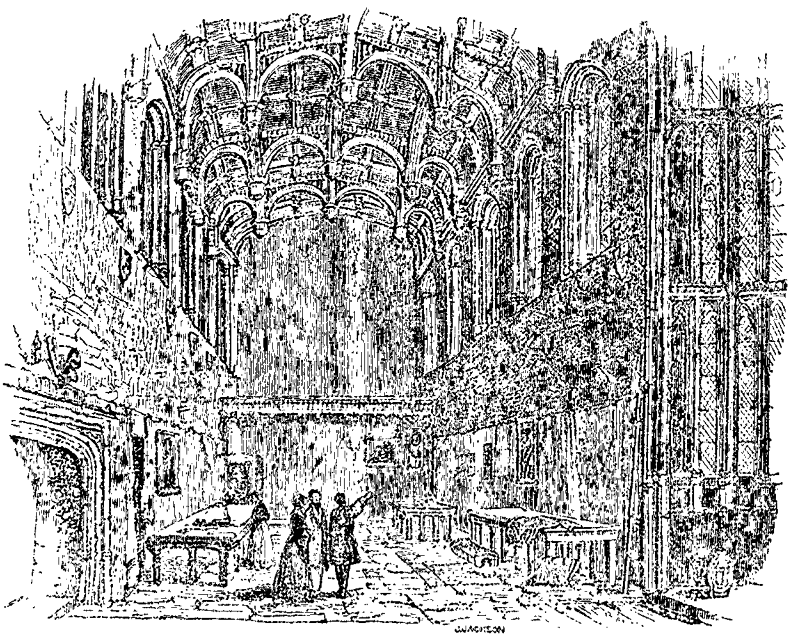
* In the quarto edition of Richard III., printed in Shakspere's lifetime, we have "Crosby *Place*." In 1623, the date of the folio edition, it is called "Crosby *House*."

Richard and the Duke of Buckingham now "went about to prepare for the coronation of the young King, as they would have it seem; and that they might turn both the eyes and minds of men from perceiving of their drifts otherwhere, the Lords, being sent for from all parts of the realm, came thick to that solemnity. But the Protector and the Duke, after that they had set the Lord Cardinal, the Archbishop of York, the Lord Chancellor, the Bishop of Ely, the Lord Stanley, and the Lord Hastings, then Lord Chamberlain, with many other noblemen, to commune and devise about the coronation in one place, in part were they in another place contriving the contrary, and to make the Protector King. To which council albeit there were admitted very few, and they very secret, yet began there, here and there about, some manner of muttering among the people, as though all should not long be well, though they neither wist what they feared, nor wherefore; were it that before such great things men's hearts of a secret instinct of nature misgive them, as the sea without wind swelleth of itself some time before a tempest; or were it that some one man haply somewhat perceiving, filled many men with suspicion, though he showed few men what he knew. Howbeit, somewhat the dealing itself made men to muse on the matter, though the council were close; for, by little and little, all folk withdrew from the Tower, and drew to Crosby's Place, in Bishopsgate Street, where the Protector kept his household. The Protector had the resort, the King in a manner desolate; while some for their business made suit to them who had the doing, some were by their friends secretly warned that it might haply turn them to no good to be too much attendant about the King without the Protector's appointment; who removed also divers of the Prince's old servants from him, and set new about him. Thus many things coming together, partly by chance, partly of purpose, caused at length not common people only who wave with the wind, but wise men also, and some Lords eke, to mark the matter and muse thereon. So far forth that the Lord Stanley, who was afterwards Earl of Derby, wisely mistrusted it, and said with the Lord Hastings that he much misliked these two several councils; 'for while we,' quoth he, 'talk of one matter in the one place, little wot we whereof they talk in the other place.'"

The wily Earl soon perceived that he had not mistaken the meaning of these separate councils, for at the very next meeting of the members of both, Gloster accused Hastings of witchcraft, and sent him instantly to the block; and Lord Stanley himself, in the mêlée, escaped destruction only by bending below the council board to escape a blow aimed at him by one of the Duke's attendants. The murder of the children, the insurrection and death of Buckingham, and Richard's own defeat and death at Bosworth, followed in rapid succession; and Richmond, the young Prince whom Sir John Crosby had so nearly entrapped a few years before, reigned, the universally acknowledged King of England. He married Elizabeth of York, and then the rival roses became once more blended in a common stock. Soon after the death of her son Prince Arthur, in 1502, within a few months of his marriage, the Queen also died. When "Maximilian, the Emperor of Germany, sent into England a solemn embassy, of the which the Lord Casimir, Marquis of Brandenburg, his cousin, accompanied with a Bishop, an Earl, and a great number of gentlemen well apparelled, was principal ambassador, which were triumphantly received into London, and were lodged at Crosby's Place. This embassy was sent for three causes: one, to visit and comfort the King, being mournful and sad for the death of so good a queen and spouse; the second, for the renovation of the old league and amity; the third, which was not apparent, was to move the King to marry the Emperor's daughter, the Lady Margaret, Duchess Dowager of Savoy."* The first two objects succeeded, the latter failed. The ambassadors on this occasion were guests of Bartholomew Read, Mayor of London 1501-2, who evidently purchased Crosby Place in order that he might have a home befitting the splendour which he had determined should signalize his mayoralty. Read was a member of, and at his death a great benefactor to, the Goldsmiths' Company; and it was supposed that he had given his inauguration dinner in their Hall. Stow, referring to this supposition, writes,—"the Goldsmiths' Hall, a proper house, but not large. And therefore to say that Bartholomew Read, goldsmith, mayor in the year 1502, kept such a feast in this hall as some have fabled, is far incredible, and altogether impossible, considering the smallness of the hall and number of the guests, which as they say were more than 100 persons of great estate. For the messes and dishes of meats to them served, the paled park in the same hall furnished with fruitful trees, beasts of venery, and other circumstances of that pretended feast well weighed, Westminster Hall would hardly have sufficed, and therefore I will over pass it."† Stow was quite unaware, when he wrote this, that Read was, at the time referred to, master of the largest hall in London, next to Westminster, and therefore all his argument against the truth of the report concerning the magnificence of the feast falls to the ground. We are sorry to be obliged, like Stow, to "over pass it" with the above short notice; but all our endeavours to discover his authority have been useless. He refers to



[The Great Hall.]

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* Hall's Chronicles, 1518, fol. lvi.

† Survey, Ed. 1633, p. 321.

Grafton; but neither in his pages, nor in the pages of any of the other old chroniclers that Stow was likely to have read, can we find any account of this evidently most magnificent feast. The next possessor of Crosby Place was Sir John Rest, who held the office of Mayor in 1516 (the year of the Evil May-Day*), and by him it appears to have been sold, though at what time is uncertain, to the illustrious Sir Thomas More. From the period of More's marriage, in 1507, he resided for some years in Bucklersbury. Perhaps it was soon after his return from the mission on which he had been sent to Bruges, in company with Cuthbert Tunstal, in 1514-15, that he purchased Crosby Place, for his advancement then became rapid. He was made Privy Councillor in 1516, and in 1517 Master of the Requests. The journey to which we have referred forms the groundwork of his famous romance the 'Utopia.' At Bruges he supposes himself to have met with Raphael, the learned traveller who had seen the country of Utopia, and describes to Sir Thomas the manners and customs of its inhabitants. It is far from impossible but that this delightful work was written in Crosby Place. In the preface we have a complete picture of Sir Thomas's domestic habits about this period, and which, if it does not directly apply to Crosby Place, may certainly be applied to it with the mere substitution of his 'Life of Richard the Third' for the 'Utopia,' there being little or no doubt but the former work was written within its chambers, however it may be with the latter. He writes, "Whilst I daily either plead other men's causes, or hear them sometimes as an arbiter, otherwhiles as a judge—whilst this man I visit for friendship, another for business, and whilst I busy myself abroad about other men's matters all the whole day; I leave no time for myself, that is for study. For when I come home I must discourse with my wife, chat with my children, speak with my servants; and seeing this must needs be done, I number it amongst my affairs; and needful they are, unless one will be a stranger in his own house; for we must endeavour to be affable and pleasing unto those whom either nature, chance, or choice hath made our companions; but with such measure it must be done that we do not mar them with affability, or make them of servants our masters by too much gentle entreaty and favour. Whilst these things are doing, a day, a month, a year passeth. When then can I find any time to write? for I have not yet spoken of the time that is spent in eating and sleeping, which things alone bereave most men of half their life. As for me, I get only that spare time which I steal from my meat and sleep, which, because it is but small, I proceed slowly; yet it being somewhat, I have now at the length prevailed so much as I have finished, and sent unto you, Peter, my 'Utopia.' "†

We must add to this account of More's domestic life, that his royal master's favour became now so great, that the latter was accustomed not unfrequently to come and spend the day with his witty and learned favourite, without even the formality of previous notice. In 1523 Sir Thomas More sold Crosby Place to Antonio Bonvisi, a merchant of Lucca, then settled in England, and, as we learn from More's own words, his dearest friend. When he was lying in the Tower he wrote a letter to Bonvisi with a piece of coal, the cruel enemies of More having actually debarred him from any better medium of correspondence.

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* See the 'Old Spring-Time in London,' p. 172.

† As translated from the original by Sir Thomas More's great grandson, in his *Life of his illustrious ancestor.*

As this letter is little known, as it was the last but one written by the great chancellor, and as it contains some interesting proofs of the close intimacy that existed between him and Bonvisi, we make no apology for giving a part of it from the collection of More's English works formed by his nephew William Rastell, who was an eminent printer. The original is in Latin, but Rastell has translated it.

"The faithful prosperity of this amity and friendship of yours towards me (I wot not how) seemeth in a manner to counterpoise this unfortunate shipwreck of mine, and, saving the indignation of my Prince, of me no less loved than feared, else as concerning all other things, doth almost move the counterpoise. For all those are to be accounted among the mischances of fortune. But if I should reckon the possession of so constant friendship (which no storms of adversity hath taken away, but rather hath fortified and strengthened) amongst the brittle gifts of fortune, then were I mad; for the felicity of so faithful and constant friendship in the storms of fortune, which is seldom seen, is doubtless a high and a noble gift proceeding of a certain singular benignity of God. And, indeed, as concerning myself, I cannot otherwise take it nor reckon it, but that it was ordained by the great mercy of God that you, good Master Bonvyse, amongst my poor friends, such a man as you are, and so great a friend, should be long afore provided; that should by your consolation assuage and relieve a great part of these troubles and griefs of mine, which the hugeness of fortune hath hastily brought upon me. I therefore, my dear friend, of all mortal men to me most dearest, do that which now only I am able to do, earnestly pray to Almighty God, which hath provided you for me, that sith He hath given you such a debtor as shall never be able to pay you, that it may please Him of his benignity to requite this bountifulness of yours, which you every day thus plenteously pour upon me; and that, for His mercy's sake, He will bring us from this wretched and stormy world into His rest, where we shall need no letters, where no wall shall dissever us, where no porter shall keep us from talking together, but that we may have the fruition of the eternal joy with God the Father, and with His only begotten Son, our Redeemer, Jesus Christ, with the Holy Spirit of them both, the Holy Ghost proceeding from them both. And in the mean season, Almighty God grant both you and me, good Master Bonvyse, and all mortal men everywhere, to set at nought all the richness of this world, with all the glory of it, and the pleasure of their life also, for the love and desire of that joy. Thus of all friends most truly, and to me most dearly beloved, and as I was wont to call you the apple of mine eye, right heartily fare ye well. And Jesus Christ keep you safe and sound, and in good health all your family, which be of like affection towards me as their master is.—THOMAS MORE. I should in vain put to it—yours, for thereof can you not be ignorant, since you have bought it with so many benefits; nor now I am not such a one that it forceth whose I am." But for Bonvisi, with possibly another friend or two of his stamp, and Margaret Roper, More's daughter, this great and good man would have been left by his murderers without proper clothes to cover him, or proper food to eat. When the order for his execution came to the Tower, and Sir Thomas Pope, "his singular good friend," having informed More of his fate

—he was to die before nine in the morning of that same day—had left him to himself, Sir Thomas, as one that had been invited to a solemn banquet, changed himself into his best apparel, and put on his silk camlet gown, which his "entire friend, Mr. Antonie Bonvisi," gave him whilst he was in the Tower. He was induced, however, by the representations of the lieutenant, to take it off again, as it would have otherwise become a perquisite of the executioners. He then went cheerfully to the block, his wit and humour flashing brightly to the last. "Mr. Lieutenant, see me safe up," said he, referring to the danger that had been expressed of the weakness of the scaffold, "and for my coming down let me shift for myself." So perished this the greatest of the inhabitants of Crosby Place. His connexion with it can be scarcely said to have ended even then; for Bonvisi in 1547 leased Crosby Place to William Roper, the husband of More's favourite daughter, Margaret, the affectionate and noble and high-spirited woman who so greatly contributed to the comfort of her father in his worst trials; and to William Rastell, his nephew before mentioned. In the reign of Edward VI., Bonvisi, Roper, and Rastell appear to have been all driven abroad by religious persecution, and the estate of Crosby Place forfeited. It was then granted to Sir Thomas D'Arcy, knight, Lord D'Arcy of Chule. But immediately on the accession of Mary, the persecution having changed sides, Bonvisi and his friends were free to return, which they did in the first year of her reign, and immediately regained their property. The next proprietors were Peter Crowle, Germayne Cioll, who married a cousin of Sir Thomas Gresham's, (the daughter of Sir John Gresham, with whom Thomas was apprenticed,) and William Bond, Alderman of London, and his sons. Some extensive alterations are supposed to have been made during the alderman's proprietorship; a turret in particular is mentioned as having been built by him, which greatly increased the height of the building. No traces of this turret are now to be found. From the inscription on the alderman's tomb in the adjoining church of St. Helen's it appears that he had been in his day a personage of considerable energy and importance:—"Here lieth the body of William Bond, alderman, and some time Sheriff of London, a merchant adventurer, and most famous in his age for his great adventures both by sea and land." In 1594 Sir John Spencer purchased Crosby Place, and kept his mayoralty that year in it, doubtless with great splendour. He was perhaps the richest citizen of his day, as he died worth nearly a million sterling. He was called "The Rich Spencer." His daughter and sole heiress married William, the second Lord Compton, afterwards Earl of Northampton, who was so transported at the value of his inheritance that he lost his wits, and remained for some years in that state. If he had weighed a little more closely the capabilities of his wife to spend the enormous wealth she brought him, it would perhaps have somewhat moderated his transports. Her fortune was large certainly, but we may see from the following unique *letter*, written to her husband soon after their marriage, that her ideas of her wants were fully "equal to *any* fortune."

"My sweet Life,—Now I have declared to you my mind for the settling of your state, I suppose that it were best for me to bethink and consider within myself what allowance were meetest for me. I pray and beseech you to grant to me, your most kind and loving wife, the sum of 2,600*l.*, quarterly to be paid. Also I would, besides that allowance, have 600*l.*, quarterly to be paid, for the performance of charitable works; and those things I would not, neither will be, accountable for. Also I will have three horses for my own saddle, that none shall dare to lend or borrow; none lend but I, none borrow but you. Also I would have two gentlewomen, lest one should be sick, or have some other let; also, believe it, it is an undecent thing for a gentlewoman to stand mumping alone, when God hath blessed their lord and lady with a great estate. Also when I ride a-hunting or a-hawking, or travel from one house to another, I will have them attending; so for either of these said women I must and will have for either of them a horse. Also I will have six or eight gentlemen; and I will have my two coaches, one lined with velvet to myself, with four very fine horses; and a coach for my women, lined with cloth, and laced with gold, otherwise with scarlet and laced with silver, with four good horses. Also I will have two coachmen, one for my own coach, the other for my women. Also, at any time when I travel, I will be allowed not only coaches and spare horses for me and my women, but I will have such carriages as shall be fitting for all; orderly, not pestering my things with my women's, nor theirs with either chambermaid's, nor theirs with wash-maids'. Also, for laundresses, when I travel, I will have them sent away before the carriages, to see all safe; and the chambermaids I will have go before, that the chamber may be ready, sweet, and clean. Also, for that it is undecent for me to crowd up myself with my gentleman-usher in my coach, I will have him to have a convenient horse to attend me either in city or country. And I must have two footmen. And my desire is that you defray all the charges for me. And for myself, besides my yearly allowance, I would have twenty gowns of apparel, six of them excellent good ones, eight of them for the country, and six other of them very excellent good ones. Also I would have to put in my purse 2000*l.* and 200*l.*, and so you to pay my debts. Also I would have 6000*l.* to buy me jewels, and 4000*l.* to buy me a pearl chain. Now, seeing I have been and am so reasonable unto you, I pray you do find my children apparel and their schooling, and all my servants, men and women, their wages. Also I will have all my houses furnished, and my lodging-chambers to be suited with all such furniture as is fit; as beds, stools, chairs, suitable cushions, carpets, silver warming-pans, cupboards of plate, fair hangings, and such like. So for my drawing-chambers in all houses, I will have them delicately furnished, both with hangings, couch, canopy, glass, carpet, chairs, cushions, and all things thereunto belonging. Also my desire is that you would pay your debts, build up Ashley House, and purchase lands, and lend no money, as you love God, to my Lord Chamberlain, who would have all, perhaps your life. * * * * So now that I have declared to you what I would have, and what it is that I would not have, I pray you, when you be an earl, to allow me 2000*l.* more than I now desire, and double attendance."

This lady, who so considerately values herself upon her reasonableness, most probably occasionally resided here with her husband, during Sir John Spencer's lifetime, as well as after his death, which took place in 1609. Sir John, it appears, made some alterations in the place, and " builded a most large warehouse near thereunto." Ambassadors were entertained on several occasions here. The most important event of this kind took place during the "Rich Spencer's" proprietorship; when no less important a person than M. de Rosney, afterwards the Duke of Sully, Henry IV. of France's great adviser, was entertained in Crosby Place. He came to London on a special embassy to James I., in the hope of inducing James to maintain the league which had existed between Elizabeth, France, and the Hollanders, and to prevent him from making peace with Roman Catholic Spain. Sully had one difficulty to contend with. Many excesses had been committed by the retinue of a former ambassador, and he therefore anticipated finding a strong popular prejudice against him. Referring to this and to the discredit which he felt such transactions cast upon his country, Sully writes, "I was fully resolved that if my conduct could not clear France from this reproach, it should not at least be incurred by those over whom I had authority. But in these cases precepts are seldom effectual; I therefore enforced them by an example, for which an opportunity happened almost immediately. I was the next day accommodated with apartments in a very handsome house (Crosby Place), situate in a great square, near which all my retinue were also provided with the necessary lodgings. Some of them went to entertain themselves with common women of the town. At the same place they met with some English, with whom they quarrelled, fought, and one of the English was killed. The populace, who were before prejudiced against us, being excited by the family of the deceased, who was a substantial citizen, assembled, and began loudly to threaten revenge upon all the French, even in their lodgings. The affair soon began to appear of great consequence; for the number of people assembled upon the occasion was presently increased to upwards of three thousand, which obliged the French to fly for an asylum into the house of the ambassador. I did not at first take notice of it; the evening advanced, and I was playing at primero with the Marquis d'Oraison, Saint-Luc, and Bleranccourt. But observing them come in at different times, by three and four together, and with great emotion, I at last imagined something extraordinary had happened, and, having questioned Terrail and Gadancourt, they informed me of the particulars. The honour of my nation, my own in particular, and the interest of my negotiation, were the first objects that presented themselves to my mind. I was also most sensibly grieved that my entry into London should be marked at the beginning by so fatal an accident; and at that moment I am persuaded my countenance plainly expressed the sentiments with which I was agitated. Guided by my first impulse, I arose, took a flambeau, and, ordering all that were in the house (which was about a hundred) to range themselves round the walls, hoped by this means to discover the murderer, which I did without any difficulty, by his agitation and fear. He was for denying it at first, but I soon obliged him to confess the truth. He was a young man, and the son of the Sieur de Combant, principal examiner in Chancery, very rich, and a kinsman likewise of Beaumont's (the resident French ambassador), who, entering at the moment, desired me to give the young Combant into his hands, that he might endeavour to save him. 'I do not wonder,' I replied to Beaumont, with an air of authority and indignation, 'that the English and you are at variance, if you are capable of preferring the interest of yourself and your relations to that of the King and the public; but the service of the King, my master, and the safety of so many gentlemen of good families, shall not suffer for such an imprudent stripling as this.' I told Beaumont in plain terms, that Combant should be beheaded in a few minutes. 'How, Sir!' cried Beaumont, 'behead a kinsman of mine, possessed of two hundred thousand crowns, an only son!—it is but an ill recompense for the trouble he has given himself, and the expense he has been at to accompany you.' I again replied, in as positive a tone, 'I had no occasion for such company,' and, to be short, I ordered Beaumont to quit my apartment; for I thought it would be improper to have him present in the council, which I intended to hold immediately, in order to pronounce sentence of death upon Combant. In this council I made choice only of the oldest and the wisest of my retinue; and the affair being presently determined, I sent Arnaud to inform the Mayor of London of it, and to desire him to have his officers ready the next day to conduct the culprit to the place of execution, and to have the executioner there ready to receive him. The mayor returned me for answer, that his first care had been to quiet the tumultuous populace, not doubting but I would do him justice, and that he was just coming to demand it of me when he received my letter and the sentence; he moreover exhorted me to moderate it, either because my severity had disarmed his, or, which seemed most probable, because he had already suffered himself to be corrupted by presents from the friends of the criminal. I sent again to this magistrate to inform him that as no superior authority, nor respect for any person whatever, had determined me to pronounce this sentence, I could not consent to revoke it; that by carrying it into execution I should justify the King my master, and give the English nation a convincing proof that I had done everything upon the occasion which my duty required; therefore, in such an affair, I could only acquit myself of it by committing it to him, and by resigning the prisoner to such punishment as justice and the laws of England required. I accordingly sent Combant to him; so that the whole procedure became a particular affair between the mayor and Combant, or rather Beaumont, who, without much difficulty, obtained this magistrate's consent to set Combant at liberty,—a favour which none could impute to me; on the contrary, I perceived both the French and English seemed to think that if the affair had been determined by me, it would not have ended so well for Combant; and the consequence of this to me, with respect to the English and French, was that the former began to love me, and the latter to fear me more."* Although the character of Sully precludes the idea that he would have hesitated in allowing the civic authorities to put Combant to death, had they so wished, yet it seems to us tolerably evident that Sully deserves great credit for his finesse; his severity disarmed that of more dangerous judges, and we have no doubt saved the young man's life. We may dismiss the Duke de Sully with the remark that by his address, his winning manners, *and his gold* (it is said he bribed the Queen herself), he completely succeeded in his objects. During the proprietorship of Lord Compton and his rich wife, another distinguished tenant graced the halls of Crosby Place. This was the lady whose name was so affectionately attached by Sir Philip Sidney to his famous romance: 'The Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia' is its title, in compliment to his beloved sister. We need scarcely add that this also was the lady whom Ben Jonson has celebrated in one of the prettiest epitaphs in our language. The Countess of Pembroke lived so many years in Crosby Place that her history is a part of its own.

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* Memoirs of the Duke of Sully. 4to. London, 1756. Vol. ii. p. 174.

> "Underneath this sable hearse
> Lies the subject of all verse:
> Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother.
> Death, ere thou canst find another
> Good, and fair, and wise as she,
> Time shall throw a dart at thee!"

Spencer, Earl of Northampton, the son of the last-mentioned proprietor, resided here in 1638. This nobleman was one of the most strenuous supporters of Charles I., and almost the first of his order who shed his blood in his service. He was killed by the King's side at Hopton Heath, in Staffordshire, in 1642. Two years before Crosby Place had been leased to Sir John Langham, who was sheriff in 1642, during whose occupation it is said to have been used as a prison for royalists. His son, Sir Stephen Langham, succeeded him, and it is supposed that it was during his tenancy that the fire occurred by which Crosby Place was so greatly injured, that from that period it ceased to be used as a dwelling. In 1672 the hall was converted into a Presbyterian meeting-house, and so remained for nearly a century (a son of the eminent divine, Calamy, was one of the assistant preachers here about 1726), and in 1677 the present houses in Crosby Square were built on the ruins of the parts of the old mansion that had been destroyed. Its history is now nearly brought to a conclusion. After the disuse of the hall as a meeting-house it was degraded into a packer's warehouse, and whilst thus occupied, received the most serious injury from the alterations which were made in it. In 1831 the lease upon which the hall had been held expired; and from that time the most unremitting exertions have been made by a committee of gentlemen, who had taste to appreciate the historical and architectural value of Crosby Place, to restore the remaining parts of the structure to their pristine state: and the subscriptions received have in a great measure enabled them to accomplish this object. Extensive reparations have taken place, and much of the original mansion has been rebuilt. The first stone of the new works was laid on the 27th of June, 1836, by the Right Honourable W. T. Copeland, Lord Mayor, when a plan of them, with other documents of the subject, were deposited in a bottle, and the latter placed in a cavity of the stone formed to receive it. After that portion of the ceremony was over the Lord Mayor led the way into the hall, which was fitted up in a characteristic manner for the occasion. Banners floated along the walls, the floor was strewed with rushes, and a genuine old Elizabeth breakfast, including a noble baron of beef, was spread upon the tables.

Our description of Crosby Place will necessarily be but brief, when compared with the space we have devoted to its history. For although, as a work of art, Crosby Place presents some unrivalled features, the roof of its hall for instance, yet its historical recollections constitute its greatest charm. If we take as our guide the plan of the vaults still existing beneath the site of

Crosby Place and the neighbourhood, it will be evident that the original edifice must have been as magnificent for its extent as for the general beauty of its decorations. Large as is the space occupied by the hall and the council-chamber, with the throne-room above, (the only remaining portions of Crosby Place,) yet it scarcely occupies half the extent denoted by the remains below the soil. Among these remains there is one particularly interesting feature, a crypt with a finely groined roof, now occupied as a wine cellar. From its situation it appears highly probable that this stood beneath a chapel belonging to Crosby Place; although we must also state that it is the opinion of persons well qualified to judge that it belonged to a chapel of the old Priory of St. Helen's. The entrance to Crosby Place is through a small gateway; as we pass through this, the view shown at the commencement of our paper meets the eye. This is the exterior of the hall, consisting of one story only, with its lofty and elegant windows, and its exquisitely beautiful oriel window, reaching from the ground to the top of the building, and the exterior of the council-chamber, with the throne-room above. It may be noticed that the two windows to the extreme right of the hall differ from the remainder, in being closer together. These give light to a part of the building which formed the gallery of the hall, extending over the gateway seen in the drawing, which leads into Crosby Square, formerly the inner court of the great mansion. Beneath this gateway, it is supposed, was the original entrance to the hall; at present, however, we reach the interior of Crosby Place through a low postern doorway, situated in the angle between the wall of the council-chamber and the great oriel window. We first enter upon the council-chamber, or, as it is sometimes called, the dining-room. This is lighted by two windows which look into the small quadrangle we have just quitted, and by one situated in the left-hand corner of the opposite wall. This window is large, lofty, and of a very unique character—a restoration of a former work. There was formerly also a beautiful bay window looking into the quadrangle, and the blank arch of which still remains. The only other peculiar features of this room are the flat, massy-ribbed ceiling, which is modern, (and although in accordance with the character of the room, forms still but a poor substitute for the elaborately elegant work of stucco and gold, with dropping pendants, which formerly met the eye in the same place;) and the chimney-piece, which consists of a low, pointed, and very broad arch, set within square deep mouldings. We next ascend to the throne-room: why so called it is impossible to say. This is a very beautiful room, with a rounded ceiling, divided into small compartments by slender ribs of oak, and lighted in a very similar manner to the room beneath. One of the windows, however, looking into the quadrangle has the additional ornament of a richly-painted border, and the window in the corner is still more unique, as well as infinitely more beautiful, than that of the council-chamber directly below. It extends from floor to ceiling, is situated within a small recess panelled at the sides and beautifully ornamented at the top, and is divided into two compartments by a slender stem in the centre, which at the top has a small knot of ornament falling, like a bunch of fruit, a little on each side, and giving to the stem, when seen from the opposite wall, one of the most graceful forms that it is possible to conceive. Descending to the council-chamber, we find, besides the low postern door through which we entered, a larger one, which admits us into the innermost sanctuary of the place,—the Great Hall. The noble proportions of this place, and the surpassing beauty of its roof, built not less than three hundred and sixty years ago, will be more evident to our readers from an attentive examination of the engraving of the hall than from any written description that we could give them. We pass on, therefore, to notice such other of its chief features as the engraving does not or cannot convey. And first as to its dimensions. It is 54 feet long, 27½ broad, and 40 feet high. The breadth of the oriel window is 10 feet 10 inches, and its height the height of the hall. This window is richly decorated with a series of armorial bearings, the tasteful and munificent present of Thomas Willement, Esq., and which, though of so recent an origin, have all the appearance of ancient works of art. We see among them the arms of St. Helen's Priory, the earliest proprietor of the place, of Sir John Crosby the builder, of the City of London, so many of whose eminent citizens have made the hall ring again with the sound of festive hospitality, of Richard the "crook-backed tyrant," whose few days' residence here will preserve the name of Crosby Place when the last vestige of its architectural glories shall have disappeared, and of Henry's murdered Chancellor, Sir Thomas More, the wise, learned, amiable, and witty author of the 'Utopia.' The remainder comprise the arms and badges of Richard's Queen, and of the House of York, Sir Thomas D'Arcy, William Bond and his company, and the "Rich Spencer" and his company. The other windows of the hall are similarly decorated, those on the same side containing the arms of various subscribers to the expenses of the restoration, and those on the opposite, among others, of Sir John Rest, the Duke of Sully, Lord Compton, and the present owner, W. P. Williams Freeman, Esq. In the very beautiful roof of the oriel window we perceive, among the knots of foliage that still bloom for us as they bloomed for our ancestors hundreds of years ago, a boss of superior size, on which is carved in relief a ram trippant,—the crest of Sir John Crosby, and which is looked upon, and in all probability correctly, as having been placed there by Sir John himself to commemorate his name as the founder of the magnificence around. The louvre, or opening in the centre of the roof, has caused much discussion. In ancient halls the smoke had frequently no other mode of escape than by the louvre; but here there is a regular chimney, with a front like that of the council-chamber:—perhaps the chimney was of later construction. The aperture of the louvre is now closed by the same piece of woodwork that was formerly elevated above it. The pavement of the hall remains to a certain extent in its original state, when it was paved with stone in small square slabs arranged diagonally, the whole being divided by five lines formed in a similar manner, running from one end of the hall to the other. "It is singular," says Mr. Blackburne,* "that Crosby Hall shows no indication of a *raised* dais; and the only instance I recollect of a similar departure from the general custom is to be met with at Sawston Hall, Cambridgeshire." The walls of the part thus distinguished were usually hung with arras, and this was no doubt the case in Crosby Hall. The dais here must have occupied a very large space, as the oriel window, which was always included in it, stands at some considerable distance from the northern wall. In this wall there was most probably a communication with a little room still existing behind it, from which a handsome doorway, with three lights above (lately restored), led into the part which was then, it is supposed, the small private garden or "pleasaunce" of the mansion, but which now forms an open space in front of St. Helen's Church. Lastly, we may notice the gallery of the hall, which still remains, though stripped of all its decoration, and hidden by the canvass which covers that end of the room. We have taken the liberty to restore it in our engraving to what we may conceive to be something like its original aspect. Galleries of this kind were generally denominated the Minstrels' Gallery, and the name bespeaks its use. At the first commemoration of Sir Thomas Gresham, celebrated on the 12th of July, 1832, the gallery of Crosby Hall was occupied by the choir engaged in the musical performance of that interesting festival after the conclusion of the service in the church. This, if we may adopt the opinion of the eloquent Gresham professor of music, given in a lecture delivered in Crosby Hall in 1838, was but a type of the rich musical memories of the place. Referring to one of the many madrigals, and other vocal pieces, composed in honour of the "fair vestal throned by the west," under the poetical appellation of Oriana, and which it has been supposed Elizabeth herself could not resist from encouraging, Mr. Taylor says, and with his remarks we conclude:—

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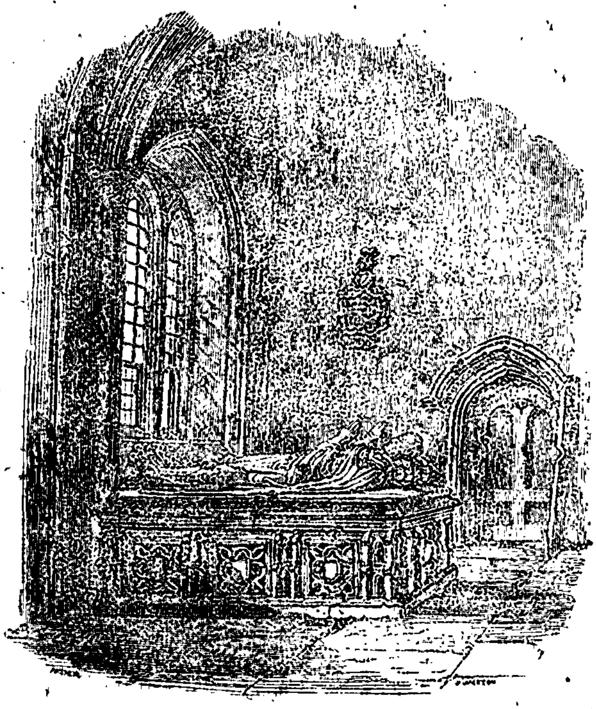
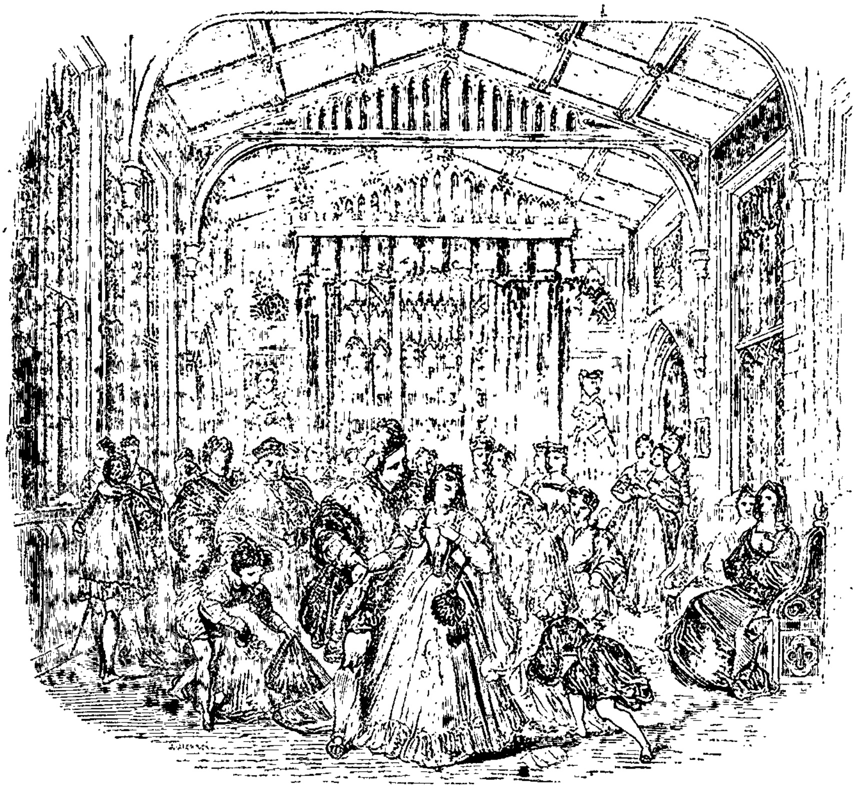
* Architectural and Historical Account of Crosby Place.

"In this spacious and beautiful hall we may not only be sure that these compositions have often been sung, but this is the only remaining edifice in London in which we may feel equally assured that some of our greatest vocal writers have assembled to give and to receive pleasure in the social performance of their own compositions. Near to this spot was born and lived the celebrated William Byrde, whose writings remain to this day monuments of splendid genius and profound erudition; from whom his scholar, Morley, gratefully confessed to have 'received the will and the power to enter into the contemplation and searching out of the hidden mysteries and divine enjoyments of his art, and derived the wish and the means to live in after times.' Near to this spot was also born the pupil whose affectionate gratitude is recorded in these words, and whose works abundantly prove that he had indulged in no vain and visionary anticipations in predicting their prolonged existence. Near to this spot also lived the sweetest of all that illustrious choir, who enriched our art with never-dying strains, John Wilbye. Near this spot were produced those compositions which are still the study and delight of his successors, and which are destined to charm generations yet to come. Near this spot, too, stood the princely mansion of Gresham, bequeathed by him to the use and benefit of his fellow-citizens, where he designed instruction in religion, in science, and in art, to be freely and liberally dispensed to all; founding a temple of learning, whose doors should be open, and whose advantages should be accessible, to every inquirer after knowledge, however humble in station or mean in acquirements; and, lastly, near this spot repose the honoured remains of its founder (in the same church that contains the ashes of Sir John Crosby, the founder of the splendid 'Place'). Here, then, a thousand interesting associations crowd upon the mind, and connect themselves with the lives and labours of these illustrious men; for here the musician, as well as the architect and the historian, feels that he is treading classic ground. Imagination calls up the time when this hall was thronged with the noble, the learned, the graceful of past ages; when the hospitable board was here spread, and among the guests, Gresham, the princely merchant, the friend, and the neighbour; Byrde, Wilbye, Morley, the most accomplished musicians of their time, all living under the shadow of this building, when this spacious roof echoed to the sound of their harmonies, and when 'The health of the Queen' was followed by some madrigal in praise of fair Oriana."



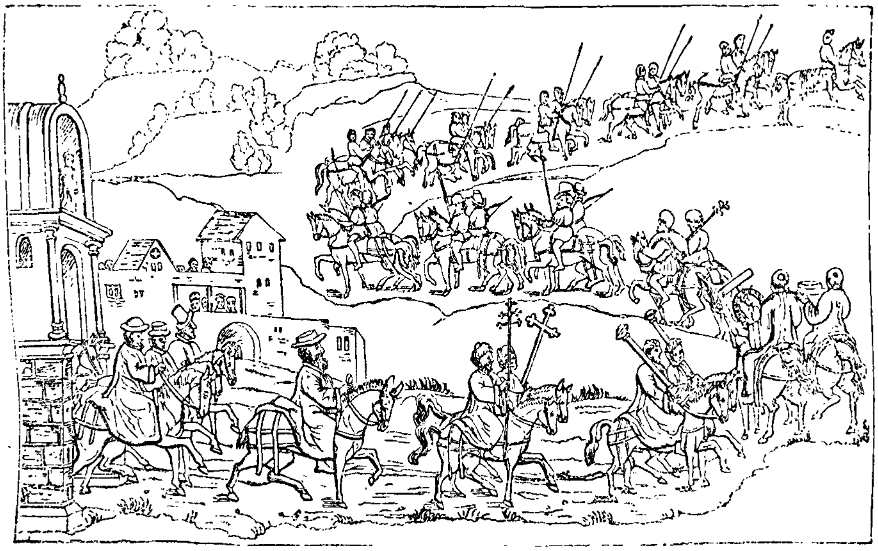
[Tomb of Sir John Crosby.]



[Presence Chamber, York Place.]

XIX.—OLD WHITEHALL.

There are, doubtless, few of our metropolitan readers who have not, like ourselves, often stood by the Horse Guards to gaze on that magnificent work, the Banqueting House, opposite, and to ponder on the solemn and momentous event, the execution of Charles I., which seems (so instantaneously does the sight of the one recal the memory of the other) to be recorded in indelible characters on the very walls. They have also, we have no doubt, wondered, as we have often wondered, through which of those beautiful windows the King passed to the funereal-looking scaffold, with its central block and axe, masked executioner, and surrounding sea of faces; and reviewed, as we have reviewed, all the long train of associations connected with that act, and with the men by whose agency it was achieved. And, absorbed in such thoughts, there, perhaps, have generally ended our mutual reminiscences of Whitehall. The Banqueting House only dates from the time of Charles and his father; and there are no other remains of any importance of the once famous palace to direct the attention to its earlier history. The scene is, indeed, strangely altered. The spectators of the King's execution stood where we now stand; but the present busy street was then the enclosed court-yard of the royal mansion, which consisted of an immense irregular mass of buildings, extending from Scotland Yard and Wallingford House (the site of the Admiralty) on the north, to Cannon Row and the top of Downing Street on the south, and east and west from the Thames to St. James's Park. Where we now find the Treasury and the offices of the Secretaries of State, then stood the Tennis Yard and Cockpit, carrying back the memory to their sport-loving founder, Henry VIII., and still earlier, to the times when that monarch came hither as a guest to enjoy the splendid hospitality of his great minister, Wolsey, meditating perhaps the while how he should repay him by utter disgrace and ruin; a conclusion towards which his thoughts would be rapidly accelerated, when they had once taken the direction, by the sight of the wealth spread around him on all sides. Now, however, there are no such visible indications of the ancient glories of Whitehall; and it is only when we begin purposely to reflect upon its history that we find the multitude of recollections of the highest interest that pertain naturally to the spot flow in upon us. Whitehall, or rather the palace, for that name was unknown till after Wolsey's time, was originally built by Hubert de Burgh, the eminent but persecuted Justiciary of England during the reign of Henry III. He bequeathed it to the convent of the Black Friars in Holborn, and they sold it to Walter de Grey, Archbishop of York, in 1248. From that time it was called York House, and remained for nearly three centuries the residence of the prelates of that see. The last archiepiscopal owner was Wolsey; during whose residence it was characterized by a sumptuous magnificence that most probably has never been equalled in the house of any other English subject, or surpassed in the palaces of many of its Kings. In his gallery, on divers tables, were a great number of rich stuffs of silk, in whole pieces, and of all kinds and colours, as velvet, satin, damask, taffeta, &c. The walls were hung with cloth of gold and tissue, cloth of silver, and other rich cloths of divers colours. Here hung his suit of copes, which Cavendish, his gentleman-usher and biographer, says was the richest he had ever seen in this country. In two chambers, called respectively the Gilt and the Council Chambers, were set in each two broad and long tables, upon trestles, with an almost incredible quantity of the most valuable plate. In the Gilt Chamber all was gilt, and a cupboard, standing under the window, was furnished wholly with plate of solid gold, whereof a part was enriched with pearls and other precious gems. In the Council Chamber all was silver, and parcel gilt. He maintained a train of eight hundred persons, among whom were nine or ten lords, fifteen knights, and forty squires. His very domestics must have thought themselves personages of no little consideration, for his cook wore a satin or velvet jerkin, and a chain of gold round his neck. Wolsey's own appearance was worthy of the central object of this rich picture. His portly figure was set off with silk and satins of the finest texture and the richest scarlet or crimson dyes. On his neck and shoulders he wore a tippet of costly sables; his gloves were of red silk, his Cardinal's hat of scarlet, and his shoes silver gilt, inlaid with pearls and diamonds. When he appeared in public the hat was borne before him by a person of rank; he was immediately preceded by two priests of stately height and noble appearance, each carrying a ponderous silver cross; before these rode two gentlemen bearing silver staves; and in front of all marched his pursuivant-at-arms, with a huge silver-gilt mace. Wolsey, as a priest, rode on a mule, with saddle and saddle-cloth of crimson velvet, and stirrups of silver gilt; but his followers were all mounted on beautiful horses, richly caparisoned, perfect in training and spirit.



[Wolsey and his Suite.*]

At his levee, which he held every morning at an early hour, after a very short mass, he always appeared clad in red. And thus "he lived a long season," says Cavendish, "ruling all within this realm appertaining unto the King by his wisdom; and all other weighty matters of foreign regions with which the King of this realm had any occasion to intermeddle. All ambassadors of foreign potentates were always despatched by his discretion, to whom they had always access for their despatch. * * * *

"And when it pleased the King's Majesty, for his recreation, to repair unto the Cardinal's house, as he did divers times in the year, at which time there wanted no preparations, or goodly furniture, with viands of the finest sort that might be provided for money or friendship; such pleasures were then devised for the King's comfort and consolation as might be invented, or by man's wit imagined. The banquets were set forth, with masks and mummeries, in so gorgeous a sort and costly manner that it was a heaven to behold. There wanted no dames or damsels meet or apt to dance with the maskers, or to garnish the place for the time, with other goodly disports. Then was there all kind of music and harmony set forth, with excellent voices both of men and children. I have seen the King suddenly come in thither in a mask, with a dozen of other maskers, all in garments like shepherds, made of fine cloth of gold and fine crimson satin paned, and caps of the same, with visors of good proportion of visnomy; their hairs and beards either of fine gold wire, or else of silver, and some being of black silk; having sixteen torchbearers, besides their drums, and other persons attending upon them, with visors, and clothed all in satin of the same colours. And at his coming, and before he came into the hall, ye shall understand that he came by water to the water-gate, without any noise: where, against his coming, were laid charged many chambers, and at his landing they were all shot off, which made such a rumble in the air that it was like thunder. It made all the noblemen, ladies, and gentlemen to muse what it should mean coming so suddenly, they sitting quietly at a solemn banquet; under this sort:—First, ye shall perceive that the tables were set in the chamber of presence, banquet-wise covered, my Lord Cardinal sitting under the cloth of estate, and there having his service all alone; and then was there set a lady and a nobleman, or a gentleman and gentlewoman, throughout all the tables in the chamber on the one side, which were made and joined as it were but one table. All which order and device was done and devised by the Lord Sands, Lord Chamberlain to the King; and also by Sir Henry Guilford, Comptroller to the King. Then immediately after this great shot of guns the Cardinal desired the Lord Chamberlain and Comptroller to look what this sudden shot should mean, as though he knew nothing of the matter. They, thereupon looking out of the windows into Thames, returned again, and showed him that it seemed to them there should be some noblemen and strangers arrived at his bridge, as ambassadors from some foreign prince. With that quoth the Cardinal, 'I shall desire you, because ye can speak French, to take the pains to go down into the hall to encounter and to receive them according to their estates, and to conduct them into this chamber, where they shall see us, and all these noble personages, sitting merrily at our banquet, desiring them to sit down with us, and to take part of our fare and pastime.' Then they went incontinent down into the hall, where they received them with twenty new torches, and conveyed them up into the chamber, with such a number of drums and fifes as I have seldom seen together at one time in any masque. At their arrival into the chamber, two and two together, they went directly before the Cardinal where he sat, saluting him very reverently; to whom the Lord Chamberlain for them said, 'Sir, forasmuch as they be strangers and can speak no English, they have desired me to declare unto your grace thus: They, having understanding of this your triumphant banquet, where was assembled such a number of excellent fair dames, could do no less, under the supportation of your good grace, but to repair hither to view as well their incomparable beauty, as for to accompany them at mumchance, and then after to dance with them, and so to have of them acquaintance. And, sir, they furthermore require of your grace licence to accomplish the cause of their repair.' To whom the Cardinal answered that he was very well contented they should do so. Then the maskers went first and saluted all the dames as they sat, and then returned to the most worthiest, and there opened a cup full of gold, with crowns and other pieces of coin, to whom they set divers pieces to cast at. Thus in this manner perusing all the ladies and gentlewomen, and to some they lost, and of some they won. And thus done, they returned unto the Cardinal, with great reverence, pouring down all the crowns in the cup, which was about two hundred crowns. 'At all,' quoth the Cardinal, and so cast the dice, and won them all at a cast; whereat was great joy made. Then quoth the Cardinal to my Lord Chamberlain, 'I pray you,' quoth he, 'show them that it seemeth me that there should be among them some noble man, whom I suppose to be much more worthy of honour to sit and occupy this room and place than I; to whom I would most gladly, if I knew him, surrender my place according to my duty.' Then spake my Lord Chamberlain unto them in French, declaring my Lord Cardinal's mind, and they rounding him again in the ear, my Lord Chamberlain said to my Lord Cardinal, 'Sir, they confess,' quoth he, 'that among them there is such a noble personage, whom, if your grace can appoint him from the other, he is contented to disclose himself, and to accept your place most worthily.' With that the Cardinal, taking a good advisement among them, at the last quoth he, 'Me seemeth the gentleman with the black beard should be even he.' And with that he arose out of his chair, and offered the same to the gentleman in the black beard, with his cap in his hand. The person to whom he offered then his chair was Sir Edward Neville, a comely knight, of a goodly personage, that much more resembled the King's person in that mask than any other. The King, hearing and perceiving the Cardinal so deceived in his estimation and choice, could not forbear laughing, but plucked down his visor, and Master Neville's also, and dashed out with such a pleasant countenance and cheer, that all noble estates there assembled, seeing the King to be there amongst them, rejoiced very much. The Cardinal eftsoons desired his highness to take the place of estate; to whom the King answered that he would go first and shift his apparel; and so departed, and went straight into my lord's bedchamber, where was a great fire made and prepared for him, and there new apparelled him with rich and princely garments. And in the time of the King's absence the dishes of the banquet were clean taken up, and the tables spread again with new and sweet perfumed cloths; every man sitting still until the King and his maskers came in among them again, every man being newly apparelled. Then the King took his seat under the cloth of estate, commanding no man to remove, but sit still, as they did before. Then in came a new banquet before the King's Majesty, and to all the rest through the tables, wherein, I suppose, were served two hundred dishes, or above, of wondrous costly meats and devices subtilly devised. Thus passed they forth the whole night with banqueting, dancing, and other triumphant devices, to the great comfort of the King, and pleasant regard of the nobility there assembled."

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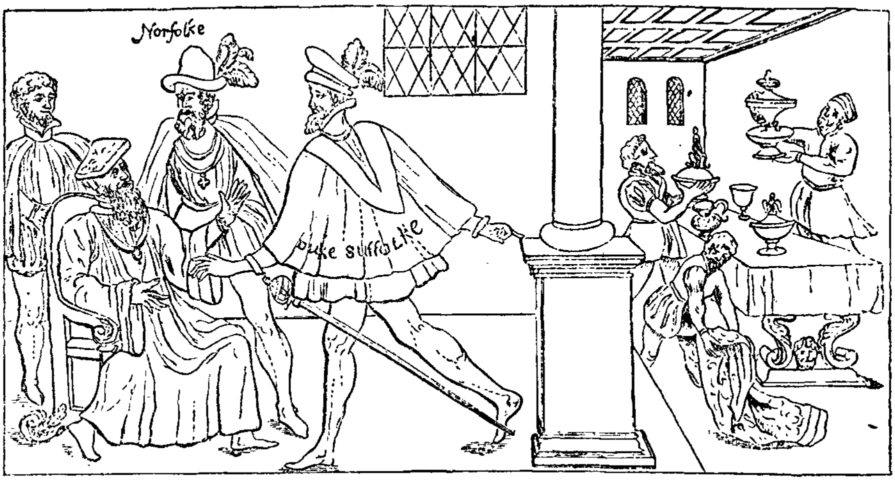
* From a drawing in Mr. Douce's copy of Cavendish's Life of Wolsey.

This account derives additional interest from the circumstance that Shakspere, in his Henry VIII., has almost literally followed it in most of its details, and with great dramatic skill made it the foundation of the scene where Henry, in "perusing all the ladies," first sees Anne Boleyn, and is smitten with her beauty. And what a contrast does not all this festivity, and mirth, and "full-blown" enjoyment, present to the heart-sickening despair felt by the same prelate, in the same place, a few years later, when the Dukes of Suffolk and Norfolk waited upon him in the very chambers which had witnessed all that festivity, and told him he must quit York Place, for the King meant to live there himself!



[Wolsey surrendering the Great Seal.*]

The next day he did quit it, and from his barge on the Thames looked perhaps for the last time on the halls and towers of York Place, and bade

> "Farewell—a long farewell—to all *his* greatness."

Fiddes, in his Life of Wolsey, says that the Cardinal built a great part of York House; and the statement is strengthened by a passage in Storer's Metrical History of Wolsey (1599), in which are the following lines:—

> "Where fruitful Thames salutes the learned shore
> Was this grave prelate and the muses plac'd,
> And by those waves he *builded* had before
> A royal house with learned muses grac'd,
> But by his death imperfect and defac'd."

It has been supposed that among these erections a "White Hall, properly so called, was erected by Wolsey, and obtained its name from the freshness of its appearance, when compared with the ancient buildings of York House;" and hence the origin of the present appellation. On Wolsey's fall, in 1529, we know that the name of York Place was prohibited, though no other appears to have been immediately substituted for it, except by the popular voice. Shakspere refers to this change in his Henry VIII., in a passage interesting not on that account only. One gentleman is giving to two others a description of the coronation of Anne Boleyn, in which occur the following lines:—

> "So she parted,
> And with the same full state pac'd back again
> To York-place, where the feast is held.
> 1 *Gent.* Sir,
> You must no more call it York-place—that is past:
> For, since the cardinal fell, that title 's lost;
> 'T is now the king's, and call'd Whitehall.
> 3 *Gent.* I know it;
> But 't is so lately alter'd, that the old name
> Is fresh about me."

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* From a drawing in Mr. Douce's copy of Cavendish's Life of Wolsey.

This coronation took place on the 1st of June, 1533. Henry and Anne had been married at Whitehall on the previous 25th of January in a very secret, un-sovereignlike style. Dr. Lee, one of the court chaplains, was summoned very early in the morning of that day to celebrate mass in a remote garret of the palace, where, to his astonishment, he found the King with two of the grooms of his bedchamber, and Anne Boleyn, with her trainbearer Mrs. Savage, afterwards the Lady Berkeley. Lee, however, although a court chaplain, would not, it is said perform that ceremony till Henry overcame all scruples by saying the Church of Rome had decided in his favour as to the divorce of his previous wife, Katherine. About this time the King made many alterations in the palace, as we learn from an Act of Parliament passed in 1536. This act recited that the old palace of Westminster was then and had been a long time before in utter ruin and decay, and that the King had lately obtained one great mansion-place and house, and that upon the soil and ground thereof he had "most sumptuously and curiously builded and edified many, and distinct, beautiful, costly, and pleasant lodgings, buildings, and mansions," and adjoining thereunto "had made a park, and walled and environed it round with brick and stone, and there devised and ordained many and singular commodious things, pleasures, and other necessaries, apt and convenient to appertain to so noble a prince for his pastime and solace." It was then enacted that all the said ground, mansion, and buildings, together with the said park and the entire space between Charing Cross and the Sanctuary at Westminster, from the Thames on the east side to the park wall westward, should be deemed and called the King's Palace of Westminster. Among these was a gallery which Wolsey had set up at Esher not long before his disgrace. As Pennant observes in a striking passage—"Henry had an uncommon composition; his savage cruelty could not suppress his love of the arts; his love of the arts could not soften his savage cruelty. The prince who could, with the utmost *sang froid*, burn Catholics and Protestants, take off the heads of the partners of his bed one day, and celebrate new nuptials the next, had notwithstanding a strong taste for refined pleasures." He was a scholar, a lover—performer—and composer of music, a writer of ballads, and so good an architect that it has been considered as a matter of regret that a tomb he designed for himself was never completed. He formed a collection of pictures at Whitehall, which afterwards became the nucleus of the splendid collection of Charles I. He made munificent proposals to Raffaelle and Titian, neither of whom however accepted them, though the former painted a "St. George" for him. One eminent artist, however, was prevailed upon to come over to England by the reputation of his taste and generosity; we allude to Hans Holbein, who was introduced to Henry VIII. by Sir Thomas More, at his house at Chelsea, where a number of the painter's works had been previously distributed round the walls. The King immediately took him into his service, gave him an apartment in Whitehall and a pension, besides paying him for his pictures. From Holbein, who was a universal genius, he received the design of a magnificent Gate-house, which he built in front of the palace, opposite the entrance into the Tilt-yard. This edifice was constructed of small square stones and flint boulder, presenting two different colours, glazed, and disposed in a tessellated manner. On each front were four naturally-coloured and gilt busts, which resisted all the influences of the weather. Three of these busts were traced by the activity of Mr. Smith into the possession of a gentleman of Essex, Peter Luard Wright, Esq., where he had the pleasure of seeing and of having drawings made from them to engrave in his work. They were of terra cotta, larger than life, and, it is said, representations of Henry VII., Henry VIII., and Fisher, Bishop of Rochester. Mr. Smith supposes them to be the work of Torregiano. It was removed in 1750, in order to widen the street, when it was begged by William Duke of Cumberland, the son of George II., with the intention of erecting it at the end of the long walk in the Great Park at Windsor, of which he was ranger. But the intention was never fulfilled. A very forcible proof of the estimation in which Henry held this distinguished artist is given in the following anecdote:—A nobleman of high rank one day roused Holbein's anger to so high a degree by intruding upon him whilst he was occupied at his easel, that the latter thrust him down stairs. Alarmed at what might be the consequences of so rash an act, Holbein instantly sought the King's protection by telling the whole story. The nobleman followed to present his complaint, but found that his royal master not only defended the painter, but threatened himself with his severest displeasure if he contrived or adopted any mode of revenge. "You have not now to deal with Holbein," said the King to his irritated but humbled listener, "but with me. Remember, that of seven peasants I can make as many lords, but I cannot make one Holbein." We should make the most of all these genial and excellent traits in Henry's character, not only that it is but justice to do so, but also that the imagination may be a little sweetened after the disgust it must always experience at the mention of his name, on account of the illustrious blood he has shed, the countless hearts he must have broken, and the general baseness of his character as regards all those who should have been nearest and dearest to him. If those he had injured panted for vengeance, his last hours at Whitehall must have satisfied them. So great was his fear of death that several persons had actually been executed for saying he was dying. Consequently, when he *was* in the condition he so much dreaded, there were none to tell him that the awful fiat had gone forth, and enable him to spend his last hours in the most fitting manner. "The physicians, on the approach of certain symptoms, wished his courtiers—friends he had none—to warn him of his state; but they all hung back in affright, like unarmed men in the presence of a wounded and dying beast of prey."* Sir Anthony Denny at length undertook the task, and successfully accomplished it. Henry, finding there was no hope, began to reflect on his course of life, which he much condemned, but still professed himself confident that through Christ all his sins, though they had been more in number and weight, might be pardoned. Cranmer was sent for in great haste, who, on his arrival, found the King speechless. He bent over the bed, exhorting him to hope for God's mercy through Christ, on which Henry grasped his hand as hard as he could, and expired—we may add, just in time to save another of his destined victims, the Duke of Norfolk, who was to have died at an early hour on the same day, the 28th of January, 1547.

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* *Pictorial History of England*, Book vi. p. 451.

In neither of the following reigns, those of Edward VI. and Queen Mary, do we find any record of importance connected with Whitehall, further than that the latter sovereign went from Whitehall by water to her coronation at Westminster, Elizabeth bearing the crown before her. It is said that the Princess could not help whispering to Noailles, the French ambassador, that it was very heavy. "Be patient," replied the ready-witted diplomatist; "it will seem lighter when it is on your own head." From the time of the splendid entertainments of King Henry to that anticipated by Noailles, when Henry's daughter ascended the throne of England, Whitehall must have been but a dull place. Edward's boyhood, and Mary's cheerless bigotry, alike prevented Mirth and all her crew from rioting in the palace-chambers of Whitehall. But Elizabeth reigned, and the court was more than ever the great centre of attraction to the young and light-hearted—to the scholar, wit, statesman, and poet—to all, in short, who could adorn or dignify it by their beauty or their accomplishments, their talents or their character. This is the poetical era of Whitehall. The virgin queen, as writers have delighted to call her, was not long after her succession in asserting her determination to remain unmarried. Her very first parliament sent a deputation with an address to Whitehall, "the principal matter whereof most specially was to move her grace to marriage." Elizabeth received the deputation in the great gallery built by her father, and, having heard the message, answered them at some length, and in a most characteristic style. For instance, having stated her preference for a single life, and the temptations she had had to withdraw her from it, she continued: "The manner of your petition I do like and take in good part, for it is simple, and containeth no limitation of place or person. If it had been otherwise I must have misliked it very much, and thought it in you a very great presumption, being unfit and altogether unmeet to require them that may command." This was pretty well for a young queen to her first parliament, and showed that with the blood she inherited no small portion of the absolute spirit of Harry the Eighth. She concluded her address with the observation—"And for me it shall be sufficient that a marble stone declare that a queen, having reigned such a time, lived and died a virgin." If Elizabeth's conduct has not been misrepresented, she exhibited occasionally no very great solicitude as to the strict performance of her determination; though, after all, vanity was perhaps the ruling passion that seduced her into such equivocal situations with her worthless favourite, Leicester. It was something to show that not even time could reduce the number or affect the constancy of her lovers. Thus, in her forty-seventh year, her persevering suitor, the Duke of Anjou, whom she had formerly refused, had nearly obtained her permission for the marriage by playing upon this weakness. He sent over Simier, a nobleman peculiarly qualified, by his appearance, manners, and abilities, to plead for him, and who represented to Elizabeth that the Duke was almost dying of love for her. He also obtained possession of an important secret, the marriage of the Earl of Leicester to the widow of the late Earl of Essex. Still Elizabeth protested she would never agree to marry a man whom she had not seen. In the following summer the Duke of Anjou suddenly appeared at the palace at Greenwich, having travelled thither incognito. The romance of the affair delighted the queen; and the adventurous lover's appearance made a favourable impression. But the desire for her marriage had ceased on the part of Burleigh and her other advisers, and, although no opposition was offered, she is said to have shed passionate tears that they did not, as before, unanimously petition her to marry. In a short time she declared again her determination to remain unmarried. But, in the spring of 1581, a splendid embassy arrived in London from Catherine de Medici, the Duke's mother, when it was agreed the marriage should take place within six weeks. The Queen attested her own sense of the importance of the occasion by building a banqueting-house "on the south-west side of Her Majesty's palace at Whitehall, made in manner and form of a long square, three hundred thirty and two feet in measure, about thirty principals made of great masts, being forty foot in length a-piece, standing upright; between every one of these masts, ten feet asunder or more. The walls of this house were closed with canvass, and painted all the outsides of the same most artificially, with a work called rustic, much like stone. This house had two hundred ninety and two lights of glass. The sides within the same house were made with ten heights of degrees for people to stand upon, and in the top of this house was wrought cunningly, upon canvass, works of ivy and holly, with pendants made of wicker rods, garnished with bay, ivy, and all manner of strange flowers garnished with spangles of gold, as also beautified with hanging toscans made of holly and ivy, with all manner of strange fruits, as pomegranates, oranges, pompions, cucumbers, grapes, with such other like, spangled with gold, and most richly hanged. Betwixt these works of bays and ivy were great spaces of canvass, which was most cunningly painted, the clouds with stars, the sunne and sunbeams with diverse other cotes of sundry sorts belonging to the Queen's Majesty, most richly garnished with gold." The Queen also ordered a great tournament to be given in the Tilt Yard, which was considered to be the most sumptuous celebration of the kind ever known in England. Nor was this all. The Queen placed herself in the gallery of the palace, which was accordingly called "the castle or fortress of perfect beauty;" and a mimic fight took place between Her Majesty's defenders and Desire, with his four foster-children, who stoutly attacked the castle. The combatants on both sides were persons of the first rank, and one of them bore a name that the world will not willingly let die,—Master Philip Sidney. A regular summons was first sent by Desire to the garrison, with the delectable song of which the following is a specimen:—

"Yield, yield, O yield, you that this fort do hold,
Which sealed is in spotless honour's field;
Desire's great force no forces can withhold;
Then to Desire's desire, O yield! O yield!"

Not even this very mild and considerate message being attended to, "two cannons were fired off, one with sweet powder, and the other with sweet water; and after there were store of pretty scaling ladders, and then the footmen threw flowers and such fancies against the walls, with all such devices as might seem shot from Desire." Whilst this was going on in Elizabeth's presence, a regular tourney and jousting took place in the Tilt Yard, where Sir Harry Lee, the Queen's devoted and veteran knight, broke six staves in her honour. On the following day, the four foster-children of Desire entered "in a brown chariot, very finely and curiously decked, as men sore wearied and half overcome," whilst "very doleful music" was played by a band concealed within the chariot, on the top of which sat Desire herself, represented by a beautiful lady, in company with the knights. On approaching the Queen, a herald expressed the challengers' despair of victory; yet, as "their souls should leave their bodies rather than Desire should leave their souls," they besought her Majesty to vouchsafe the eyes of her peerless beauty upon their death or overthrow. "Then went they," continued Holinshed, "to the tourney, where they did very nobly, as the shivering of the swords might very well testify; and after that to the barriers, where they lashed it out lustily, and fought courageously, as if the Greeks and Trojans had dealt their deadly dole. No party was spared, no estate excepted, but each knight induced to win the golden fleece that expected either fame or the favour of his mistress, which sport continued all the same day. And towards the evening, the sport being ended, there was a boy sent up to the Queen, clothed in rich-coloured garments, in token of humble submission, who, having an olive-branch in his hand, and falling down prostrate on his face, and then kneeling up, concluded this noble exercise," by requesting her Majesty to accept the challengers as her perpetual bondmen, notwithstanding their degeneracy and unworthiness in making "Violence accompany Desire."*

The people now began to think Elizabeth was really going to be married. The Duke was formally elected Sovereign of the Netherlands, partly through her influence, and when he marched into the country to take possession of his new dominions she sent him 100,000 crowns as a present, to assist him in dislodging the Spaniards. On the approach of winter he put his troops into winter-quarters and hurried over to England. His arrival was welcomed with fireworks and other rejoicings; and the Queen, before her whole court, was seen one day to take a ring from her finger and put it on his. The very next morning, however, Anjou found his affianced bride pale and in tears: she had been talking overnight with some of her council, and the result was that before he left her she assured him she never could marry. The Duke returned to his lodgings stung with the deepest mortification; where in his anger, it is said, he threw the ring she had given him on the ground, and gave loose to many bitter reflections on the fickleness of Englishwomen. After a three months' stay Anjou departed, *pledging his word however to the Queen* that he would soon return; and she actually accompanied him to Canterbury, and there took a weeping farewell. "The departure was mournful betwixt her Highness and Monsieur; she loth to let him go, and he as loth to depart. Her Majesty will not come to Whitehall, because the place shall not give cause of remembrance to her of him with whom she so unwillingly parted."† Almost immediately after his return to France the Duke was seized with an illness which proved mortal in a few months; and so ended this affair, which is said once to have approached so near to the conclusion anticipated, that Elizabeth had the pen in her hand to sign the proper documents, when she laid it down and refused to proceed. Hentzner, who visited England in

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* For a view of the animated scene presented by the Tilt Yard on these occasions, see 'The Parks,' p. 191.

† Letter of Lord Talbot, in Lodge, Illustrations.

1598, has given us some interesting particulars of the Queen's appearance and habits, and of the royal palace of Whitehall. He describes her (she was now in her sixty-sixth year) as having a wrinkled face, red periwig, little eyes, hooked nose, shining lips, and black teeth; yet listening with as great delight as ever to the gross flattery of her courtiers concerning her beauty, &c. Of the "truly royal" palace he notices the library as being well stocked with books in the Greek, Latin, Italian, and French languages. Among others was a little one in her own beautiful handwriting, addressed to her father. The books were all bound in velvet of different colours, chiefly red, and with gold or silver clasps; some even had pearls and precious stones set in their bindings. He also notices a number of curiosities, such as two little silver cabinets of exquisite workmanship, in which Elizabeth kept her writing materials;—her bed, ingeniously formed of woods of different colours, and with quilts of silk, velvet, gold, silver, and embroidery;—a little chest decorated all over with pearls, in which the Queen kept the most valuable of her jewels;—numerous portraits;—a piece of clock-work, an Æthiop riding upon a rhinoceros, with four attendants, who all made their obeisance when it struck the hour;—lastly there was in the garden a jet d'eau, with a sun-dial, at which while strangers were looking they were suddenly sprinkled with a quantity of water forced by a wheel, which the gardener turned at a distance, through a number of little pipes.

Elizabeth died at Richmond on the 24th of March, 1603, and immediately the lords of the council proceeded in great haste to Whitehall, where they drew up a proclamation, stating that the right of succession was wholly in James King of Scots, and caused it to be signed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lord Keeper Egerton, the Lord Mayor of London, Sir Robert Cecil, Sir J. Fortescue, and Sir J. Popham. Within five hours after the Queen's death this proclamation was read by Sir R. Cecil in front of Whitehall, and the multitude with one consent cried aloud "God save the King!" James was not long in taking personal possession of the sovereignty he had so much coveted. He set out on the 6th of April, though he did not reach London till the 7th of May: what with feasting, and what with the pleasure of examining his new dominions and exercising his new rights in dubbing almost everybody who came in his way, he seems to have found this progress very pleasant. Although by the time he reached Whitehall James had already knighted two hundred persons, he was by no means yet satiated with the gratification it afforded him. On the 22nd of July, all the judges, all the serjeants at law, and among them Bacon, all the doctors of civil law, all the gentlemen-ushers, and "many others of diverse qualities," were summoned to the garden of Whitehall, and there dubbed by the King. The next incident of any importance connected with the history of Whitehall is the examination of the bold, courageous fanatic, whose name is so indissolubly connected with one of the most terrible plots of wholesale vengeance and murder that oppressed and despairing men ever devised. Guy Fawkes was brought to Whitehall immediately after his arrest at the door of the cellar by Sir Thomas Knevett, a magistrate of Westminster. He was led into the King's bedchamber, and there, pinioned hand and foot, interrogated by the trembling King and his council; even in that state he appears to have terrified them by his bold voice and steady air, and by the scorn and defiance with which he answered their inquisitive glances. They asked his name; he said it was John Johnson,—his condition that of a servant to Mr. Thomas Percy. He unflinchingly avowed his intentions, and regretted they had not been carried into execution. When pressed to disclose the names of his accomplices, he replied that he could not resolve to accuse any. James asked how he could have the heart to destroy his children, and so many innocent souls that must have suffered? "Dangerous diseases require desperate remedies," was the answer. A Scottish courtier inquired why he had collected so many barrels of gunpowder. "One of my objects," replied Fawkes, "was to blow Scotchmen back into Scotland." From Whitehall he was sent on the following morning to the Tower; and the unutterable horrors of the torture began. One would have thought that an affair of this kind would have brought some serious and useful meditations into the king's mind on the subject of the people committed to his charge, and the necessity for some amelioration of the dreadful state of things indicated by the plot from which he had so narrowly escaped; or, if this were out of the question, that it would at least have left him better and wiser as a man. What says Sir John Harrington on the subject in a letter written shortly after the conclusion of the event referred to? "I will now in good sooth declare to you, who will not blab, that the gunpowder fright is got out of all our heads, and we are going on hereabouts as if the devil was contriving every man should blow himself up, by wild riot, excess, and devastation of time and temperance."* The occasion of all this unseemly display was the visit of Christian IV. King of Denmark; when a round of most costly feasts, hunts, and entertainments was given. The writer of the paragraph we have just transcribed observes satirically that the parliament had voted the subsidies in good season. "This short month of his stay," says another contemporary, who appears also to allude to the gunpowder plot in his concluding words, "carried with it as pleasing a countenance on every side, and their recreations and pastimes flew as high a flight as Love mounted upon the wings of Art and Fancy, the suitable nature of the season, or Time's swift foot could possibly arrive at. The court (at Whitehall), city, and some parts of the country, with banquetings, masques, dancings, tiltings, barriers, and other gallantry (besides the manly sports of wrestling and the brutish sports of baiting wild beasts), swelled to such a greatness, as if there were an intention in every particular man this way to have *blown up himself*."† Like other spendthrifts, James found the "reckoning" for these extravagances always an unpleasant matter. The parliament grew less and less inclined to vote the necessary funds; and although James's minister, Cecil, went boldly to work and imposed duties on various kinds of merchandise by orders under the great seal, this by no means lessened the difficulty: the parliament had still to be applied to, where a strong opposition had grown up, and had been made resolute and clamorous by this last and most illegal act. The King at first intimated to them by a message that they must not talk on such subjects; and the practical answer was that they talked louder than ever. James now called both houses before him at Whitehall, and delivered a speech which we may safely say has never been paralleled in this country for its blasphemy and absurdity:—"Kings are justly called gods," said this brilliant specimen of earthly divinity, "for that they exercise a manner or resemblance of divine power upon earth; for if you will consider the attributes of God, you shall see how they agree in the person of a King. God hath power to create or destroy—to make or unmake—at his pleasure; to give life or send death; to judge all, and to be judged nor accountable to none; to raise low things, and to make high things low, at his pleasure; and to God both soul and body are due. And the like power have Kings; they make and unmake their subjects; they have power of raising and casting down of life and death, judges over all their subjects and in all causes, and yet accountable to God only. They have power to exalt low things and abase high things, and make of their subjects like men of chess—a pawn to take a bishop or a knight, and to cry up or down any of their subjects as they do their money. And to the King is due both the affection of the soul and the service of the body of his subjects." Who can read this, and—remembering that James's successor held the same notions with infinitely greater ability and ambition to carry them into action—wonder that a civil war should have deluged England with blood within the next forty years? The principle of divine right was here so fairly and fully asserted, that no alternative was left to the English people but to accept it and become the veriest slaves that ever breathed, or oppose it—peacefully, constitutionally, and legally, whilst they might—but to oppose it at all events, through all dangers and in spite of all consequences. James ended his speech in the same spirit in which he had commenced, by telling the members that it was sedition in subjects to dispute what a King might do in the fulness of his power; that Kings were before laws, and that all laws were granted by them as a matter of favour to the people. With whatever disgust the Commons heard all this, they acted with admirable prudence and in a most business-like manner. In answer to all the impious parallelism that James had instituted, and the theoretical deductions made therefrom, they contented themselves with laying down their rights in distinct language, and, whilst leaving the doctrine of the King's power to make and unmake his subjects, decidedly objected to his laying any duties upon *currants* and *broad-cloth* without their consent! All this while the court was furnishing matter for continual illustration of the nature of kingly divinity, in the characters of its chief personages, and in the base intrigues that were perpetually set on foot within its precincts. We may particularly instance the divorce of the beautiful but unchaste and vindictive Countess of Essex from her husband (a son of the Earl of Essex, executed by order of Elizabeth), and her subsequent marriage with her lover, the Viscount Rochester, James's great favourite. The wedding took place on the 25th of December, 1613, in the royal chapel of Whitehall, in the presence of the King and Queen, Prince Charles, and a splendid assemblage of the spiritual and temporal aristocracy. The countess appeared with her hair hanging down in loose curls to her waist, the costume of a virgin bride. The Bishop of Bath and Wells united the hands of the guilty pair, and the Dean of Westminster preached the marriage sermon. At night the lords of the court presented a gallant masque; and for some days there was a continued succession of amusement. "The glorious days were seconded with as glorious nights, where masques and dancings had a continual motion; the King naturally affecting such high-flying pastimes and banquetings as might wrap up his spirit and keep it from descending towards earthly things."* No doubt earthly things, and the opinions of earthly people, would have given him but little satisfaction. This shameful marriage spread abroad a general sentiment of disgust, fast verging into emotions of a still deeper character, from the remembrance of one of its attendant circumstances. Rochester's friend, Sir Thomas Overbury, who had assisted him in his stolen interview with the then Countess of Essex, when the marriage was proposed, objected very naturally to it, urging the "baseness of the woman." Rochester, in his infatuation, told the Countess what Sir Thomas had said, who from that moment determined to destroy him. The unfortunate man was seduced by Rochester's professions of friendship to refuse an embassy which had been purposely offered to him, and that refusal was made matter of accusation with the King. He was thrown into the Tower; Sir William Wade, the lieutenant, removed, and a creature of Rochester's and the Countess put in his place; and the very day before the sentence of divorce from the Earl of Essex was obtained, Sir Thomas Overbury *died in his dungeon.* Among the feasts given in honour of Rochester, now Earl of Somerset, and his bride, was one where the gentlemen of Gray's Inn were the entertainers; who, it appears, did it very unwillingly, for Bacon claimed the entire merit of vanquishing their reluctance. He had his reward for this and other equally sycophantic acts. He was created Chancellor in November 1616; and when James visited Scotland in 1617 he was intrusted with such extraordinary powers, that the great philosopher turned giddy with the elevation. According to Sir Anthony Weldon, a caustic reporter of his conduct, Bacon immediately began to believe himself King, to lie in the King's lodgings at Whitehall, and give audience in the great banqueting-house to ambassadors and others; to make the members of the council attend him with the same state that they observed toward the King, and when they sat with him for the despatch of business to know their proper distance. "Upon which Secretary Winwood rose, went away, and would never sit more; but instantly despatched one to the King, to desire him to make haste back, for his seat was already usurped; at which," says Weldon, "I remember the King reading it unto us, both the King and we were very merry. * * * * * In this posture he lived until he heard the King was returning, and began to believe the play was almost at an end, that he might personate a King's part no longer, and therefore did again re-invest himself with his old rags of baseness, which were so tattered and poor at the King's coming to Windsor." The passage is in all probability an exaggeration of Bacon's conduct, and both his pride and his humility might receive a worthier explanation than Sir Anthony Weldon has given. The Banqueting House which witnessed Bacon's temporary exercise of one of the attributes of sovereignty was not the building erected by Elizabeth, but the splendid edifice so familiar to our own eyes, which had been but recently erected. The history of this building has some features of too great interest and importance to be hastily passed over at the conclusion of the present paper; we postpone it therefore to the commencement of the next. The old Whitehall of Wolsey, Henry VIII., and Elizabeth, which had become thoroughly decayed and worn out by James's time, and the Whitehall of modern times—of Charles I., Cromwell, and Charles II., of which the Banqueting-room remains to us—are essentially distinct buildings, and in connexion with the length of our subject point naturally to the division we have adopted. We have now concluded the history of the one; our next number will embrace the history of the other.

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* Letter in Nugæ Antiquæ.

† Arthur Wilson.

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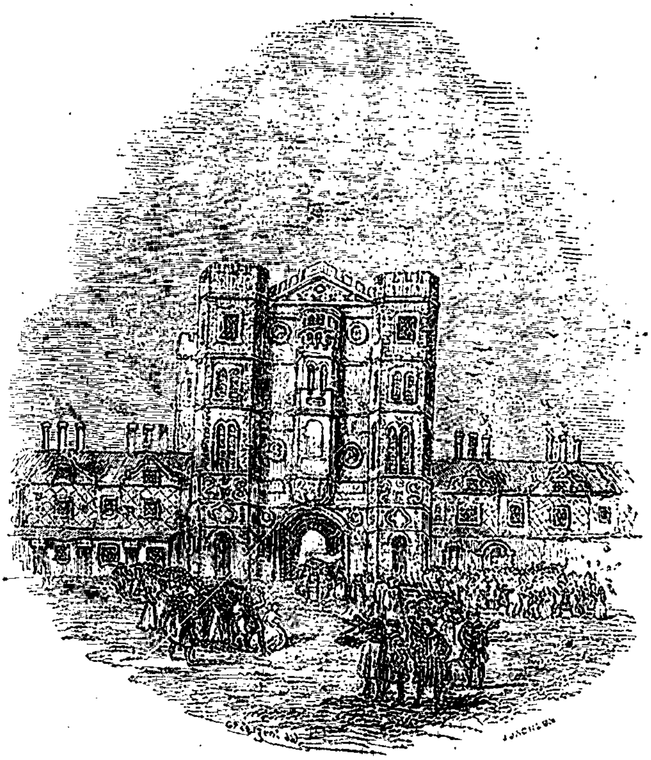
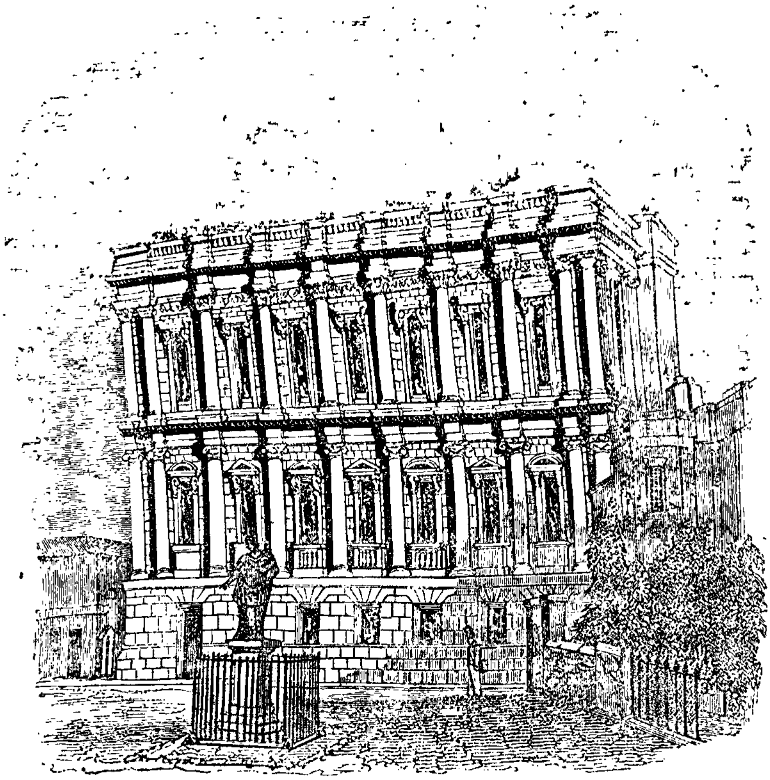
* Wilson.



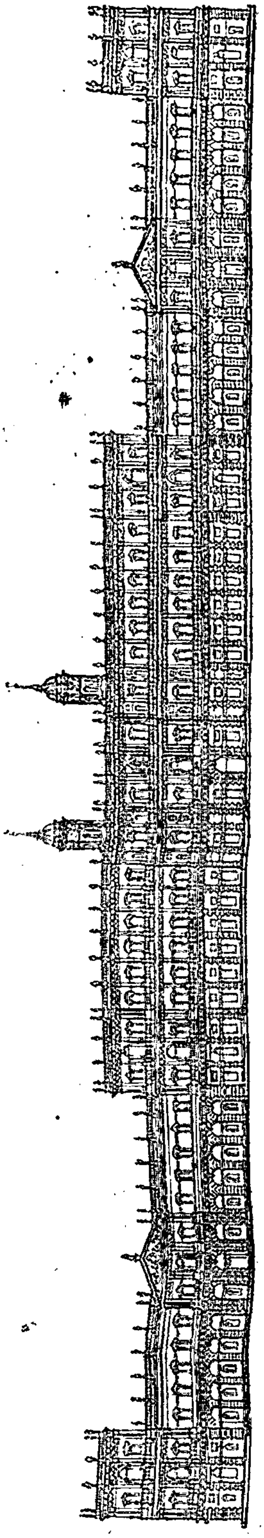
[Holbein's Gate.]



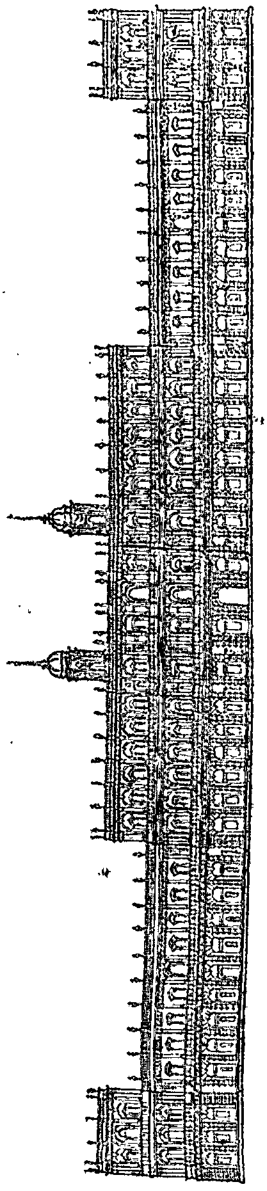
[Banqueting-room: from the Inner Court.]

XX.—NEW WHITEHALL.

James had commenced the work of pulling down the old palace so early as 1606, when, as we learn from Howe's edition of Stow's 'Annals,' the "old, rotten, slight-builded Banqueting House," which Elizabeth had erected, was removed, and a new one built in the following year, "very strong and stately, being every way larger than the first: there were also many fair lodgings new builded and increased." Their strength and stateliness, however, could not defend them from a destruction as sudden as it was unexpected. "About ten o'clock in the morning upon Tuesday, the 12th of January, 1619, the fair Banqueting House at Whitehall was upon the sudden all flaming a-fire, from end to end, and side to side, before it was discerned or descried by any persons or passengers, either by scent or smoke; at sight whereof the Court, being sore amazed, sent speedy news to the great lords of the council, who were then but newly set in the Guildhall in London, about excessive and disorderly buildings, but they all arose and returned to Whitehall, and gave directions to the multitude of people to suppress the flame, and by hook to pull down some other adjoining buildings, to prevent the furious fire; and so by their care and the people's labour the flame was quite extinct by twelve o'clock." We know not at what period the King first determined upon the plan of entirely rebuilding the palace of Whitehall, but it is not improbable that the accident referred to may have quickened his operations, if it did not altogether suggest them. The man too was at hand ready for the work. This was the famous Inigo Jones, who had been previously employed for some years about the court, with Ben Jonson, in the invention of masques to entertain it; the one having charge of the scenery, decorations, and machinery, and the other of the poetical composition. Of the excellence of the masques performed at Whitehall when under such management, it would be idle to speak; but we may notice two or three of the principal occasions when the services of these great men were in requisition. The earliest was probably the marriage of Philip Herbert, another of James's favourites, with Lady Susan Vere, in 1605, when the masque was played in the hall. On the twelfth day following, Charles was created Duke of York at Whitehall, and at night the Queen's masque of 'Blacknesse' was presented in the Banqueting House; the Queen, with eleven of the most beautiful ladies of her suite, performing the characters of the daughters of Niger; "because," as the poet tells us, "it was her Majesty's will to have them black-a-mores at first." This masque cost three thousand pounds. "A most glorious masque" was also given on the 12th of June, 1610, in honour of the creation of Prince Henry as Prince of Wales, which continued "till within half an hour of the sun's not setting but rising." Prince Henry was Jones's chief patron at this period, and on the death of the prince, in 1612, our artist went for the second time to Rome to study the principles of his beloved art. His absence appears to have been felt at the court at least; for at the marriage of Elizabeth, James's daughter, to the Elector Palatine (from whom the reigning family of England derives its descent)—a marriage attended by more than ordinary expense and splendour—we find no mention of any masque being performed at Whitehall. And on the return of Inigo Jones to England he found occupation more worthy of his high genius than the most splendid masques could afford, though the "unsubstantial pageants" might have still remained the most profitable. He was appointed Surveyor-general of the royal buildings, and commissioned to make designs for a new palace. These designs, imperfect as the shape confessedly is in which they have reached us (the best are supposed to have been compiled from the artist's drawings by a second hand), are alone sufficient to raise their author's reputation to the very highest rank; but fortunately the Banqueting House remains to us to this day, as a specimen of the style of the whole, of which it was the only portion erected. The very extent of the space to be covered would have alarmed, or at least bewildered, any ordinary architect. In Jones's plans the exterior buildings measured eight hundred and seventy-four feet on the east and west sides, and one thousand one hundred and fifty-two feet on the north and south. Within these were to be no less than seven courts. Two of the sides are here shown. The Banqueting House was commenced in 1619, and completed in about two years. Its entire cost was seventeen thousand pounds. It will surprise many of our readers to know what was the amount of the architect's remuneration for his labours whilst engaged upon what, if completed, would have been the grandest



[The front towards Charing Cross.]



[The front towards the Park.]

production of modern architecture. He was allowed, it appears, eight shillings and fourpence a day as surveyor, and forty-six pounds per year for house-rent, a clerk, and other incidental expenses; Nicholas Stone, "master-mason," being paid "four shillings and tenpence the day." The King's extravagance prevented the prosecution of these designs beyond the erection of the Banqueting House, and his son Charles, with full appreciation both of the work and of the author, was too busily engaged in the impossible task of building up a despotism in England to find money or time to raise palaces. So there the matter rested, and Inigo Jones turned with a sigh from the contemplation of that glorious work, which would have given a new magnificence to the world, to invent new masques for a comparatively insignificant portion of it, Charles and his young consort.

James died at his favourite residence, Theobald's, on the 27th of March, 1625, and in the afternoon of the following day Charles came to Whitehall with the Duke of Buckingham, where he was proclaimed. Whitehall now experienced some change: "the fools and buffoons and other familiars of James were dismissed; the courtiers were required to be attentive to religion, and modest and quiet in their demeanour; and they generally became, if not more moral, far more decorous;"* but whether that change made it a more agreeable residence to the daughter of the great Henry IV. of France, whom Charles had married by proxy, and whom Buckingham was immediately commissioned to escort to England, may be questioned. The royal pair met at Dover, and on the 16th of June they passed in the state barge through London Bridge on their way to Whitehall. This marriage caused a great variety of surmises to be set on foot respecting its effect on the Protestant religion, Henrietta Maria being of course a Catholic. Much hope, however, was excited by trivial circumstances, and a general expectation raised that she would turn out a very good Protestant. But the facts proved as stubborn then as ever. It soon became known that she had nine-and-twenty Roman Catholic priests in her train, and that on Sundays and saint-days mass was secretly celebrated in the Queen's closet at Whitehall. If the people were enraged and scandalized at the belief of these priestly attendants, the King was no less annoyed and irritated by their presumptuous, meddling conduct, which in a few months' time became perfectly unendurable: so one day he suddenly appeared at the Queen's side of the house, "and, finding some Frenchmen, her servants, unreverently dancing and curvetting in her presence, took her by the hand and led her into his lodgings, locking the door after him, and shutting out all save only the Queen. Presently upon this my Lord Conway called forth the French Bishop and others of that clergy into St. James's Park, where he told them the King's pleasure was, all her Majesty's servants of that nation, men and women, young and old, should depart the kingdom; together with the reasons that enforced his Majesty so to do." The Bishop "stood much upon it," but was at last silenced by the remark "that England would find force enough to convey him hence . . . . . . The women howled and lamented, as if they had been going to execution, but all in vain, for the yeomen of the guard, by that Lord's appointment, thrust them and all their country's folk out of the Queen's lodgings, and locked the doors after them. It is said also the Queen, when she understood the design, grew very impatient, and broke the glass windows with her fist; but since then her rage is appeased, and the King and she, since they went together to Nonsuch, have been very jocund together."* The same day the King went to Somerset House, where the French were temporarily accommodated, and, addressing them in a conciliatory, yet manly and dignified manner, "prayed them to pardon him if he sought his own ease and safety," and concluded by informing them that he had ordered his treasurer to reward every one of them for his year's service. Accordingly, on the following day, there was distributed among them money and jewels to the value of about 22,000*l.* A few of the more useful and humble order of domestics were allowed to remain with the Queen; the rest were shipped off from Dover a few days after. The business was not yet entirely concluded. Charles was soon informed that the "gallant, witty, splendid, and profligate" Marshal Bassompière desired audience of him at Whitehall—of course to obtain explanations. This audience was refused at first, but ultimately the Marshal was admitted privately to the King's presence. The latter then explained the real provocation he had received, but grew so warm in the discussion, that he abruptly cried out, "Why do you not execute your commission at once, and declare war against me?" "I am not a herald to declare war," was Bassompière's happy reply, "but a marshal of France to make it when declared." The Ambassador's conduct at another period of their meeting was equally characterised by wit, presence of mind, and a dignified consciousness of his position as the representative of a great monarch, which nothing could disturb. "I witnessed there," writes Bassompière himself, "an instance of great boldness, not to say impudence, of the Duke of Buckingham, which was, that, when he saw us the most heated, he ran up suddenly and threw himself between the King and me, saying, I am come to keep the peace between you two." "Steenie," as James had delighted to call him, most probably wished to hear what was passing; but the Marshal at once took off his hat, intimating thereby that it was no longer an audience, but a private conversation. The reproof was the more exquisite, that Buckingham had not thought it necessary to take off *his* hat before his sovereign. Ultimately Charles gave way, and conceded that his wife should be allowed one French bishop and twelve French priests (none of them to be Jesuits), with numerous other French attendants. A more momentous struggle now engaged the King's attention, and one in which he was destined to be still less successful. The intervals of the great contest between the King and the Parliament were not altogether destitute of events that showed how much Charles might have added to the glory of his country, had he limited his notions of the kingly prerogative by a due consideration of the social changes that rendered it impossible that England should be governed by the Stuarts as by the Tudors. His patronage of the arts is an honour to his memory; and we may judge, from what he did under such unfavourable circumstances, how much he would have done if his wealth and his energies had not been absorbed in the conflict with his people. "The amusements of his court," says the Rev. Mr. Gilpin, "were a model of elegance to all Europe, and his cabinets were the receptacles only of what was exquisite in painting and sculpture; none but men of the first merit found encouragement from him, and those abundantly." The cabinet-room of the palace, designed by Inigo Jones for Prince Henry, which was erected about the centre of Whitehall, running across from the Thames towards the Banqueting House, and fronting westward to the Privy Garden, was perhaps the richest room in the world in works of art. To Henry VIII.'s original collection had been added a separate one, begun by Prince Henry; but Charles himself was the principal author of its almost incalculable treasures. He bought the cabinet of the Duke of Milan, then considered the most valuable in Europe, entire; for which he paid 18,000*l.* The *Cartoons* of Rafaelle were obtained in Flanders through the agency of Rubens. Fresh additions were also continually made either by purchase, or by gift to the King, than which nothing could be more acceptable. The "cream" of the collection was at Whitehall, which contained four hundred and sixty pictures, including twenty-eight by Titian, eleven by Correggio, sixteen by Julio Romano, nine by Rafaelle, four by Guido, and seven by Parmegiano. Rubens' introduction to Charles I. was as an ambassador, and his success in the mission which had been intrusted to him was complete and in every way satisfactory. The King, indeed, held the painter in high esteem, and commissioned him to paint the ceiling of the Banqueting House. For this work Rubens received 3000*l.* With regard to the amusements of his court, they certainly deserved the praise Mr. Gilpin bestowed upon them. They were as magnificent as those of James, and in a thousand times better taste. A description of one of these exhibitions, which was presented before the King, Queen, and Court, at Whitehall, in 1633, by the members of the inns of court, will best illustrate the magnitude of this change. It consisted of a masque and an anti-masque. The first was arrayed and marshalled after the fashion of a Roman triumph, the figures composing which consisted of the comeliest men in England, dressed in the most splendid and becoming costume; the dresses, the chariots, and steeds were covered with ornaments of gold and silver, and blazed in the light of countless torches, while the whole solemn procession moved with measured steps to accompanying bands of music. No puppet or impersonation, whether of the classical, allegorical, or romantic world, intruded to mar the chasteness of the exhibition,—all was real, modern, and of the choicest and happiest selection.

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* Pictorial England, b. vii. p. 108.

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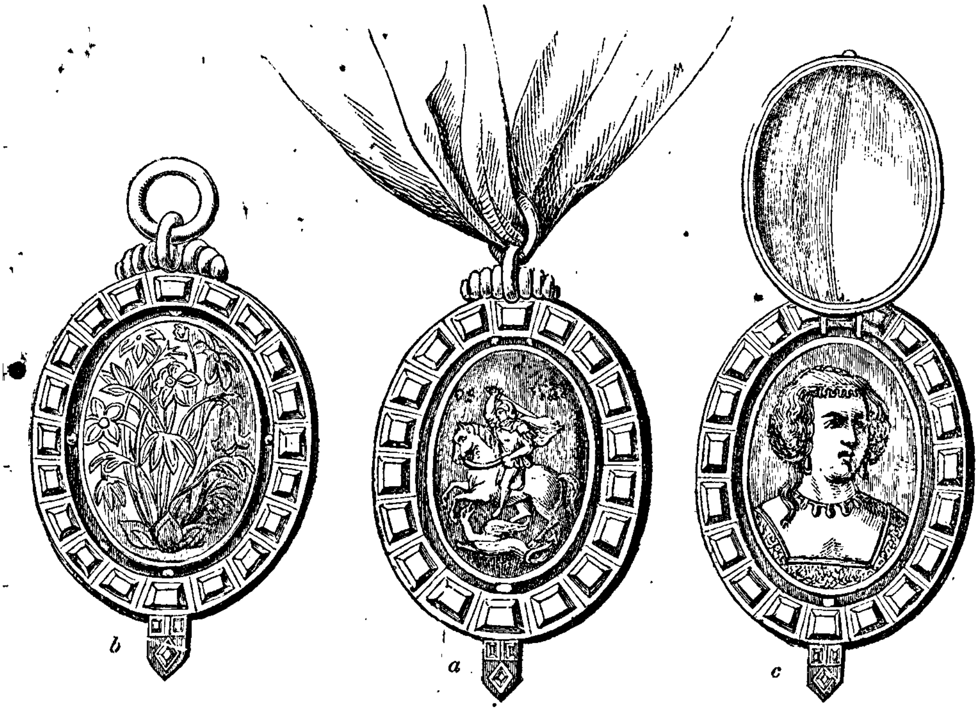
* Letter from John Pory to Meade, in Sir Henry Ellis's Collection of Letters.

It is with regret that we turn from these pleasant reminiscences of Whitehall and its accomplished owner to the darker events with which it is so permanently associated in our minds. As if utterly unconscious of the strength of the hostility he was evoking in England, Charles in some respects wantonly provoked a similar hostility in Scotland. Thus, for instance, in 1639 (but a few months after a "pacification" between him and the Scots, concluded whilst both parties were in armed array, and on the very eve of hostilities), when the Scottish parliament had been prorogued to prevent its carrying certain measures into effect which would have made it more independent of the royal authority, he rudely sent back without audience the noblemen who came as its deputies from Scotland to wait upon him; and when he did give permission to the Covenanters to send up some of their number to vindicate their conduct, he seized one of them, the Earl of Loudon, the moment he arrived, and sent him to the Tower; on account of his having signed, with other lords of the Covenant, a letter to the King of France, desiring his protection—this letter, be it observed, having been written prior to the "pacification." The Scottish lords immediately complained of this arrest as a violation of the law of nations, and the Duke of Hamilton, one of the King's party, assured him that, if Loudon were proceeded against capitally, Scotland was for ever lost. Charles, however, was determined upon his execution. "Sir William Balfour," says Oldmixon, in a very interesting passage, which we transcribe, "Governor of the Tower when Loudon was committed, some days after received a warrant from the King for the beheading that lord the next day within the Tower, for fear of any disturbance if it had been done openly on the hill. The lieutenant, who was at cards with Loudon, changed countenance, and, holding up his hands in amazement, showed his lordship the warrant; who said to him, 'Well, Sir, you must do your duty; I only desire time to make a settlement on some younger children, and that you will let my lawyer come to me for that end:' to which Balfour consented; and the lawyer carried away with him a letter to the Marquis of Hamilton, informing him of the matter, and telling him he was a Scotchman, and must answer it to his country. Balfour followed the lawyer to the Marquis, whom they could not presently find, it being night; at last they found him at Lady Clayton's, and having delivered him the Lord Loudon's letter, which Balfour further explained, the Marquis took Sir William with him to Court, not staying for his coach, and desired admittance about business of very great importance to his Majesty. He was told the King and Queen were in bed, and had given positive orders not to admit any one. The Marquis in vain insisted on his own right as one of the lords of the bedchamber, and the right of the Lieutenant of the Tower, especially when he had any state prisoner; upon which Sir William knocked at the King's bedchamber-door, which being opened unto him, he fell upon his knees, and having just mentioned the warrant, his Majesty stopped him, saying, 'It shall be executed.' Upon which the Marquis enters, and, falling on his knees, humbly expostulates with the King concerning it. The Queen expressed great displeasure at the intrusion, but the Marquis, taking her up short, let her know she was a subject as well as himself; and that the business he came about was of the highest concernment to his Majesty, to herself, to the whole nation, and to himself in particular. * * * * 'Sir,' says he, 'if you persist in this resolution, no Scotsman will ever draw a sword for you; or, if they would, who should command them?' The King replied, 'Yourself.' 'No, sir,' said Hamilton; 'I dare never appear in Scotland afterwards.' The King, nevertheless, swore twice, 'By God, Loudon shall die!' Then the Marquis, craving leave to speak one word more, said, 'Sir, I desire your Majesty to look out for another home, for within four-and-twenty hours there will not be one stone of Whitehall left upon another.' This touched the King more than all the arguments of pity, justice, or distant danger. He called for the warrant, tore it, and dismissed the Marquis and Lieutenant somewhat suddenly." Swift, turbid, and gloomy now rolled on the stream of events: Parliament again assembled on the 13th of April in the following year, with Hampden, Pym, and Cromwell among the members, and the discussion and redress of the public grievances once more engaged their attention. Untaught by all that had taken place previously, Charles sent for them, on the eighth day of their sitting, to the Banqueting House. He did not address them himself; it would have been better if he had. The King's spokesman on this occasion was the Lord-Keeper Finch, the very man whose conduct, whilst Speaker of the House of Commons, had only the day before been under their consideration, and been condemned. This man now told them that they ought to remember that Parliaments were called for obtaining of assistance and supplies of money. "When you have voted these," said he, "his Majesty will give you scope and liberty to present your just grievances, and then he will hear them with a gracious ear." It is surprising that the King, with all his shrewdness, should have understood so little the character of the chief men in that Parliament as to suppose that they would listen to such language with any other feeling than contempt: there were evidently but two modes of dealing with them—the one, to yield honestly what they demanded; the other, to overpower them by direct force. Finding this appeal utterly ineffectual, Charles sent them various messages to the same purpose; but the Commons continued their course, investigating all the great public grievances. At last he saw that all his efforts to obtain supplies without a redress of those grievances, which he was determined not to grant, were useless; so he again dissolved the Houses. The circumstances attending this dissolution were very striking. The King had been told on the previous evening that if the Commons sat another day they would pass such a vote against ship-money as would not only destroy that revenue, but also other branches of the King's receipts. To prevent this most undesirable consummation Charles hit upon a characteristic expedient. Before eight on the following morning he sent his secretary, Windebank, to the house of Serjeant Glanvil, the Speaker, in Chancery Lane, with a command to bring him to Whitehall. This was done; and when the Commons met, they were surprised for some time at the absence of their Speaker; but the secret was explained when they were summoned to the Upper House to hear the sentence of dissolution read. Could Charles have looked into the hearts and minds of some of the men who quitted his presence on that day in silence, he could not have been otherwise than startled at the danger of the course he was pursuing: so great an amount of moral and intellectual power was perhaps never before or since embarked at one time in the popular cause as he must there have witnessed in array against him; and from men, prepared themselves to encounter every danger, even to the block and the axe, in the event of their failure, he must also have perceived how little indulgence he ought to anticipate if matters proceeded to extremities and *he* was unsuccessful. Extraordinary revelations into men's minds and motives, however, were denied to him, and the ordinary he despised, or was unable rightly to appreciate. So he dissolved the parliament, little thinking that it would be the last he would be permitted to have any such control over. The famous Long Parliament was summoned in the course of the same year, and the scenes which composed the last act of the great drama passed on in rapid succession. Strafford and Laud, the King's ministers, were impeached, and the former beheaded; and the King's prerogative of calling and dismissing parliaments when he pleased was effectually put an end to by a bill for making them triennial, and by making the issue of the writs imperative on particular parties at fixed periods. Here the King endeavoured to stop the progress of the Commons: another lecture was read to them in Whitehall, but not the less did he find himself compelled to give way. The war now grew more and more imminent. On the 27th of December, 1641, after a day of great agitation produced by Charles's attempt to put Colonel Lunsford, a desperate soldier of fortune, into the governorship of the Tower, the train-bands of Westminster and Middlesex were commanded by Charles to guard the Palace, and from that time one or two companies were left on duty night and day. On the 4th of January "he gave," says May, "unhappily, a just occasion for all men to think that their fears and jealousies were not causeless." He spent the preceding evening in making preparations of a very significant character. Arms were brought from the Tower to the Palace, where a table was spread for the entertainment of a band of young hot-headed men, who were ready to proceed to any extremities. That very day he went to take into custody five of the most obnoxious members of the House of Commons, who, being timely warned, avoided the house in obedience to its orders. A week later Charles left Whitehall, with his Queen, children, and entire court, and removed to Hampton Court. When he again beheld the walls of his favourite home, it was as a prisoner at St. James's, waiting his trial and execution. The war, as is well known, broke out in the same year, 1642. Whitehall was now seized by the Parliament; who in 1645 ordered the "boarded masque house," an immense room built by Charles for these exhibitions, to be pulled down, and that "all such pictures and statues" as were at "York House," as were without any "superstition," should be forthwith sold, for the benefit of Ireland and the North. The superstitious pictures appear to have been those which contained representations of the second person of the Trinity, or of the Virgin Mary; these were to be burnt. We pass now to the "last scene of all." The King was sentenced to death on the 27th of January, 1649, and on the morrow, being a Sunday, the commissioners of the High Court of Justice, which had decided his fate, kept a solemn fast in the chapel of Whitehall. On Monday he was to die. About two hours before daybreak of that eventful morning, Charles rose, and dressed himself with more than ordinary care. At ten o'clock Colonel Hacker came to conduct him to the scaffold, and, tapping softly at the door, said all was ready. The door was opened with difficulty by Herbert, who was in attendance upon the King, and who was completely unnerved by the terrible event. When Hacker entered he was as pale as Charles himself, and his voice faltered. They went together from St. James's to Whitehall, the King walking erect and very fast, having Bishop Juxon on his right hand, and Colonel Tomlinson on his left. Behind came a guard of halberdiers, and some of Charles's own gentlemen and servants, bare-headed. At the end of the Park Charles entered Whitehall, and passed through the long gallery into his favourite cabinet-chamber, no longer, alas! covered with the pictured wealth that he had lavished upon its walls. He was delayed here for some time, the scaffold not being quite ready; he spent the interval in prayer. About noon he took the slight refreshment of a glass of claret and a piece of bread; soon after which he received the final summons from Colonel Hacker. Attended by Juxon, Colonel Tomlinson, Colonel Hacker, and the guards, he passed through the Banqueting House to the scaffold, which was covered with black. The axe lay on the block in the midst of it. A considerable number of foot and horse soldiers were stationed on all sides, beyond whom were vast multitudes of spectators. Perceiving that the people were too distant to hear what he might say, he addressed himself to the gentlemen on the scaffold. Among other remarks he said, pointing to Bishop Juxon, "There is a good that man will bear me witness that I have forgiven all the world, and even those in particular that have been the chief causers of my death." He told them that they would never have peace till they gave his son and successor his due. He still adhered to his old principles of sovereignty, and assured them that the people ought never to have a share in the government, *that* being a thing "nothing pertaining to them;" while, with an apparent inconsistency, he added "that he died the *martyr of the people*." While he was speaking, one of the gentlemen on the scaffold touched the edge of the axe. "Hurt not the axe," said the King, "that may hurt me." He declared that he died a Christian according to the profession of the Church of England, as he found it left by his father. Addressing himself to Colonel Hacker, he said, "Take care that they do not put me to pain." Two men in disguises and vizors stood by the block; to one of these he said, "I shall say but very short prayers, and then thrust out my hand for the signal." Receiving his nightcap from Bishop Juxon, he put it on, asking the executioner at the same time, "Does my hair trouble you?" And he then, with the aid of the headsman and the Bishop, put it all up under his cap. Thus prepared, he turned to Juxon, saying, "I have a good cause and a gracious God on my side." "You have now," returned Juxon, "but one stage more; the stage is turbulent and troublesome, but it is a short one; it will soon convey you a very great way; it will carry you from earth to heaven." The King's last sentence was, "I go from a corruptible to an incorruptible crown, where no disturbance can be." He now took off his cloak, and gave his *George* to Juxon, with the single but emphatic word "Remember;" then stooped to the block, and in a few seconds had ceased to exist.



[The "George."]

a, upper side; *b*, under side; *c*, upper side raised, showing a portrait of Henrietta Maria. From the original Print by Hollar.

At the time of the famous dissolution of the Long Parliament, April 20, 1653, Cromwell resided at Whitehall, and when he had finished that extraordinary act he returned with the keys of the house in his pocket to his lodging in the palace. On the 10th of July following, the Little or Barebones Parliament met in the council-chamber of Whitehall; and the members being seated round the council-table, and Cromwell and his officers standing near its centre, the lord-general made a long and devout speech, showing the cause of their being called together, and explaining why he had dismissed the late Parliament. A friendly biographer says, "This speech was pronounced in so excellent a manner as sufficiently manifested (as the lord-general himself was thoroughly persuaded) that the spirit of God acted in and by him."* When he had concluded, he delivered to them an instrument in writing, whereby he intrusted to them, with the consent and advice of his officers, the supreme authority and government of the Commonwealth. Commending them to the grace of God, he then retired with his officers. Their subsequent meetings took place in the parliament-house as usual. Five months after, having failed to satisfy Cromwell, they were induced to dissolve themselves, and surrender their trust to him from whom they had received it. Cromwell was now made Lord Protector, and on the 16th of December he proceeded from Whitehall to the Chancery Court, where the Great Seal of England was formally delivered to him, amidst great ceremony and magnificence. From the Court he returned in state to the Banqueting House, the Lord Mayor carrying the sword before him, the soldiers shouting, and the ordnance firing. The Royalists and Republicans were each alike dissatisfied with these arrangements; and members of both parties, it is melancholy to add, sought to get rid of Cromwell by assassination. Indeed plots of this kind were so frequent that the Protector had found it necessary to have spies in all directions. By their agency it was discovered in 1656 that a republican officer of the name of Syndercombe had arranged to murder Cromwell on one of his journeys from Whitehall to his favourite residence at Hampton Court. Syndercombe was seized in his bed, tried, condemned, but escaped the traitor's death by suicide. It has been common enough to suppose that, in wishing to be made King, Cromwell was seeking only to gratify an unnatural ambition; yet such a conclusion is, at least, doubtful; for at this very period there were men of honour and intelligence who thought that the restoration of the House of Lords, and of the hereditary monarchy in Cromwell's person, would set at rest all the intrigues of the Royalists by destroying their hopes, and who dreaded the anarchy that might ensue in case of the Protector's sudden death. On the 23rd of February, Sir Christopher Pack, Lord Mayor of London, suggested in his place in parliament, that, as the best way of settling the nation, the Lord Protector should be desired to assume the title of King. Much violence ensued; but, after a debate which lasted more than a month, it was resolved on the 26th of March, by a majority of 123 to 62, to offer him the regal crown. On the 4th of April the Speaker and the House of Commons appeared at Whitehall, and desired "that his Highness would be pleased to magnify himself with the title of King." Among the arguments used on the occasion to persuade Cromwell to accede to their wishes was the very pertinent one that the title was interwoven in the laws, accommodated to the genius of the people, approved by the suffrages of parliaments. Cromwell, in answer, declared that he did not find it his duty to God and his country to accept the proffered new title. On the 14th, 16th, and 20th, the committee of the House again waited upon him. Whitelock says, "The Protector was satisfied in his private judgment that it was fit for him to take upon him the title of King, and matters were prepared in order thereunto; but afterwards, by solicitation of the Commonwealth-men, and fearing a mutiny and defection of a great part of the army in case he should assume that title and office, his mind changed; and many of the officers of the army gave out high threatenings against him in case he should do it: he therefore thought best to attend some better season and opportunity in this business, and refused it at this time with great seeming earnestness." Accordingly in the following month the Commons voted that Cromwell's title should continue to be Lord Protector. In 1657 an accident occurred to Richard Cromwell at Whitehall, which seriously troubled the Protector, who was an affectionate parent. His son came with other members of the House of Commons to pay their respects to his Highness, when the stairs of the Banqueting House gave way, and he narrowly escaped being crushed to death. Several of his bones were broken, but they were well set, and he soon recovered. "This hath been a great affliction to his Highness and family here," writes his secretary, Thurloe, in a letter to Richard's brother, Henry. "If a sparrow falls not to the ground without the providence of God, much less do such things fall upon a person of his quality by chance. This rod hath a voice, and the Lord give us all hearts to hear and obey it." Whitehall, at this period, presented a pleasing picture of sovereign dignity and domestic repose. The members of Cromwell's family were all persons of more than ordinary accomplishments, intellect, and moral character, and there was the greatest love and harmony existing among them. "His own diet was spare and not curious, except in public treatments, which were constantly given the Monday in every week to all the officers in the army, not below a captain, when he used to dine with them. A table was likewise spread every day of the week for such officers as should casually come to court. He was a great lover of music, and entertained the most skilful in that science in his pay and family. He respected all persons that were eximious* in any art, and would procure them to be sent or brought to him. Sometimes he would, for a frolic, before he had half dined, give order for the drum to beat, and call in his foot-guards, who were permitted to make booty of all they found on the table. Sometimes he would be jocund with some of the nobility, and would tell them what company they had lately kept; when and where they had drunk the King's health and the royal family's; bidding them, when they did it again, to do it more privately, and this without any passion, and as festivous, droll discourse."† He surrounded himself also with the master-minds of his time: Milton was his Latin secretary and intimate; Andrew Marvel was a frequent guest at his table; Waller was his friend and kinsman; and the youthful Dryden was not left unnoticed. The man who thus loved and honoured the poets of his country was not very likely to sympathise with the Puritans in their abhorrence of the fine arts. On the contrary, we find him exerting himself to restore the magnificent collection of Charles, as far as possible, to its pristine state. He repurchased many of the pictures which had been sold, and among them the most

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* Carrington.

* *Excellent,—eminent.* † *Perfect Politician.*

valuable works of art that England can now boast of, the Cartoons of Rafaelle. Evelyn, under the date of 1656, thus refers to the state of the palace under Cromwell's care:—"I ventured to go to Whitehall, where of many years I had not been, and found it very glorious and well furnished." It is a touching feature in the death of this great man, that it should be accelerated, as in the opinion of many it was, by the loss of his favourite daughter. Whilst sick he was brought from Hampton Court to Whitehall. On the 2nd of September, 1658, he was assured that his end was approaching, and was then heard, by Major Butler, to utter the following prayer:—"Lord, I am a poor foolish creature; this people would have me live; they think it will be best for them, and that it will redound much to thy glory. All the stir is about this. Others would fain have me to die. Lord, pardon them, and pardon thy foolish people; forgive them their sins, and do not forsake them; but love and bless them, and give them rest; and bring them to a consistency, and give me rest. * * * I am a conqueror, and more than a conqueror, through Jesus Christ, who strengtheneth me." He died on the following morning, the anniversary of his great victories of Worcester and Dunbar. With the period of Cromwell's death all the great memories of Whitehall may be said to cease. There is plenty of matter in the ensuing reigns to keep up the interest we feel in it, but that interest is of a lower and less absorbing character. Richard Cromwell of course occupied Whitehall after his father's death, during the short period of his rule. That he did not suffer much by ceasing to be Protector is tolerably evident from his remark when quitting Whitehall. A friend noticed that he took particular care of one or two old trunks which stood in his wardrobe, and inquired the reason. "Why," replied Richard Cromwell, "they contain no less than the lives and fortunes of all the good people of England."—Thus wittily did he satirize the congratulatory addresses which had been showered upon him from all parts of the country on his accession some nine months before. The Rump Parliament now proposed to sell Whitehall, with the other royal palaces of Somerset House and Hampton Court; but they were dismissed before the project could be carried into execution. A few months more, and Charles II. passed through the streets of London to Whitehall, amidst all the sights and sounds of a universal rejoicing. Another great change now took place in the palace. If his object had been to make Whitehall in every respect a contrast to what it had been in Cromwell's time, Charles could not have acted otherwise than he did. Here is a specimen from Evelyn of the scenes which were almost daily exhibited during this profligate reign:—"Following his Majesty this morning through the gallery, I went with the few who attended him into the Duchess of Portsmouth's dressing-room, within her bedchamber, where she was in her morning loose garment; her maids combing her, newly out of her bed, his Majesty and the gallants standing about her. But that which engaged my curiosity was the rich and splendid furniture of this woman's apartment, now twice or thrice pulled down and rebuilt to satisfy her prodigal and expensive pleasures, whilst her Majesty's does not exceed some gentlemen's ladies in furniture and accommodation. Here I saw the new fabric of French tapestry, for design, tenderness of work, and incomparable imitation of the best paintings, beyond anything I had ever beheld. Some pieces had Versailles, St. Germain's, and other palaces of the French King, with huntings, figures, and landscapes, exotic fowls, and all to the life rarely done.

Then for Japan cabinets, screens, pendule clocks, great vases of wrought plate, table-stands, chimney-furniture, sconces, branches, brasenas, &c., all of massy silver, and out of number, besides some of her Majesty's best paintings." Imagine, as a contrast to this picture, another, in which Charles sat in state in the Banqueting House, when a physician led certain patients up to him to be touched for the evil or scrofula, whilst a chaplain, standing by, was not ashamed to repeat over each the passage from Scripture, "He put his hands upon them, and healed them." Even at this period of degradation the palace possessed one great charm—the music of its Chapel-Royal. The choir, famous in Charles I.'s time, was now distinguished above all others by the great superiority of its officers, and by the number of excellent composers it produced. It will be sufficient to mention the most illustrious of its names, Henry Purcell, England's greatest musician. To Charles's taste and munificence this result was mainly owing; yet it is difficult to understand how he could step from the Chapel-Royal, with a full appreciation of its sublime strains, into such a scene as that described by Evelyn in the following striking passage, written the night after the King's death:—

"I can never forget the inexpressible luxury and profaneness, gaming, and all dissoluteness, and, as it were, total forgetfulness of God (it being Sunday evening), which this day se'nnight I was witness of; the King sitting and toying with his concubines, Portsmouth, Cleaveland, and Mazarine, &c.; a French boy singing love-songs in that glorious gallery, whilst about twenty of the great courtiers and other dissolute persons were at basset round a large table, a bank of at least 2000*l.* in gold before them; upon which two gentlemen who were with me made reflections with astonishment. Six days after was all in the dust." Charles had long been suspected to be in his heart a Roman Catholic, and at the point of death his brother and successor, James, with great secrecy and some difficulty, brought to his bedside Father Huddlestone, a Catholic priest, who had aided Charles in his escape from Worcester. His death took place on the 6th of February, 1685. Among his last words were some that scandalised the bishops present very much, but which are touching and valuable were it only that they show that the King *had* a heart. "Do not," said he, "let poor Nelly (Gwynne) starve." Charles died; and although James was essentially little better, his court was more decent in all outward observances than his brother's. The new King's reigning mistress was Catherine Sedley, who had no pretension to beauty, but inherited much of her father's wit. Charles used to say that one might fancy his brother's mistresses were given him by his father-confessor as penances, they were all so ugly. According to Walpole, Miss Sedley (ennobled into the Countess of Dorchester when installed at Whitehall) was herself accustomed to wonder what James chose his mistresses for. "We are none of us handsome," she said, "and if we had wit, he had not enough to find it out." James's tendencies were very quickly made evident. On the 5th of March, only a month after his accession, Evelyn saw, "to his great grief," the "new pulpit set up in the Popish oratorie at Whitehall for the Lent preaching, mass being publicly said; and the Romanists swarming at court with greater confidence than had ever been seen in England since the Reformation." Other and less objectionable additions were made in the same year to the palace. James built a new range of buildings on the garden side, including a chapel, and lodgings for his Queen, Mary d'Este. The embroidery of her Majesty's bed cost 3000*l.*, and the carving about the chimney-piece, by Gibbons, was, says Evelyn, "incomparable." Statues of white marble, and an altar-piece by Verrio, decorated the chapel. Blind as his father had been to all the signs of the times, the King would not be content without rushing into conflict with the people; and though his head was allowed to remain on his shoulders, the result, as regards his throne, was the same. William came over; and, finding that James was in no hurry to leave Whitehall, sent some battalions of the Dutch guards into Westminster to quicken his departure: with so little dignity did he fall. The history of the palace is now near its conclusion. On the 10th of April, 1691, a considerable portion of it was burnt by a fire which broke out in the apartment of the Duchess of Portsmouth; and in 1698 the entire structure, with the exception of the Banqueting House and some small portion of its buildings, was destroyed by the same element. Evelyn thus generalises the results:—"Whitehall burnt; nothing but walls and ruins left."

The interior of the Banqueting House has been occupied as a chapel since the time of George I., who granted a stipend to certain clergymen to preach in it. About four years ago it underwent a thorough repair and restoration; when a gallery, built for the use of the Guards, was removed. The immense size and noble proportions of this room now appear in all their original grandeur. Over the door is a bust of the founder, James I. A lofty gallery runs along the two sides of the room, and across the end over the door of entrance, where there is a fine organ. But the great attraction of the Banqueting House is the ceiling, with its series of paintings by Rubens, before referred to, which, immediately the spectator enters the room, attract his eyes by their brilliant and harmonious colouring. Their great height, however, renders any close and accurate inspection impossible. Dr. Waagen, the celebrated German critic, gives on the whole, we think, the best account of them. "The ceiling," he says, "divided into nine compartments, is decorated with so many oil-paintings by Rubens. The largest, in the centre, of an oval form, contains the apotheosis of King James I. On the two long sides of it are great friezes with genii, who load sheaves of corn and fruits in carriages drawn by lions, bears, and rams. All the proportions are so colossal that each of these boys measures nine feet. The other two pictures in the centre row represent King James as protector of Peace, and sitting on his throne, appointing Prince Charles as his successor. The four pictures at the sides of these contain allegorical representations of Royal Power and Virtue. These paintings, executed in 1630, by commission from King Charles I., have by no means given me satisfaction. Independently of the inconvenience of looking at them, all large ceiling paintings have an oppressive, heavy, and, as ornaments to the architecture, unfavourable effect; for which reason, the refined judgment of the ancients never allowed of them, but was content with light decorations on a bright ground. Least of all are the colossal and heavy figures of Rubens adapted to such a purpose. Not to speak of the repulsive coldness of all allegories, the overcharging and clumsiness of those of Rubens are not calculated to make them attractive; and lastly, the character and reign of James I. could scarcely inspire him with any poetical enthusiasm. There is little doubt that the greater part was originally executed by the pupils of Rubens, as was subsequently the case with the series of the Life of Mary di Medicis, in the Louvre: add to this, that these pictures have already undergone four restorations, the last of which was completed a short time ago."*

The statue seen in our engraving of the Banqueting House is that of James II. This is the work of Gibbons, and in every way worthy of his reputation. The attitude of the figure is easy, yet dignified; and a calm but serious and very thoughtful expression is stamped upon the well-formed features and brow. James is habited in the costume of a Roman emperor, a somewhat incongruous association of ideas; indeed, the only circumstance connected with this beautiful work that at all interferes with our admiration of it is its association with a sovereign so little deserving of the permanent interest that art can confer upon all those with whom it has any connection.

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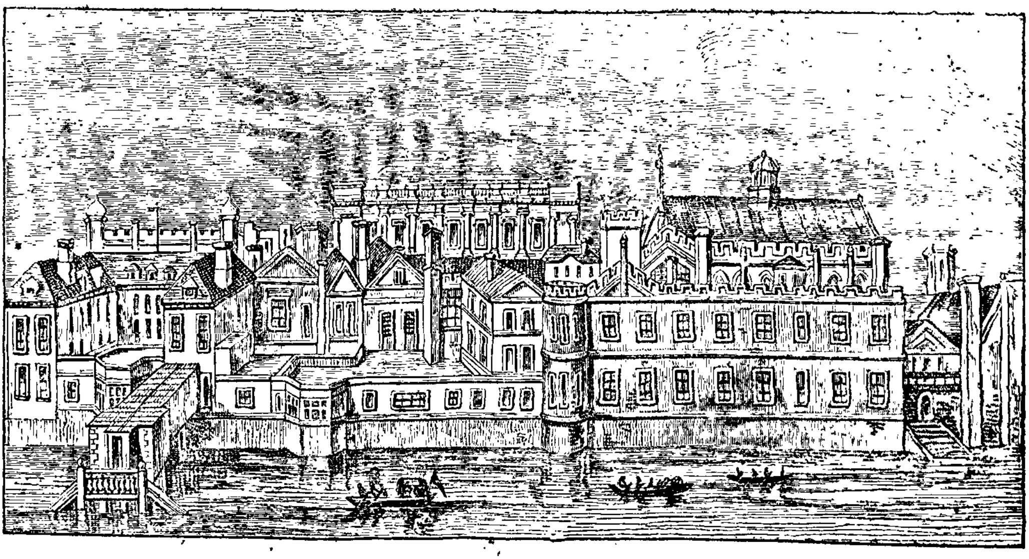
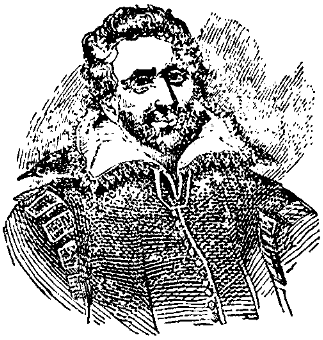
* Art and Artists in England, iii. 17.



[Whitehall as it appeared before the Fire of 1691.]



[Ben Jonson.]

XXI.—BEN JONSON'S LONDON.

In the map of London, according to the survey of Aggas in 1560, Chancery Lane presents to us only a few scattered houses at the ends which connect it with Fleet Street and Holborn. Nearly the whole of the eastern side exhibits one large enclosed garden; whilst the western has a corresponding garden of greater length, containing a smaller enclosure, that of Lincoln's Inn. In the reign of Elizabeth, when the militant spirit of the owners of the soil displayed itself in the battle-field of the Court of Chancery, and the law was fast rising into the most thriving of professions, Chancery Lane would of necessity partake more than an equal share of the common improvements of London. The garden of Lincoln's Inn was a pleasant place, with its formal walks and shady avenues; and the reverend benchers would naturally desire that the eye of the vulgar passenger should look not upon their solemn musings or their frequent mirth. And so they built a wall in Chancery Lane to shut out the garden. Upon that wall laboured with his own hands the most illustrious of bricklayers, Benjamin Jonson. "His mother, after his father's death, married a bricklayer, and it is generally said that he wrought some time with his father-in-law, and particularly on the garden-wall of Lincoln's Inn, next to Chancery Lane."* This is Aubrey's account; and there can be no doubt of the fact of Jonson's early occupation. But the young bricklayer had been building up something better than the garden-wall of Lincoln's Inn. He had raised for himself an edifice of sound scholarship, as a boy of Westminster; and whilst his mother and step-father, according to Fuller, "lived in Hartshorn Lane near Charing Cross," he was studying under the great Camden, then a junior master of that celebrated school. The good old author of the 'Worthies' thus continues:—"He was statutably admitted into Saint John's College in Cambridge (as many years after incorporated a honorary member of Christ Church in Oxford), where he continued but few weeks for want of further maintenance, being fain to return to the trade of his father-in-law. And let not them blush that have, but those that have not, a lawful calling. He helped in the building of the new structure of Lincoln's Inn, when, having a trowel in his hand, he had a book in his pocket."[a]

Aubrey tells the story of his going to college with a little more romance. He had not only the book in his pocket, but he was heard to repeat "Greek verses out of Homer;" and a bencher, discoursing with him, gave him an exhibition at Trinity College. Jonson's name does not appear in any of the Cambridge registers; and he probably remained at the University a very short time. Aubrey continues, "Then he went into the Low Countries, and spent some time (not very long) in the army, not to the disgrace of it, as you may find in his epigrams." The little poem to which Aubrey alludes is an address 'To True Soldiers:'—

> "I swear by your true friend, my muse, I love
> Your great profession, which I once did prove;
> And did not shame it with my actions then."

In Jonson's 'Conversation with Drummond of Hawthornden' he is made to tell that "In his service in the Low Countries he had, in the face of both the camps, killed one enemy and taken *opima spolia* from him." Jonson was born in 1574; and there is little doubt that his feats of arms were performed before he was twenty. In 1597 we find him in London, a player and a writer for the stage. Philip Henslow, one of the theatrical managers in that prosperous time of theatres, records in his diary of July, 1597, a loan of four pounds to Benjamin Jonson, player; and on the 3rd of December of the same year he also advances him twenty shillings "upon a book which he was to write for us before Christmas next." At this time he had written 'Every Man in his Humour,' for Henslow's theatre; not, however, in its present state, but with its scene laid in Italy. In the 'Life of Alleyn,' recently published by Mr. Collier, there is a letter from Henslow to Alleyn, for the first time printed, which contains the following very curious passage:—"Since you were with me I have lost one of my company, which hurteth me greatly—that is Gabrell, for he is slain in Hogsden Fields by the hands of Benjamin Jonson, bricklayer." This letter is dated in September, 1598. The use of the term "bricklayer," to designate Jonson's calling, is most remarkable. Either Henslow was ignorant (which appears very improbable) that the man who slew "Gabrell" was one of his own authors; or Jonson, with that manly independence which we cannot enough admire in his character, followed his step-father's laborious occupation even at the time when he was struggling to attain the honours of a poet. That he unhappily killed a man in a duel there can be no doubt; he himself told the story to Drummond. "Since his coming to England, being appealed to the fields, he had killed his adversary, which hurt him in the arm, and whose sword was ten inches longer than his; for the which he was imprisoned and almost at the gallows." Aubrey, in his loose way, says, "He killed Mr. Marlowe, the poet, on Bunhill." Marlowe was killed in 1593. Gifford supposes that this unfortunate event happened in 1595; but, if there be no error as to the date of Henslow's letter, "Benjamin Jonson, bricklayer," was a poet of no mean reputation at the time of this event. His enemies never forgot that he had wielded the trowel. Dekker calls him the "lime-and-mortar poet." Jonson had precisely the mind to prefer the honest labour of his hands to the fearful shifts and hateful duplicities to which the unhappy man of genius was in those days too often degraded.

Thus, then, about four years before the death of Elizabeth, there was a dramatic writer in London who, though scarcely twenty-five years of age, had studied society under many aspects. He was a scholar, bred up by the most eminent teachers, amongst aristocratic companions; but his home was that of poverty and obscurity, and he had to labour with his hands for his daily bread. He delighted in walking not only amidst the open fields of ancient poetry and eloquence, but in all the by-places of antiquity, gathering flowers amongst the weeds with infinite toil: but he possessed no merely contemplative spirit: he had high courage and ardent passions, and whether with the sword or the pen he was a dangerous antagonist. This humbly-born man, with the badge of the "hod and trowel" fixed on him by his enemies—twitted with ambling "by a play-waggon in the highway"—with a face held up to ridicule as being "like a rotten russet apple when it is bruised," or "punched full of eylet-holes, like the cover of a warming pan"—described by himself as remarkable for

> "His mountain belly and his rocky face"—

with "one eye lower than t'other and bigger," as Aubrey has it—and, according to the same authority, "wont to wear a coat like a coachman's coat, with slits under the arm-pits;"—this uncouth being was for a quarter of a century the favourite poet of the court,—one that wrote masques not only for two kings to witness, but for one to perform in,—the founder and chief ornament of clubs where the greatest of his age for wit, and learning, and rank, gathered round him as a common centre; but, above all, he was the rigid moralist, who spared no vice, who was fearless in his denunciation of public or private profligacy, who crouched not to power or riches, but who stood up in the worst of days a real man. The pictures which Jonson has left of the London of his time are more full, more diversified, and more amusing, than those of any contemporary writer,—perhaps of all his contemporaries put together. He possessed a combination of the power of acute and accurate observation with unrivalled vigour in the delineation of what he saw. Aubrey, one of the shrewdest as well as the most credulous of biographers, has a very sensible remark upon the characteristics of Shakspere's comedy, as compared with the writers after the Restoration. "His comedies will remain wit as long as the English tongue is understood, for that he handles *mores hominum*; now, our present writers reflect so much upon particular persons and coxcombeities, that twenty years hence they will not be understood." This is precisely the case with Jonson as compared with Shakspere; but he is on this account a far more valuable authority for what essentially belongs to periods and classes. Shakspere has purposely left this field uncultivated; but it is Jonson's absolute domain. Studied with care, as he must be to be properly appreciated, he presents to us an almost inexhaustible series of *Daguerreotypes*,—forms copied from the life with absolute certainty of the manners of three reigns,—when there was freedom enough for men to abandon themselves without disguise to what they called their *humours*, and the conflicts of opinion had not yet become so violent as to preclude the public satirist from attacking sects and parties. There is a peculiar interest, too, about Jonson and his writings, if we regard him as the representative of the literary class of his own day. In his hands the stage was to teach what the Essayists of a century afterwards were to teach. The age was to be exhibited; its vices denounced; its follies laughed at. Gifford has remarked that there is a singular resemblance between Benjamin Jonson and Samuel Johnson. Nothing can be more true; and the similarity is increased by the reflection that they are both of them essentially London men: for them there is no other social state. Of London they know all the strange resorts: they move about with the learned and the rich with a thorough independence and self-respect; but they know that there are other aspects of life worthy to be seen, and they study them in obscure places where less robust writers are afraid to enter. The subject of "Ben Jonson's London" is a very large one, and in looking therefore at his living pictures, either separately or in the aggregate, we pretend to no completeness. But if we fail to amuse our readers, we shall at any rate make them more familiar with some things that are worth remembering. Ben Jonson has been somewhat neglected; but he belongs to that band of mighty minds whose works can never perish.

We have said that Ben Jonson is essentially of London. He did not, like his illustrious namesake, walk into the great city from the midland country, and throw his huge bulk upon the town as if it were a wave to bear up such a leviathan. Fuller traces him "from his long coats;" and from that poor dwelling "in Hartshorn Lane near Charing Cross" he sees him through "a private school in St. Martin's Church" into the sixth form at "Westminster." What wanderings must the bricklayer's stepson have had during those school-days, and in the less happy period when they were passed! And then, when the strong man came back from the Low Countries, and perhaps on one day was driven to the taverns and the playhouses by the restlessness of his genius, and on another ate the sweeter bread of manual labour, how thoroughly must he have known that town in which he was still to live for forty years; and how familiarly must all its localities have come unbidden into his mind! There is no writer of that age, not professedly descriptive, who surrounds us so completely with London scenes as Ben Jonson does. As his characters could only have existed in the precise half-century in which he himself lived, so they could only have moved in the identical places which form the background in these remarkable groups. We open 'Every Man in his Humour:' Master Stephen dwells at Hogsden, but he despises the "archers of Finsbury and the citizens that come a-ducking to Islington ponds." We look upon the map of Elizabeth's time, and there we see Finsbury Field covered with trees and windmills; and we understand its ruralities, and picture to ourselves the pleasant meadows between the Archery-ground and Islington. But the dwellers at Hoxton have a long suburb to pass before they reach London. "I am sent for this morning by a friend in the Old Jewry to come to him; it is but crossing over the fields to Moorgate." The Old Jewry presented the attraction of "the Windmill" tavern; and near it dwelt Cob, the waterman, by the wall at the bottom of Coleman Street, "at the sign of the Water Tankard, hard by the Green Lattice." Some thirty years after this we have in 'The Tale of a Tub' a more extended picture of suburban London.

The characters move about in the fields near Pancridge (Pancras) to Holloway, Highgate, Islington, Kentish Town, Hampstead, St. John's Wood, Paddington, and Kilburn: Totten-Court is a mansion in the fields: a robbery is pretended to be committed in "the ways over the country" between Kentish Town and Hampstead Heath, and a warrant is granted by a "Marribone" justice. In London the peculiarities of the streets become as familiar to us as the names of the taverns. There is "a rare motion (puppet-show) to be seen in Fleet Street,"* and "a new motion of the city of Nineveh with Jonas and the Whale at Fleet Bridge."† This thoroughfare was the great show-place up to the time of the Restoration. Cromwell, according to Butler's ballad, was to be there exhibited. The Strand was the chief road for ladies to pass through in their coaches; and there Lafoole in the 'Silent Woman' has a lodging, "to watch when ladies are gone to the china-houses, or the Exchange, that he may meet them by chance and give them presents." Cole-Harbour, in the parish of All Hallows the Less, is not so genteel—it is a sanctuary for spendthrifts. Sir Epicure Mammon, in 'The Alchymist,' would buy up all the copper in Lothbury; and we hear of the rabbit-skins of Budge Row and the stinking tripe of Panyer Alley.‡ At the bottom of St. Martin's Lane was a nest of alleys (some remains of which existed within the last twenty years) the resort of infamy in every shape. Jonson calls them "the Straits," "where the quarrelling lesson is read," and the "seconds are bottle-ale and tobacco."§ The general characteristics of the streets before the Fire are not forgotten. In 'The Devil is an Ass' the Lady and her lover speak closely and gently from the windows of two contiguous buildings. Such are a few examples of the local proprieties which constantly turn up in Jonson's dramas.

Before we proceed to our rapid and necessarily imperfect review of the more prominent exhibitions of the social state of London to be found in Jonson's comedies, we may properly notice the personal relations in which this great dramatist stood in regard to his literary compeers; for indeed his individual history, as exhibited in his writings, is not an unimportant chapter in the history of the social state of London generally. The influence of men of letters even upon their own age is always great; it is sometimes all-powerful. In Jonson's time the pulpit and the stage were the teachers and inciters; and the stage, taken altogether, was an engine of great power, either for good or evil. In the hands of Shakspere and Jonson it is impossible to over-estimate the good which it produced. The one carried men into the highest region of lofty poetry (and the loftier because it was comprehensible by all), out of the narrow range of their own petty passions and low gratifications: the other boldly lashed the follies of individuals and classes, sometimes with imprudence, but always with honesty. If others ministered to the low tastes and the intolerant prejudices of the multitude, Jonson was ever ready to launch a bolt at them, fearless of the consequences. No man ever laboured harder to uphold the dignity of letters, and of that particular branch in which his labour was embarked. He was ardent in all he did; and of course he made many enemies. But his friendship was as warm as his enmity. No man had more friends or more illustrious. He was the father of many sons, to use the affectionate phrase which indicated the relation between the illustrious writer and his disciples. Jonson was always poor, often embarrassed; but his proper intellectual ascendency over many minds was never doubted. Something of this ascendency may be attributed to his social habits.

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* *The Fox.*

† *Every Man out of his Humour.*

‡ *Bartholomew Fair.*

§ *Ib.*

In the year 1599, when Henslow, according to his records, was lending Benjamin Jonson twenty shillings, and thirty shillings, and other small sums, in earnest of this play and that—sometimes advanced to himself alone, oftener for works in which he was joined with others—he was speaking in his own person to the audiences of the time with a pride which prosperity could not increase or adversity subdue. In 'Every Man out of his Humour,' first acted in 1599, he thus delivers himself in the character of "Asper, the Presenter:"—

"If any here chance to behold himself,
Let him not dare to challenge me of wrong;
For if he shame to have his follies known,
First he should shame to act 'em: my strict hand
Was made to seize on vice, and with a gripe
Squeeze out the humour of such spongy souls
As lick up every idle vanity."

The spirit which dictated these lines was not likely to remain free from literary quarrels. Jonson was attacked in turn, or fancied he was attacked. In 1601 he produced 'The Poetaster;' and in his 'Apologetical Dialogue which was only once spoken upon the stage,' he thus defends his motives for this supposed attack upon some of his dramatic brethren:—

"Sure I am, three years
They did provoke me with their petulant styles
On every stage: and I at last, unwilling,
But weary, I confess, of so much trouble,
Thought I would try if shame could win upon 'em;
And therefore chose Augustus Cæsar's times,
When wit and arts were at their height in Rome,
To show that Virgil, Horace, and the rest
Of those great master-spirits, did not want
Detractors then, or practisers against them:
And by this line, although no parallel,
I hop'd at last they would sit down and blush;
But nothing I could find more contrary.
And though the impudence of flies be great,
Yet this hath so provok'd the angry wasps,
Or, as you said, of the next nest, the hornets,
That they fly buzzing, mad, about my nostrils,
And, like so many screaming grasshoppers
Held by the wings, fill every ear with noise."

If Dekker and Marston were the "wasps" and "hornets" attacked under the names of Crispinus and Demetrius, he has bestowed the most lavish praise upon another of his contemporaries under the name of Virgil. We believe with Gifford that the following lines were meant for the most illustrious of Jonson's contemporaries; and that "all this is as undoubtedly true of Shakspere as if it were pointedly written to describe him:"—

"That which he hath writ
Is with such judgment labour'd, and distill'd
Through all the needful uses of our lives,
That, could a man remember but his lines,
He should not touch at any serious point,
But he might breathe his spirit out of him.

* * * * *

His learning savours not the school-like gloss
That most consists in echoing words and terms,
And soonest wins a man an empty name ;
Nor any long or far-fetch'd circumstance
Wrapp'd in the curious generalties of arts ;
But a direct and analytic sum
Of all the worth and first effects of arts.
And for his poesy, 't is so ramm'd with life,
That it shall gather strength of life with being,
And live hereafter more admir'd than now."

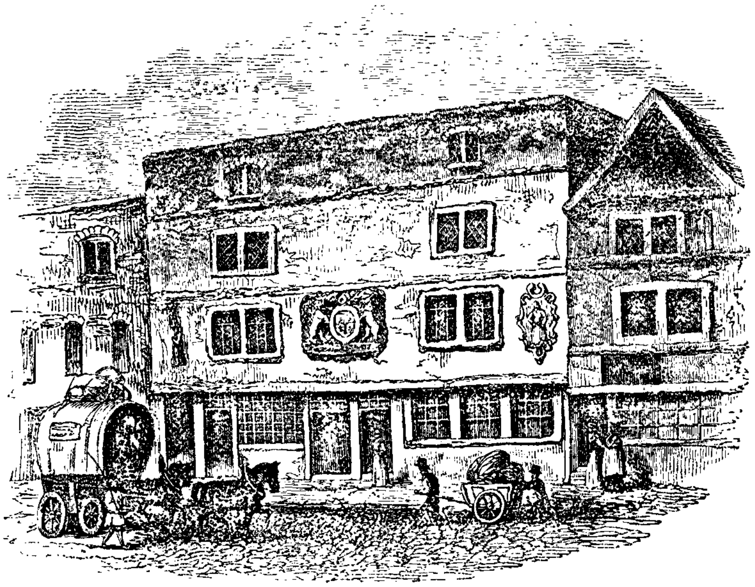
In 'The Poetaster' Jonson is characterised as Horace; and his enemy, Demetrius, says, "Horace is a mere sponge—nothing but humours and observations. He goes up and down sucking upon every society, and when he comes home squeezes himself dry again." This reminds one of Aubrey:—"Ben Jonson and he (Shakspere) did gather humours of men daily wherever they came." They used their observations, however, very differently; the one was the Raphael, the other the Teniers, of the drama. When we look at the noble spirit with which Jonson bore poverty, it is perhaps to be lamented that he was so impatient of censure. If the love of fame be

"The last infirmity of noble minds,"

the horror of ridicule or contempt is too often its companion. The feelings are mixed in the fine lines with which Jonson concludes the 'Apologetical Dialogue:'—

"I, that spend half my nights, and all my days,
Here in a cell to get a dark, pale face,
To come forth with the ivy or the bays,
And in this age can hope no other grace—
Leave me ! There 's something come into my thoughts
That must and shall be sung high and aloof,
Safe from the wolf's black jaw and the dull ass's hoof."

The actors come in for some share of Jonson's ridicule; and he seems to

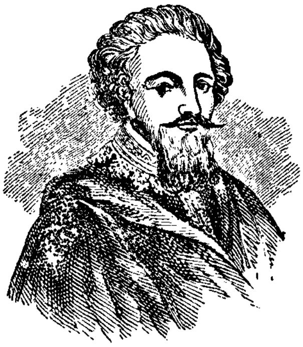


[The Fortune Theatre, Golden Lane, Barbican, as it remained in 1790.]

point more especially at some at the Fortune Theatre. But enough of these quarrels.

Every one has heard of the wit-combats between Shakspere and Ben Jonson, described by Fuller:—"Many were the wit-combats betwixt him and Ben Jonson; which two I behold like a *Spanish great galleon* and an *English man-of-war:* Master Jonson (like the former) was built far higher in learning; *solid,* but *slow* in his performances. Shakespeare, with the *English man-of-war,* lesser in *bulk* but lighter in *sailing,* could turn with all tides, tack about, and take advantage of all winds, by the quickness of his wit and invention." When Fuller says "I behold," he meant with his "mind's eye;" for he was only eight years of age when Shakspere died—a circumstance which appears to have been forgotten by some who have written of these matters. But we have a noble record left of the wit-combats in the celebrated epistle of Beaumont to Jonson:—

"Methinks the little wit I had is lost
Since I saw you; for wit is like a rest
Held up at tennis, which men do the best
With the best gamesters: what things have we seen
Done at the Mermaid! heard words that have been
So nimble, and so full of subtile flame,
As if that every one from whence they came
Had meant to put his whole wit in a jest,
And had resolv'd to live a fool the rest
Of his dull life; then when there hath been thrown
Wit able enough to justify the town
For three days past—wit that might warrant be
For the whole city to talk foolishly
'Till that were cancell'd: and when that was gone
We left an air behind us, which alone
Was able to make the two next companies
Right witty; though but downright fools, mere wise."



[Beaumont.]

Gifford has thus described the club at the Mermaid:—"About this time [1603] Jonson probably began to acquire that turn for conviviality for which he was afterwards noted. Sir Walter Raleigh, previously to his unfortunate engagement with the wretched Cobham and others, had instituted a meeting of *beaux esprits* at the Mermaid, a celebrated tavern in Friday Street. Of this club, which combined more talent and genius than ever met together before or since, our author was a member; and here for many years he regularly repaired with

Shakspeare, Beaumont, Fletcher, Selden, Cotton, Carew, Martin, Donne, and many others, whose names, even at this distant period, call up a mingled feeling of reverence and respect." Jonson has been accused of excess in wine; and certainly temperance was not the virtue of his age. Drummond, who puts down his conversations in a spirit of detraction, says, "Drink was the element in which he lived." Aubrey tells us "he would many times exceed in drink; Canary was his beloved liquor." And so he tells us himself in his graceful poem 'Inviting a Friend to Supper:'—

> "But that which most doth take my muse and me
> Is a pure cup of rich Canary wine,
> Which is the Mermaid's now, but shall be mine."

But the rich Canary was to be used, and not abused:—

> "Of this we will sup free, but moderately;
> Nor shall our cups make any guilty men:
> But at our parting we will be as when
> We innocently met. No simple word,
> That shall be utter'd at our mirthful board,
> Shall make us sad next morning, or affright
> The liberty that we'll enjoy to-night."

This is not the *principle* of intemperance, at any rate; nor were the associates of Jonson at the Mermaid such as mere sensual gratification would have allied in that band of friendship. They were not such companions as the unhappy Robert Greene, whose genius was eaten up by his profligacy, describes himself to have lived amongst:—"His company were lightly the lewdest persons in the land, apt for pilfery, perjury, forgery, or any villany. Of these he knew the cast to cog at cards, cozen at dice; by these he learned the legerdemains of nips, foysts, conycatchers, crossbyters, lifts, high lawyers, and all the rabble of that unclean generation of vipers; and pithily could he point out their whole courses of craft: so cunning was he in all crafts, as nothing rested in him almost but craftiness." This is an unhappy picture; and in that age, when the rewards of unprofessional scholars were few and uncertain, it is scarcely to be wondered that their morals sometimes yielded to their necessities. Jonson and Shakspere passed through the slough of the theatre without a stain. Their club meetings were not the feasts of the senses alone. The following verses by Jonson were inscribed over the door of the Apollo Room in the Devil Tavern:—

> "Welcome all who lead or follow
> To the oracle of Apollo:
> Here he speaks out of his pottle,
> Or the tripos, his tower bottle;
> All his answers are divine,
> Truth itself doth flow in wine.
> Hang up all the poor hop-drinkers,
> Cries old Sim, the king of skinkers;
> He the half of life abuses
> That sits watering with the Muses.
> Those dull girls no good can mean us;
> Wine—it is the milk of Venus,
> And the poet's horse accounted:
> Ply it, and you all are mounted.

'Tis the true Phœbian liquor,
Cheers the brains, makes wit the quicker;
Pays all debts, cures all diseases,
And at once three senses pleases.
Welcome all who lead or follow
To the oracle of Apollo!"

In the Apollo Room Jonson sat, the founder of the club, perhaps its dictator. One of his contemporary dramatists, Marmion, describes him in his presidential chair:—

"The boon Delphic god
Drinks sack, and keeps his Bacchanalia,
And has his incense, and his altars smoking,
And speaks in sparkling prophecies."

But "the boon Delphic god" had his *Leges Conviviales*, (written in the purest Latinity) engraved in black marble over the chimney. They were gone when Messrs. Child, the bankers, purchased the old tavern in 1787; but the verses over the door, and the bust of Jonson, still remained there. These laws have been translated into very indifferent verse, to quote which would give an imperfect idea of their elegance and spirit. They were not laws for common boon-companions; but for the "Eruditi, urbani, hilares, honesti." The tavern has perished: it has long been absorbed by the all-devouring appetite of commerce. But its memory will be ever fresh, whilst the laws of its club record that *there* were elegance without expense, wit without malice, high converse without meddling with sacred things, argumentation without violence. If these were mingled with music and poetry, and sometimes accomplished women were present, and the dance succeeded to the supper, we must not too readily conclude that there was licence,—allurements for the careless; which the wise ought not to have presided over. We must not judge of the manners of another age by those of our own. Jonson was too severe a moralist to have laid himself open to the charge of being a public example of immorality.

Such, then, was the social life of the illustrious men of letters and the more tasteful of the aristocracy of the reign of James I. But where did the great painters of manners "pick up humours daily?" Where did they find the classes assembled that were to be held up to ridicule and reproof? We open Jonson's first great comedy, 'Every Man in his Humour,' and there in the list of characters we find "Captain Bobadill, a Paul's man." Adventurers like Bobadill were daily frequenters of Paul's. The middle aisle of the old cathedral was the resort of all the idle and profligate in London. The coxcomb here displayed his finery, and the cutpurse picked his pocket. Serving-men here came to find masters, and tradesmen to attract purchasers by their notices on the pillars. Bishop Earle, in his 'Microcosmographie' (1628), has given a most amusing description of this habitual profanation of a sacred place:—"It is the land's epitome, or you may call it the lesser isle of Great Britain. It is more than this—the whole world's map, which you may here discern in its perfectest motion, justling and turning. It is a heap of stones and men, with a vast confusion of languages; and, were the steeple not sanctified, nothing liker Babel. The noise in it is like that of bees—a strange humming or buzz, mixed of walking, tongues and feet. It is a kind of still roar or loud whisper. It is the great exchange of all discourse, and no business whatsoever but is here stirring and afoot. It is the synod of all pates politic, jointed and laid together in the most serious posture: and they are not half so busy at the Parliament. It is the antic of tails to tails, and backs to backs, and for vizards you need go no further than faces. It is the market of young lecturers, whom you may cheapen here at all rates and sizes. It is the general mint of all famous lies, which are here, like the legends of popery, first coined and stamped in the church. All inventions are emptied here, and not few pockets. The best sign of a temple in it is that it is the thieves' sanctuary, which rob more safely in the crowd than a wilderness, whilst every searcher is a bush to hide them. It is the ears' brothel, and satisfies their lust and itch. The visitants are all men without exceptions; but the principal inhabitants and possessors are stale knights and captains out of service—men of long rapiers and breeches—which after all turn merchants here, and traffic for news. Some make it a preface to their dinner, and travel for a stomach: but thrifty men make it their ordinary, and board here very cheap. Of all such places it is least haunted with hobgoblins, for if a ghost would walk more he could not."

Jonson has, up and down, constant allusions to Paul's, which abundantly testify to the correctness of Bishop Earle's description. It was here that, wrapped up in his old coachman's coat, he studied the fopperies in dress which were so remarkable a characteristic of his times. According to Dekker, in his 'Gull's Horn Book,' the tailors here caught the newest fashions:—"If you determine to enter into a new suit, warn your tailor to attend you in Paul's, who, with his hat in his hand, shall like a spy discover the stuff, colour, and fashion of any doublet or hose that dare be seen there; and, stepping behind a pillar to fill his table-books with those notes, will presently send you into the world an accomplished man, by which means you shall wear your clothes in print with the *first edition*."

It was here, probably, that Jonson got the hint of Bobadill's boots worn over his silk stockings, and the jewel in his ear. Here, too, he heard the gingle of the silver spurs which the gallants wore in spite of the choristers, who had a vigilant eye to enforce the fine called spur-money. Gifford has a note on the passage in 'Every Man out of his Humour' where Carlo Buffone talks of the "sound of the spur," in which he quotes "a presentment to the visitor," made in 1598, which reproves the choristers for "hunting after spur-money, whereon they set their whole minds, and do often abuse divers if they do not bestow somewhat on them." The practice is not yet obsolete. Here, too, Jonson might have seen the "wrought shirt" of Fastidious Brisk, embroidered all over with fruits and flowers, which fashion the Puritans imitated by ornamenting their shirts with texts of Scripture. Here he saw the "gold cable hatband"—"the Italian cut work band"—"the embossed girdle"—and the "ruffle to the boot" of the same distinguished fop. The "mirror in the hat," and the "finger that hath the ruby," could not fail to be noticed in Paul's by the satirist. The "love-lock" and the "cut beard" were displayed in every variety that caprice and folly could suggest. Jonson touches upon these, here and there; but Lyly, in his 'Midas,' has given us a *complete* description of these absurdities:—"How will you be trimmed, sir? Will you have your beard like a spade or a bodkin? A penthouse on your upper lip, or an alley on your chin? A low curl on your head like a ball, or dangling locks like a spaniel? Your mustachioes sharp at the ends like shoemakers' awls, or hanging down to your mouth like goat's flakes? Your love-locks wreathed with a silken twist, or shaggy to fall on your shoulders?"

The profanation of sacred edifices in London, by making them lounges and places of appointment, was not confined to the old cathedral. In 'The Alchymist' we have—

> "Here's one from Captain Face, sir,
> Desires you meet him in the *Temple Church*
> Some half-hour hence, and upon earnest business."

But the *Exchange* competed with Paul's in its attractions for loungers of every description. Samuel Rolle, who wrote of the burning of London, thus describes the treasures of the Exchange before the fire:—"What artificial thing could entertain the senses, the fantasies of men, that was not there to be had? Such was the delight that many gallants took in that magazine of all curious varieties, that they could almost have dwelt there (going from shop to shop like bees from flower to flower), if they had but had a fountain of money that could not have been drawn dry. I doubt not but a Mahomedan (who never expects other than sensual delights) would gladly have availed himself of that place, and the treasures of it, for his heaven, and thought there were none like it."

The upper walk of the Exchange, called "the Pawne," was one great bazaar. In a little work published in 1632, called 'London and the Country Carbonadoed,' the perils of the Exchange to the pocket are described as very fearful:—"Here are usually more coaches attendant than at church-doors. The merchants should keep their wives from visiting the upper rooms too often, lest they tire their purses by attiring themselves. . . . . . . There 's many gentlewomen come hither, that, to help their faces and complexions, break their husband's backs; who play foul in the country with their land, to be fair and play false in the city."

The doors were open till nine in the summer, and ten in the winter; and the crowd of loungers who came for any other purpose than to buy, after they had spent the afternoon in Paul's, gave the evening to the Exchange. An epigram "to Sir Pierce Pennilesse," by Hayman (1628), alludes to this variety in the daily exercise of those who lived upon the town:—

> "Though little coin thy purseless pockets line,
> Yet with great company thou 'rt taken up,
> For often with Duke Humfray thou dost dine,
> And often with Sir Thomas Gresham sup."

A dramatic author lived, of course, much about the theatres. Shakspere and Jonson, being actors at one period of their lives, must have been in the constant habit of familiarity with many of the frequenters of their respective stages. And these were not only the mere herd of the gay and the dissolute: Essex and Southampton, when banished from the Court, went daily to hear the lessons of philosophy which the genius of Shakspere was pouring forth at the Globe. This was their academy. The more distinguished portion of the audience—that is, those who could pay the highest price—were accommodated on the stage itself. Jonson has an exceedingly humourous passage in his Induction to 'Cynthia's Revels,' which very clearly describes the arrangements for the critics and gallants; and shows also the intercourse which the author was expected to have with this part of the audience. The play was originally performed by the children of the Queen's Chapel; and in this Induction they give us a picture of the ignorant critic and another gallant with remarkable spirit:—

"3 *Child*. Now, Sir, suppose I am one of your genteel auditors, that am come in, having paid my money at the door, with much ado, and here I take my place and sit down: I have my three sorts of tobacco in my pocket, my light by me, and thus I begin:—'By this light, I wonder that any man is so mad to come to see these rascally tits play here!—They do act like so many wrens, or pismires —not the fifth part of a good face amongst them all.—And then their music is abominable—able to stretch a man's ears worse than ten—pillories; and their ditties—most lamentable things, like the pitiful fellows that make them—poets. By this vapour, an 'twere not for tobacco—I think—the very stench of 'em would poison me. I should not dare to come in at their gates.—A man were better visit fifteen jails—or a dozen or two of hospitals—than once adventure to come near them.' How is't? Well?

"1 *Child*. Excellent. Give me my cloak.

3 *Child*. Stay; you shall see me do another now, but a more sober, or better-gather'd gallant; that is, as it may be thought, some friend or well-wisher to the house: and here I enter.

1 *Child*. What, upon the stage too?

2 *Child*. Yes; and I step forth like one of the children, and ask you, Would you have a stool, Sir?

3 *Child*. A stool, boy?

2 *Child*. Ay, Sir, if you 'll give me sixpence, I 'll fetch you one.

3 *Child*. For what, I pray thee? What shall I do with it?

2 *Child*. O Lord, Sir! Will you betray your ignorance so much? Why throw yourself in state on the stage, as other gentlemen use, Sir.

3 *Child*. Away, wag! What, wouldst thou make an implement of me? . . . . I would speak with your author; where is he?

2 *Child*. Not this way, I assure you, Sir; we are not so officiously befriended by him as to have his presence in the tiring-house, to prompt us aloud, stamp at the bookholder, swear for our properties, curse the poor tireman, rail the music out of tune, and sweat for every venial trespass we commit, as some author would, if he had such fine engles as we."

The two great *genera* into which society was divided in Jonson's time were, the gentry and the citizens. During the law-terms London was full of the country squires and their families; who sometimes came up to town with the ostensible purpose of carrying on their law-suits, but more generally to spend some portion of that superfluous wealth which the country could not so agreeably absorb. The evil—if evil it was—grew to be so considerable that James, by proclamation, directed them to return to their own counties. But this, of course, was mere idle breath. Jonson, though the theatres might be supposed to gain by this influx of strangers, boldly satirized the improvidence and profligacy of the squires, whom he has no hesitation in denouncing as "country gulls," who "come up every term to learn to take tobacco and see new motions." He does this in the spirit of the fine song of the Old and Young Courtier:—

> "With a new fashion, when Christmas is drawing on,
> On a new journey to London straight we must all begone,
> And leave none to keep house, but our new porter John,
> Who relieves the poor with a thump on the back with a stone,
> Like a young courtier," &c.

Jonson's rules for making a town gentleman out of a country clown are drawn from the life:—

"First, to be an accomplished gentleman—that is, a gentleman of the time—you must give over housekeeping in the country, and live altogether in the city amongst gallants; where, at your first appearance, 't were good you turn'd four or five acres of your best land into two or three trunks of apparel,—you may do it without going to a conjurer: and be sure you mix yourself still with such as flourish in the spring of the fashion, and are least popular (vulgar): study their carriage and behaviour in all; learn to play at primero and passage, and ever (when you lose) have two or three peculiar oaths to swear by, that no man else swears: but, above all, protest in your play, and affirm, 'Upon your credit,' 'As you are a true gentleman,' at every cast: you may do it with a safe conscience, I warrant you. . . . . You must endeavour to feed cleanly at your ordinary, sit melancholy, and pick your teeth when you cannot speak: and when you come to plays be humorous, look with a good starched face, and ruffle your brow like a new boot, laugh at nothing but your own jests, or else as the noblemen laugh. That 's a special grace, you must observe. . . . . . . You must pretend alliance with courtiers and great persons; and ever, when you are to dine or sup in any strange presence, hire a fellow with a great chain (though it be copper it 's no matter) to bring you letters, feigned from such a nobleman, or such a knight, or such a lady."

All this is keen satire. It is directed against what has been the bane of English society up to the hour in which we write—pretence—the aping to be what we are not—the throwing aside our proper honours and happiness to thrust ourselves into societies which despise us, and to sacrifice our real good for fancied enjoyments which we ourselves despise.

Turn we from the gentlemen to the citizens. The satire which we have transcribed is followed by a recommendation to get largely in debt amongst the "rich fellows that have the world, or the better part of it, sleeping in their counting-houses." According to Jonson's picture in another comedy ('The Devil is an Ass') the citizens were as anxious to get the gentlemen in their books as the gentlemen to be there. The following dialogue takes place between Gilthead, a goldsmith, and Plutarchus, his son:—

> "*Plu.* O, but, good father, you trust too much.
> *Gilt.* Boy, boy,
> We live by finding fools out to be trusted.
> Our shop-books are our pastures, our corn-grounds;
> We lay 'em open, for them to come into;
> And when we have them there, we drive them up
> Into one of our two pounds, the compters, straight;
> And this is to make you a gentleman!
> We citizens never trust, but we do cozen:

For if our debtors pay, we cozen them;
And if they do not, then we cozen ourselves.
But that 's a hazard every one must run
That hopes to make his son a gentleman!
Plu. I do not wish to be one, truly, father.
In a descent or two we come to be
Just in their state, fit to be cozen'd like them;
For, since the gentry scorn the city so much,
Methinks we should in time, holding together,
And matching in our own tribes, as they say,
Have got an act of common-council for it,
That we might cozen them out of rerum natura.
Gilt. Ay, if we had an act first to forbid
The marrying of our wealthy heirs unto them,
And daughters with such lavish portions:
That confounds all.
Plu. And makes a mongrel breed, father.
And when they have your money, then they laugh at you,
Or kick you down the stairs. I cannot abide them:
I would fain have them cozen'd, but not trusted."

The age in which Jonson wrote was remarkable for two things which generally go together—boundless profusion, and the most extravagant desire for sudden wealth. The poet has left us two of the most vivid personifications of an insane abandonment to the longing for boundless riches that were ever conceived by a deep philosophical spirit working upon actual observation. Sir Epicure Mammon, in the 'Alchymist,' is a character for "all time." The cheating mysteries by which his imagination was inflamed have long ceased to have their dupes; but there are delusions in the every-day affairs of life quite as exciting, perhaps more dangerous. The delights which this unfortunate dupe proposes to himself when he shall have obtained the philosopher's stone are strong illustrations indeed of the worthlessness of ill-employed riches:—

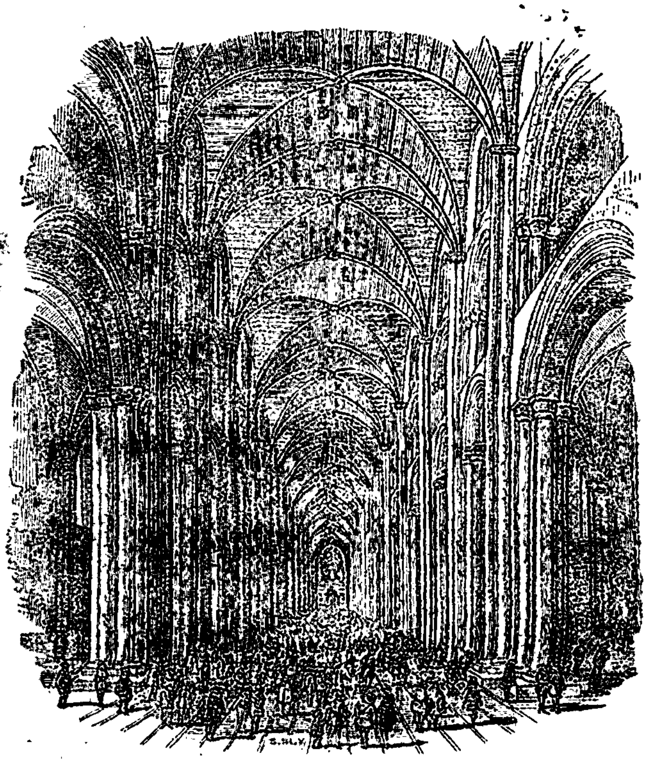
"We will be brave, Puffe, now we have the med'cine.
My meat shall all come in in Indian shells,
Dishes of agate set in gold, and studded
With emeralds, sapphires, hyacinths, and rubies.
The tongues of carps, dormice, and camels' heels,
Boil'd in the spirit of sol, and dissolv'd pearl,
Apicius' diet, 'gainst the epilepsy:
And I will eat these broths with spoons of amber,
Headed with diamond and carbuncle.
My footboy shall eat pheasants, calver'd salmons,
Knots, godwits, lampreys: I myself will have
The beards of barbels serv'd instead of salads;
Oil'd mushrooms; and the swelling unctious paps
Of a fat pregnant sow, newly cut off,
Dress'd with an exquisite and poignant sauce;
For which, I'll say unto my cook, There 's gold;
Go forth, and be a knight."

And then comes the little tobacconist, Abel Drugger, who "this summer will be of the clothing of his company;" and he would give a crown to the Alchymist to receive back a fortune. This satire, it may be objected, is not permanent, because we have no alchymy now; but the passion which gave the alchymists their dupes is permanent: and Jonson has exhibited another mode in which it sought its gratification, which comes somewhat nearer to our own times. The

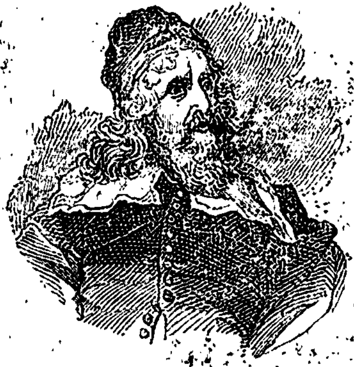
Norfolk Squire of 'The Devil is an Ass' meets with a projector—one who pretends to influence at court to obtain monopolies—an "undertaker," who makes men's fortunes without the advance of a penny, except a mere trifle of a ring or so by way of present to the great lady who is to procure the patent. But let the projector speak for himself:—

"He shall not draw
A string of 's purse; I 'll drive his patent for him.
We' ll take in citizens, commoners, and aldermen,
To bear the charge, and blow them off again,
Like so many dead flies, when it is carried.
The thing is for recovery of drown'd land,
Whereof the crown's to have a moiety,
If it be owner; else the crown and owners
To share that moiety, and the recoverers
To enjoy the t'other moiety for their charge.
Eng. Throughout England?
Meer. Yes; which will arise
To eighteen millions—seven the first year:
I have computed all, and made my survey
Unto an acre."

(To be concluded in No. XXII.)



[Paul's Walk.]



[Inigo Jones.]

XXII.—BEN JONSON'S LONDON.

(Concluded from XXI.)

The dupe thus recounts his great fortunes to his wife:—

"Wife, such a man, wife!
He has such plots! he will make me a duke!
No less, by heaven! six mares to your coach, wife!
That's your proportion! and your coachman bald,
Because he shall be bare enough. Do not you laugh;
We are looking for a place, and all, in the map,
What to be of. Have faith—be not an infidel.
You know I am not easy to be gull'd.
I swear, when I have my millions, else, I'll make
Another duchess, if you have not faith.
Mrs. Fitz. You'll have too much, I fear, in these false spirits.
Fitz. Spirits! O, no such thing, wife; wit, mere wit.
This man defies the devil and all his works;
He does't by engine, and devices, he!
He has his winged ploughs, that go with sails,
Will plough you forty acres at once! and mills
Will spout you water ten miles off! All Crowland
Is ours, wife: and the fens, from us, in Norfolk,
To the utmost bounds in Lincolnshire! we have view'd it,
And measur'd it within all, by the scale:
The richest tract of land, love, in the kingdom!
There will be made seventeen or eighteen millions,
Or more, as 't may be handled! so therefore think,
Sweet-heart, if thou hast a fancy to one place
More than another, to be duchess of,
Now name it; I will have 't, whate'er it cost,
(If 't will be had for money,) either here,
Or in France, or Italy.
Mrs. Fitz. You have strange phantasies!"

Is this satire obsolete?

But there is another form of the passion whose permanency and universality cannot be denied. What the victims of gaming propose to themselves Jonson has delineated with inimitable humour:—

> "There 's a young gentleman
> Is born to nothing—forty marks a year,
> Which I count nothing:—he is to be initiated,
> And have a fly of the doctor. He will win you,
> By unresistible luck, within this fortnight,
> Enough to buy a barony. They will set him
> Upmost, at the groom-porters, all the Christmas:
> And for the whole year through, at every place
> Where there is play, present him with the chair;
> The best attendance, the best drink; sometimes
> Two glasses of Canary, and pay nothing;
> The purest linen, and the sharpest knife;
> The partridge next his trencher.
> You shall have your ordinaries bid for him,
> As playhouses for a poet; and the master
> Pray him aloud what dish he affects,
> Which must be butter'd shrimps: and those that drink
> To no mouth else will drink to his as being
> The goodly president mouth of all the board."

The line

> "You shall have your ordinaries bid for him"

will at once suggest to the reader the admirable scene in the 'Fortunes of Nigel,' where we breathe the very air of the ordinary of "Monsieur le Chevalier de Beaujeu, pink of Paris, and flower of Gascony." The cookery, the wine, the gaming, and the quarrelling, which Scott has so inimitably painted, are to be traced in every page of the comedies of this period. There is, however, amongst the 'Anecdotes and Traditions,' published by the Camden Society from the manuscript of Sir Nicholas L'Estrange, preserved in the Harleian collection, a story which shows us the manners of an ordinary with great truth and spirit:—"Old Jack Pinchback, a gamester and ruffler in London, came into an ordinary very brave and daubed with gold-lace, and, spying a country gentleman there, resolved to whet his wit upon him for that meal, and so seated himself by him; meat was no sooner upon the table but the gentleman boards the best dish before him: 'Soft, friend,' says Pinchback; 'in such places as these, give gentlemen of quality and your betters leave to be before you.' 'Say you so?' says he; 'why, they tell me in the country, that, when a man comes into an ordinary at London, every man is his own carver, and eats what he has a mind to.' 'O no,' says Pinchback, 'take it from me, 'tis false doctrine.' The gentleman, being both wise and daring, and well enough acquainted with the fashions of London, dissembled himself; and observing that Pinchback loved his palate, as soon as the second course was set down, he had the first hand upon a pheasant. 'Fie!' says Pinchback; 'these country clowns neither know nor will learn good manners.' He held his pheasant for all that, and fed as fast upon it as Pinchback scoffed and played upon him; still answering that in the country he never heard of any such fashions. Well, dinner was no sooner done, and the company risen, but this country gentleman, well fleshed with the best meat, comes boldly up to Pinchback: 'I prithee,' says he, 'whose fool art thou?' Says Pinchback, 'What's thy meaning, friend, by that?' 'Why,' says he, 'by the loose liberty of thy tongue, and' (shaking on him by the shoulder) 'by this guarded coat, I take thee for some great man's fool; but if thou beest not somebody's fool, I must beat thee. Therefore, if thou wantest that protection, meet me in St. George's Fields an hour hence, and I'll teach you new ethics, how to eat your own sword or mine.' Pinchback, seeing him so daring and resolute, wound himself off by a handsome acknowledgment and the interposing of the company, and very glad he got so rid of him."

Here we have the gamester and bully in his fine clothes, contending for the pheasant "next his trencher" with a stout country gentleman, who at length teaches the ruffler manners by the terrors of the cudgel. Every description of an ordinary has reference to the general appetite for luxurious fare, which appears to have been one of the prevailing vices both in the Court and the City in these days. The Court, in 1593, had a most singular contest with the City; and it is difficult to understand how the Court obtained a triumph without something like an insurrection of all the Liveries. Stow tells us that the Queen and the nobility put down the eating of venison in the City:—"There was excessive spending of venison, as well as other victuals, in the halls. Nay, and a great consumption of venison there was frequently at taverns and cooks'-shops, insomuch that the Court was much offended with it. Whereupon, anno 1573, that the City might not continue to give the Queen and nobility offence, the Lord Mayor, Sir Lionel Ducket, and Aldermen, had by act of Common Council forbidden such feasts hereafter to be made; and restrained the same only to necessary meetings, in which also no venison was permitted. And because they found great expense of venison to have been in taverns and cooks' houses, and withal very many and great enormities, by reason of drunkenness, seditious rumours, unthrifty assemblies, incontinence, and other evil, to grow of inordinate resorting to taverns and tippling-houses, especially for the meaner sort, they restrained drinking and eating in such houses."

The vigour of prevention was directed, it will be seen, in two quarters,—against the gluttony of the halls, and that of taverns and cooks' houses "for the meaner sort." Who can doubt that the justice of the Common Council was impartial; and that the term "necessary meetings" had a very strict construction? Yet such is the inadequacy of laws that are "made for every degree," that we find in the beginning of the reign of James I. that London was one universal academy for *gourmands* and *gourmets*. The cooks, according to Jonson, were infected with principles that in an earlier age of the Reformation would have consigned them to the stake:—

"Where have you greater atheists than your cooks?"

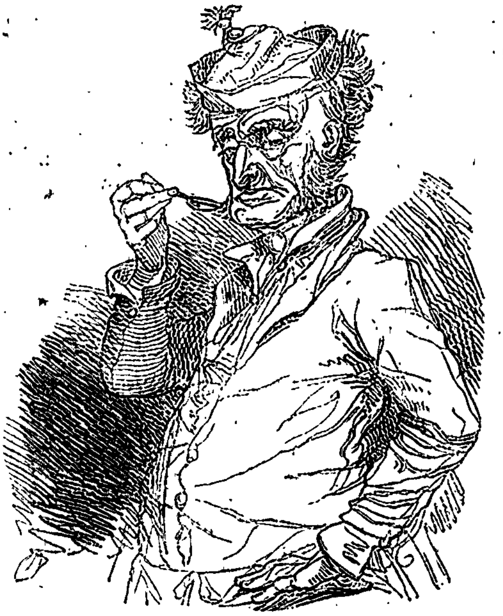
But in the more tolerant age of James, the master-cooks, whose atheism (if this quality be not a mere scandal of the poet) was derived with their professional knowledge from "the world abroad"—for travel was then necessary to make an accomplished cook—cooks were then personages that the great delighted to honour:—

"A master-cook! why, he's the man of men,
For a professor! he designs, he draws,
He paints, he carves, he builds, he fortifies,
Makes citadels of curious fowl and fish:

Some he dry-ditches, some moats round with broths;
Mounts marrow-bones; cuts fifty-angled custards;
Rears bulwark pies; and, for his outer works,
He raiseth ramparts of immortal crust;
And teacheth all the tactics at one dinner.

* * * * * *

He is an architect, an engineer,
A soldier, a physician, a philosopher,
A general mathematician!"



[The Professor.]

We have already given the passage in the 'Alchymist' in which Jonson pours out his learning in describing the rare but somewhat nasty dishes of ancient cookery. We doubt whether "dormice," and "camels' heels," and the "beards of barbels," and "oiled mushrooms," would really be so successful as the performances of the maître de cuisine to the Maréchal Strozzi, who, at the siege of Leith, according to Monsieur Beaujeu, "made out of the hind quarter of one salted horse forty-five *couverts*, that the English and Scottish officers and nobility, who had the honour to dine with Monseigneur upon the rendition, could not tell what the devil any one of them were made upon at all." The real professors of that day, according to the recommendation which Howell gives of one of them in 1630, could "marinate fish," "make jellies," were "excellent for piquant sauce and the haugou," were "passing good for an olla," understood "larding of meat after the mode of France," and decorated their victims with "chains of sausages." With these refinements prevailing amongst us two centuries ago, it is lamentable to think how we retrograded to the Saxon barbarism of sirloins and suet-dumplings.

Gifford has remarked that "Shakspere is the only one of the dramatic writers of the age of James who does not condescend to notice tobacco; all the others abound in allusions to it." In Jonson we find tobacco in every place—in Cob the waterman's house, and in the Apollo Club-room—on the stage, and at the ordinary. The world of London was then divided into two classes—the tobacco-lovers and the tobacco-haters. Jonson has made Bobadill speak the exaggerated praise of the one class: "I have been in the Indies, where this herb grows, where neither myself nor a dozen gentlemen more of my knowledge have received the taste of any other nutriment in the world for the space of one-and-twenty weeks, but the fume of this simple only: therefore, it cannot be but 'tis most divine." Cob the waterman, on the other hand, represents the denouncers of the weed: "Ods me, I marle what pleasure or felicity they have in taking this roguish tobacco! It's good for nothing but to choke a man, and fill him full of smoke and embers: there were four died out of one house last week with taking of it, and two more the bell went for yesternight." King James I., in his celebrated 'Counterblast to Tobacco,' is an imitator of Master Cob, for he raises a bugbear of "an unctuous and oily kind of soot found in some great tobacco-takers that after their death were opened." The King could not write down tobacco, even with Joshua Sylvester for an ally; who, in his poem entitled 'Tobacco Battered, and the Pipes Shattered,' informs us that—

"Of all the plants that Tellus' bosom yields,
In groves, glades, gardens, marshes, mountains, fields,
None so pernicious to man's life is known
As is tobacco, saving hemp alone."

Such denunciations (of the poets at least) against tobacco were probably written under as many heart-throes of real love as Charles Lamb's 'Farewell:'

"Stinking'st of the stinking kind,
Filth of the mouth, and fog of the mind;
Africa, that brags her foison,
Breeds no such prodigious poison:
Henbane, nightshade, both together,
Hemlock, aconite———
Nay, rather,
Plant divine, of rarest virtue;
Blisters on the tongue would hurt you!
'Twas but in a sort I blam'd thee;
None e'er prosper'd who defam'd thee;
Irony all, and feign'd abuse,
Such as perplexed lovers use."

Old Aubrey tells us very circumstantially how "the great plant" gradually made its way amongst us; and here we leave it:—

"He (Raleigh) was the first that brought tobacco into England, and into fashion. In one part of North Wilts (Malmesbury hundred) it came first into fashion by Sir Walter Long. They had first silver pipes. The ordinary sort made use of a walnut-shell and a straw. I have heard my grandfather Lyte say that one pipe was handed from man to man round the table. Sir W. Raleigh, standing in a stand at Sir Robert Poyntz's park, at Acton, took a pipe of tobacco, which made the ladies quit it till he had done. Within these thirty-five years 't was scandalous for a divine to take tobacco. It was sold for its weight in silver. I have heard some of our old yeomen neighbours say that, when they went to Malmesbury or Chippenham market, they culled out their biggest shillings to lay in the scales against the tobacco; now, the customs of it are the greatest his Majesty hath."

Amongst the promiscuous associates of the ordinaries and the taverns—men of quality and poets upon the town, rich citizens and swaggering adventurers—there must unquestionably have been a constant collision of manners, which was sure to end in blows and "tilting at each other's breasts." This, then, was the age for "rules to give and take the lie by." Shakspere, as well as Jonson, has ridiculed this quarrelsome spirit, whose insolence was safe up to a certain point—anything short of "the lie direct." But it was not always safe. "The retort courteous" might be often mistaken for the lie "without an if," in the heat of wine and high feeding; and then out flew the rapiers. Winstanley, in his 'Lives of the Poets, tells us a story of Thomas Randolph, the author of 'The Muse's Looking-glass,' which offers a very pretty tragi-comic illustration of this state of manners:—

"His extraordinary indulgence to the too liberal converse with the multitude of his applauders drew him to such an immoderate way of living that he was seldom out of gentlemen's company; and as it often happens that in drinking high quarrels arise, so there chanced some words to pass betwixt Mr. Randolph and another gentleman, which grew to be so high, that the gentleman, drawing his sword, and striking at Mr. Randolph, cut off his little finger, whereupon, in an extemporary humour, he instantly made these verses:—

'Arithmetic nine digits, and no more,
Admits of; then I have all my store:
But what mischance hath ta'en from my *left hand*,
It seems, did only for a cipher stand;
Hence, when I scan my verse, if I do miss,
I will impute the fault *only to this*,—
A finger's loss, I speak it not in sport,
Will make a verse a foot too short.'"

The law of the strong-hand was in those days ever ready to go before the slower penalties and "the rusty curb of old Father Antic"—the law of the serjeant's mace and the judge's robe. We have another characteristic story of the times in L'Estrange's papers:—

"A gentleman at a play sate by a fellow that he strongly suspected for a cutpurse, and, for the probation of him, took occasion to draw out his purse, and put it up so carelessly as it dangled down (but his eye watched it strictly with a glance), and he bent his discourse another way; which his suspected neighbour observing, upon his first fair opportunity exercised his craft, and, having got his booty, began to remove away, which the gentleman noting, instantly draws his knife, and whips off one of his ears, and vowed he would have something for his money. The cutpurse began to swear, and stamp, and threaten. 'Nay, go to, sirrah,' says the other; 'be quiet; I'll offer you fair: give me my purse again; here 's your ear, take it, and be gone.'"

The finger of Thomas Randolph and the ear of the cutpurse would be curious relics of those extra-judicial days. But the earth has hidden them, as it has hidden "the rack" and "the boot" of the sovereign justice of the same age. Jonson has a capital scene in 'Bartholomew Fair,' where a roguish ballad-singer roars out "a gentle admonition both to the purse-cutter and the purse-bearer," whilst his confederate picks the booby's pocket who is listening to him. The moral with which this song concludes, to whose chorus the purse is taken and conveyed from hand to hand, is very solemn:—

> "But O, you vile nation of cutpurses all,
> Relent and repent; and amend and be sound,
> And know that you ought not, by honest men's fall,
> Advance your own fortunes, to die above ground;
> And though you go gay
> In silks, as you may,
> It is not the highway to heaven (as they say).
> Repent then, repent you, for better for worse,
> And kiss not the gallows for cutting a purse.
> Youth, youth, thou hadst better been starv'd by thy nurse,
> Than live to be hanged for cutting a purse!"

SOCIET

The pickpockets of modern times appear to be a degenerate race in comparison with the illustrious masters of the art of the days of Elizabeth and James. The song we have quoted records the feats of robbing a knight of good worship in Worcester gaol, a judge on the seat of judgment, and a nobleman,

> "At Court, and in Christmas, before the King's face."

Such excellence was the result of long and painful study; and Fleetwood, the Recorder, in a letter to Lord Burghley, of 1585, describes an academy for thieves, where professional instruction was carried forward with that ambition for perfection which ought to be kept in view in every school of liberal arts:—

"Amongst our travels this one matter tumbled out by the way, that one Wotton, a gentleman born, and sometime a merchant-man of good credit, who, falling by time into decay, kept an alehouse at Smart's Key, near Billingsgate, and after, for some misdemeanor being put down, he reared up a new trade of life, and in the same house he procured all the cutpurses about this city to repair to his said house. There was a school-house set up to learn young boys to cut purses. There were hung up two devices—the one was a pocket, the other was a purse. The pocket had in it certain counters, and was hung about with hawks' bells, and over the top did hang a little scaring-bell; and he that could take out a counter without any noise was allowed to be a *public foyster;* and he that could take a piece of silver out of the purse without the noise of any of the bells, he was adjudged a *judicial* nipper. Note—that a foyster is a pickpocket, and a nipper is termed a pickpurse, or a cutpurse."

We have read the description of a similar school in a book of the reign of George III., 'The Devil upon Two Sticks in England.' Impertinent pretenders to originality! the foundations of your science were laid in a far higher age.

If anything could exceed the glee with which the vagabonds pursued their vocation, whether they rejoiced in the name of rufflers, hookers, priggers, abrams, or any other of the three-and-twenty names recorded by Harrison, it was the hilarity with which the officers of the law hunted them out. It is not sufficient for Fleetwood, the Recorder, to sit at the justice-hall at Newgate on a Friday, and condemn "certain horse-dealers, cutpurses, and such-like, to the number of ten, whereof nine were executed upon Saturday in the morning;" but on the following Monday he must "spend the day about the searching out of sundry that were receptors of felons." On another day he says, "Abroad myself, and I took that day seventy-four rogues." Fleetwood appears to have been the very

Petit André of recorders. Nothing annoys him so much as a reprieve; and in truth the mode in which reprieves were obtained was not such as exactly to please a conscientious recorder who should bring to his vocation only half the *gusto* of Fleetwood. He writes to Burghley, "It is grown for a trade now in the court to make means for reprieves; twenty pound for a reprieve is nothing, although it be but for bare ten days." The court, however, had a politic regard to the personal safety of some of its members in thus holding the halter in check. The Recorder has a very characteristic passage upon this matter:—"Mr. Nowell, of the court, hath lately been here in London: he caused his man to give a blow unto a carman; his man hath stricken the carman with the pummel of his sword, and therewith hath broken his skull and killed him. Mr. Nowell and his man are like to be indicted; whereof I am sure to be much troubled, what with letters and his friends, and what by other means, as in the very like case heretofore I have been even with the same man." But there was money to be made in court in more ways than one. "Twenty pound for a reprieve" was really nothing compared with the large prices which the greater courtiers obtained by begging lands. In the old play called 'Jack Drum's Entertainment' one of the characters says, "I have followed ordinaries this twelvemonths, only to find a fool that had lands, or a fellow that would talk treason, that I might beg him." Garrard, in his letters to Lord Strafford, communicates a bit of news to his patron, which not only illustrates the unprincipled avarice of the courtiers—down almost to the time when a national convulsion swept this and other abominations away with much that was good and graceful—but which story is full of a deep tragic interest. An old usurer dies in Westminster; his will is opened, and all the property—the coin, the plate, the jewels, and the bonds—all is left to his man-servant. The unhappy creature goes mad amidst his riches; and there is but one thing thought of at court for a week—who is to be successful in begging him. Elizabeth had the merit of abolishing the more hateful practice of begging concealed lands, that is such lands as at the dissolution of the monasteries had privily got into the possession of private persons. There was not a title in the kingdom that was thus safe from the rapacity of the begging courtiers. But, having lost this prey, they displayed a new ability for the discovery of treason and treasonable talk. In the 'Poetaster,' written in 1601, Jonson does not hesitate to speak out boldly against this abominable practice. The characters in the following dialogue are Lupus, Cæsar, Tucca, and Horace; and, as we have already mentioned, Jonson himself was designated under the name of Horace:—

"*Lup.* A libel, Cæsar; a dangerous, seditious libel; a libel in picture.
Cæsar. A libel!
Lup. Ay; I found it in this Horace his study, in Mecænas his house here; I challenge the penalty of the laws against them.
Tuc. Ay, and remember to beg their land betimes; before some of these hungry court-hounds scent it out.
Cæsar. Show it to Horace: ask him if he know it.
Lup. Know it! his hand is at it, Cæsar.
Cæsar. Then 't is no libel.
Hor. It is the imperfect body of an emblem, Cæsar, I began for Mecænas.
Lup. An emblem! right: that 's Greek for a libel. Do but mark how confident he is.
Hor. A just man cannot fear, thou foolish tribune;
Not, though the malice of traducing tongues,

> The open vastness of a tyrant's ear,
> The senseless rigour of the wrested laws,
> Or the red eyes of strain'd authority,
> Should, in a point, meet all to take his life:
> His innocence is armour 'gainst all these."

Soon after the accession of James, Jonson himself went to prison for a supposed libel against the Scots, in 'Eastward Ho;' in the composition of which comedy he assisted Chapman and Marston. They were soon pardoned: but it was previously reported that their ears and noses were to be slit. Jonson's mother, at an entertainment which he made on his liberation, "drank to him, and showed him a paper which she designed, if the sentence had taken effect, to have mixed with his drink,—and it was strong and hasty poison." Jonson, who tells this story himself, says, "to show that she was no churl, she designed to have first drank of it herself." This is a terrible illustration of the ways of despotism. Jonson was pardoned, probably through some favouritism. Had it been otherwise, the future laureat of James would have died by poison in a wretched prison, and that poison given by his mother. Did the bricklayer's wife learn this terrible stoicism from her classical son? Fortunately there was in the world at that day, as there is now, a higher spirit to make calamity endurable than that of mere philosophy; and Jonson learnt this in sickness and old age. After he had become a favourite at court he still lost no proper occasion of lashing the rapacious courtiers. If a riot took place in a house, and manslaughter was committed, the house became a deodand to the Crown, and was begged as usual. In 'The Silent Woman,' first acted in 1609, one of the characters says, "O, sir, here hath like to have been murder since you went; a couple of knights fallen out about the bride's favours: we were fain to take away their weapons; your house had been begged by this time else." To the question, "For what?" comes the sarcastic answer, "For manslaughter, sir, *as being accessary*."

The universal example of his age made Jonson what we should now call a court flatterer. Elizabeth—old, wrinkled, capricious, revengeful—was "the divine Cynthia." But Jonson compounded with his conscience for flattering the Queen, by satirizing her court with sufficient earnestness; and this, we dare say, was not in the least disagreeable to the Queen herself. In 'Cynthia's Revels' we have a very *bizarre* exhibition of the fantastic gallantry, the absurd coxcombities, the pretences to wit, which belonged to lords in waiting and maids of honour. Affectation here wears her insolent as well as her "sickly mien." *Euphuism* was not yet extinct; and so the gallant calls his mistress "my Honour," and she calls him "her Ambition." But this is small work for a satirist of Jonson's turn; and he boldly denounces "pride and ignorance" as "the two essential parts of the courtier." "The ladies and gallants lie languishing upon the rushes;" and this is a picture of the scenes in the antechambers:—

> "There stands a neophyte glazing of his face,
> Preening his clothes, perfuming of his hair,
> Against his idol enters; and repeats,
> Like an imperfect prologue, at third music,
> His parts of speeches, and confederate jests,
> In passion to himself. Another swears
> His scene of courtship over; bids, believe him,
> Twenty times ere they will; anon, doth seem

As he would kiss away his hand in kindness;
Then walks off melancholic, and stands wreath'd
As he were pinn'd up to the arras, thus.

* * * * *

Then fall they in discourse
Of tires and fashions; how they must take place;
Where they may kiss, and whom; when to sit down,
And with what grace to rise: if they salute,
What court'sy they must use: such cobweb stuff
As would enforce the common'st sense abhor
Th' Arachnean workers."

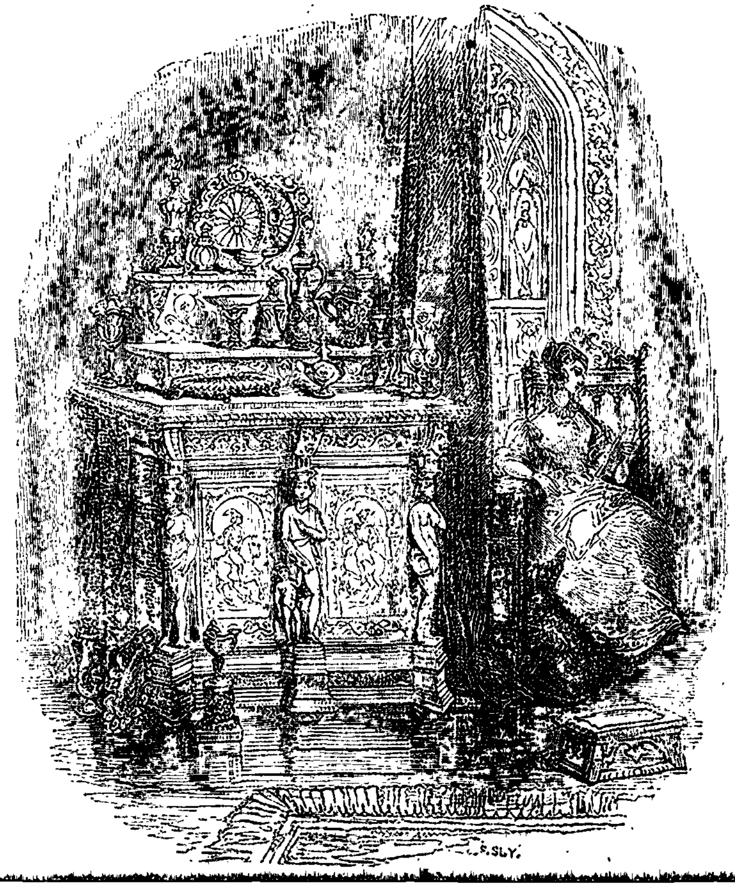
The dramatist has bolder delineations of profligacy and ambition—portraits in which the family likeness of two centuries and a half ago may yet be traced, if we make due allowances for the differences between the antique ruff and the costume of our unpicturesque days:—

"Here stalks me by a proud and spangled sir,
That looks three handfuls higher than his foretop;
Savours himself alone, is only kind
And loving to himself; one that will speak
More dark and doubtful than six oracles;
Salutes a friend as if he had a stitch;
Is his own chronicle, and scarce can eat
For registering himself; is waited on
By ninnies, jesters, panders, parasites,
And other such-like prodigies of men.
He pass'd, appears some mincing marmoset
Made all of clothes and face; his limbs so set
As if they had some voluntary act
Without man's motion, and must move just so
In spite of their creation: one that weighs
His breath between his teeth, and dares not smile
Beyond a point, for fear t' unstarch his look;
Hath travell'd to make legs, and seen the cringe
Of several courts and courtiers; knows the time
Of giving titles, and of taking walls;
Hath read court commonplaces; made them his:
Studied the grammar of state, and all the rules
Each formal usher in that politic school
Can teach a man. A third comes, giving nods
To his repenting creditors, protests
To weeping suitors, takes the coming gold
Of insolent and base ambition,
That hourly rubs his dry and itchy palms;
Which grip'd, like burning coals, he hurls away
Into the laps of bawds and buffoons' mouths.
With him there meets some subtle Proteus, one
Can change and vary with all forms he sees;
Be anything but honest; serves the time;
Hovers betwixt two factions, and explores
The drifts of both, which, with cross face, he bears
To the divided heads, and is receiv'd
With mutual grace of either."

There was, however, in that age, amidst these follies and vices, something much higher, even within the precincts of the court itself. Its luxuries and affectations had in truth something gorgeous and refined in their conception. The very pretences to wit and poetry grew out of a reverence for intellectual things. If there was much mere gallantry, there was some earnest and real affection. In the courts of Elizabeth and James the love of high literature was in some degree the salt which preserved the heart and the understanding untainted. The ladies, for the most part, were thoroughly accomplished, in the best sense of the word. Sydney's sister, according to Jonson's epitaph, was

> "*Learn'd*, and fair, and good."

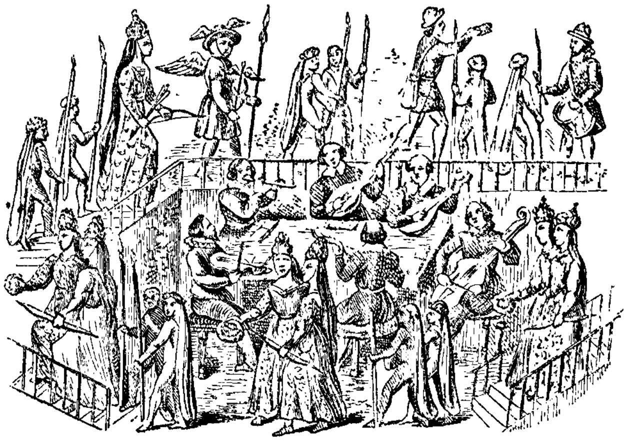
The epithet "learn'd" does not here imply anything extraordinary. Sydney's dedication of his 'Arcadia' to this beloved sister is an address to one whose taste and judgment are absolute:—"You desired me to do it, and your desire, to my heart, is an absolute commandment. Now, it is done only for you, only to you; if you keep it to yourself, or commend it to such friends who will weigh errors in the balance of goodwill, I hope, for the father's sake, it will be pardoned, perchance made much of, though in itself it have deformities. For indeed for severer eyes it is not, being but a trifle, and that triflingly handled. Your dear self can best witness the manner, being done in loose sheets of paper, most of it in your presence, the rest by sheets sent unto you as fast as they were done." Many an immortal poem has thus been read "in loose sheets of paper," with a tearful eye and a swelling heart, by some young votaress who has felt that there is something better in the world than the splendours with which riches and power have surrounded her.



It was in the spirit of a high literature that the *Masques* of the courts of Elizabeth and James were conceived. The dramatic entertainments—Shakspere's especially—

> "——— those flights upon the banks of Thames
> That so did take Eliza and our James,"—

were open to all the world; and the great showed their good sense in cherishing those wonderful productions, which could not have been what they are if they had been conceived in a spirit of exclusiveness. But the Masque was essentially courtly and regal. It was produced at great expense. It was, like the Italian Opera, conceived in that artistical spirit which makes its own laws and boundaries. It did not profess to be an imitation of common life. To be understood, it assumed that a certain portion of classical knowledge and taste existed in the spectator. Hurd, in his 'Dialogues,' says, "I should desire to know what courtly amusements even of our time are comparable to the shows and masques which were the delight and improvement of the court of Elizabeth." The masques of the time of Elizabeth were, however, not in the slightest degree comparable with those produced in the reign of James; in which such men as Jonson, and Daniel, and Fletcher, were the artificers—"artificer" is the expression which Jonson applies to himself in connexion with these performances. The masques of Elizabeth were little more than the old pageants, in which heathen deities walked in procession amidst loud music; and the cloth of gold and the silver tinsel constituted a far higher attraction than the occasional speeches of the performers.



[Masque. From Strutt's Royal Antiquities.]

Bacon, whose own mind was essentially poetical, has an essay 'Of Masques and Triumphs.' His notions are full of taste:—"It is better they should be graced with elegancy than daubed with cost. Dancing to song is a thing of great state and pleasure." Choirs placed one over against another,—scenes abounding with light,—colours of white, carnation, and a kind of sea-water green,—graceful suits, not after examples of known attires,—sweet odours suddenly coming forth;—these are Bacon's notions of the chief requisites of a masque. His ideas were realized in the masques of Jonson.

A volume, not only interesting to the antiquary, but full of romantic and historical associations, might be written on the subject of Jonson's masques. Let us hastily run through them in the order of their dates. Upon the death of Elizabeth, James, with his Queen and Prince Henry, set out from Edinburgh to London; but the Queen and Prince remained a few days at Althorp, the seat of Sir Robert Spencer. They were here welcomed with Jonson's first masque, 'The Satyr.' The masques of Kenilworth had then probably been nearly forgotten; but this mode of entertaining the new Court soon passed into a fashion; and Sir William Cornwallis at Highgate, and Lord Salisbury at Theobald's, gave similar entertainments, which Jonson superintended. The City was ambitious to take a part in these elegant welcomes; and Jonson's fame had found its way into the hall of the Merchant Tailors' Company, whose records tell us that "Sir John Swynnerton is entreated to confer with Master Benjamin Jonson, the poet, about a speech to be made to welcome his Majesty, and about music and other inventions which may give liking and delight; by reason that the Company doubt that their schoolmaster and scholars be not acquainted with such kind of entertainments." From 1606 to 1633 Jonson continued to produce masques at Court. His prose descriptions of the pageantry and machinery, introducing his verses, are written with great pomp and elegance. The very titles of some of them are gorgeous; such as, 'The Characters of two Royal Masques, the one of Blackness, the other of Beauty, personated by the most magnificent of Queens, Anne, Queen of Great Britain, &c., with her honourable Ladies, 1605 and 1608, at Whitehall.' There is a poetical and prosaic side to most things. Jonson himself thus describes one part of his pageantry:—"The masquers were placed in a great concave shell, like mother-of-pearl, curiously made to move on those waters and rise with the billow. * * * On sides of the shell did swim six huge sea-monsters." Sir Dudley Carleton gave an account to Winwood of this exhibition, which presents us with the other side of the shield:—"At night we had the Queen's Masque in the Banqueting House: there was a great engine at the lower end of the room, which had motion, and in it were the images of sea-horses, with other terrible fishes, which were ridden by Moors: the indecorum was, that there was all fish and no water." In 1606 Jonson wrote the masque of Hymenæi,' to celebrate the politic marriage of two children, the Earl of Essex, and Frances, the daughter of the Earl of Suffolk. In seven years more Whitehall saw another masque, when Lady Essex had been divorced, and she was again married to the minion Somerset. Jonson, fortunately for his fame, did not write the masque on *that* occasion. The marriage of Lord Haddington in 1608 called for another masque of Jonson's; which, according to a contemporary authority, cost twelve noblemen three hundred pounds each. When Lord Hay, whom Clarendon describes as "a man of the greatest expense in his own person of any in the age he lived," had returned from his French embassy, he provided, in 1617, a great entertainment for the ambassador of France. The man whose ostentation was such that, when he gave a supper, he had one course for show only, which was removed untouched, and another course for consumption; and whose horse was shod with silver shoes when he entered Paris in procession,—such a person was not likely to have spared any cost in producing Jonson's 'Masque of Lethe.' The Court and the nobility went on masquing wherever the King abode. 'The Gipsies Metamorphosed' was presented to James at Burleigh, at Belvoir, and at Windsor. 'Pan's Anniversary' was the last entertainment which Jonson offered to his old master. James, in 1621, would have forced the honour of knighthood upon his poet; but Jonson's good sense contrived to avoid it. "The wisest fool in Christendom" died in 1626, and bequeathed a distracted kingdom to his successor. One almost of the latest masques of Jonson which was presented before James I., 'Time Vindicated,' whispers an echo of that turmoil whose hoarse sounds were still distant. This, which was also called 'The Prince's Masque,' was performed at Whitehall on Sunday, the 6th of January, 1623. "The antemasques were of tumblers and jugglers." The Prince did lead the measures with the French ambassador's wife. The measures, brawls, corantos, and galliards being ended, the masquers with the ladies did dance two contrey dances, where the French ambassador's wife and Mademoiselle St. Luke did dance." Two "ragged rascals" are thus described in the antemasque:—

"One is his printer in disguise, and keeps
His press in a hollow tree, where, to conceal him,
He works by glow-worm light, the moon 's too open.
The other zealous rag is the compositor,
Who, in an angle where the ants inhabit,
(The emblems of his labours,) will sit curl'd
Whole days and nights, and work his eyes out for him."

This was the age of libels—"straws," as Selden has it, "thrown up to show which way the wind blows." The "press in a hollow tree" was no mere poetical exaggeration. That terrible machine did its work in silence and darkness. It laboured like a mole. If it was sought for in the garret, it was in the cellar; if it was hunted to the hovel, it found a hiding-place in the palace. The minds of men were in a state of preternatural activity. Prerogative had tampered with opinion, and opinion was too strong for it. The public mind, for the first time in England, began to want *news*—coarse provender for opinion to chew and ruminate. Jonson wrote his 'Staple of News,' in which we have an office with a principal and clerks busily employed in collecting and recording news, to be circulated by letter. The countrywoman at the office would have

"A groatworth of any news, I care not what,
To carry down this Saturday to our vicar."

There was then, in reality, a weekly pamphlet of news published under the high-sounding editorial name of Mercurius Britannicus. Jonson had a right notion of what gave authority to such a publication:—

"See divers men's opinions! unto some
The very printing of 'em makes them news,
That have not the heart to believe anything
But what they see in print."

Jonson called the newspaper "a weekly cheat to draw money;" and he sets about ridiculing the desire for news, as if it were an ephemeral taste easily put down, and people had a diseased appetite for news, "made all at home, and no syllable of truth in them." The people were thirsting for pamphlets of news because therein they found glimpses of truth. Gifford, in his criticism on this play, says, "Credulity, which was then at its height, was irritated rather than fed by impositions of every kind; and the country kept in a feverish state of deceitful expectation by stories of wonderful events, gross and palpable, to use the words of Shakspere, as the father of lies who begat them." Of news for the credulous the dramatist has given some amusing specimens, almost as good as the American sea-serpent, and some inventions nearer home. The age was indeed credulous; but credulity and curiosity are nearly allied; and curiosity goes before comparison, and comparison goes before discontent, and discontent goes before revolt; and so in less than twenty years after Jonson's 'Staple of News' the country was plunged in civil war. We may trace in Jonson many of the evidences of a turbid state of public opinion. Amidst the luxuries and gaieties of those times there were some awful things which are quite unknown to us. The plague, for example, would break out in London: the Court would hurry to the country; every man of substance would follow the Court; all the places of public amusement would be shut; the voice of lamentation would be heard in the streets; with preachers denouncing God's judgments against the devoted city, in company with astrologers foretelling bad harvests, or recovering lost spoons. These things, upon the whole, made the people serious. The Puritans arose—James reasoned first with, and then persecuted them. The dramatists laughed at them. All Jonson's later comedies, as well as those of almost every other writer for the stage in the days of James, have a gird at Puritans. Subtle, in the 'Alchymist,' accuses the pastors and deacons who come to him in search of the philosopher's stone of endeavouring to win widows to give legacies, or make wives to rob their husbands. Jonson points boldly at their supposed ambition:—

"You cannot
But raise you friends. Withal, to be of power
To pay an army in the field, to buy
The King of France out of his realms, or Spain
Out of his Indies. What can you not do
Against lords spiritual or temporal
That shall oppose you?
Fri. Verily, 't is true.
We may be temporal lords ourselves, I take it.
Sub. You may be anything, and leave off to make
Long-winded exercises; or suck up
Your *ha!* and *hum!* in a tune. I not deny
But such as are not graced in a state
May, for their ends, be adverse in religion."

In his 'Bartholomew Fair,' written in 1614, the "Rabbi Busy" is the butt of the audience from the first act to the last. The satire is not so bitter as that of the '*Tartuffe*,' but the Puritans must have felt it deeply, for it rendered them objects of contempt rather than of hatred. They had their revenge; which a dramatic writer after the Restoration has well described:—

"Many have been the vain attempts of wit
Against the still prevailing hypocrite.
Once, and but once, a poet got the day,
And vanquish'd Busy in a puppet-play!
But Busy, rallying, fill'd with holy rage,
Possess'd the pulpit and pull'd down the stage."

The literary life of Ben Jonson extended over nearly forty years: upon the whole, it was a successful literary life. He did not, like Shakspere, realize a competency by adding the business of a theatrical manager to the pleasanter labours of a poet. His plays, no doubt, produced him money; but his occasional productions for the Court and the City made him wealthier than most of his brethren. Aubrey tells us of his habitations:—"Long since, in King James's time, I have heard my uncle Danvers say (who knew him) that he lived without Temple Bar, at a comb-maker's shop, about the Elephant and Castle. In his later time he lived in Westminster, in the house under which you pass as you go out of the churchyard into the old palace, where he died." He had a library so stored with rare and curious books that Selden could find there volumes which he vainly sought in other places. He appears at this time to have lived a life of learned ease, enjoying stipends from the Crown and from the City. From 1616 to 1625 he wrote no plays. After the death of James want probably drove him again to the stage. His later dramas are not to be compared with 'The Alchymist' and 'The Fox.' Disease and penury had come upon him. In the epilogue to 'The New Inn,' produced in 1630, he says,—

"If you expect more than you had to-night,
The maker is sick and sad."

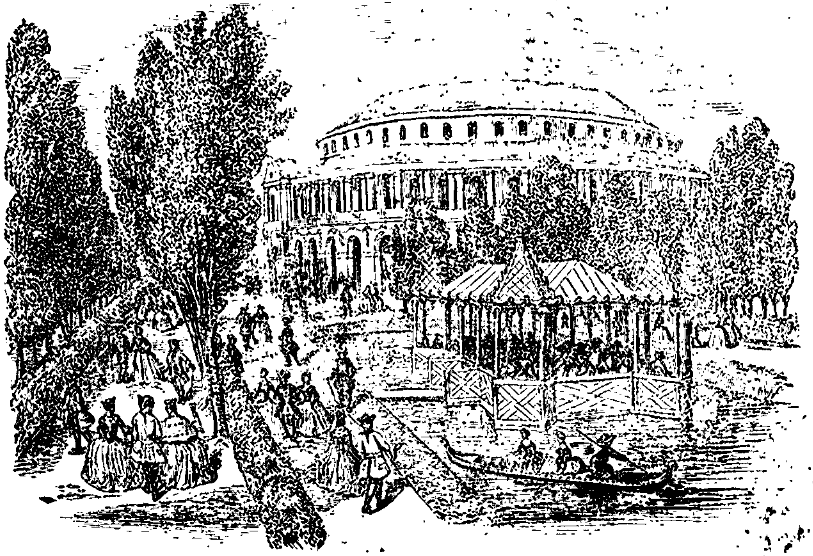
In the same epilogue he has a touching allusion to the King and Queen; and Charles instantly sent him an hundred pounds. The play itself was hooted from the boards; and Jonson took his revenge upon the town in his well-known ode:—

"Come, leave the loathed stage,
And the more loathsome age!
Where pride and impudence, in faction knit,
Usurp the chair of wit!
Indicting and arraigning every day
Something they call a play.
Let their fastidious, vain
Commission of the brain
Burn on and rage, sweat, censure, and condemn;
They were not made for thee, less thou for them.

* * * * * *

"Leave things so prostitute,
And take the Alcaic lute;
Or thine own Horace, or Anacreon's lyre;
Warm thee by Pindar's fire:
And though thy nerves be shrunk and blood be cold,
Ere years have made thee old,
Strike that disdainful heat
Throughout, to their defeat,
As curious fools, and envious of thy strain,
May, blushing, swear no palsy 's in thy brain."

Supported by an increased pension, to which Charles added the "tierce of Canary," which the poets-laureat have ever since enjoyed, Jonson continued to write masques and other little poems for the Court. His quarrel with Inigo Jones, from whatever cause proceeding, is a painful circumstance; and it is well that the satire which he wrote upon the illustrious architect is suppressed. He died in 1637, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. Aubrey says, "He lies buried in the north aisle, in the path of square stone (the rest is lozenge), opposite to the scutcheon of Robertus de Bos, with this inscription only on him, in a pavement square, blue marble, about 14 inches square—'O RARE BEN JONSON!'—which was done at the charge of Jack Young (afterwards knighted), who, walking there when the grave was covering, gave the fellow eighteen-pence to cut it."



[Ranelagh Gardens, Rotunda, &c., 1751.]

XXIII.—RANELAGH AND VAUXHALL.

It were a curious study to trace the progress of the public taste in matters of amusement, and to endeavour to investigate the causes of the variety of changes it has undergone. The latter, however, would, we suspect, be a difficult task to accomplish satisfactorily. Take, for instance, the once prosperous as well as famous places of entertainment mentioned at the head of this paper—and how should we explain the fact that one has long since disappeared, whilst the other, having made bankrupts of its latest proprietors, is now about, most probably, to give place to the formidable array of bricklayers and carpenters, who already look upon its beautiful groves as their own, and can neither listen to the melodies of the birds nor to the glorious harmonics of the mightier human performers, for the ringing blows of the axe and the crash of the falling trees, which they hear as it were by anticipation? We shall regret this destruction, if Vauxhall be destroyed, as we regret the fall of Ranelagh, were it only for the length of time both places have existed, and the agreeable link they made between ourselves and the generations that have passed away; but they have claims to favourable remembrance of a more important character. What reader of Addison, of Fielding, of Goldsmith, or of Johnson, but will miss the place they have so often visited for materials to minister to our instruction and delight? What lover of the beautiful but would like still to be able to look upon that spot (Ranelagh) which the author of the 'Rambler' said presented the finest *coup d'œil* he had ever seen; or to keep the other, whilst it is yet possible, of which a forgotten poet of the last century, with a pleasant spirit of exaggeration, gives so high an origin?—he supposes Eden to have been borne up undestroyed by the Flood, and that—

"After floating many a year,
At length it fix'd, and settled here:"

that is to say, at Vauxhall.

Ranelagh derived its name from the Earl of Ranelagh, who about 1690 built himself a house and laid out extensive grounds on a piece of land lying eastward of the Royal Hospital of Chelsea, to which it originally belonged. After the Earl's death, in 1712, the mansion passed into the hands of his daughter. In 1733 the estate was sold in lots, when Lacy, the patentee of Drury Lane, in conjunction with a person named Rietti, took a lease of the premises, with a view of establishing a place of amusement of an extent and magnificence previously unknown to the citizens of London. But the design was too gigantic for the means of its authors; accordingly the property was divided into thirty-six shares, and Ranelagh soon appeared in all its splendour. The great feature of the place was the Rotunda, a building which excited the astonishment of all visitors by its extraordinary size, its elegance, and its most ingenious and skilful adaptation to the purposes for which it was built. In 'Hughson's History of London,'* a minute but prolix description of this edifice, and of the place generally, is preserved, from which it appears that the Rotunda was a structure somewhat resembling the Pantheon at Rome. The external diameter was one hundred and eighty feet, the internal one hundred and fifty. The entrances were by four Doric porticos opposite each other, and the first story was rustic. Round the whole on the outside was an arcade, and over it a gallery, the stairs to which were in the porticos. The gallery was sheltered by a slated covering, which projected from the body of the Rotunda. Over the gallery were the windows, sixty in number; and over them the immense roof. The first thing that struck the spectator in the inside was what was formerly the orchestra, but afterwards called the fireplace, erected in the middle of the Rotunda, reaching to the ceiling and supporting the roof; but it being found too high to give the company the full entertainment of the music, the performers were removed into another orchestra, erected in the space of the porticos. The former, however, remained. It was a beautiful structure, formed by four triumphal arches of the Doric order, divided from each other by proper intervals, which, with the arches, formed an octagon. The pillars were divided into two stories, the base of each lined with looking-glass, against which were placed patent lamps. These pillars were the principal support of the roof, which, for size and manner of construction, was not to be equalled in Europe. The genius of the architect was here concealed from view by the ceiling; but it may be easily conceived that such a roof could not be supported by any ordinary methods; and if the timber-works above had been laid open, they would probably have surprised the spectator. The interior of this orchestra or fire-place was no less striking. In the centre of it was a curious contrivance for heating the building in cold weather, to any degree required. It consisted of a fireplace that could not smoke nor become offensive, and of a chimney reaching upwards to the ceiling. The latter had four faces, and by tins over each of them, which were taken off at pleasure, the heat was increased or diminished. The faces were formed by four stone arches, with stone pediments above. The corners of the four faces were supported by eight pieces of cannon, with iron spikes driven into them, and filled up with lead. These looked like black marble pillars. On the pediments, and in the spaces between them, were eight flower-branches of small glass lamps, which, when lighted, looked extremely brilliant. Above the pediments were four niches in wood, in each of which was a painting; and over all was a dome, which terminated this inner structure. The chimney, which proceeded to the top of the Rotunda, was of brick. The band of music consisted of a select number of performers, vocal and instrumental, accompanied by an organ. The concert began about seven o'clock, and, after singing and music, closed about ten. Round the Rotunda, and forming a portion of the building, were forty-seven boxes for the accommodation of the company, in which they were regaled with tea or coffee and other refreshments. In each of these boxes was a painting of some droll figure; and they were lighted by large bell lamps suspended between them. They were divided by wainscoting and square pillars. The latter were in front, and, being main timbers, formed part of the support of the roof. Each pillar was cased, and the front of every alternate pillar ornamented from top to bottom with an oblong looking-glass, in a gilt frame. At the back of each box was a pair of folding doors, which opened into the gardens, and were designed for the convenience of passing in and out without being obliged to use the grand entrances. Each of these boxes would commodiously hold eight persons. The gallery above was fronted with a balustrade and pillars resembling marble, encircled with festoons of flowers in a spiral form, surmounted by termini of plaster of Paris. This gallery also contained forty-seven boxes, lighted like those below. At the distance of twelve boxes from the orchestra, on the right hand, was the Prince's box, for the reception of any of the Royal Family. It was elegantly hung with paper, and ornamented in the front with the Prince of Wales's crest. The great ceiling of the Rotunda had a stone-coloured ground, on which, at proper intervals, were oval panels, with paintings of celestial figures on a sky-blue ground. Festoons of flowers, and other ornaments, connected the panels with some of a smaller size and of a square form, on which were arabesque ornaments in stone colour, on a dark-brown ground. From the ceiling hung twenty-three chandeliers, in two circles; each chandelier ornamented with a gilt coronet, and the candles contained in seventeen bell lamps. Twenty chandeliers were in the external circle, and eight in the internal. On the whole, it might have been said of Ranelagh, that it was one of those public places of entertainment for convenience, elegance, and grandeur unsurpassed.

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* Vol. vi.

The Rotunda was first opened on the 5th of April, 1742, with a public breakfast, a species of entertainment that was afterwards suppressed by act of Parliament, as detrimental to society. Morning concerts were also given for some time at Ranelagh, consisting chiefly of selections from oratorios. Musical performances of a more original and important character were gradually introduced. We learn from the 'Gentleman's Magazine' for 1767 that on the 12th of May, "At Ranelagh House were performed the much-admired catches and glees, selected from the curious collection of the Catch Club; being the first of the kind publicly exhibited in this or any other kingdom. The entertainment consisted of the favourite catches and glees composed by the most eminent masters of the last and present age, by a considerable number of the best vocal and instrumental performers.' The choral and instrumental parts were added, to give the catches and glees their proper effect in so large an amphitheatre; being composed for that purpose by *Dr. Arne*." This eminent musician had married a songstress of distinguished reputation, Miss Cecilia Young. His connexion with Mr. Tyers began in the year 1745, when his wife appeared at Vauxhall, and he himself became principal composer there. Although we do not find the fact expressly stated, it is highly probable that Dr. Arne was concerned in the musical performance at Vauxhall in 1749, which we find thus recorded in the 'Gentleman's Magazine:'—"April 25, 1749, was performed at Vauxhall Gardens the rehearsal of the music for the fireworks (to be given in St. James's Park on the 29th), by a band of 100 musicians, to an audience of above 12,000 persons: tickets 2*s.* 6*d.* So great a resort occasioned such a stoppage on London Bridge that no carriage could pass for three hours." The morning entertainments soon gave place to those of the evening—a period of the day more congenial to such enjoyments, which were occasionally enhanced by the exhibition of fire-works on a very magnificent scale, accompanied by mimic representations of an eruption of Mount Etna, and other natural phenomena, similar to that we have seen recently revived at the Surrey Zoological Gardens.

Lastly, masquerades were introduced, and gave a new, but not very honourable or permanently useful, interest to Ranelagh. It is after a masquerade at Ranelagh that the ruin of one of Fielding's female characters in 'Amelia' is accomplished, and Amelia herself is destined to a similar fate under similar circumstances, when she is happily warned of her danger. But the most interesting record we possess concerning the masquerades of Ranelagh is to be found in a satirical paper in the 'Connoisseur,' where the writer, having referred to a celebrated lady who had a few years before attempted to introduce a new species of masquerade, by lopping off the exuberance of dress, and appearing in the character of Iphigenia undressed for the sacrifice, continues, "What the abovementioned lady had the hardiness to attempt alone will (I am assured) be set on foot by our persons of fashion as soon as the hot days come in. Ranelagh is the place pitched upon for their meeting, where it is proposed to have a masquerade *al fresco*. . . . . One set of ladies, I am told, intend to personate water-nymphs bathing in the canal; three sisters, celebrated for their charms, design to appear together as the three Graces; and a certain lady of quality, who most resembles the goddess of beauty, is now practising, from a model of the noted statue of Venus de Medicis, the most striking attitudes for that character. As to the gentlemen, they may most of them represent very suitably the half-brutal forms of Satyrs, Pans, Fauns, and Centaurs, &c. . . . If this scheme for a naked masquerade should meet with encouragement (as there is no doubt but it must), it is proposed to improve it still farther. Persons of fashion cannot but lament that there are no diversions allotted to Sunday, except the card-table; and they can never enough regret that the Sunday evening's tea-drinkings at Ranelagh were laid aside, from a superstitious regard to religion. They therefore intend to have a particular sort of masquerade on that day, in which they may show their taste by ridiculing all the old women's tales contained in that idle book of fables, the Bible, while the vulgar are devoutly attending to them at church. This indeed is not without a parallel: we have had an instance already of an Eve; and, by borrowing the serpent in Orpheus and Eurydice, we might have the whole story of the Fall of Man exhibited in a masquerade."*

But, after all, the chief amusement of Ranelagh was the promenading round the circular area of the Rotunda, to see and be seen; and a very dull sort of amusement it must have proved, when the gloss of novelty had worn off, to all that numerous class of visitants who were unable to appreciate the music, which played at intervals through the whole evening, and who had no claim to be considered as members of the fashionable world. "Then again, there 's your famous Ranelagh that you make such a fuss about," says Captain Mirvan, in Miss Burney's novel of 'Evelina;'† "why, what a dull place is that!"

"'Ranelagh dull!—Ranelagh dull!' was echoed from mouth to mouth; and the ladies, as of one accord, regarded the Captain with looks of the most ironical contempt.

"'As to Ranelagh,' said Mr. Lovel, 'most indubitably, though the price is plebeian, it is by no means adapted to the plebeian taste. It requires a certain acquaintance with high life, and—and—and something of—of—something *d'un vrai goût*, to be really sensible of its merit. Those whose—whose connexions, and so forth, are not among *les gens comme il faut*, can feel nothing but *ennui* at such a place as Ranelagh.'"

This passage gives us an excellent idea of the chief attraction of Ranelagh; and the poet Bloomfield, in some amusing verses written about the period of its fall, thus good-humouredly ridicules the empty, unmeaning character of the entertainments:—

"To Ranelagh once in my life
By good-natur'd force I was driven;
The nations had ceas'd their long strife,
And Peace beam'd her radiance from heaven.
What wonders were here to be found
That a clown might enjoy or disdain?
First, we trac'd the gay circle all round;
Ay—and then we went round it again.

A thousand feet rustled on mats,—
A carpet that once had been green;
Men bow'd with their outlandish hats,
With corners so fearfully keen.
Fair maids, who at home in their haste
Had left all clothing else but a train,
Swept the floor clean as slowly they pac'd,
Then—*walk'd round and swept it again*," &c.

We may see from this last verse that the satire of the 'Connoisseur' had not dri the ladies into a more becoming style of dress. Not much longer, however, did Ranelagh afford a scene for such displays. It became less and less popular even among its supporters, and at last (about 1805) the Rotunda was pulled down, and the beautiful Ranelagh disappeared, leaving not a vestige of its existence behind.

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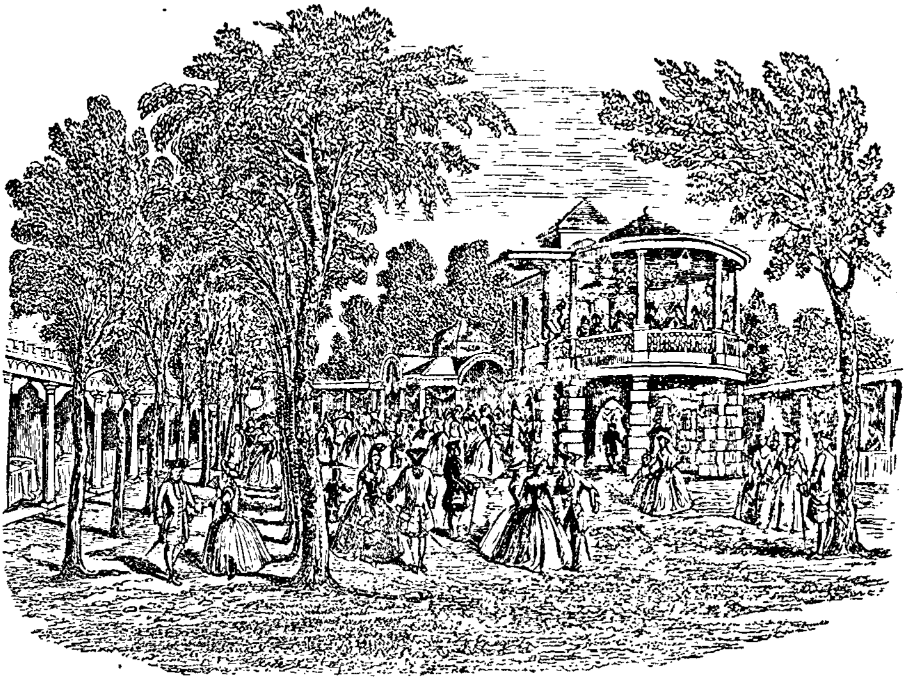
* 'Connoisseur,' No. 66. May 1, 1755.

† Letter xxiii.

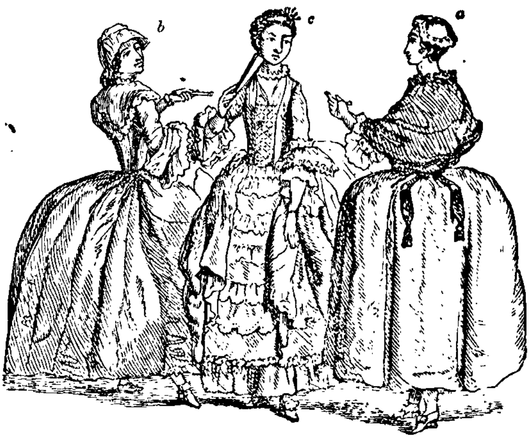
VAUXHALL,

THOUGH under another name, dates its origin a little earlier than Ranelagh. The first mention of its existence as a public place of resort is also one of the most interesting of its many and illustrious literary associations. This occurs in the 'Spectator;' a number of which (383), dated from Addison's Summer-house at Islington, May 20, 1712, is devoted to an account of his visit to Vauxhall, in company with Sir Roger de Coverley, that most exquisite of Addison's creations. They go by water in a wherry from the Temple Stairs, the good Knight, with characteristic thoughtfulness, taking care to employ a waterman with a wooden leg; observing, " You must know I never make use of anybody to row me that has not lost either a leg or an arm. I would rather bate him a few strokes of his oar than not employ an honest man that has been wounded in the Queen's service. If I was a lord, or a bishop, and kept a barge, I would not put a fellow in my livery that had not a wooden leg." Sir Roger having trimmed the boat with his coachman, " who, being a very sober man, always served for ballast on such occasions," they made the best of their way to Faux Hall. On their way, Sir Roger, according to custom, gives good night to every person he passes on the water, one of whom, instead of returning the civility, asked what queer old put they had in the boat, and whether he was not ashamed to go a wenching at his years? with a great deal of the like Thames ribaldry. Sir Roger seemed a little shocked at first, but at length, assuming a face of magistracy, told his friend " that, if he were a Middlesex justice, he would make such vagrants know that her Majesty's



[Vauxhall in 1751.]

subjects were no more to be abused by water than by land." "We were now," continues Addison, "arrived at Spring Garden (Vauxhall), which is excellently pleasant at this time of the year. When I considered the fragrancy of the walks and bowers, with the chorus of birds that sung upon the trees, and the loose tribe of people that walked under their shade, I could not but look upon the place as a kind of Mahometan paradise. Sir Roger told me it put him in mind of a little coppice by his house in the country, which his chaplain used to call an aviary of nightingales. 'You must understand,' says the Knight, 'that there is nothing in the world that pleases a man in love so much as your nightingale. Ah, Mr. Spectator! the many moonlight nights that I have walked by myself and thought on the widow by the music of the nightingale!' He here fetched a deep sigh, and was falling into a fit of musing, when a mask, who came behind him, gave him a gentle tap upon the shoulder, and asked him if he would drink a bottle of mead with her? But the Knight, being startled at so unexpected a familiarity, and displeased to be interrupted in his thoughts of the widow, told her 'She was a wanton baggage,' and bid her go about her business. We concluded our walk with a glass of Burton ale and a slice of hung-beef. When we had done eating ourselves, the Knight called a waiter to him, and bid him carry the remainder to the waterman that had but one leg. I perceived the fellow stared upon him at the oddness of the message, and was going to be saucy; upon which I ratified the Knight's commands with a peremptory look. As we were going out of the garden, my old friend, thinking himself obliged, as a member of the quorum, to animadvert upon the morals of the place, told the mistress of the house, who sat at the bar, that he should be a better customer to her garden if there were more nightingales and fewer strumpets." Such is our earliest notice of Vauxhall as a public garden, written most probably not long after its opening. The name, as we have here seen, was originally Faux Hall, which has been corrupted into the present appellation of Vauxhall. It was popularly derived from Guy Faux, the gunpowder-plot conspirator; but the true derivation is supposed to be from Fulk or Faulk de Brent, a famous Norman soldier of fortune, to whom King John gave in marriage Margaret de Ripariis or Redvers. To that lady belonged the manor of Lambeth, to which the mansion called Fauks Hall, was annexed. At all events, the manor-house was known for centuries before Guy Faux's time under the name it now bears. The manor, with the Isle of Wight and other property, was purchased by Edward I.; and by Edward the Black Prince it was given to the church of Canterbury, to which see it still belongs: Henry VIII., at the suppression of the monastery, having granted it to the dean and chapter. Near the Thames was formerly a large mansion belonging to Sir Thomas Parry, Chancellor of the duchy of Lancaster, and held by him of the manor of Kennington. Here the ill-fated Arabella Stuart, whose misfortune it was to be too nearly allied to a Crown, remained prisoner for twelve months, under the custody of Sir Thomas. This house, in Norden's 'Survey' (1615), is called Copt Hall, and is described as being opposite to a capital mansion called Fauxe Hall. The latter, Lysons imagines, was the ancient manor-house mentioned above, which being afterwards pulled down or otherwise lost, the name was transferred to Copt Hall. In the Parliamentary Survey taken after the execution of Charles I., Sir Thomas Parry's house is described as "a capital messuage called Vauxhall, alias Copped Hall, bounded by the Thames; being a fair dwelling-house, strongly built, of three stories high, and a fair staircase breaking out from it of nineteen feet square." It was sold in 1652, but reverted to the Crown at the Restoration. After passing through various hands, in 1675 Sir Samuel Morland obtained a lease of Vauxhall House, made it his residence, and considerably improved the premises. This gentleman was a great mechanic, and every part of his house was filled with his works. The side-table in the dining-room was supplied with a large fountain, and the glasses stood under little streams of water. His coach had a moveable kitchen with clock-work machinery, with which he could make soup, broil steaks, or roast a joint of meat. When he travelled he was accordingly his own cook. From this period to that of the visit of Addison and Sir Roger nothing appears to be known concerning Vauxhall, nor again from that time to 1732, when the gardens were in the occupation of Jonathan Tyers, Esq., and were opened by him in a style of novel magnificence. Of this gentleman we shall have more to say. On the re-opening there were about four hundred persons present. The ladies with their long waists, arching hoops, and decorated fans formed but a small proportion of the number: scarce one in ten, we are informed. One hundred soldiers were present to keep good order—a precaution that seems to explain very significantly the character of many of the anticipated visitants. The entertainment given on this occasion, which was announced as a "Ridotto al Fresco," was several times repeated, which encouraged the proprietor so much that in a short time he opened the gardens every evening during the proper season. Among Tyers's numerous friends was Hogarth, who had a summer residence at Lambeth, and who, to add to the attractions of the place, advised him to decorate the boxes with paintings. The suggestion was immediately carried into effect, and at a great expense. Some of the paintings were copies by Hayman of Hogarth's own productions, and which still remain in the gardens. Tyers acknowledged the assistance he had received by a present of a gold medal, which admitted the artist and his friends free. As Vauxhall grew more and more in the public estimation, the proprietor erected an organ in the orchestra, and placed a



[Ladies of the reign of George II., from Jeffrey's collection.]

a, 1735; *b*, 1745; *c*, 1755.

statue of Handel, by the great French sculptor, Roubilliac, in the gardens. But it is time that we should give a more particular description of the appearance of the gardens under their new aspect. The favourite method of reaching them was of course still by small boats on the water, and a gay and animated scene the Thames must have presented at such times. The author of 'A Trip to Vauxhall' (1737) thus describes this very pleasant mode of locomotion. He has two ladies in company with him: so

> "Lolling in state, with one on either side,
> And gently pulling with the wind and tide,
> Last night, the evening of a sultry day,
> We sail'd triumphant on the liquid way,
> To hear the fiddlers of Spring Gardens play,
> To see the walks, orchestra, colonnades,
> The lamps and trees in mingled lights and shades.
> The scene so new, with pleasure and surprise,
> Feasted awhile our ravish'd ears and eyes.
> The motley crowd we next with care survey,
> The young, the old, the splenetic, and gay," &c.

The poem then proceeds with a satirical account of the company assembled in the gardens, referring of course more particularly to well-known individuals. A fuller account of the gardens is given in a letter professedly written by a foreigner to his friend at Paris; and which was published in 'The Champion,' of the 5th of August, 1742. The writer had previously visited Ranelagh, and in reference to that place says, "I was now (at Vauxhall) introduced to a place of a very different kind from that I had visited the night before: vistas, woods, tents, buildings, and company, I had a glimpse of, but could discover none of them distinctly, for which reason I began to repine that we had not arrived sooner, when all in a moment, as if by magic, every object was made visible, I should rather say illustrious, by a thousand lights finely disposed, which were kindled at one and the same signal; and my ears and my eyes, head and heart, were captivated at once. Right before me extended a long and regular vista; on my right hand I stepped into a delightful grove, wild, as if planted by the hand of nature, under the foliage of which at equal distances I found two similar tents, of such a contrivance and form as a painter of genius and judgment would choose to adorn his landscape with. Farther on, still on my right, through a noble triumphal arch, with a grand curtain, still in the picturesque style, artificially thrown over it, an excellent statue of Handel (Roubilliac's) appears in the action of playing upon the lyre, which is finely set off by various greens, which form in miniature a sort of woody theatre. The grove itself is bounded on three sides, except the intervals made by the two vistas, which lead to and from it, with a plain but handsome colonnade, divided into different apartments to receive different companies, and distinguished and adorned with paintings, which, though slight, are well fancied, and have a very good effect. In the middle centre of the grove, fronting a handsome banqueting-room, the very portico of which is adorned and illuminated with curious lustres of crystal glass, stands the orchestra (for music likewise here is the soul of the entertainment), and at some distance behind it a pavilion that beggars all description—I do not mean for the richness of the materials of which it is composed, but for the nobleness of the design and the elegance of the decorations with which it is adorned. In a word, architecture such as Greece would not be ashamed of, and drapery far beyond the imaginations of the East, are united in a taste that I believe never was equalled, nor can be exceeded." Our readers may think this praise somewhat extravagant; but there is in Fielding's 'Amelia' a very interesting passage, which shows us that it did no more than justice to the exceeding loveliness of Vauxhall. The great novelist observes, and evidently in his own personal character, "The extreme beauty and elegance of this place is well known to almost every one of my readers; and happy is it for me that it is so, since to give an adequate idea of it would exceed my power of description. To delineate the particular beauties of these gardens would indeed require as much pains, and as much paper too, *as to rehearse all the good actions of their master;* whose life proves the truth of an observation which I have read in some other writer, that a truly elegant taste is generally accompanied with an excellency of heart; or, in other words, that true virtue is indeed nothing else but true taste." * Under a man of this stamp, it is not probable that Vauxhall would remain to any serious degree obnoxious to the censures with which Addison and Sir Roger de Coverley branded it. It was, no doubt, made an innocent as well as an elegant place of enjoyment, if we measure it by the only fair standard, the manners and customs of the best society of the time. Goldsmith, writing perhaps about 1760, having praised the singers and the very elegant band of performers, continues, "The satisfaction which I received the first night (of the season) I went there was greater than my expectations; I went in company of several friends of both sexes, whose virtues I regard and judgments I esteem. The music, the entertainments, but particularly the singing, diffused that good humour among us which constitutes the true happiness of society." † The same author's account of Vauxhall in the 'Citizen of the World' contains some interesting passages; this occurs in the description of the visit to the gardens of the shabby beau, the man in black, and one or two other persons, in company with the Chinese philosopher. The beau's lady, Mrs. Tibbs, has a natural aversion to the water, and the pawnbroker's widow, being "a little in flesh," protests against walking, so a coach is agreed on as the mode of conveyance. "The illuminations," says the philosopher, "began before we arrived, and I must confess that upon entering the gardens I found every sense overpaid with more than expected pleasure: the lights everywhere glimmering through scarcely-moving trees; the full-bodied concert bursting on the stillness of night; the natural concert of the birds in the more retired part of the grove, vying with that which was formed by art; the company gaily dressed, looking satisfaction, and the tables spread with various delicacies,—all conspired to fill my imagination with the visionary happiness of the Arabian lawgiver, and lifted me into an ecstasy of admiration. 'Head of Confucius,' cried I to my friend, 'this is fine! this unites rural beauty with courtly magnificence.'" A dispute between the two ladies now engages the philosopher's attention: "Mrs. Tibbs was for keeping the genteel walk of the garden, where, she observed, there was always the very best company; the widow, on the contrary, who came but once a season, was for securing a good standing-place to see the water-works, which she assured us would begin in less than an hour at furthest." The cascade here referred to had been but recently introduced into the gardens, so we need not wonder at the widow's anxiety to see what was as yet a great attraction. A few years later the "water-works" were greatly improved, and called the Cataract; the effects then produced were very ingenious and beautiful; and at the signal for their commencement,—the ringing of a bell at nine o'clock,—there was a general rush from all parts of the gardens. The widow, therefore, shows her prudence in getting a good standing-place in time. From another part of the same account we perceive that the keepers of the boxes were accustomed to make distinctions between the persons who desired boxes, reserving those "in the very focus of the public view," where the beau wished to be, for "more genteel company." We may conclude our notice of the literary associations of Vauxhall by recalling to our readers the well-known scenes in Miss Burney's novels which take place in the gardens, more particularly the one in 'Evelina,' where the heroine endures so many mortifications whilst in the company of the vulgar family of the Braughtons, and that in 'Cecilia,' where the weak and miserable Harrel, after a night of frenzied gaiety, commits suicide.

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* Amelia, b. ix. c. ix.

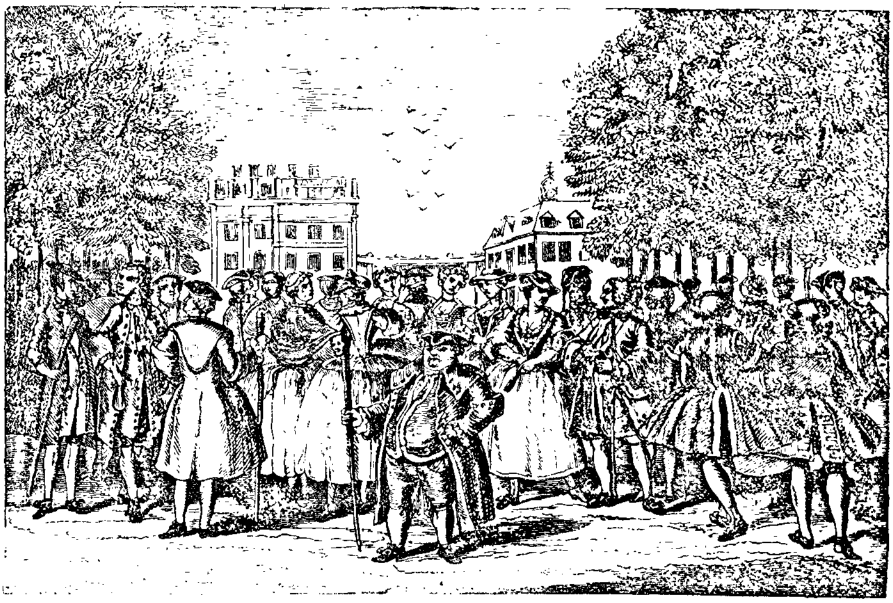
† A Visit to Vauxhall. Prior's Ed. of Goldsmith's Works, vol. i. p. 202.

Up to the year 1752 Tyers was only a tenant, but he then purchased the property. He died in 1767. "Tom Tyers," his son, author of 'Political Conferences,' was one of Johnson's social circle, and not the least esteemed of its members.

We have alluded to the literary associations of Vauxhall; and these remind us of some others of an amusing character. The following appeared as an advertisement in the 'London Chronicle' of the 5th August, 1758:—"A young lady who was at Vauxhall on Thursday night last in company with two gentlemen could not but observe a young gentleman in blue and a gold-laced hat, who, being near her by the orchestra during the performance, especially the last song, gazed upon her with the utmost attention. He earnestly hopes (if unmarried) she will favour him with a line, directed to A. D., at the bar of the Temple Exchange Coffee-house, Temple Bar, to inform him whether fortune, family, and character may not entitle him, upon a further knowledge, to hope an interest in her heart," &c. The advertisement is altogether written in a spirit and style which seem to mark it as the genuine effusion of a lover whom despair of finding the object of his sudden attachment had impelled into the adoption of an unusual course. Another reminiscence of Vauxhall is connected with the half-insane conduct of a man who, about sixteen years ago, excited a great deal of temporary notice. He called himself "the Ærial," and appears to have been filled with the idea of his more than earthly physical perfections. Among various other fantastic tricks, he was in the habit of calling upon eminent professional men, surgeons and artists, and offering them permission to study for their several purposes from his body as a model of perfection. His first public appearance at Vauxhall is thus recorded in 'The Times' of the 2nd of July, 1825:—"An individual in a splendid dress of Spanish costume has excited much attention at Vauxhall Gardens. Having walked or rather skipped round the promenade with a great air of consequence, saluting the company as he passed along, he at length mingled amongst the audience in the front of the orchestra, and distributed a number of cards, on each of which was written, 'The Ærial challenges the whole world to find a man that can in any way compete with him as such.' After having served about three or four hundred of these challenges, he darted off like lightning, taking the whole circuit of the gardens in his career, and made his exit through the grand entrance into the road, where a carriage was in waiting for him, into which he sprang and was driven off."

The prices of admission into the gardens have undergone several changes: prior to 1792 the charge was one shilling; new and expensive decorations were then introduced, and the charge raised to two shillings, including however tea and coffee. During the present century four shillings without any refreshment has been long paid; the next change was to the original price of one shilling only. During this last-mentioned period a new and great attraction was added—the Nassau balloon, the largest machine of the kind yet constructed; which, as is well known, derives its name from the extraordinary aërial journey made in it from London to Nassau in Germany, by Mr. Green and his fellow-travellers. At present, during the few nights on which the gardens are open prior to the disposal of the property, the price of admission is three shillings.

Yes, Ranelagh is gone; and but a few short days or weeks may elapse before Vauxhall will have shared its fate. The "lustrous long arcades," along which of old swept the courtly and fashionable throng,—revelling in all the fantastic varieties of the Mode, as we see them pictured in engravings of the time,—will perhaps soon be changed into long and busy rows of bricks and mortar, where the wandering minstrel with his barrel-organ will usurp


[Costume, 1735. Mall in St. James's Park.]

the place of the magnificent "full-bodied concert," and the stentorian cries of the perambulatory dealers rise in harsh contrast with the songs of the nightingales which were once heard from the lofty, over-arching, and fragrant boughs, in the same place, when Addison roamed along its walks, meditating possibly his next 'Spectator,' and beheld, in his "mind's eye," Sir Roger, by his side, buried in a train of the tenderest recollections of the widow!

But the illustrious memories of such places as Ranelagh and Vauxhall, like the deeds of good men, die not with them. We shall still be able to a certain extent to enjoy all they offered for enjoyment in the pages of our great writers; and even this humble memorial may not for the same purpose be found useless. It is that consideration which impels us to conclude our paper with a description of a place so often described, and so generally well known. What would be useless as a present guide may as a future *record* be of value. The mode of entrance into the gardens, which extend over about eleven acres, is admirably calculated to enhance their extraordinary effect on the first view. We step at once from the passages into a scene of enchantment, such as in our young days opened upon our eyes as we pored over the magical pages of the 'Arabian Nights.' It were indeed worth some sacrifice of time, money, and convenience, to see for once in a lifetime that view. At first, one wide-extended and interminable blaze of radiance is the idea impressed upon the dazzled beholder. As his eyes grow accustomed to the place, he perceives the form of the principal part of the gardens resolve itself into a kind of long quadrangle, formed by four colonnades which enclose an open space with trees, called the Grove. On his right extends one of the colonnades, some three hundred feet long, with an arched Gothic roof, where the groins are marked by lines of lamps, shedding a yellow golden light, and the pendants by single crimson lamps of a larger size at the intersections. The effect of this arrangement is most superb. Near the eye, the lines or groins appear singly, showing their purpose; farther off they grow closer and closer, till at some distance the entire vista beyond appears one rich blaze of radiance. In front the visitor looks across one of the shorter ends of the quadrangle, illuminated in a different but still more magnificent manner by a chandelier of great size, formed of coloured lamps, and by various smaller chandeliers. Still standing in the same place (at the door of entrance), and looking across the interior of the quadrangle called the Grove, midway is seen the lofty orchestra, glittering all over with the many-coloured light diffused from innumerable lamps. This was erected in 1735, and has itself many interesting memories attached to it. Beneath that vast shell which forms the roof or sounding-board of the orchestra many of our greatest vocalists and performers have poured forth their strains to the delight of the crowded auditory in front—Signor and Signora Storace, Mrs. Billington, Miss Tyrer (now Mrs. Liston), Incledon, Braham, and a host of others, at once rise to the memory. The Grove is illuminated not only by the reflected light from the colonnades on either side and by the orchestra, but by festoons of lamps, gracefully undulating along the sides of the colonnades from one end to the other. Among the other attractions of the Grove, we find immediately we step into it some beautiful plaster casts from the antique, the light colour of which forms a fine contrast with the blackness of the neighbouring trees and the solemn gloom of the sky above, which assumes a still deeper tinge when seen under such circumstances. Immediately opposite these, at the back of the short colonnade which forms this end of the Grove, with elevated arches opening upon the colonnade, is the splendid room originally called the Pavilion, now the Hall of Mirrors, a title more appropriate as marking its distinctive character, the walls being lined with looking-glass. This is the principal supper-room. Turning the corner we enter upon the other of the two principal colonnades, which is similarly illuminated. A little way down we find an opening into the Rotunda, a very large and handsome building, with boxes, pit, and gallery in the circular part, and on one side a stage for the performance of ballets, &c. The pit forms also, when required, an arena for the display of horsemanship. At the end of this colonnade we have on the right the colonnade forming the other extremity of the Grove, hollowed out into a semicircular form, the space being fitted up somewhat in the manner of a Turkish divan. On the left we find the more distant and darker parts of the gardens. Here the first spot that attracts our attention is a large space, the back of which presents a kind of mimic amphitheatre of trees and foliage, having in front rock-work and fountains; from one of the latter Eve has just issued, as we perceive by the beautiful figure reclining on the grass above. Not far from this place a fine cast of Diana arresting the flying hart stands out in admirable relief from the dark-green leafy background. Here too is a large building, presenting in front the appearance of the proscenium and stage of a theatre. Ballets, performances on the tight-rope, and others of a like character, are here exhibited. The purpose of the building is happily marked by the statues of Canova's dancing-girls, one of which is placed on each side of the area at the front. At the corner of a long walk, between trees lighted only by single lamps spread at intervals on the ground at the sides, is seen a characteristic representation of Tell's cottage in the Swiss Alps. This walk is terminated by an illuminated transparency, placed behind a Gothic gateway, representing the delicate but broken shafts of some ruined ecclesiastical structure, with a large stone cross—that characteristic feature of the way-sides of Roman Catholic countries. At right angles with this walk extends a much broader one, with the additional illumination of a brilliant star; and at its termination is an opening containing a very imposing spectacle. This is a representation, in a large circular basin of water of Neptune with his trident, driving his five sea-horses abreast, which are snorting forth liquid streams from their nostrils; these in their ascent cross and intermingle in a very pleasing and striking manner. The lustrous white and great size of the figures are, like all the other works of art in the gardens, admirably contrasted with the surrounding features of the place. Passing in our way the large building erected for the convenience of filling the great balloon, and the area where the fireworks are exhibited, we next enter the Italian Walk, so called from its having been originally decorated in the formal, exact style of the walks of that country. This is a noble promenade or avenue of great length and breadth, crossed every few yards by a lofty angular arch of lamps, with festoons of the same brilliant character, hanging from it, and having statues interspersed on each side throughout.

On quitting this walk at its farther extremity we find ourselves in the centre of the long colonnade opposite to that we quitted in order to examine the more remote parts of the gardens. The inner side of each of the long colonnades is occupied by innumerable supper-boxes, in some of which yet remain the pictures before referred to. We have scarcely had time for this hasty survey, during which too our attention has been partially drawn away by the noble music which has been playing almost without intermission since we entered the gardens, before the performances commence with a ballet in the Rotunda, relieved from its usual dulness and absurdity by the extraordinary feats of the Ravel Family, some of which set at nought all our ordinary notions of the anatomy of the body, or the laws of its locomotion. Walking, or rather hopping, across the stage, on *one* stilt, and without any other support, at a quiet gentlemanly pace, is but one, and not the most extraordinary, of the many curious things here done. Ducrow's troop next exhibit their unrivalled skill and elegance in the management of the horse, though it is no easy task to clear the pit for them, by this time crowded with spectators. The instant the equestrian performances are over a general race ensues for the stage we have mentioned as standing in another part of the gardens, where tight-rope dancing of no ordinary kind is to be exhibited. And certainly so much ease and elegance in the accomplishment of feats that appear wonderful to be accomplished at all make us forget the uselessness of such laboriously acquired skill, or the danger with which its display is not unfrequently attended. Indeed, as we looked upon the feats done by the performers, one of them a member of the family previously noticed, we could scarcely help wondering whether after all the tight rope was not man's natural sphere of exertion; certainly we beheld much done *on* the rope that we should find it difficult to imitate *off*. A bell now rings, and summons us to the last and by far the most beautiful and satisfactory to our minds of the entertainments of the evening—the fire-works. Vauxhall has long been distinguished for the excellence of its displays of this elegant art; and in the hands of the present artist its reputation has been still further advanced. In the words of a very recent writer, who has described one of these exhibitions so happily that we shall do better justice to what we ourselves beheld by using his language than our own,—"The fire-works of D'Ernst were one of the most superb displays of pyrotechny that we ever saw—not so much for quantity as quality: the devices were most ingenious, and the colours intensely beautiful. The showers of sparks served as a golden fringe or setting to the luminous gems that blazed in the centre, like concentric circles of ruby, emerald, and sapphire, glowing with preternatural lustre. The rockets rushed upwards as though they would reach the moon, and burst forth in showers of golden tears, silver stars, and amber balls; while some changed, as they fell, from lustrous green to burning crimson: fiery rings darted to and fro like comets, jets of fire went spinning upwards, and nests of serpents were shaken out into the air. In short, D'Ernst might achieve a Gorgon's head, with snaky tresses and flaming eyeballs, as a feat of artificial fire, if he were so minded."* We must add to this vivid description that during the last portion of the exhibition a child ascended a tight-rope stretched at a great height over the gardens, his slender form now hid by the smoke, now revealed by the intense light suddenly bursting forth from different parts of the area: when he had reached the extreme altitude he returned; and as he descended from the giddy elevation, the entire space became wrapped in almost sudden darkness. The distant orchestra now begins again to summon listeners; the promenaders recommence their walks along the glorious colonnades; whilst the glimpse of attendants darting to and fro with refreshments reminds the hungry that it is now supper-time at Vauxhall.

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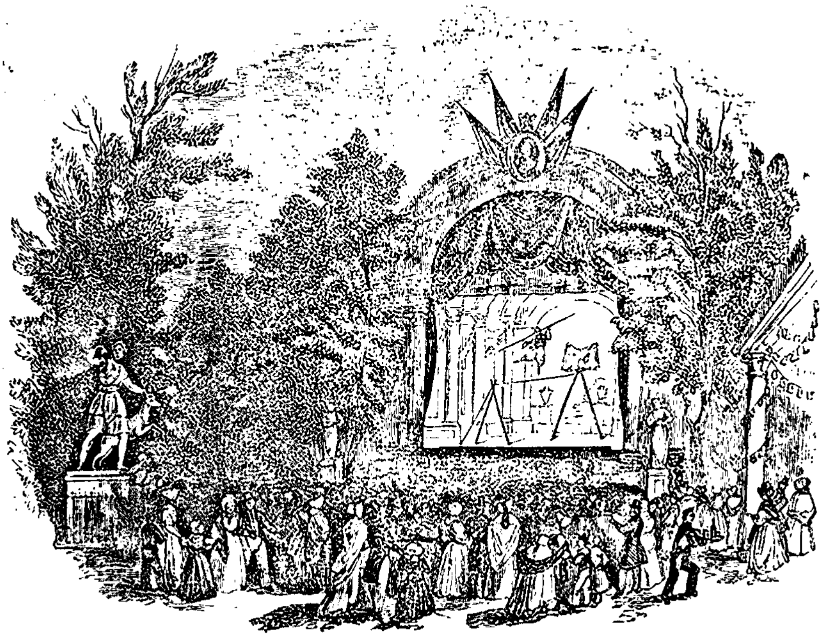
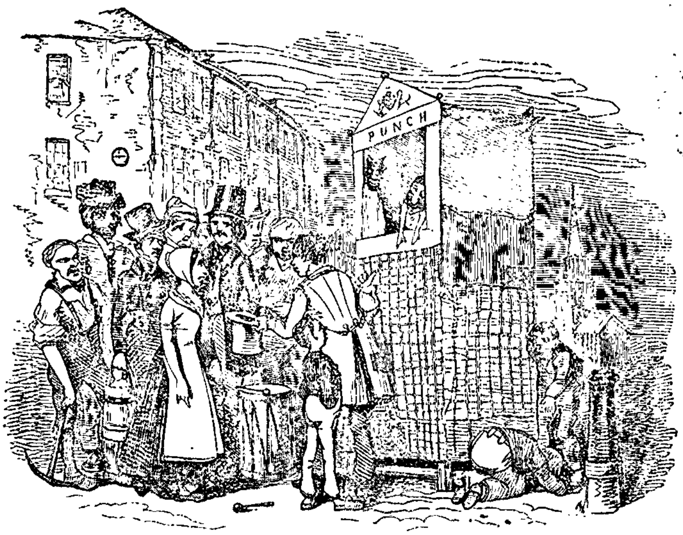
* Spectator newspaper, July 10, 1841.



[Vauxhall, 1841.—The Ballet Theatre and Entrance to the Dark Walk.]



[Punch, 1841.]

XXIV.—STREET SIGHTS.

In a poem written in "verse burlesque" by Sir William D'Avenant, entitled 'The Long Vacation in London,'—(we have already quoted from this curious picture of manners)—there is a very satisfactory enumeration of the principal sights which were presented to the admiring wayfarers of our city at the period when the Restoration had given back to the people some of their ancient amusements, and the councils of the primitive church were no longer raked up, as they were by old Prynne, to denounce bear-leaders and puppet-showmen as the agents of the evil one,—excommunicated persons who were to be dealt with by the strong arm of the law, civil and ecclesiastical.* It may be convenient in our notice of this large miscellaneous subject if we take D'Avenant's description as a middle point in the history of street sights; looking occasionally, by way of comparison, at the more remarkable of those classes of popular exhibitors who may be called the ancestors, and those who are in the same manner the descendants, of the individual performers of the days of Charles II. The passage in D'Avenant's poem is as follows:—

> " Now vaulter good, and dancing lass
> On rope, and man that cries Hey, pass!
> And tumbler young that needs but stoop,
> Lay head to heel to creep through hoop;

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* See Prynne's Histrio-Mastix, p. 583.

And man in chimney hid to dress,
Puppet that acts our old Queen Bess,
And man that whilst the puppets play,
Through nose expoundeth what they say;
And white oat-eater that does dwell
In stable small at sign of Bell,
That lift up hoof to show the pranks
Taught by magician, styled Banks;
And ape, led captive still in chain
Till he renounce the Pope and Spain:
All these on hoof now trudge from town
To cheat poor turnip-eating clown."

What a congregation of wonders is here! Hogarth could not have painted his glorious 'Southwark Fair' without actual observation; but here is an assemblage from which a companion picture might be made, offering us the varieties of costume and character which distinguish the age of Charles II. from that of George II. But such sights can only be grouped together now in London upon remarkable occasions. The London of our own day, including its gigantic suburbs, is not the place to find even in separate localities the vaulter, the dancing lass, the conjurer, the tumbler, the puppet-show, the raree-show, the learned horse, or the loyal ape. Fleet Street, for example, is much too busy a place for the wonder-mongers to congregate in. A merchant in Ben Jonson's 'Fox' says—

"'Twere a rare *motion* to be seen in Fleet-street."

A motion is another name for a puppet-show. His companion answers,

"Ay, *in the Term.*"

Fifty years afterwards D'Avenant tells us of his vagabonds, that in the Long Vacation

"All these on hoof now trudge from town
To cheat poor turnip-eating clown."

The sight-showers, we thus see, were in high activity in the Term, because Fleet Street was then full. When is it now empty? There is no room for their trades. They are elbowed out. We have seen, however, in some half-quiet thoroughfare of Lambeth, or of Clerkenwell, a dingy cloth spread upon the road, and a ring of children called together at the sound of horn, to behold a dancing lass in all the finery of calico trousers and spangles, and a tumbler with his hoop: and on one occasion sixpence was extracted from our pockets, because the said tumbler had his hoop splendid with ribbons, which showed him to have a reverence for the poetry and antiquity of his calling. He knew the line,—

"And wear his colours like a tumbler's hoop*."

But the tumbler himself was a poor performer. His merit was not called out. The street passengers had as little to give to him as to the beggars, because they were too busy to be amused. If the Italian who exhibited before Queen Elizabeth at Kenilworth could appear again in our metropolitan thoroughfares, we should pass on, regardless of his "turnings, tumblings, castings, hops, jumps, leaps, skips, springs, gambols, summersets, caperings, and flights; forward, backward, sideways, downward, and upward, with sundry windings, gyrings, and circumflexions*." Joseph Clark, the great posture-master, who figured about the period of the Revolution, would have had a much better chance with us. We require powerful stimulants; and he, as it is recorded in the 'Philosophical Transactions,' had "such an absolute command of all his muscles and joints, that he could disjoint almost his whole body." Not a deformity which nature or accident had produced in the most miserable of cripples but Joseph Clark could imitate. Ask for a hunchback, and he straightway had one at command. Require the

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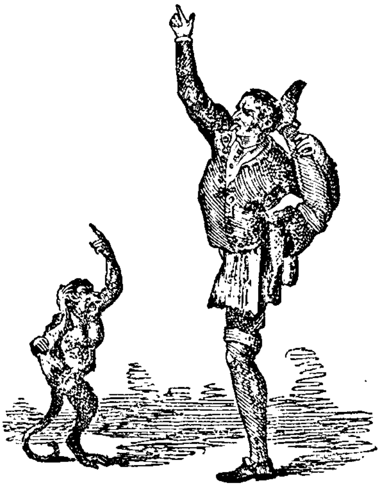
* Love's Labour's Lost.

"Fair round belly with good capon lin'd,"

and he could produce it without a pillow. He would make his hips invade the place of his back; and it was perfectly easy to him for one leg to advance with the heel foremost, and another with the toes. He imposed upon Molins, a celebrated surgeon, so completely, that he was dismissed as an incurable cripple. No tailor could measure him, for his hump would shift from one shoulder to the other; and anon he would be perfectly straight and well proportioned. One picture of him has been preserved to posterity, but there ought to have been a dozen.



[Joseph Clark: from Tempest's Collection.]

D'Avenant has grouped his performers as they had been practically associated together for some centuries before his time. The *joculator* was not very inferior in dignity to the minstrel; but in time he became degraded into a *juggler*, and a hocus-pocus. The "man that cries Hey, pass!" was the great star of the exhibition, and the rope-dancer and tumbler and vaulter were his satellites. In a print to the "Orbis Pictus" of Comenius (1658) the juggler and his exhibition are represented with these various attractions. Nor was music wanting to the charm of these street performances. The beautiful air known by the name of 'Balance a Straw' was an especial favourite with the rope-dancers, and certainly its graceful movement would indicate that these performances had somewhat more of refinement in them than is commonly supposed to belong to such amusements for the people. The air is given in Mr. Chappell's collection; but we hope it may still be heard from the chimes of some country church, which have gone on for a century or two bestowing their melodies upon thankless ears: more probably, growing out of order, the chimes have been voted a nuisance by the vestry, and are consigned to oblivion, with many other touching remembrances of the past.

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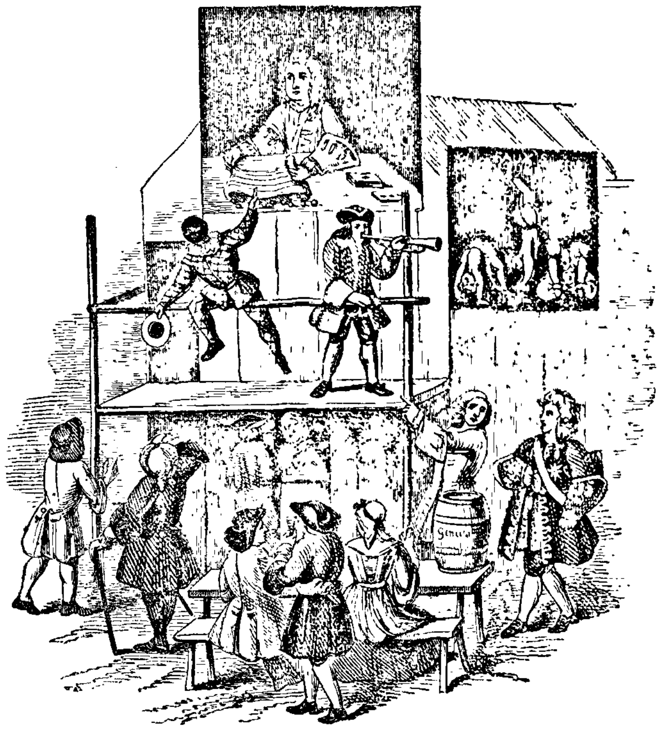
* Laneham's Letter from Kenilworth, 1575.

The following engraving of a conjurer's booth in 1721 exhibits the alliance of the juggler with the tumbler. The feats which the painted cloth exhibits to us are nothing very remarkable; but Hogarth, in his 'Southwark Fair,' has performances of another character. We have there a vaulter on the slack-rope, and he is no less a person than Signor Violante, who was sometimes honoured with more select spectators than Hogarth has assigned to him. Malcolm, in his 'Londinium Redivivum,' tells us, in his notice of St. Martin's church, "Soon after the completion of the steeple, an adventurous Italian named Violante descended from the arches, head foremost, on a rope stretched thence across St. Martin's Lane to the Royal Mews: the princesses were present, and many eminent persons." Hogarth in his print has preserved to us a representation of this sort of rope-flying. A man is thus descending from the church-tower in the background. This adventurer, whose name was Cadman, perished at Shrewsbury in the performance of a similar feat. In the 'Gentleman's Magazine' for 1740 there is a magnificent copy of verses "On the death of the famous flyer on the rope at Shrewsbury," full of classical similes. We prefer to transcribe the tomb-



[Faux, the Conjurer.]

stone lines upon the poor man, which lines Steevens, in his edition of Hogarth, calls contemptible:—

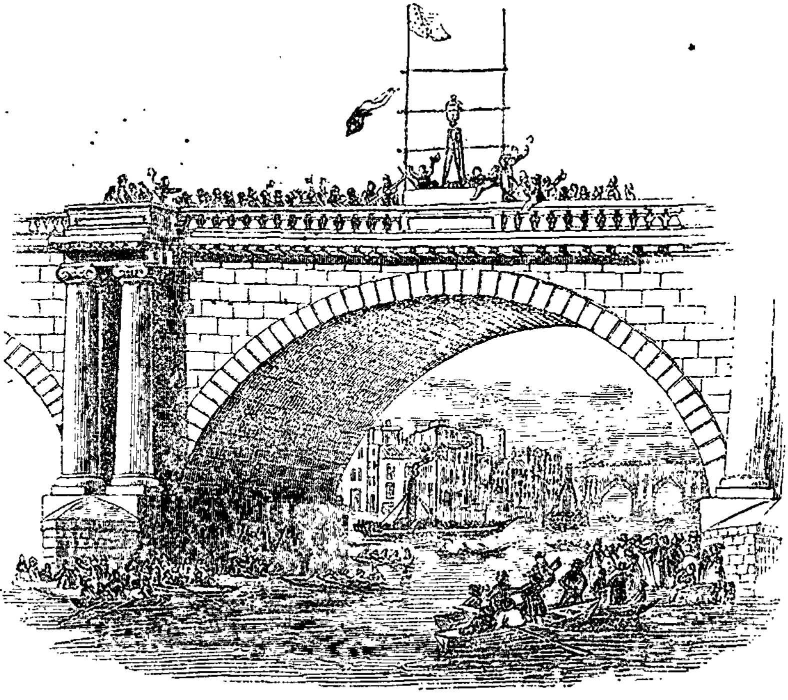
"Let this small monument record the name
Of Cadman, and to future times proclaim
How, by an attempt to fly from this high spire
Across the Sabrine stream, he did acquire
His fatal end. 'Twas not for want of skill,
Or courage, to perform the task, he fell:
No, no—a faulty cord, being drawn *too tight*,
Hurried his soul on high to take her flight,
Which bid the body here beneath good night."

But there is nothing new under the sun. Neither Cadman nor Violante were the inventors of steeple-flying. As early as the times of Edward VI. there was a precisely similar exhibition. The following description is from a paper in the 'Archæologia,' vol. vii., quoted in Strutt's 'Sports and Pastimes:'—"There was a rope, as great as the cable of a ship, stretched in length from the battlements of Paul's steeple, with a great anchor at one end, fastened a little before the dean of Paul's house-gate; and when his Majesty approached near the same, there came a man, a stranger, being a native of Arragon, lying on the rope with his head forward, casting his arms and legs abroad, running on his breast on the rope from the battlements to the ground, as if it had been an arrow out of a bow, and stayed on the ground. Then he came to his Majesty and kissed his foot; and so, after certain words to his Highness, he departed from him again, and went upwards upon the rope till he came over the midst of the churchyard, where he, having a rope about him, played certain mysteries on the rope, as tumbling, and casting one leg from another. Then took he the rope, and tied it to the cable, and tied himself by the right leg a little space beneath the wrist of the foot, and hung by one leg a certain space, and after recovered himself again with the said rope, and unknit the knot, and came down again. Which stayed his Majesty, with all the train, a good space of time." According to Holinshed, a similar performance took place in the reign of Mary, which cost the life of the performer. These tragedies upon the rope will remind the reader of one within the immediate memory of the people of London.

There is something which sounds very much like a reproach to our national character in the fate of Scott, the American diver. We had heard of men who had repeatedly performed the perilous feat of leaping down the fall of some mighty river, rising safely out of the foam of the cataract; and here was a man of the same metal come amongst us, to show what human courage and skill may accomplish. It was a thrilling sight, and one not without its moral lessons, to see this American Scott leap from the top of

"The tallest pine
Hewn on Norwegian hills, to be the mast
Of some great ammiral."

The breathless expectation till he rose again to the surface, and the shout which welcomed him as he threw back his dripping hair, approached the sublime. All his movements in the display of his peculiar talent as a diver were natural and graceful. His hardihood was of no common kind. He maintained, not in the spirit of bravado, but in sober earnestness, that he would leap off the Monument if there were eight feet of water below him. The season he chose for diving from a height twenty feet above the parapet of the highest London bridge was during an intense frost, when the river was full of ice, and the enormous masses floating with the tide scarcely appeared to leave a space for his plunge or his rise. He watched his moment, and the feat was performed over and over again with perfect safety. But he had been told, we presume, that the London populace wanted novelty. It was not enough that he should do day by day what no man had ever ventured to do before. To leap off the parapets of the Southwark and Waterloo Bridges into the half-frozen river had become a common thing; and so the poor man must have a scaffold put up, and he must suspend himself from its cross-bars by his arm, and his leg, and his neck. Twice was the last experiment repeated; but upon the third attempt the body hung motionless. The applause and the laughter, that death could be so counterfeited, were tumultuous; but a cry of terror went forth that the man *was* dead. He perished by administering to a morbid public appetite. Happily executions are no common spectacles, and so a mock one was to gratify the holiday curiosity. Every man who looked on that sight went away degraded.



[Samuel Scott leaping from an arch of Waterloo Bridge.]

The conjurer's trade with us is losing its simplicity. This assertion may appear paradoxical. But the legitimate conjurer,—the man of cups and balls,—is a true descendant of the personage, whether called joculator, or gleeman, or tregetour, who delighted our Saxon and Norman progenitors. He had no such dangerous tricks in his catalogue as that of being shot at with real powder and with real ball. He did not blind the spectators by their fears. He was a great artist, though, in his way;—probably greater than the modern wizards. What are the thimble-riggers of our degenerate day compared with Chaucer's sleight of hand man?—

> "There saw I eke Coll Tregetour
> Upon a table of sycamore,
> Playing an uncouth thing to tell;
> I saw him carry a windmill
> Under a walnut-shell."

With tricks such as this did the Chinese jugglers astonish us some twenty years ago. The juggler is, indeed, of a corporation that has held the same fee-simple in the credulity of mankind during all ages and in all countries. In an interlude of the reign of Elizabeth we have these lines:—

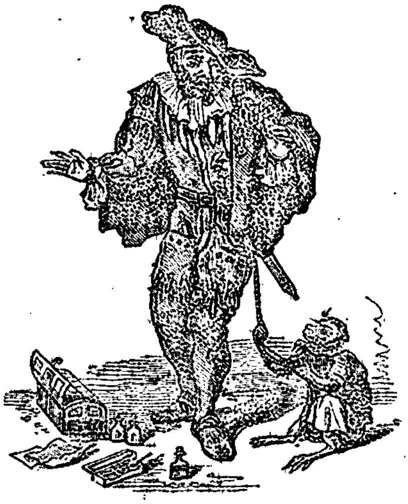
> "What juggling was there upon the boards!
> What thrusting of knives through many a nose!
> What bearing of forms! what holdings of swords!
> What putting of bodkins through leg and hose!"

Mr. Lane, in his interesting work, 'The Modern Egyptians,' tells us of the *Kháwee*, or conjurer of Cairo, that "in appearance, he forces an iron spike into the boy's throat; the spike being really pushed up into a wooden handle. He also performs another trick of the same kind as this: placing the boy on the ground, he puts the edge of a knife upon his nose, and knocks the blade until half its width seems to have entered." Amongst the other accomplishments of this gentleman, Mr. Lane inform us, "he puts cotton in his mouth and blows out fire." How universal must be the art when this, the commonest trick of a clown at a country fair, affords delight on the banks of the Nile! Hogarth has such a man in his 'Southwark Fair' riding a great horse. This was probably a real fire-eater, to whom hot coals in his mouth were a daily bread. We have had no such men since the great Mr. Powell, who, it is said, was honoured with a medal by the Royal Society. The foreigner who was amongst us a few years ago, and was ruined because he would not consent to be entirely roasted in his own oven, and he that shrunk from swallowing real corrosive sublimate, were manifest impositions. Our streets are dull, and require a Powell to enliven them. Where is the mountebank gone? He was a genuine Londoner. He set up his bills

> "That promis'd cure
> Of ague or the tooth-ach,"

amidst jokes and compliments which would go farther to cure some diseases than the gravity of the whole College of Physicians. Dr. Andrew Borde, whose 'Breviary of Health' was printed in 1547, was a great English mountebank. Hearne has thus described him:—"Dr. Borde was an ingenious man, and knew how to humour and please his patients, readers, and auditors. In his travels and visits he often appeared and spoke in public, and would often frequent markets and fairs where a conflux of people used to get together, to whom he prescribed; and to induce them to flock thither the more readily, he would make humorous speeches, couched in such language as caused mirth, and wonderfully propagated his fame: and 'twas for the same end that he made use of such expressions in his books as would otherwise (the circumstances not considered) be very justly pronounced bombast. * * * * 'Twas from the doctor's method of using such speeches at markets and fairs, that in aftertimes those that imitated the like humorous, jocose language were styled Merry Andrews, a term much in vogue on our stages."

No wonder that so great a scholar and ingenious a man should have left disciples who would emulate his fame, and in two centuries produce so illustrious a person as the mountebank of Hammersmith, immortalized in the 'Spectator:'—"There is scarcely a city in Great Britain but has one of this tribe who takes it into his protection, and on the market-day harangues the good people of the place with aphorisms and receipts. You may depend upon it he comes not there for his own private interest, but out of a particular affection to the town. I remember one of these public-spirited artists at Hammersmith, who told his audience that he had been born and bred there, and that, having a special regard for the place of his nativity, he was determined to make a present of five shillings to as many as would accept of it. The whole crowd stood agape, and ready to take the doctor at his word; when, putting his hand into a long bag, as every one was expecting his crown-piece, he drew out a handful of little packets, each of which he informed the spectators was constantly sold at five shillings and sixpence, but that he would bate the odd five shillings to every inhabitant of that place: the whole assembly immediately closed with this generous offer, and took off all his physic, after the doctor had made them vouch for one another that there were no foreigners among them, but that they were all Hammersmith men." Alas! who could find a mountebank at Hammersmith now? We must take the physic without the jest. Newspapers have annihilated the mountebank. Advertisements usurp the office of the Merry Andrew. And thus we flee to Morison's pills. Was there more credulity in those times when, after a trembling of the earth, an itinerant professor was eminently successful in the sale of a medicine "very good against an earthquake?" We have as much; but the form of the thing is changed.



[Mountebank: from Tempest's Collection.]

The morris-dancers went out before the mountebanks. London has been no place for them for two centuries. They still linger in the midland villages; but the tabor and bells have not set foot in London for many a year. The greatest morris-dancer upon record was Will Kemp, the Liston of his day, who in 1599 danced the entire way from London to Norwich; and moreover wrote a book about his dancing, which a learned body has lately republished. The opening passage of this curious pamphlet is descriptive of a state of society such as exists not amongst us now. Kemp was a person of high celebrity in his profession, and respectable in his private life. Imagine such an actor making a street exhibition at the present day, and taking sixpences and groats amidst hearty prayers and God-speeds. There is something more frank and cordial in this scene than would be compatible with our refinements.

"The first Monday in Lent, the close morning promising a clear day (attended on by Thomas Sly, my taborer, William Bee, my servant, and George Sprat, appointed for my overseer that I should take no other ease but my prescribed order), myself, that 's I, otherwise called Cavaliero Kemp, head master of morrice-dancers, high head-borough of heighs, and only tricker of your trill-lilles and best bell-shangles between Sion and Mount Surrey,* began frolickly to foot it from the Right Honorable the Lord Mayor's of London towards the Right Worshipful (and truly bountiful) Master Mayor's of Norwich.

"My setting forward was somewhat before seven in the morning; my taborer struck up merrily; and as fast as kind people's thronging together would give me leave, through London I leapt. By the way many good old people, and divers others of younger years, of mere kindness gave me bowed sixpences and groats, blessing me with their hearty prayers and God-speeds.

"Being past White Chapel, and having left fair London with all that north-east suburb before named, multitudes of Londoners left not me; but, either to keep a custom which many hold, that Mile-end is no walk without a recreation at Stratford Bow with cream and cakes, or else for love they bear toward me, or perhaps to make themselves merry if I should chance (as many thought) to give over my morrice within a mile of Mile-end; however, many a thousand brought me to Bow, where I rested awhile from dancing, but had small rest with those that would have urg'd me to drinking. But, I warrant you, Will Kemp was wise enough: to their full cups kind thanks was my return, with gentleman-like protestations, as 'Truly, sir, I dare not.'"

Kemp was a player of Shakspere's theatre—a privileged man sanctioned by the Lord Chamberlain's licence—welcomed into good society—not hunted about from town to town under the terrors of the laws against vagabonds. During the reign of Elizabeth any baron of the realm might license a company of players; but in the first year of her successor this questionable privilege was removed, and "interlude players, minstrels, jugglers, and bear-wards," were left to the full penalties which awaited "idle persons." While the people, however, were willing to encourage them, it was not very easy for statutes to put them down; and if there were fewer licensed players, the number of unlicensed, who travelled about with *motions* or puppet-shows, were prodigiously increased. The streets of London appear to have swarmed with motions. They were sometimes called

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* *Sion near Brentford, and Mount Surrey by Norwich.*

drolleries. The poor Italian boy who travels to London from his native Apennines, and picks up a few daily pence with his monkey or his mouse, calls his exhibition his *comedy.* But the puppet-showman, in the palmy days of itinerancy, had a very good comedy to exhibit, which modern farce and pantomime have not much improved upon. The puppet actors, according to Ben Jonson, lived in baskets, and they "were a civil company." "They offer not to fleer or jeer, nor break jests, as the great players do." Their master was "the mouth of them all." But in the hands of a clever mouth their satire and burlesque must have been irresistible. Jonson has given us a fair specimen of the burlesque in his own puppet-show of 'Hero and Leander.' Old Pepys did not like the puppet-show; but that is no great matter from the man who calls 'A Midsummer Night's Dream' "the most insipid, ridiculous play that ever I saw in my life." We believe that they were very good puppets; and the classical story very much improved by being made "a little easy and modern for the times." The writer of the motion thus explains the scene and the characters:—"As for the Hellespont, I imagine our Thames here; and then Leander I make a dyer's son about Puddle-wharf; and Hero a wench o' the Bank-side, who going over one morning to Old Fish Street, Leander spies her land at Trig-stairs, and falls in love with her. Now do I introduce Cupid, having metamorphosed himself into a drawer, and he strikes Hero in love with a pint of sherry." This was rivalled two centuries afterwards by the immortal show-woman of the Round Tower at Windsor, who began her explanation of the old tapestry whose worsted told this tragedy of true love, with the startling announcement of "Hero was a nun," and ended with, "Leander's body was picked up by his Majesty's ship the Britannia, and carried into Gibraltar."

The puppet-show continued to be a real street sight, not only for children, but for "people of quality," in the reign of Anne. Mr. Powell placed his show under the Piazzas of Covent Garden; and the sexton of St. Paul's Church complained to the 'Spectator,' that when the bell was ringing for daily morning prayers, it was deemed a summons to the puppet-show, and not to the church. The town, according to the same authority, was divided between the attractions of Rinaldo and Armida at the Italian Opera, and Whittington and his Cat in Mr. Powell's exhibition. Powell was an innovator; for, whilst his contemporary puppet-show managers represented the 'Old Creation of the World,' and 'Noah's Flood,' after the fashion in which the puppet-shows continued the attractions of the ancient mysteries and moralities, Powell introduced a pig to dance a minuet with Punch. All the old fine things have perished. Where can we now go to see "a new motion of the City of Nineveh, with Jonas and the Whale," which were once to be daily found at Fleet Bridge?* Punch and the Fantoccini are the only living representations of the puppets. But Punch is still with us and of us. The police legislators tried to exterminate him, but he was too mighty for them. He is the only genuine representative which remains of the old stage. When we hear his genial cry at the corner of some street, and note the chuckle of unforced merriment which comes up from the delighted crowd, we know that he has passed the mortal struggle with the fiend, and that he has conquered him, as the *Vice* of old conquered. Punch has, however, lost something of his primitive simplicity. We are not quite sure that the dog is genuine,—but that may be tolerated. There are a great many societies formed amongst us for reviving things which the world had unwisely agreed to forget; and we are not without our hopes that there may be room for an association that would restore us the genuine puppet-show. It is an objection, however, that there is not much left of the black-letter literature of the puppets. Punch in his present shape is probably Italian. From Italy come the puppets that perform the most diverting antics upon a board, to the sound of pipe and drum. But these were once genuine English. We have put together in our engraving the exhibitor of dancing dolls, such as he is represented in Hogarth's 'Southwark Fair,' and the Italian stroller of our own day. Mr. Smith, the late keeper of the prints in the British Museum, complains, in his 'Cries of London,' that the streets are *infested* with these Italian boys; and yet he gives us a most spirited etching of one of them. Mr. Smith thought it necessary to be solemn and sarcastic when he had pen in hand; and in that curious farrago 'Nollekens and his Times,' he is perfectly scandalized that the old sculptor enjoyed Punch. He gravely adds, "In this gratification, however, our sculptor did not stand alone; for I have frequently seen, when I have stood in the crowd, wise men laugh at the mere squeaking of Punch, and have heard them speak of his cunning pranks with the highest ecstasy." We are glad to find, upon such grave testimony, that the race of wise men is not extinct.

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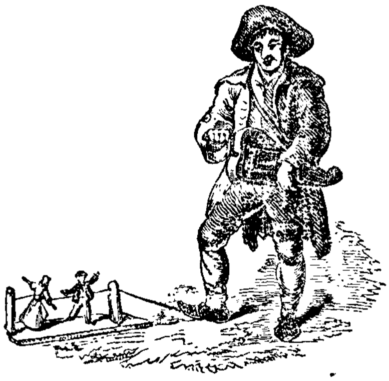
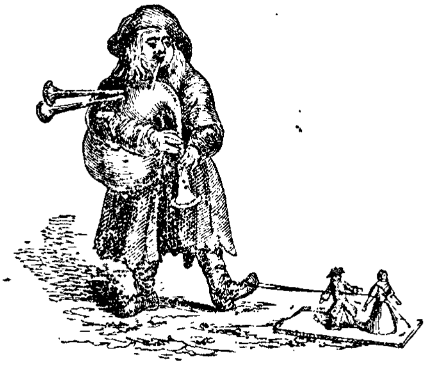
* Jonson's 'Every Man out of his Humour.'



[Dancing-dolls.—Italian.]



[Dancing-dolls.—Hogarth's Southwark Fair.]

We have some fears that the immigration of Italian boys is declining. We do not see the monkey and the white mice so often as we could wish to do. The ape-bearer is a personage of high antiquity. We have the ape on shoulder in a manuscript three hundred years earlier than the date of him who is

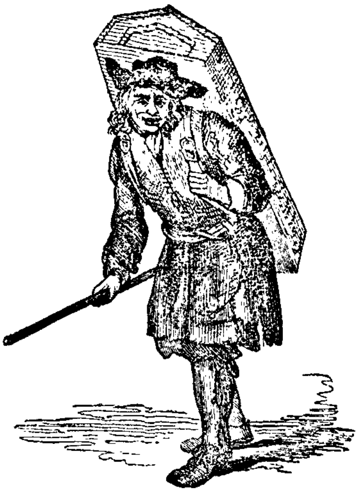
"Led captive still in chain
Till he renounce the Pope and Spain."

Let us cleave to old customs. What if the monkey of the streets be but a monkey, and his keeper know nothing of the peculiarities which distinguish the many families of his race! What if he be but the commonest of monkeys! Is he not amusing? Does he not come with a new idea into our crowded thoroughfares, of distant lands where all is not labour and traffic—where "a wilderness of monkeys" sit in the green trees, and throw down the fruit to the happy savages below? And then these Italian boys themselves, with their olive cheeks and white teeth—they are something different from your true London boy of the streets, with his mingled look of cunning and insolence. They will show you their treasures with a thorough conviction that they are giving you pleasure; and if you deny the halfpenny, they have still a smile and a *bon jour*—for they all know that French is a more current coin than their own dialect. We fear the police is hard upon them. We would put in a word for them, in the same spirit of humanity with which our delightful Elia pleaded for the beggars. They, by the way, were amongst the street sights, and we may well be glad to have an opportunity for such quotation:—

"The mendicants of this great city were so many of her sights—her lions; I can no more spare them than I could the cries of London. No corner of a street is complete without them. They are as indispensable as the ballad-singer; and, in their picturesque attire, as ornamental as the signs of old London. They were the standing morals, emblems, mementos, dial mottos, the spital sermons, the books for children, the salutary checks and pauses to the high and rushing tide of greasy citizenry—

"Look
Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there."

Above all, those old blind Tobits that used to line the wall of Lincoln's Inn Garden, before modern fastidiousness had expelled them, casting up their ruined orbs to catch a ray of pity, and (if possible) of light, with their faithful dog-guide at their feet;—whither are they fled? or into what corners, blind as themselves, have they been driven, out of the wholesome air and sun-warmth? * * * These dim eyes have in vain explored, for some months past, a well-known figure, or part of the figure, of a man who used to glide his comely upper-half over the pavements of London, wheeling along with most ingenious celerity upon a machine of wood—a spectacle to natives, to foreigners, and to children. He was of a robust make, with a florid sailor-like complexion, and his head was bare to the storm and sunshine. He was a natural curiosity—a speculation to the scientific—a prodigy to the simple. The infant would stare at the mighty man brought down to his own level. The common cripple would despise his own pusillanimity, viewing the hale stoutness and mighty heart of this half-limbed giant. Few but must have noticed him: for the accident which brought him low took place during the riots of 1780, and he has been a groundling so long. He seemed earth-born—an Antæus—and to suck in fresh vigour from the soil which he neighboured. He was a grand fragment—as good as an Elgin marble. The nature which should have recruited his reft legs and thighs was not lost, but only retired into his upper parts, and he was half a Hercules. I heard a tremendous voice thundering and growling, as before an earthquake,—and casting down my eyes, it was this mandrake reviling a steed that had started at his portentous appearance. He seemed to want but his just stature to have rent the offending quadruped in shivers. He was as the man-part of a centaur, from which the horse-half had been cloven in dire Lapithan controversy. He moved on as if he could have made shift with the yet half body-portion which was left him. The os sublime was not wanting; and he threw out yet a jolly countenance upon the heavens. Forty-and-two years had he driven this out-of-door trade, and now that his hair is grizzled in the service, but his good spirits no way impaired, because he is not content to exchange his free air and exercise for the restraints of a poor-house, he is expiating his contumacy in one of those houses (ironically christened) of correction. Was a daily spectacle like this to be deemed a nuisance which called for legal interference to remove? or not rather salutary, and a touching object, to the passers-by in a great city? Among her shows, her museums, and supplies for ever-gaping curiosity—(and what else but an accumulation of sights—endless sights—*is* a great city, or for what else is it desirable?)—was there not room for one *Lusus* (not *Naturæ*, indeed, but) *Accidentium?*"



[" Oh raree-show!" From Tempest's Collection.]

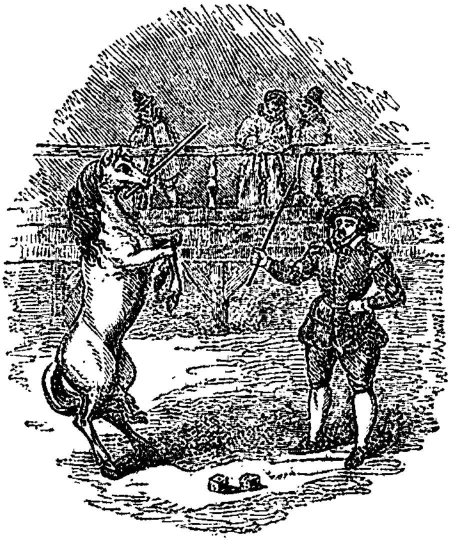
Here is an engraving of a raree-show man a hundred and fifty years ago. In that box he has stores for the curious, such as the more ancient showman bore about—for that grotesque old fellow was once a modern. In 'The Alchymist,' the master of the servant who has filled the house with searchers for the philosopher's stone speculates thus:—

"What should my knave advance
To draw this company? he hung out no banners
Of a strange calf with five legs to be seen,
Or a huge lobster with six claws?"

And he adds—

"May be, he has the fleas that run at tilt
Upon a table."

Tempest's raree-show man (Caulfield tells us he was known by the name of Old Harry) had "the fleas that run at tilt;" and he had also a tame hedgehog and a wonderful snake. Not many years ago "the *industrious* fleas" were exhibited as proper examples to the rising generation. Nor ought the wise and the learned to laugh at these things. If the industry of the fleas be somewhat questionable, there can be no doubt that their instructor had been sufficiently laborious. They say that dancing-bears are made by setting the poor animals upon a heated iron floor; but the habit is retained through that wonderful power of discipline by which the eye and the voice of man become supreme over the inferior animals. There must have been a thorough inter-communication of ideas between the lords of the creation and the baboon that played on the guitar—the ape that beat his master at chess in the presence of the King of Portugal—the elephant which Bishop Burnet saw play at ball—and the hare which beat the tabor at Bartholomew Fair. Our ancestors delighted in such street sights, and not unwisely so. In the age of Elizabeth and James new countries had been explored; travelling to far distant lands had become common; and thus, he that brought home "a dead Indian" or "a strange fish" was sure to be rewarded. "Were I in England now (as once I was), and had but this fish painted, not a holiday fool there but would give a piece of silver; there would this monster make a man; any strange beast there makes a man: when they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian." So learned Trinculo, in the 'Tempest,' reprehends our countrymen. But they were not far wrong, if wrong at all. To see these wonders disabused them of many erroneous notions; and if their credulity was sometimes stimulated, their general stock of knowledge was increased. It was believed up to the middle of the seventeenth century that the elephant had no joints in its legs, and that it never lay down. An elephant was shown about kneeling and lying down, and the belief vanished. Sir Thomas Brown wishes for more such street sights, lest the error should revive in the next generation. Exhibitions of docility, such as elephants offer to us, are good for the multitude. A due appreciation of what may be effected by the combination of perseverance in man and of sagacity in a brute indicates a philosophical spirit in a people. Banks's horse was the great wonder of Elizabeth's time. He and his master have even found a niche in 'Raleigh's History of the World:'—"If Banks had lived in older times, he would have shamed all the enchanters in the world; for whosoever was most famous among them could never master or instruct any beast as he did." This famous animal was a bay gelding, and he was named Morocco. Here is his picture,



[Banks's Horse.]

preserved also for the admiration of all ages. In 'Love's Labour's Lost,' Moth, puzzling Armado with his arithmetic, says, "The Dancing Horse will tell you." Hall, in his 'Satires,' notices

"Strange Morocco's dumb arithmetic."

Sir Kenelm Digby informs us that Banks's horse "would restore a glove to the due owner after the master had whispered the man's name in his ear; and would tell the just number of pence in any piece of silver coin, newly showed him by his master." The Sieur de Melleray, in the notes to his translation of the 'Golden Ass' of Apuleius, tells us that he saw this wonderful horse in the Rue St. Jacques at Paris; and he is astonished that the animal could tell how many francs there were in a crown, but his astonishment was measureless that, the crown being then of a depreciated currency, the horse should be able to tell the exact amount of the depreciation, in that same month of March, 1608. Banks had fallen among a people who did not quite understand how far the animal and his keeper might employ the language of signs; and he got into trouble accordingly. The better instructed English multitude had been familiar with "Holden's camel," famed for "ingenuous studies;" and they had seen Morocco himself go up to the top of St. Paul's. Though they lived in an age of belief in wizards, they had no desire to burn Banks as a professor of the black art. But he had a narrow escape in France; and his contrivance for the justification of his horse's character and his own shows him to have been as familiar with the human as with the brute nature. The story is told by Bishop Morton:—"Which bringeth into my remembrance a story which Banks told me at Frankfort, from his own experience in France among the Capuchins, by whom he was brought into suspicion of magic, because of the strange feats which his horse Morocco played (as I take it) at Orleans, where he, to redeem his credit, promised to manifest to the world that his horse was nothing less than a devil. To this end he commanded his horse to seek out one in the press of the people who had a crucifix on his hat; which done, he bade him kneel down unto it; and not this only, but also to rise up again and to kiss it. 'And now, gentlemen (quoth he), I think my horse hath acquitted both me and himself;' and so his adversaries rested satisfied; conceiving (as it might seem) that the devil had no power to come near the cross." The people of Orleans were imperfectly civilized; but Banks and Morocco were destined to fall into barbarous hands. We have no precise record of his fate; but some humorous lines of Jonson have been accepted as containing a tragical truth:—

"But 'mongst these Tiberts*, who do you think there was?
Old Banks the juggler, our Pythagoras,
Grave tutor to the learned horse; both which,
Being, beyond sea, burned for one witch,
Their spirits transmigrated to a cat."

It appears to us that Banks's horse, and Holden's camel, and the elephant that expressed his anger when the King of Spain was named, must have had a considerable influence in repressing the bear-baiting cruelties of that age. These were among the street sights sanctioned by royal authority. The patent to Henslowe and Alleyn, the players, constituting them "Masters of the King's

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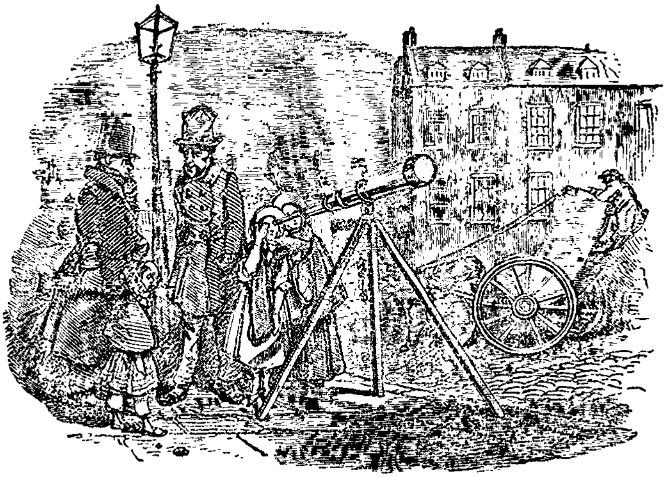
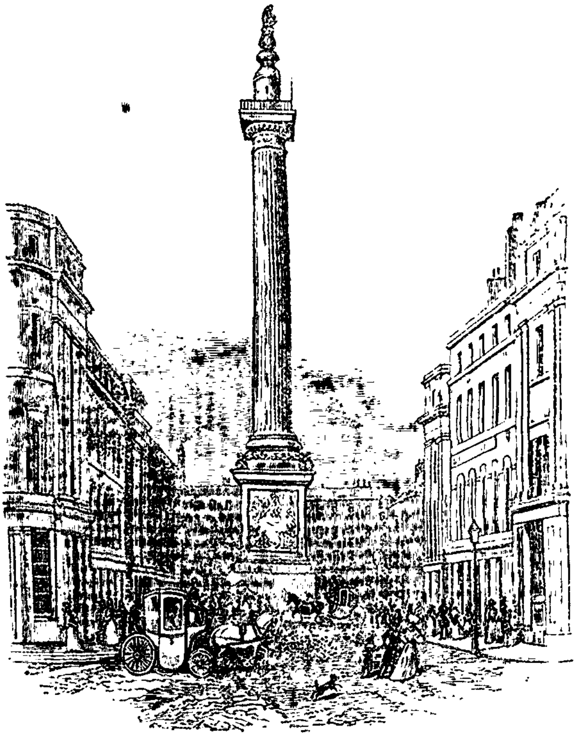
* Cats.

Games," in 1604, authorises them "to bait, or cause to be baited, our said bears, and others being of our said games, in all and every convenient place or places, at all times meet;" and accordingly the Masters of the Royal Games put down all unlicensed bearwards, and filled the town and country with their performances. This is an illustration of Master Slender's pertinent question to Mistress Ann Page, "Why do your dogs bark so? be there bears i' the town?"

It is a blessing that we have now no such street sights as bear-baiting. Bull-baiting, too, is gone: cock-fighting is no more seen. Pugilism has made a faint attempt at revival; but we can part with that too. Are the people, then, to have no amusements accessible to all? Are the street sights to be shouldered out by commerce and luxury, and not a recreation to be left? We answer, let a wise government double and treble the class of healthful exercises, and of intellectual gratifications. Give us new parks if possible. Let us have gardens in which all may freely walk. Open our cathedrals, as the National Gallery and Hampton Court are opened. Instead of sending all the rare animals which are presented to the Crown to be shown for a shilling by one society, have menageries in Hyde Park and the Regent's Park. Take an example from the man who, when the planets are shining brightly out of a serene heaven, plants a telescope in Leicester Square or St. Paul's Church Yard, and finds enough passengers who are glad to catch glimpses of worlds unseen to the naked eye, and forget for a moment, in the contemplation of the mighty works of Omnipotence, the small things which surround us here. Open the great books of Nature, of Science, and of Art to the people; and they will not repine that the days of conjurers, and puppet-shows, and dancing bears have passed away.



[Telescopic Exhibition in the Streets, 1841.]



[The Monument, 1841.]

XXV.—THE MONUMENT.

In the 'Description of the Monument,' sold by its keeper, we are told the view from the top "is extremely fine and *extensive,* and in fact not to be equalled;" and no doubt the prospect is correctly described *when we can see it:* a matter of not very common occurrence. In provokingly close neighbourhood to the foregoing passage we find a statement of the hours of admission, from which it appears the Monument is open from eight in the morning from Lady-day to Michaelmas-day, and the remainder of the year from nine, till sunset. Thus, the only period when London can be properly seen, that of sunrise, when, in the noble lines of Wordsworth,—

> "Earth has not anything to show more fair.
> Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
> A sight so touching in its majesty.
> This city now doth like a garment wear
> The beauty of the morning: silent, bare,
> Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
> Open unto the fields and to the sky,
> All bright and glittering in the smokeless air!"—

This period is carefully shut out; and we can only look at the great metropolis through the dense and discoloured medium of the smoke arising from the habitations of two millions of people. Well, until the Corporation in its goodness shall direct some alteration, we must make the best of the matter as it is; and so we are now ascending with many a pause the spiral staircase, with its three hundred and forty-five black marble steps, which leads to the summit. This is well lighted in the base by one or two large openings, and above by narrow slits in the wall. The breadth of the interior, nine feet from wall to wall, appears somewhat surprising to one who sees it for the first time, and has formed his notions of it from the exterior view. We are still ascending, and now the steps are growing sensibly shorter, the walls approach nearer to each other, we are not far from the top. With renewed vigour we are about to run up the little remaining distance, when the attendant lays his stick across in front to debar all advances without him. This conduct he explains by stating that, in consequence of the recent cases of suicide (which every one will remember), he has imposed on him the duty of being always present when there are any visitors on the balcony. We have gained the top at last, and what a scene is before, around, beneath us! The wind is blowing freshly and vigorously, and, to add to the self-possession of the visitor, the attendant encouragingly observes he would not stand there for a trifle if the railings were absent. With a shiver we assent to the pertinency of the remark; and placing our back for greater safety against the continuation of the pillar in the centre, and reminding ourselves that it is *not* true that the very edifice itself is, as has sometimes been considered, dangerous, and that the idea arose from the fact of the Monument having been at first used for astronomical observations, for which it was soon found unfit from the vibrations natural to such an erection, however secure in its build, we commence our brief survey. Though the view is not, and cannot be under such an atmosphere, very extensive, it is one that (out of London) the world cannot parallel. It is not beautiful—that sea of house-tops, with St. Paul's and countless other churches and public buildings rising up from its surface as from so many islands;—it is not sublime, in the physical idea of the words;—yet "dull" indeed "would he be of soul" in whose mind no sense of beauty and sublimity was raised as he gazed on that wonderful congregation of human homes.

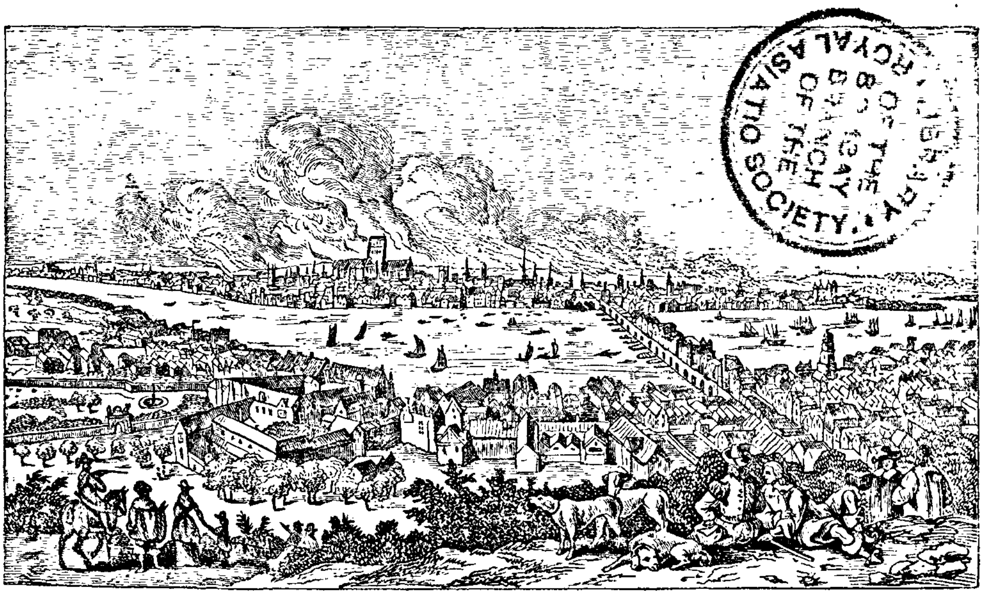
The door from the staircase to the balcony faces the east; in that direction therefore we are now sending our inquiring glance. The Tower, with its great keep, is the first object of attention, of which we remember Fitz-Stephen says, "the mortar of its foundation was tempered with the blood of beasts." To the left of the Tower the long façade of the Mint arrests the eye, whilst to the right we see the roof of the Custom House, and the tiers of shipping moored in the Pool far away into the distance. Near, and directly in front of us, is the fairy-looking spire of St. Dunstan's in the East, one of the many churches we see around whose history is connected with that of the Monument by a close tie, as having arisen like the latter from the ashes of the Great Fire. Beyond, interminable lines of docks are dimly descried, and on a clear day the hills of Kent, nine or ten miles off. On the other side of the river a bright column of smoke and the sharp whistle of the engine direct us to the train of the Greenwich Railway just starting. Turning the corner of the pillar, we behold on the south the countless chimneys of the breweries and other manufactories of Southwark rising up against the background of the Surrey hills, and the lofty piles of warehouses which edge the river bank, over one of which the church of St. Mary Overies rears its lofty and proud-looking tower, as though indignant at the unfitness of its humbler neighbours for such antique and romance-honoured walls. The bridges, those glorious architectural triumphs, and the curving Thames which they bestride, form a highly picturesque feature from the Monument. There is London Bridge, the youngest, and perhaps the noblest of the whole, with the Fishmongers' Hall at its foot; Southwark and Blackfriars in a tolerably straight line; then comes Waterloo crossing the curve; and beyond, the Thames, with the black sluggish barges so characteristic of this part of the river, is lost to our smoke-bedimmed vision. But though the bridge of Westminster is invisible, not so its famous Abbey: there it stands, with its dark body and lofty towers advanced city-wards, as if to defend its sacred precincts from the inroads of irreligion and wickedness, ever rife in populous places. But the great feature of the scene is the view westwards of St. Paul's. Its vast size and noble proportions are perhaps from no other spot so strikingly developed. Instead of looking down upon it, as we do, or appear to do, upon every other object, we have rather the sense of looking up to it even from this elevation of two hundred and two feet. Neither does the mass of houses around it appear at all to lessen its height or form. It might stand upon them; so grandly does it appear to rise—base, cupola, and cross—above all obstructions. On the north there is little to attract attention: churches and house-roofs, house-roofs and churches, extend from the farthest point of sight down to the base of the column on which we stand, and require no more particular notice; unless we may just mention that, among the other buildings particularly conspicuous, stand the lofty Guildhall to the left, and the tall tower of the Blackwall Railway to the right. We may conclude this hasty sketch of our view from the Monument on a gusty August afternoon by two or three general remarks. What has been called the natural basin of London may thence be seen very clearly, although its edges are not distinctly definable in some parts. Looking round from Islington, we have Highgate, Hampstead, the elevated land to the left of Westminster Abbey, the Surrey and Kent hills. And nearly the whole of this vast area is occupied by London! for few indeed are the spaces vacant of houses which the eye can detect even from the balcony of the Monument. How different would have been the view presented from the same spot prior to the erection of the Monument, and the event which it commemorates, one hundred and seventy-five years ago, had there then been any means of obtaining such an elevation; when Stratford, Hackney, Islington, and Charing Cross were suburban villages, with many a pleasant field between them and London; when Lambeth and Southwark showed more trees than habitations; and when St. Paul's was a long building with transepts projecting from the centre, north and south, and with a square tower rising upwards at the point of their intersection! A third and still more extraordinary view has yet to be mentioned—the view which met the eye of the well-known diarist Pepys, when he went up to the top of Barking Church, and there saw the "saddest sight of desolation" perhaps ever beheld. But let us not anticipate.

It was on the "Lord's Day," says Pepys, the 3rd of September, 1666, that "some of our maids sitting up late last night to get things ready against our feast to-day, Jane called us up about three in the morning to tell us of a great fire they saw in the city. So I rose and slipped on my night-gown, and went to the window; and thought it to be on the back-side of Mark Lane at the farthest, but, being unused to such fires as followed, I thought it far enough off; and so went to bed again, and to sleep: About seven rose again to dress myself, and then looked out at the window, and saw the fire not so much as it was, and further off. . . . . By and by Jane comes and tells me that she hears that above three hundred houses have been burned down to-night by the fire we saw, and that it is now burning down all Fish Street, by London Bridge. So I made myself ready presently, and walked to the Tower, and there up upon one of the high places, Sir J. Robinson's little son going up with me; and there I did see the houses at that end of the bridge all on fire, and an infinite great fire on this and the other side the end of the bridge."

The conflagration, which in so short a space had exhibited its destructive character, broke out some time after midnight, in the house of one Farryner, the King's baker, in Pudding Lane. This person stated, in his evidence before a Committee of the House of Commons, that he had, after twelve o'clock on Saturday night, gone through every room, and found no fire but in one chimney, where the room was paved with bricks, which fire he diligently raked up in embers. As a matter of fact, this was all he could state: as to his opinions, he expressed himself as decidedly satisfied that his house must have been purposely fired. Whatever its origin, the progress of the fire was most startling,—we should say wonderful, but that the construction of the houses—generally timber, pitched over on the outside—the thatched roofs, and the narrowness of the streets, where the buildings of the opposite sides almost touched each other, were all evidently calculated to facilitate in the very highest degree the ravages of the fearful element. Nor was this all. The month of August had been characterised by an extraordinary drought, and the timber of the houses had been as it were half burnt already by the continual heat; and lastly, during nearly the whole time the fire lasted, a furious east wind blew; making in all such an unhappy conjunction of circumstances, that we need not wonder that other than pious people looked with fear and trembling on the event, as some more than ordinary visitation of an offended Deity.

The then Lord Mayor, on whose steadiness, judgment, and boldness so much depended, appears to have been unequal to the occasion; and thus, the first few hours being lost without any decisive measures, all was lost. Early in the forenoon Pepys went to Whitehall, and received from the King a command to bid the Mayor "spare no houses, but pull down before the fire every way." After long search, Pepys "met my Lord Mayor in Cannon Street like a man spent, with a handkerchief about his neck. To the King's message he cried, like a fainting woman, 'Lord, what can I do? I am spent; people will not obey me. I have been pulling down houses; but the fire overtakes us faster than we can do it;' that he needed no more soldiers; and that, for himself, he must go and refresh himself, having been up all night. So he left me, and I him, and walked home; seeing people almost distracted, and no manner of means used to quench the fire. The houses too so very thick thereabouts, and full of matter for burning, as pitch and tar, in Thames Street; and warehouses of oil, and wines, and brandy, and other things." Soon after he "met with the King and Duke of York in their barge, and with them to Queenhithe. . . . . "River full of lighters and boats taking in goods, and goods swimming in the water; and I observed that hardly one lighter or boat in three that had the goods of a house in, but there was a pair of virginals in it." Pepys's observing eye noticed also that the "poor pigeons were loth to leave their houses, but hovered about the windows and balconies till they burned their wings and fell down."

In the afternoon Pepys is on the "water again, and to the fire, up and down, it still increasing, and the wind great. So near the fire as we could for smoke; and all over the Thames, with one's faces in the wind, you were almost burned with a shower of fire-drops. This is very true; so as houses were burned by these drops and flakes of fire, three or four, nay, five or six houses, one from another. When we could endure no more upon the water, we to a little ale-house on the Bankside (Southwark), over against the Three Cranes, and there staid till it was almost dark, and saw the fire grow, and, as it grew darker, appeared more and more, and in corners, and upon steeples, and between churches and houses, as far as we could see up the hill of the City, in a most horrid, malicious, bloody flame, not like the fine flame of an ordinary fire. . . . .

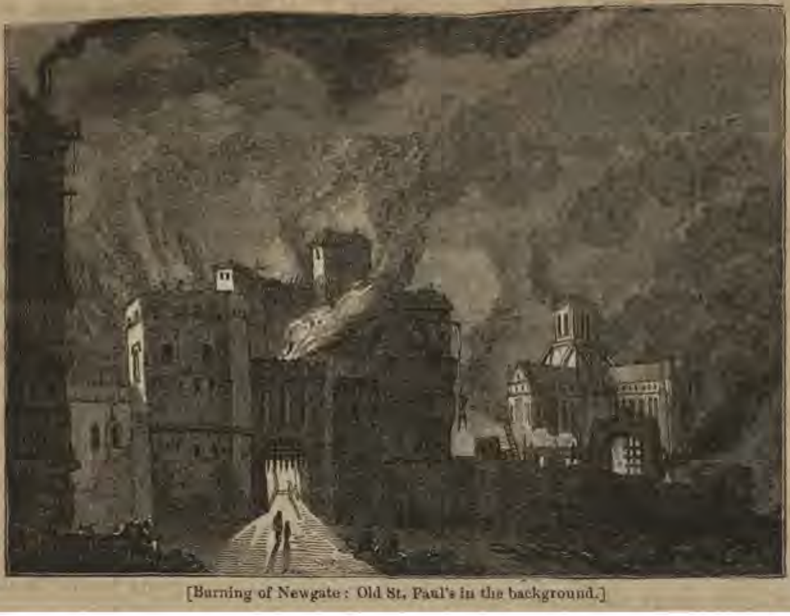


ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY

[London during the Great Fire, from the Bankside, Southwark.]

We staid till, it being darkish, we saw the fire as only one entire arch of fire from this to the other side the bridge, and in a bow up the hill for an arch of above a mile long: it made me weep to see it." The peculiar form of the great body of flame is also referred to by the Rev. T. Vincent, in his tract called 'God's terrible Advice to the City by Plague and Fire,' who says finely, "The burning was then in fashion of a bow; a dreadful bow it was, such as mine eyes never before had seen; *a bow which had God's arrow in it with a flaming point.*" Evelyn, who, like Pepys, was an eye-witness, and described only what he saw, was also at the Bankside, Southwark, but later in the evening, when he beheld an awful picture. "I saw," he says, "the whole south part of the City burning, from Cheapside to the Thames, and all along Cornhill (for it likewise kindled back against the wind as well as forward), Tower Street, Fenchurch Street, Gracious (Gracechurch) Street, and so along to Baynard's Castle, and was taking hold of St. Paul's church, to which the scaffolds contributed exceedingly. The conflagration was so universal, and the people so astonished, that from the beginning, I know not by what despondency or fate, they hardly stirred to quench it; so that there was nothing heard or seen but crying out and lamentation, running about like distracted creatures, without at all attempting to save even their goods; such a strange consternation there was upon them, so as it burned, both in breadth and length, the churches, public halls, Exchange, hospitals, monuments, and ornaments, leaping after a prodigious manner from house to house and street to street, at great distances from one to the other; for the heat, with a long set of fair and warm weather, had even ignited the air and prepared the materials to conceive the fire, which devoured after an incredible manner houses, furniture, and everything. Here we saw the Thames covered with goods floating, all the barges and boats laden with what some had time and courage to save; as on the other, the carts, &c., carrying out to the fields, which for many miles were strewed with moveables of all sorts, and tents erecting to shelter both people and what goods they could get away. Oh, the miserable and calamitous spectacle! such as haply the world had not seen the like since the foundation of it, nor to be outdone till the universal conflagration of it. All the sky was of a fiery aspect, like the top of a burning oven, and the light seen for above forty miles round about for many nights: God grant mine eyes may never see the like! who now saw above ten thousand houses all in one flame: the noise and cracking and thunder of the impetuous flames, the shrieking of women and children, the hurry of people, the fall of towers, houses, and churches, was like an hideous storm, and the air all about so hot and inflamed that at last one was not able to approach it; so that they were forced to stand still and let the flames burn on, which they did for near two miles in length and one in breadth. The clouds also of smoke were dismal, and reached, upon computation, near fifty miles in length." Mr. Vincent also says,—"The cloud of smoke was so great that travellers did ride at noonday some six miles together in the shadow thereof, though there were no other cloud besides to be seen in the sky." From the same authority we obtain one or two other interesting glimpses of the splendid horrors of this the first night:—"Amongst other things, the sight of Guildhall was a fearful spectacle, which stood the whole body of it together in view for several hours together after the fire had taken it, without flames, (I suppose because the timber was such solid oak), in a bright shining coal, as if it had been a palace of gold, or a great building of burnished brass."

During Monday, the 4th, the fire extended as far as the Middle Temple westwards, and Tower Street eastwards, including, besides the streets already mentioned, all Fleet Street, the Old Bailey, Ludgate Hill, Warwick Lane, Newgate, Paul's Chain, Watling Street, Thames Street, and Billingsgate; the stones of Paul's flying, says Evelyn, "like grenadoes," its melting lead flowing through the streets in a stream, the pavements everywhere "glowing with fiery redness, so as



[Burning of Newgate: Old St. Paul's in the background.]

no horse or man was able to tread on them," and the east wind all the time still driving the flames impetuously forward. "But," writes the reverend gentleman before mentioned, "the great fury of the fire was in the broader streets; in the midst of the night it was come down to Cornhill, and laid it in the dust, and runs along by the Stocks, and there meets with another fire, which came down Threadneedle Street; a little further with another, which came up from Walbrook; a little further with another, which came up from Bucklersbury: and all these four, joining together, break into one great flame at the corner of Cheapside, with such a dazzling light and burning heat, and roaring noise by the fall of so many houses together, that was very amazing."

By Tuesday, the 5th, the fire had reached the end of Fetter Lane in Holborn, and the entrance of Smithfield. But now the wind somewhat abated, and the spirits of the people rose in a still greater proportion. Instead of pulling down houses by "engines," as they had before done, gunpowder was used, which soon produced gaps too wide to be overleaped by the fire; a measure that, according to Evelyn, "some stout seamen proposed early enough to have saved near the whole city; but this some tenacious and avaricious men, aldermen, &c., would not permit, because their houses must have been of the first." About noon the fury of the flames began sensibly to abate in most parts, although they burned as fiercely as ever towards Cripplegate and the Tower. But the fire was gradually checked here also by the same means.

On the 6th Pepys was once more waked by "new cries of fire," a species of alarm that continued for some days to distract the attention of the miserable population when the great conflagration was dying away among the ruins it had made. He was, however, able to walk through some of the principal streets; and on the 7th his fellow diarist took a still longer and more careful survey. The description of the scene which met his eye appears to us one of the most painfully interesting pictures of desolation we ever read. "I went this morning on foot from Whitehall as far as London Bridge, through the late Fleet Street, Ludgate

Hill, by St. Paul's, Cheapside, Exchange, Bishopsgate, Aldersgate, and out to Moorfields, thence through Cornhill, &c., with extraordinary difficulty, clambering over heaps of yet smoking rubbish, and frequently mistaking where I was. The ground under my feet so hot that it even burnt the soles of my shoes. . . . . At my return I was infinitely concerned to find that goodly church, St. Paul's, now a sad ruin, and that beautiful portico (for structure comparable to any in Europe, as not long before repaired by the late King) now rent in pieces, flakes of vast stone split asunder, and nothing remaining entire but the inscription in the architrave, showing by whom it was built, which had not one letter of it defaced. It was astonishing to see what immense stones the heat had in a manner calcined, so that all the ornaments, columns, friezes, capitals, and projectures of massy Portland stone flew off, even to the very roof, where a sheet of lead covering a great space (no less than six acres by measure) was totally melted; the ruins of the vaulted roof falling broke into St. Faith's, which being filled with the magazines of books belonging to the stationers, and carried thither for safety, they were all consumed, burning for a week following. . . . . There lay in ashes that most venerable church, one of the most ancient pieces of early piety in the Christian world, besides near 100 more; the lead, iron-work, bells, plate, &c., melted; the exquisitely wrought Mercers' Chapel, the sumptuous Exchange, the august fabric of Christ Church, all the rest of the Companies' Halls, splendid buildings, arches, entries, all in dust; the fountains dried up and ruined, whilst the very water remained boiling; . . . . subterranean cellars, wells, and dungeons, formerly warehouses, still burning in stench and dark clouds of smoke, so that in five or six miles traversing about I did not see one load of timber unconsumed, nor many stones but what were calcined white as snow. The people who now walked about the ruins appeared like men in some dismal desert, or rather in some great city wasted by a cruel enemy; to which was added the stench that came from some poor creatures' bodies, beds, and other combustible goods. Sir Thomas Gresham's statue, though fallen from its niche in the Royal Exchange, remained entire when all those of the Kings since the Conquest were broken to pieces; also the Standard in Cornhill and Queen Elizabeth's effigies, with some arms on Ludgate, continued with but little detriment, whilst the vast iron chains of the city streets, hinges, bars, and gates of prisons were many of them melted and reduced to cinders by the vehement heat. Nor was I yet able to pass through any of the narrower streets, but kept the widest: the ground and air, smoke, and fiery vapour continued so intense that my hair was almost singed, and my feet unsufferably surbated.* The by lanes and narrower streets were quite filled up with rubbish, nor could any one have possibly known where he was but by the ruins of some church or hall that had some remarkable tower or pinnacle remaining. I then went towards Islington and Highgate, where one might have seen two hundred thousand people of all ranks and degrees dispersed and lying along by their heaps of what they could save from the fire, deploring their loss, and, though ready to perish for hunger and destitution, yet not asking one penny for relief, which to me appeared a stranger sight than any I had yet beheld. His Majesty and council, indeed, took all imaginable care for their relief by proclamation for the country to come in and refresh them with provisions. In the midst of all this calamity and confusion there was, I know not how, an alarm begun that the French and Dutch, with whom we were in hostility, were not only landed, but even entering the city. There was in truth some days before great suspicion of those two nations joining, and now that they had been the occasion of firing the town. This report did so terrify, that on a sudden there was such an uproar and tumult that they ran from their goods, and, taking what weapons they could come at, they could not be stopped from falling on some of those nations whom they casually met, without sense or reason. The clamour and peril grew so excessive that it made the whole court amazed, and they did with infinite pains and great difficulty reduce and appease the people, sending troops of soldiers and guards to cause them to retire into the fields again, where they were watched all this night. I left them pretty quiet, and came home sufficiently weary and broken." From the inscription on the north side of the Monument it appears that the total amount of destruction was "eighty-nine churches, the City gates, Guildhall, many public structures, hospitals, schools, libraries, a vast number of stately edifices, thirteen thousand two hundred dwelling-houses, four hundred streets; of twenty-six wards it utterly destroyed fifteen, and left eight others shattered and half burnt. The ruins of the City were four hundred and thirty-six acres from the Tower by the Thames side to the Temple Church, and from the north-east gate along the City Wall to Holborn Bridge. To the estates and fortunes of the citizens it was merciless, but to their lives very favourable (only eight being lost), that it might in all things resemble the last conflagration of the world."* The limits of the fire may be thus traced:—Temple Church, Holborn Bridge, Pye Corner, Smithfield, Aldersgate, Cripplegate, near the end of Coleman Street, at the end of Basinghall Street by the Postern, at the upper end of Bishopsgate Street, in Leadenhall Street, by the Standard in Cornhill, at the Church in Fenchurch Street, by the Clothworkers' Hall, at the middle of Mark Lane, and at the Tower Dock. The part of the City left standing within the walls contained eleven parishes, occupying an area of seventy-five acres. And this was all that the Great Fire had left of London! A table of estimates of the loss is given in Maitland's 'History,' which amounts to nearly *eleven millions*.

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* *Surbated*—battered, bruised, sore.

We have seen from the preceding extracts that the King and his brother exerted themselves greatly in endeavouring to check the progress of the fire, to preserve as far as possible something like order in the midst of so much inevitable confusion, and to ameliorate the unhappy condition of the inhabitants thus suddenly deprived of their homes, and dispersed through the open country, "several miles in circle, some under tents, some under miserable huts and hovels; many without a rag or any necessary utensils, bed or board; who, from delicateness, riches, and every accommodation in stately and well-furnished houses, were now reduced to extremest poverty and misery." † In a manuscript from the secretary's office, quoted by Dr. Echard in his 'History of England,' we have a picture of the "merry monarch" which places him in a very favourable light. "All own the immediate hand of God, and bless the goodness of the King, who made the round of the fire usually twice every day, and for many hours together, on horseback and on foot, gave orders for pursuing the work by threatenings, desires, example, and good store of money, which he himself distributed to the workers out of a hundred-pound bag, which he carried with him for that purpose." Conduct like this was calculated to attract the popular favour, as it deserved; and the poets were not slow in commemorating it in verse sufficiently panegyrical, whatever other defects it might exhibit. Here is one specimen from 'The Conflagration of London Poetically Delineated, by Sir J. L., Knight and Baronet, 1667,' which must make the most serious smile, in spite of the awful nature of the subject:—

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* From the translation of the Latin inscription given in Maitland.

† Evelyn.

> "Here Cæsar comes, *with buckets in his eyes,*
> *And father in his heart.* Come, come, he cries,
> Let's make one onset more. The scatter'd troops
> At his word rally and retrieve their hopes:
> The rebel flames, they say, felt Charles was there,
> And, sneaking back, grew tamer than they were:
> So that, no doubt, were Fates to be defeated
> By man, the city's fate had then retreated.
> But loyalty befriends the flames. Their own
> Dangers neglected, *thine* affrights. Alone!
> Alone! dear Sir, let's fall, they cried aloud,
> And hazard not three kingdoms in a crowd."

We return to more serious matters. The origin of so awful a calamity was of course the very first object that engaged the attention of the King and the Parliament after the lapse of the first few anxious days. A Committee was appointed on the 25th of the same month. The report was made on the 22d of January following, by Sir Richard Brook, chairman, who stated that they had received "many considerable informations from divers credible persons about the matter," which they now laid before the House. The first evidence was "a letter from Alanson," of the 23rd of August, 1666, New Style, written from one Dural to a gentleman lodging in the house of one of the ministers of the French Crown in London, called Monsieur Herault: these were the expressions:—"They acquaint me with the truth of certain news which is common in this country, that a fire from Heaven is fallen upon a city called Belke, situated on the side of the river of Thames, where a world of people have been killed and burnt, and houses also consumed: which seemed a word of cabal, cast out by some that were knowing, and others that might be ignorant of the signification of it." Mrs. Elizabeth Styles informed the Committee that a French servant of Sir Vere Fan had said to her in April last, "You English maids will like the Frenchmen better when there is not a house left between Temple Bar and London Bridge;" and, on her answering, "I hope your eyes will never see that," he replied, "This will come to pass between June and October." William Tinsdale heard one Fitz-Harris, an Irish Papist, say, about the beginning of July, "there would be a sad desolation in September, in November a worse; in December all would be united into one." Two other witnesses reported conversations of a very similar nature, "Papists" in each case being the prophets. This was one line of evidence. The next, could it be depended on, was very much more to the purpose. This was the confession of "Robert Hubert, of Rouen in Normandy, who acknowledged that he was one of those that fired the house of Mr. Farryner, a baker, in Pudding Lane," at the instigation of one Stephen Piedloe, who came out of France with him, by putting a fire-ball at the end of a long pole, and lighting it with a piece of match which he put in at a window. He had also, he said, "Three-and-twenty complices, whereof

Piedloe was the chief." Mr. Graves, a French merchant, living in St. Mary Axe, declared he knew Hubert to be "fit for any villanous enterprise," and that, having visited him in gaol, the latter had confessed himself guilty, remarking he had not done it "out of any malice to the English nation, but from a desire of reward," which Piedloe had promised him on his return to France. "It is observable," remarks the report, "that this miserable creature, who confessed himself before the Committee to be a Protestant, was a Papist and died so." The well-informed Mr. Graves was also acquainted with Piedloe, who was "a very deboist (debauched) person, and apt to any wicked design." The baker, Farryner, being examined, said it was impossible any fire could happen in his house by accident; for he had, as before mentioned, after twelve of the clock that night, gone through every room thereof, and found no fire but in one chimney, where the room was paved with bricks, which fire he diligently raked up in embers. Lastly, Hubert was sent under guard to "see if he could find out the place where he threw the fireball," which he did with perfect accuracy. The third species of evidence related to the fireballs and other combustible matter said to be thrown into various houses during the days: Daniel Weymanset, Esq., "saw a man apprehended near the Temple, with his pockets stuffed with combustible matter." Dr. John Parker saw some "combustible matter" thrown into a shop in the Old Bailey; "thereupon he saw a great smoke and smelt a smell of brimstone." Three witnesses all agreed that they saw a person flinging something into a house near St. Antholine's church, and that thereupon the house was on fire .... and when this was done there was no fire near the place. Testimony of a somewhat similar nature was offered by other persons. Lastly, Mr. Freeman, of Southwark, brewer, found in his house, which had been lately burnt, about a quarter of an hour before that happened, a paper with a ball of wild-fire in the nave of a wheel; and Mr. Richard Harwood, being near the Feathers tavern, by St. Paul's, on the 4th of September, "saw something through a grate in a cellar, like wild-fire; by the sparkling and spitting of it he could judge it to be no other; whereupon he gave notice of it to some soldiers that were near the place, who caused it to be quenched." Thus far the first report. Additions were subsequently made of a similar, but certainly not more trustworthy, character. Then follows the report of the "Committee appointed to certify information touching the insolency of Popish priests and Jesuits, and the increase of Popery." The very heading of this last report shows the *animus* of the then Parliament; yet the Committee of that House, in making the report before mentioned, *offer no decided opinion of their own*. This is surely a significant fact. Hubert *may* have fired the house; there *may* have been wicked, mischievous, and discontented individuals who endeavoured to increase the horrors of the time in the modes described in the evidence; yet how much of this evidence might not be explained by the general excitement of mind in which all the witnesses must have participated, and by the important remark of Pepys already transcribed concerning the "shower of fire-drops," which he expressly says set fire to houses which the conflagration had not reached! But, at all events, that no large body of people, whether foreigners or Papists, were concerned in the affair, seems to us to be partly proved by the very absence of such a charge in the Committee's report; but still more by the facts that, first, it is impossible to discover how "Papists," the body chiefly suspected, could have been benefited by the destruction of the metropolis of their country; and secondly, that *no attempt of any kind appears to have been made by any party*, when—on the hypothesis of their guilt—success had rewarded their atrocious efforts, and they had only to reap the harvest they desired. As to Hubert, although, according to Clarendon, neither the judge nor any person present at his trial believed his story, but all saw that he was a poor distracted wretch, weary of his life, and anxious to part with it, yet the jury found him guilty, and the King and the judges, notwithstanding their conviction of his insanity, allowed him to be executed! "It was soon after complained of," says Bishop Kennet, in his 'History of England,' "that Hubert was not sufficiently examined who set him to work, or who joined with him." And Mr. Hawles, in his remarks upon Fitz-Harris's trial, is bold to say that, "the Commons resolving to examine Hubert upon that matter next day, Hubert was hanged before the house sate, and so could tell no further tales." We must add one still more important piece of evidence. Maitland * says that "Lawrence Peterson, the master of the ship that brought Hubert over, upon his examination some time after, declared that the said Hubert did not land *till two days after the fire*." The truth appears to be that Hubert was insane; and yet the poor creature was executed! This is dreadful work to have taken place in England only one hundred and seventy-five years ago. Nor does it seem to have been done as a sacrifice to the popular frenzy. It is stated in the 'Pictorial England,' † and we find no evidence to the contrary, that "to the lasting honour of the London populace, desperate and bewildered as they were, and mad with excitement, they shed no blood, leaving such iniquities to be perpetrated by the fabricators of Popish plots, the Parliament, and the judges." It is gratifying to be able to add, from the same authority, that during this unhappy period "acts of Christian charity were performed on all sides, old animosities were mutually forgotten, nothing was remembered but the present desolation, all kinds of people expressing a marvellous charity towards those who appeared to be undone."

In addition to the distress and alarm felt by all during the fire, and the loss and physical privations it entailed for some time on the greater part of the population, it left an immense amount of difficulty and trouble behind in connexion with the arrangements necessary for the rebuilding. The King and the Government had now a painful duty to perform. On the one hand, they saw the necessity of preventing a new London from arising on the ruins of the old, liable to all the same dangers and inconveniences; and, in an affair of such magnitude, some little time for consideration was indispensable:—on the other, they beheld two hundred thousand persons bivouacking without the ruins of their late homes, all clamorous for the re-erection of their dwellings, shops, and warehouses, and who, in their extremity, were unwilling to listen to any schemes of amelioration which should cause a single day's delay. There was also the very delicate task to perform of carefully restoring to each person his own land or situation, for the general destruction had erased so many of the ordinary marks that official supervision and control were indispensable. This part of the business was intrusted to a court of judicature, consisting of the principal judges, who fortunately gave such general satisfaction that the City caused all their portraits to be painted. As to the rebuilding, the man was at hand who could have enabled the King without delay to devise whatever measures were required for the safety and splendour of the new metropolis. When Evelyn, who formed a plan for the rebuilding, took it to Charles a few days after the fire, he found Sir Christopher Wren had been before him; and we cannot but observe that there was something more than ordinarily remarkable in the fact that an architect of Wren's genius should have appeared at the precise moment that he was so much wanted, and when such a stupendous work offered for the development of his powers. Prior to the time of the Fire he was employed upon the restoration of St. Paul's, (which he had of course afterwards entirely to rebuild,) and in the erection of some other public edifices; but as yet he had completed nothing; and this is pretty well all we know, except by inference, of his architectural reputation in 1666. From the account published by his son in the 'Parentalia,' it appears that he was now "appointed surveyor-general and principal architect for rebuilding the whole City; the cathedral church of St. Paul, all the parochial churches (in number fifty-one, enacted by Parliament, in lieu of those that were burnt and demolished), with other public structures; and for the disposition of the streets. . . . He took to assist him Mr. Robert Hook, professor of geometry in Gresham College, to whom he assigned the business of measuring, adjusting, and setting out the ground of the private street houses to the several proprietors, reserving all the public works to his own peculiar care and direction. . . . In order therefore to a proper reformation, Wren (pursuant to the royal command), immediately after the fire, took an exact survey of the whole area and confines of the burning, having traced over with great trouble and hazard the great plain of ashes and ruins; and designed a plan or model of a new city, in which the deformity and inconveniences of the old town were remedied, by the

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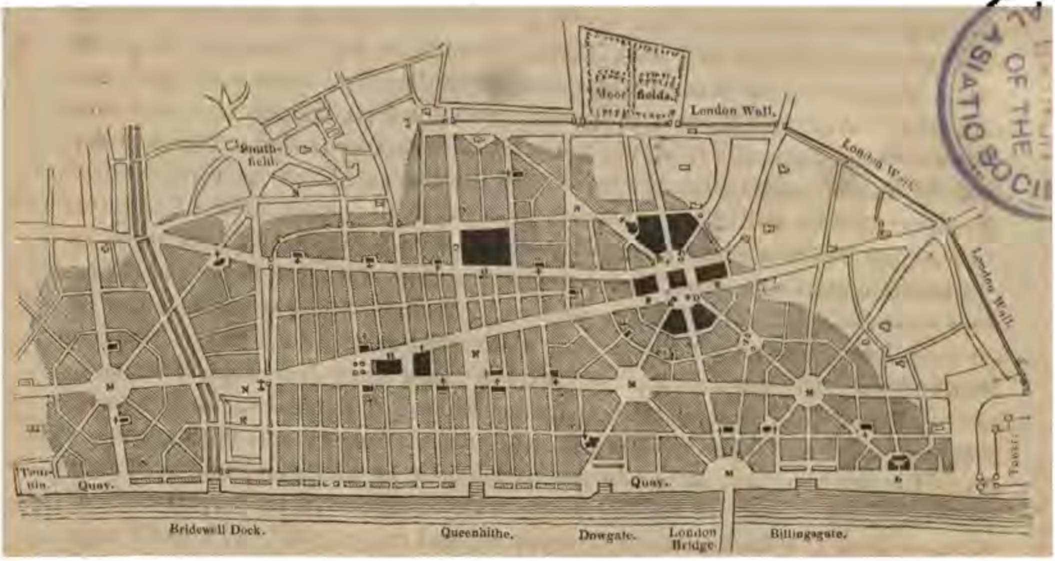
* Page 437.

† Book viii. p. 899.



OF THE ASIATIC SOCI

[Wren's Plan for rebuilding the City.]

[The shaded part shows the extent of the Fire.]

A. The Royal Exchange.
B. Post Office.
C. Excise Office.
D. Mint.
E. Insurance Office.
F. Goldsmiths'.
G. Guildhall.
H. St. Paul's.
I. Doctors' Commons.
K. Wood Market.
L. Custom House.
M. Piazzas.
N. Market.
† Churches.
‡ Continuation of London Wall.

enlarging the streets and lanes, and carrying them as near parallel to one another as might be; avoiding, if compatible with greater conveniences, all acute angles; by seating all the parochial churches conspicuous and insular; by forming the most public places into large piazzas, the centre of (six or) eight ways; by uniting the halls of the twelve chief companies into one regular square annexed to Guildhall; by making a quay on the whole bank of the river, from Blackfriars to the Tower. . . . The streets to be of three magnitudes; the three principal leading straight through the City, and one or two cross streets, to be at least ninety feet wide; others sixty feet; and lanes about thirty feet, excluding all narrow dark alleys without thoroughfares and courts." Evelyn's plan, we may here observe, also included several piazzas of various forms, one of which would have formed an oval, with St. Paul's in the centre. It differed from Wren's chiefly in proposing a street from the church of St. Dunstan's in the East to the cathedral, and in having no quay or terrace along the river.

"The practicability of this scheme," continues the author of the 'Parentalia,' "without loss to any man or infringement of any property, was at that time demonstrated, and all material objections fully weighed and answered. The only, and as it happened insurmountable, difficulty remaining, was the obstinate averseness of great part of the citizens to alter their old properties, and to recede from building their houses again on the old ground and foundations; as also the distrust in many, and unwillingness to give up their properties, though for a time only, into the hands of public trustees or commissioners, till they might be dispensed to them again, with more advantage to themselves than otherwise was possible to be effected." Thus "the opportunity in a great degree was lost of making the new city the most magnificent, as well as commodious for health and trade, of any upon earth."* The best, however, was done under the circumstances that could be done; and the result was that, when London was rebuilt, which was accomplished in an almost incredibly short space of time (ten thousand houses being erected in the first four years), it was found little more convenient than before, but a good deal more magnificent as far as the public buildings were concerned, and, being built of brick and stone, altogether infinitely more safe. It appears also to have become in the transformation more healthy; the plague, which the year before had carried off one hundred thousand persons, disappeared from that time.

Instead of the present Monument, which was commenced in 1671 and completed in 1677, one after the design here shown was proposed by Sir Christopher, and it is unfortunate that the authorities could not be convinced of its superior fitness for the object desired. It was of somewhat less proportion than the existing Monument, namely, "fourteen feet in diameter, and after a peculiar device; for, as the Romans expressed in relievo on the pedestals and round the shafts of their columns the history of such actions and incidents as were intended to be thereby commemorated, so this monument of the conflagration and restoration of the City of London was represented by a pillar in flames; the flames blazing from the loop-holes of the shaft (which were to give light to the stairs within) were figured in brass-work gilt; and on the top was a phœnix rising from her ashes, in brass gilt likewise." Not only was this most happy, because most appropriate, design rejected, but in that which followed an alteration was made, decidedly injurious to its effect, and in opposition to the architect's wishes. He had proposed to place a colossal statue in brass gilt of the King, as founder of the new city, on the top of the pillar, or else a figure erect of a woman crowned with turrets, holding a sword and cap of maintenance, with other ensigns of the City's grandeur and re-erection. The flames, however, we suppose, pleased the learned persons who sat in judgment, though the design of which they formed so characteristic a feature did not; so, like other architectural judges nearer our own day, they cut off the feature from where it was appropriate, and placed it where it was not—hence the gilt bunch, representative of flames, of the present structure. On the completion of the Monument, the genius of Cibber, the well-known sculptor of the figures of the two lunatics on the gates of old Bethlehem Hospital, was put in requisition to decorate the front part of the pedestal with an emblematical representation of the destruction and restoration of the City. It is not, however, one of the happiest of his efforts. The work is in alto and bas-relief, and contains numerous figures, symbols, and decorations. We have already transcribed a portion of the inscription on the north side of the Monument; that on the south commemorates what was done for the improvement of London in its rebuilding; another, on the east, the names of the Mayors of London who held office during its erection; and beneath this was originally a fourth, ascribing the fire to the "treachery and malice of the Popish faction;" which was cut away in the reign of James, then restored in deep characters during that of William III., and again erased a few years ago by a vote of the Corporation. Our readers are of course aware that it is to this Pope refers in his famous line where he says the Monument,

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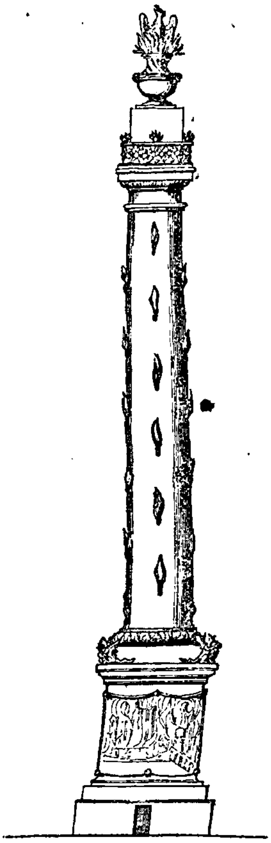
* Wren's Parentalia, p. 269.

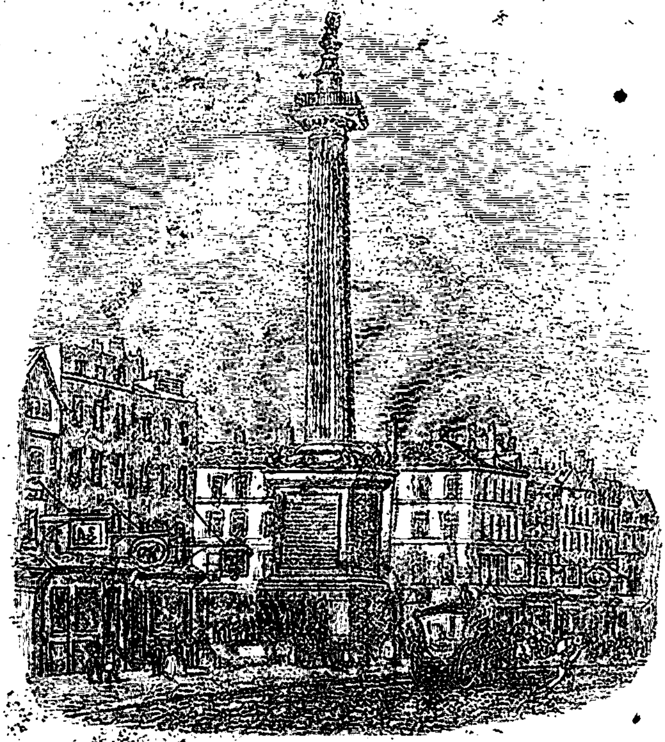


[Wren's First Design.]

"Like a tall bully, lifts its head and lies."

In conclusion, it may be observed that Wren's plan would undoubtedly have secured to us both of the two great objects which should be sought in all our Metropolitan improvements, namely—complete and universally uninterrupted communication between all parts, and the increase of architectural beauty. But is it not too often forgotten, whilst the failure of that plan is being regretted, that it may *yet be carried into effect* in all its essential features? We do not mean to say that London can ever be brought to correspond with the design shown in our pages, nor is it necessary. Two or three great lines of communication from one end of London to the other; streets broad in proportion to their use, and the narrowest not too narrow for health or convenience; a quay along the bank of the river; and insulation of public structures, that is to say those worthy of such distinction;

are, we consider, the chief features of the great architect's proposals. What is to prevent us from realising all these now? Considerable progress has been made, or is making, already, with regard to the first two points; we hope yet to inhale the fresh breezes by the side of the pleasantest, because most "silent," of "highways;" and with regard to the better display of our public edifices, we are willing to look upon the improvements made around the Monument since the following drawing was taken as the commencement of a good work, of which the opening of the area around the same architect's greatest work, St. Paul's, shall be the next and more important fruit.



[Monument: eighteenth century.]

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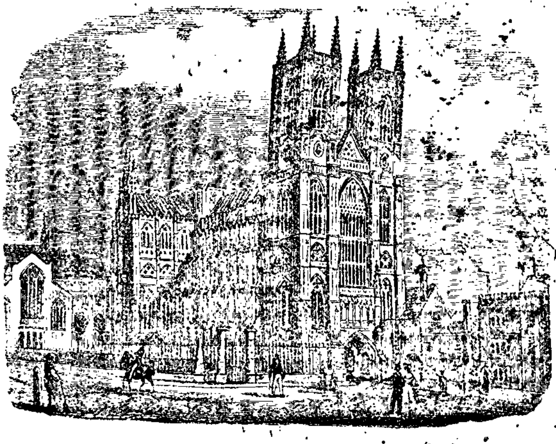

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* Called "Entrance Gate" under the Cut. It forms the entrance from the outer into the inner ward.

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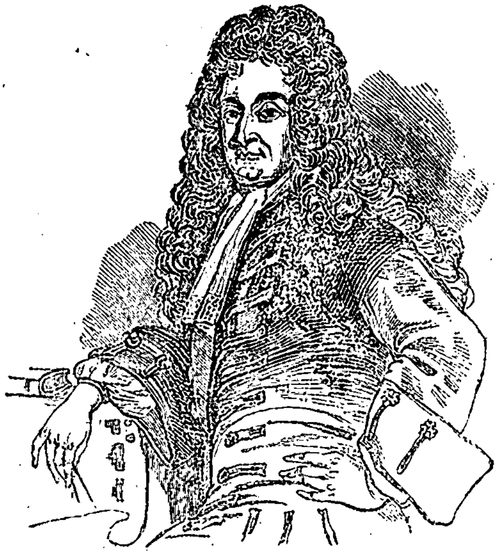

[Sir Christopher Wren.]

XXVI.—THE BUILDING OF ST. PAUL'S.

APPROACHING London, or pausing on the last hill-top to look back on its wide expanse, we feel that the graceful and majestic dome of St. Paul's is the centre of the City—the nucleus about which its masses congregate—the stately Queen, round which tower, monument, and spire stand ranked as attendant handmaidens. Whether we stand on Battersea Rise on a summer evening, with the Abbey towers of Westminster showing their distinct outlines through pure air, while the distant city is veiled by the pall of smoke which the light breeze is inclining towards the ocean, while the stately dome ascends where the regions of definite form and dim amorphous haze fade into each other, its golden cross gleaming through a slumberous golden light—or whether from the heights of Hampstead, when in the silence of the dewy morning we could imagine nothing was awake but the sun and ourselves, we behold the mighty structure by the deceptive influence of the clear air and sidelong light projected into startling nearness—or whether from the hill of Greenwich we see the huge mass swathed in mist, now dim and scarce distinguishable, now lost to view and again re-appearing, dark and threatening, like some Highland mountain amid its congenial vapours—from every point of view, under every change of atmospheric influence, the dome of St. Paul's remains the prominent and characteristic feature of London, viewed from a distance. Nor does its power over the fascinated eye and imagination cease when we mingle with the spring-tide of human existence, hurried in incessant ebb and flow along the multitudinous and labyrinthine streets of the metropolis. Ever and anon we are aware of the mighty pile seen through some street vista, or appearing over the house-tops as if close at hand. It is ever present, ever beautiful, ever imposing. No more perfect picture, in point of form, arrangement, or colour, can be imagined, than that which presents itself as we pass along Fleet Street, on a bracing autumn morning, while the sun is yet struggling through an embrowned haze, in the winding ascent of Ludgate Street, crowned by this majestic dome. The Cathedral church combines all the elements of grandeur and beauty. Of colossal size, its summit mingles with the clouds, and at times appears to shift with the thin mists that float past it. The impression made by its graceful outline is heightened by the finish of all its parts, indicating a compactness of structure which gives promise of an eternally youthful appearance. Seated high in the centre of London, St. Paul's might well appear to a fantastic mood, one of those talismanic structures, of which we read in Arabian tales—the seat of the magical influence which has drawn together and upholds the aggregation of stately structures, the heaped-up wealth to and from which the money business of the whole world is attracted and diverges as from its centre of circulation, and the concentrated spirit of human passion which thrills and quivers so intensely around it.

Nor is it altogether a vain fancy that attributes an organic unity to London, of which St. Paul's may be considered the binding key-stone: the mind which projected a new city to be erected upon the ruins left by the Great Fire, made this the central point from which he extended his streets on all sides. Before the destruction of the old city he had pictured to himself a stately structure, something like the present, that might be erected on the site of old St. Paul's; and when the fire had left London a *tabula rasa,* he traced his plan as a framework in which to set this jewel of his imagination. That plan was not adopted—neither the new Cathedral of St. Paul's nor the new City of London are what Wren designed they should be; yet, though the pertinacity with which his contemporaries clung to their preconceived opinions, or defended their little properties, to a great extent baffled his project, still we can trace its lineaments imperfectly stamped upon the rebellious and obdurate material. What was done was done under his superintendence and control—not only St. Paul's, but most of the churches and halls in the City, were his work—and thus he was enabled to call into existence a sufficient number of the parts of the great whole he had contemplated to indicate an outline of his design, and impress something of a uniformity of character upon the new city. This circumstance confers an epic interest upon the rebuilding of London, of which St. Paul's is always the centre. And this consideration it is that has induced us to devote a whole paper to the "Building of St. Paul's," a story of great designs partially accomplished—of perseverance triumphing over intrigue, after a struggle of forty-four long years—*tantæ molis erat Romanam condere gentem.*

The first point to be made good is our assertion that the idea of giving to St. Paul's a figure nearly resembling that which it now has, had occurred to Wren previous to the Great Fire of London, and that his plan for the rebuilding of the city, if it was not suggested by that idea, was intimately connected with it. One of the principal objects which occupied the mind of Charles II. on his restoration seems to have been the repairing of St. Paul's Cathedral, sadly dilapidated during the civil wars. A commission was accordingly issued for *upholding* and *repairing* the structure, of which Wren and Evelyn were appointed members. Wren, with the approbation of Evelyn, committed to writing an account of the condition in which he found the cathedral, and proposals for the necessary alterations, which, along with a number of explanatory drawings and designs, were laid before the King. In his memoir we find the germ of the present St. Paul's. He sets out with laying great stress upon the size of the building:—"It is a pile both for ornament and use; for all the occasion either of a quire, consistory, chapter-house, library, court of arches, preaching auditory, might have been supplied in less room, with less expense and yet more beauty; but then it had wanted of the grandeur which exceeds all little curiosity; this being the effect of wit only, the other the monument of power and mighty zeal in our ancestors to public works in these times, when the city had neither a fifth part of the people nor a tenth part of the wealth it now boasts of." He then proceeds to point out the defects of the original construction of the building, rendering mere patchwork repairs inadvisable, and the artistical faults of the pile:—"The middle part is most defective in beauty and firmness without and within: for the tower leans manifestly by the settling of one of the ancient pillars that supported it. Four new arches were, therefore, of late years, incorporated within the old ones, which had straitened and hindered both the room and the clear thorough view of the nave, in that part where it had been more graceful to have been rather wider than the rest. The excessive length of the building is no otherwise commendable but because it yields a pleasing perspective by the combined optical diminution of the columns; and if this be cut off by columns ranging within their fellows, the grace that would be acquired by their length is totally lost." After some further details he proceeds:—"I cannot propose a better remedy than, by cutting off the inner columns of the cross, to reduce the middle part into a spacious dome or rotunda, with a cupola or hemispherical roof; and upon the cupola (for the outward ornament) a lantern with a spring top, to rise proportionably, though not to that unnecessary height of the former spire of timber and lead burnt by lightning. By this means the deformities of the unequal intercolumniations will be taken away; the church, which is much too narrow for the height, rendered spacious in the middle, which may be a very proper place for a vast auditory; the outward appearance of the church will seem to swell in the middle, by degrees, from a large basis rising into a rotunda bearing a cupola, and then ending in a lantern, and this with incomparable more grace in the remoter aspect than it is possible for the bare shaft of a steeple to afford." He then enlarges upon the practical details of time, expense, and materials, of which only this striking passage need be quoted:—"It will be requisite that a large and exact model be made, which will also have this use,—that, if the work should happen to be interrupted or retarded, posterity may proceed where the work was left off, pursuing still the same design. And as the portico built by Inigo Jones, being an entire and excellent piece, gave great reputation to the work in the first repairs, and occasioned fair contributions; so to begin now with the dome may probably prove the best advice, being an absolute piece of itself, and what will most likely be finished in our time, and what will make by far the most splendid appearance; may be of present use for the auditory, will make up all the outward repairs perfect, and become an ornament to his Majesty's most excellent reign, to the Church of England, and to this great city, which it is a pity in the opinion of our neighbours should longer continue the most unadorned of her bigness in the world." In the memorial from which we quote it is easy to discern exquisite perception of the sublime and beautiful—greatness and boldness of conception—talent for the minutiæ of practical detail—the power of raising himself to a great undertaking, and taking such precautions as might ensure its being carried on should he die before its completion—all expressed with the unconscious eloquence of earnest love for the task. It reveals the real artist—Mr. Carlyle might say, and with truth, "the hero as architect."

Evelyn felt the truth and justice of Wren's remarks, though most of the commissioners could not raise their minds beyond mere patching and plastering; argued, when it was pointed out to them that the main building receded outwards, "that it had been built so originally for an effect in the perspective;" and stoutly maintained that the steeple might be repaired on its old foundation. This opposition prevented anything being done, until the Great Fire took the settlement of the question into its own hands, and placed Wren on a ground of vantage. Meanwhile he went on maturing his ideas. Trained a mathematician and curious observer of nature, he brought correct taste and minute inquiry into the whole practical bearings of any task he undertook—to the architectural pursuits into which accident, rather than his own free choice, seem to have led him. In 1665 he visited France, resided some months in Paris, inspected and studied the principal buildings of that metropolis, visited the places in the vicinity most worthy of attention, took particular notice of what was most remarkable in every branch of mechanics, and contracted intimacies with the most celebrated artists and men of letters. In a letter to his friend Dr. Bateman he says that the Louvre was for a while his daily object, where no less than a thousand hands were constantly employed, "some in laying mighty foundations, some in raising the stories, columns, entablatures, &c., with vast stones, by great and useful engines; others in carving, inlaying of marbles, plastering, painting, gilding, &c., which altogether make a school of architecture, probably the best in Europe." Almost every sentence of his letter is a picture characteristic at once of the object described and the describer:—"Fontainebleau has a stately wildness and vastness suitable to the desert it stands in;" "the Palace, or if you please the Cabinet of Versailles, called me twice to see it—the mixtures of brick and stone, blue tile and gold, made it look like a rich livery—not an inch within but is crowded with little curiosities of ornament." He adds, "the women, as they make here the language and the fashions, and meddle with politics and philosophy, so do they sway also in architecture.* Works of filigrane and little trinkets are in great vogue, but building ought certainly to have the attribute of eternal, and therefore the only thing incapable of new fashions. The *masculine* furniture of the Palais Mazarine pleased me much better." He adds, that he has seen many "incomparable villas"—"all which

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* The case seems to have been reversed in England in the days of Kent. "His oracle," says Horace Walpole, "was so much consulted by all who affected taste, that nothing was thought complete without his assistance. * * So impetuous was fashion, that two great ladies prevailed upon him to make designs for their birthday gowns. The one he dressed in a petticoat with columns of the five orders; the other like a bronze, in copper-coloured satin, with ornaments of gold."

I have surveyed; and that I might not lose the impressions of them, I shall bring you almost all France in paper, which I have found by some or other ready designed to my hand, in which I have spent both labour and some money." Finally, "I have purchased a great deal of *taille-douce,* that I might give our countrymen examples of ornaments and grotesques, in which the Italians themselves confess the French to excel." By such studies, and by the conversation of his friend Evelyn, who had already published his '*Fumifugium,* or a Prophetic Invective against the Fire and Smoke of London, with its Remedies,' and others of similar tastes and pursuits, Wren prepared himself for his busy after-life.

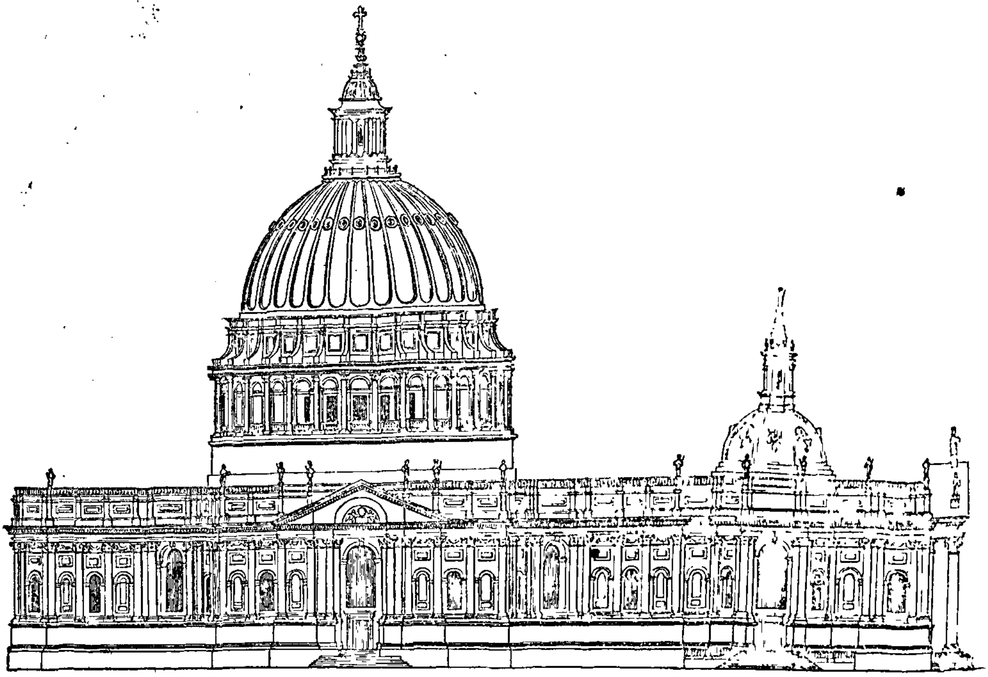
The Fire of London roused the indomitable spirits of Englishmen. "They beheld," wrote Dr. Sprat, with the ruins of the metropolis smoking around him, "the ashes of their houses, gates, and temples, without the least expression of pusillanimity. If philosophers had done this, it had well become their profession of wisdom; if gentlemen, the nobleness of their breeding and blood would have required it: but that such greatness of heart should be found amongst the poor artisans and the obscure multitude is no doubt one of the most honourable events that ever happened. * * * A new city is to be built, on the most advantageous seat of all Europe for trade and command. This therefore is the fittest season for men to apply their thoughts to the improving of the materials of building, and to the inventing of better models for houses, roofs, chimneys, conduits, wharfs, and streets." On the morning of the 7th September Evelyn made a painful pilgrimage through the ruins, clambering over heaps of smoking rubbish, and frequently mistaking where he was. "The ground," he says, "was so hot that it burnt the soles of my shoes." The fruit of this excursion was a plan for the restoration of the city. "The King and Parliament," he wrote to Sir Samuel Tuke, in December 1666, "are infinitely zealous for the rebuilding of our ruins; and I believe it will universally be the employment of next spring. * * * Everybody brings in his idea: amongst the rest I presented his Majesty my own conceptions, with a discourse annexed. It was the second that was seen, *within two days after the conflagration;* BUT DR. WREN HAD GOT THE START OF ME." Wren was appointed Deputy Surveyor-General, and principal architect for rebuilding the whole city, having been previously appointed architect and one of the commissioners for the restoration of St. Paul's. The intimate knowledge he obtained of the topography of the metropolis in the course of his official surveys, and the natural tendency of a mind which has projected a general plan for the erection of a city to execute minor details with a constant reference to it, put him in a condition to realize some portions of his design.

The leading features of Wren's plan are given in No. XXV., but we may here mention them more in detail, as stated by himself:—"From that part of Fleet Street which remained unburnt, about St. Dunstan's church, a straight street, ninety feet wide, crosses the valley, passing by the south side of Ludgate prison, and thence in a direct line ends gracefully in a piazza at Tower Hill, but before it descends into the valley where now the great sewer (Fleet Ditch) runs, it opens into a round piazza, the centre of eight ways. * * * Leaving Ludgate prison on the left side of the street (instead of which gate was designed a triumphal arch to the founder of the new city, King Charles II.), the street divides into two others as large, and before they, spreading at acute angles, can be clear of one another, they form a triangular piazza, the basis of which is filled by the cathedral church of St. Paul. Leaving St. Paul's on the left, we proceed, as our first way led us, towards the Tower, the way being all along adorned with parochial churches. We return again to Ludgate, and, leaving St. Paul's on the right hand, pass the other great branch to the Royal Exchange, seated at the place where it was before, but free from buildings, in the middle of a piazza included between two great streets—the one from Ludgate leading to the south front, and another from Holborn over the canal to Newgate, and thence straight to the north front of the Exchange." There was to be a commodious quay on the whole bank of the river from Blackfriars to the Tower; a canal was to be cut at Bridewell, with sluices at Holborn-bridge and at the mouth, and stores for coal on each side; the Halls of the twelve chief companies were to be united into one regular square annexed to Guildhall; the churches were to be designed "according to the best forms for capacity and hearing," adorned with useful porticos and lofty ornamental towers, and steeples in the greater parishes; and all churchyards, gardens, and unnecessary vacuities, and all trades that use great fires or yield noisome smells, were to be placed out of the town. It is clear from this outline that the nucleus of Wren's plan for rebuilding London was that cathedral the capabilities of which he had so thoroughly studied and was so eagerly bent upon developing to the utmost. His plan being rejected, he was restricted to the realisation of his idea of an Anglo-episcopal cathedral, to dropping his halls and churches here and there in narrow spaces, obscured by the close proximity of tall houses, in the hope, perhaps, that a more civilised generation might deem it worth while to excavate them, and to introducing from time to time reforms in the line of streets, sewerage, and mode of constructing houses in the metropolis.

Some time, however, elapsed before he was allowed to set to work even upon the cathedral. On a particular survey by the architect and the rest of the commissioners, it was determined that part of the body of the old cathedral towards the west should, as being least damaged, be fitted up as a temporary choir, wherein the dean and prebends might have divine service until the *repair* of the whole (for that was still dreamed of), or a new cathedral should be built. A royal mandate was issued on the 15th January, 1667, for commencing these operations. The whole of that year and part of the next were consumed in clearing away the rubbish, and ascertaining the condition of the ruins. This examination established the correctness of Wren's judgment regarding the ineligibility of merely repairing the building. Dr. Sancroft wrote to him on the 25th of April, 1668,—"As he said of old, *Prudentiam est quædam divinatio;* so science, at the height you are master of it, is prophetic too. What you whispered in my ear at your last coming hither is come to pass. Our work at the west end of St. Paul's is fallen about our ears. Your quick eye discerned the walls and pillars gone off their perpendiculars, and I believe other defects too, which are now exposed to every common observer. About a week since, we being at work about the third pillar from the west end on the south side, which we had new cased with stone where it was most defective, almost up to the chapitre, a great weight falling from the high wall so disabled the vaulting of the side aisle by it, that it threatened a sudden ruin so visibly that the workmen presently removed, and the next night the whole pillar fell, and carried scaffolds and all to the very ground. The second pillar, which you know is bigger than the rest, stands now alone, with an enormous weight on the top of it, which we cannot hope should stand long, and yet we dare not venture to take it down." Some entries in the Diary of Pepys, rather later in the same year, convey an impressive though sufficiently grotesque picture of the state of the ruins, and enable us to conjecture the utter helplessness of the *dilettanti* who obstructed Wren and fancied themselves adequate to the task of restoring St. Paul's:—"I stopped at St. Paul's, and there did go into St. Faith's church, and also in the body of the west part of the church; and do see a hideous sight of the walls of the church ready to fall, that I was in fear as long as I was in it; and here I saw the great vaults underneath the body of the church." And again—"Up betimes, and walked to the Temple, and stopped viewing the Exchange, and Paul's, and St. Faith's, *where strange how the very sight of the stones falling from the top of the steeple do make me sea-sick!*" It was therefore natural enough on the part of Dr. Sancroft earnestly to require Wren's "presence and assistance with all possible speed" in April, and to inform him in July that they could do nothing without him.

In consequence of the urgency of the commissioners, Wren made a report in which he demonstrated that it was impossible permanently to save the existing building. At the same time he stated in the most emphatic language the difficulties in the way of a new erection:—"The very substruction and repair of St. Faith's will cost so much that I shall but frighten this age with the computation of what is to be done in the dark, before anything will appear for the use desired." Nevertheless, with the hopefulness characteristic of great minds, he pointed out how the task might be begun. An order was issued in consequence of his report by the King in council, to take down the walls, clear the ground, and proceed precisely as recommended by Wren. Still the half-hearted and narrow-minded portion of the commissioners contrived to throw so many impediments in the way of the architect, that in April, 1671, we find them still prating of repairing instead of rebuilding, and the site so encumbered with the old materials that it was impossible to proceed with the inspection of the ruins. A representation to this effect from Wren elicited an order for the removal and sale of the rubbish from the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop and Lord Mayor of London, in which, alluding to "the new fabric," a significant "which we hope may speedily begin" is added. It was not, however, till 1673 that the intention of repairing the old edifice was finally abandoned, and the architect desired to make designs for an entirely new edifice worthy the greatness of the nation, and calculated to rival every edifice of the kind in Europe. Even then the difficulties and annoyances to which Wren was subjected rather changed their character than abated.

His original design for the cathedral (of which the elevation is subjoined) embodied the great principles expressed in his first report on the old church. The length of aisle to which he objected was necessary perhaps for the processions and pageantry of the Romish ritual, but was uncalled for in the reformed cathedral service. He availed himself of this circumstance to give greater compactness and squareness to the church which was to be the basis and substructure of his dome. His judges, however, could not emancipate themselves from the notion that the form and arrangement of a cathedral to which they had all



[Sir Christopher Wren's first Design for St. Paul's.]

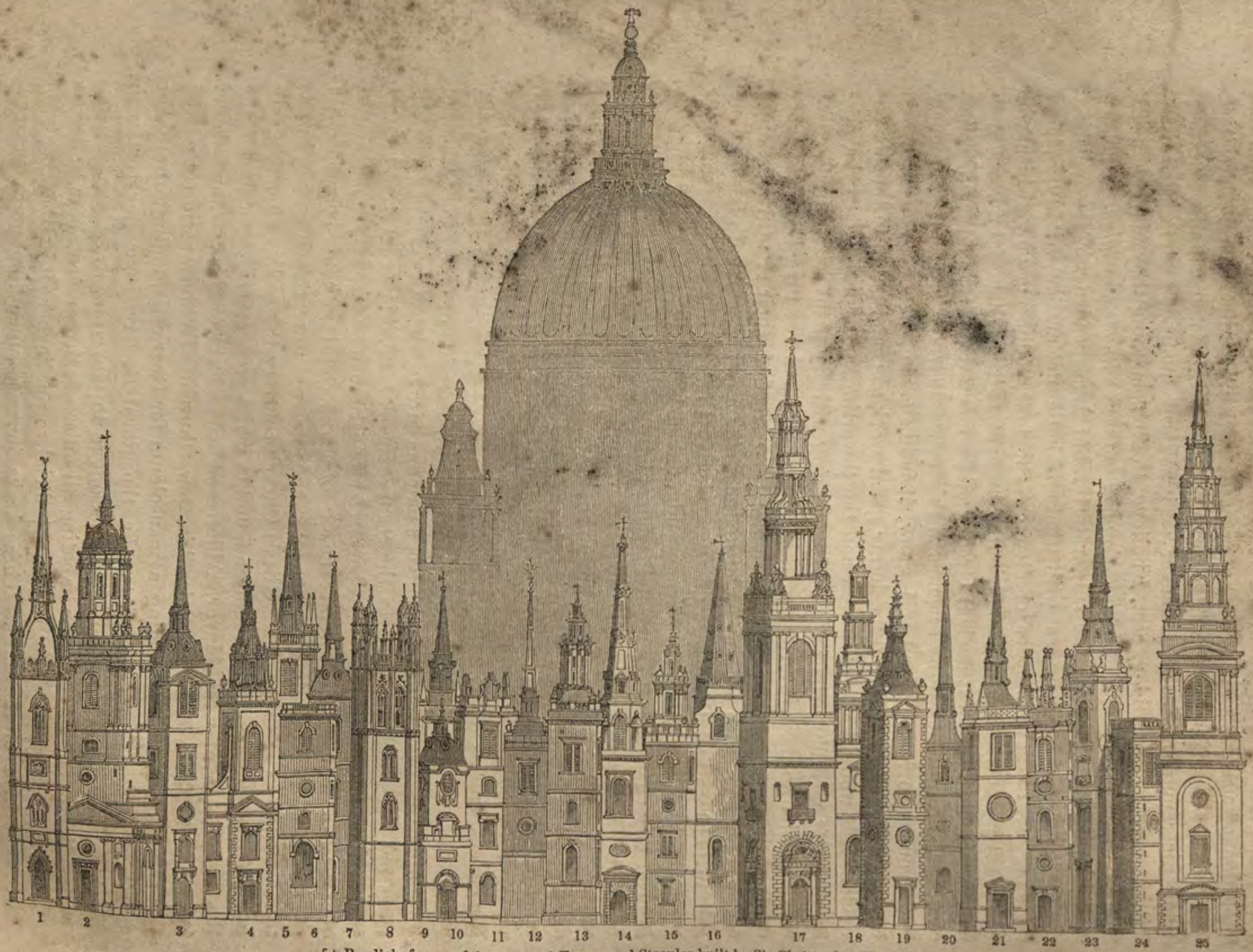
their lives been accustomed was the only proper and possible form for such a building. The Duke of York, too, insisted, Spence tells us on the authority of Mr. Harding, that side oratories should be added—the anecdotist suggests because he already meditated converting the fabric to the use of the Romish worship. He adds—"It narrowed the building, and broke in very much upon the beauty of the design. Sir Christopher insisted so strongly on the prejudice they would be of, that he actually shed tears in speaking of it, but it was all in vain. The Duke insisted on the long aisles and oratories being inserted, and he was obliged to comply." The modification of the original design which has been erected—a cruciform Italian cathedral, closely resembling that of St. Peter at Rome—was accordingly resolved to be carried into execution; and letters patent were issued superseding the old commission for "upholding and repairing" the ancient cathedral church, authorising the commissioners to "rebuild, new erect, finish, and adorn the said cathedral church upon new foundations," and empowering them to "take down and demolish what is yet remaining of the old fabric."

Sir Christopher now commenced his great work by making the necessary preliminary arrangements for the accomplishment of his design. He appointed officers and chief workmen, with their proper officers, subalterns, and departments, all in subordination and rendering their accounts to himself. Early in the year 1674 the workmen began to clear away the ruins of the ancient cathedral, preparatory to laying the new foundation. The pulling down of the old walls, which were in many places eighty feet high and five in thickness, was an arduous undertaking. At first the men stood above, working them down with pickaxes, while labourers below moved away the materials that fell and dispersed them in heaps. The accumulation of rubbish by this means was so great as for a time to hinder them in forming the foundations; part, however, was in time removed to heighten or pave streets, or build the parochial churches. Before this was accomplished, however, Wren constructed scaffolds high enough to extend over the heaps in his way; and, dropping perpendiculars from lines drawn carefully upon the level plan of the scaffold, he set out his foundations. He worked on in this fashion, gaining every day more room, till he came to the middle tower that formerly carried the lofty spire. The workmen quailed before the dangerous task of mounting two hundred feet to cast down this ruin; and Wren's inventive genius immediately conceived the idea of attaining his end by the agency of gunpowder. He drove a hole two feet square to the centre of the pier, deposited in it a deal box containing eighteen pounds of gunpowder; affixed to this a hollow cane containing a quick match, and, closing the mine, gave directions for its explosion. This small quantity of powder lifted up the whole angle of the tower, the two great arches that rested upon it, and the two adjoining arches of the aisles, with the masonry above. The walls cracked to the top, and were lifted visibly, *en masse*, about nine inches; then, suddenly subsiding again, they fell into a heap of ruins without scattering. It was half a minute before the heap opened in two or three places, and emitted smoke. The fall occasioned such a concussion that the inhabitants round about took it for the shock of an earthquake. The architect, confident in the accuracy of his calculations, awaited with perfect calmness the result of his experiment. His next officer, charged during his absence with the explosion of another mine, put in too much powder, and did not drive the hole deep enough; the consequence of which was that a fragment of stone was shot into the room of a private house where two women were at work. Neither were injured; but the terror of the neighbours induced the commissioners to prevent any further use of gunpowder. The architect was thus forced to turn his thoughts to other methods of saving time, diminishing expense, and protecting men's lives and limbs. His most successful expedient was the adoption of the ancient battering-ram. He provided a strong mast of timber, about forty feet in length, and armed the bigger end with a great spike of iron, fortified with iron bars along the mast, secured by ferrules. This machine he suspended from two places to one ring with a strong tackle, on a triangle (such as were used to weigh heavy ordnance), and kept thirty men beating with this instrument against the same part of the wall for a whole day. The workmen, not discerning any immediate effect, thought this mere waste of time; but Wren, who knew the internal motion thus communicated must be operating, encouraged them to persevere. On the second day the wall began to tremble at the top, and fell in a few hours.

The first stone of the new cathedral was laid on the 21st of June, 1675, by the architect. It was October, 1694, before the choir was finished, as to the stone-work, and the scaffolds struck both without and within in that part. It was the 5th of December, 1697, before divine service was performed at St. Paul's for the first time since the Fire of 1666. And it was not till the year 1710, when Wren had attained the seventy-eighth year of his age, that his son Christopher laid the highest stone of the lantern on the cupola; attended by the venerable architect himself, Mr. Strong, the master-mason to the cathedral, and the lodge of Freemasons, of whom, says his biographer, Elmes, "Sir Christopher was for many years the active as well as acting master." Forty-four years had elapsed since the burning of the ancient fane; thirty-five since the laying of the first stone of the new. Three reigns had terminated; a revolution had driven a family from the throne; a dynasty (that of Orange) had received the sceptre and become extinct; whilst the stately pile, "the Corinthian capital" of the metropolis, was slowly growing up. The cause of this delay is not the least interesting part of our tale.

The royal mandate of the 14th of May, 1675, which was Wren's warrant for laying the foundation stone, was in fact little more than a permission to carry his plan into effect if he could. In the first place, proper materials were not easily procured, notwithstanding an order issued by the King in Council, in May 1669, to the effect that "there hath been for many years past great waste made of our stone in the Isle of Portland * * *; in consideration of which, and the great occasion we have of using much of the said stone * * * for the repair of St. Paul's, our pleasure is, and we do by these presents will and require all persons whatsoever, that they forbear to transport any more stone from our Isle of Portland, without the leave and warrant first obtained from Dr. Christopher Wren, surveyor of our works." In the next place, money was not forthcoming in sufficient quantities. It is true that, in addition to the proportion of coal-duties allotted to the building of St. Paul's, King Charles graciously states in his second commission—"We are very sensible that the erecting such a new fabric or structure will be a work not only of great time, but of very extraordinary cost and expense;" and adds, "We are graciously pleased to continue the free gift of 1000*l.* by the year, to be paid quarterly out of our privy purse, for the rebuilding and new erecting of the said church;" but the value of a "promise to pay" from the merry monarch was very fluctuating and uncertain. The remaining provisions for raising funds were—authority given to the commissioners to ask and receive voluntary contributions from all subjects; an injunction to the judges of the Prerogative Court and others to set apart "some convenient proportion" of all commutations for penance towards the erection of St. Paul's; and an inquisitorial power vested in the commissioners to inquire after any legacies and bequests for the benefit of the cathedral church that may have been fraudulently concealed. In 1678 the Bishop of London felt it necessary to publish a very earnest and urgent address, exhorting all classes of persons throughout the kingdom to extend their liberality towards the building; and among the receipts of one year we find entered 50*l.* from Sir Christopher Wren, whose annual salary as architect was only 200*l.* But the greatest obstruction he experienced was occasioned by the prejudices and ill-will of a section of the commissioners. They pestered him by incessant attempts to force him to deviate from his own plan, and introduce alterations, the suggestion of crude ignorance. This annoyance began with his undertaking, and even survived its close. The alterations forced upon him by the Duke of York have already been noticed. In 1717 the commissioners transmitted to him a resolution importing "that a balustrade of stone be set up on the top of the church, unless Sir Christopher Wren do, in writing under his hand, set forth that it is contrary to the principles of architecture, and give his opinion in a fortnight's time; and if he doth not, then the resolution of a balustrade is to be proceeded with." The venerable architect replied by a demonstration of the ignorance which dictated the proposal, prefacing his remarks thus:—"I never designed a balustrade. Persons of little skill in architecture did expect, I believe, to see something they had been used to in Gothic structures, and *ladies think nothing well without an edging.* I should gladly have complied with the vulgar taste, but I suspended for the following reasons," &c. He concludes with the emphatic declaration—"My opinion therefore is, to have statues erected on the four pediments only, which will be a most proper, noble, and sufficient ornament to the whole fabric, and was never omitted in the best ancient Greek and Roman architecture; the principles of which, throughout all my schemes of this colossal structure, I have religiously endeavoured to follow; and if I glory, it is in the singular mercy of God, who has enabled me to begin and finish my great work so conformable to the ancient model." It would have been well had the thwarting he experienced been confined to this meddling coxcombry of tampering with his plans; but, irritated at his opposition to their interference, his persecutors had recourse to still meaner devices for annoying him. As early as 1675 we find their creatures set on to fly-blow his fame with accusations of undue delay in the payment of workmen; and in 1710 we find them throwing obstacles in the way of finishing the building, for the avowed purpose of keeping him out of 1300*l.*, the amount of a moiety of his salary suspended by Act of Parliament till the completion of the building. Notwithstanding these obstructions, Wren single-handed completed St. Paul's in the course of thirty-five years from the laying of the foundation-stone; while St. Peter's was the work of more than twenty architects, supported by the treasure of the Christian world, under the pontificates of nineteen successive Popes.

Nor was St. Paul's the work of an undistracted attention. In a manuscript book of the transactions of the privy council, in possession of Mr. Elmes when he wrote the Life of Wren, the architect's name occurs in almost every page. Petitions are constantly referred to the "surveyor-general," in order that he may make personal inspection and report. At one time we find him despatched to Knightsbridge, to report whether the site of a projected brewhouse be sufficiently remote from town; and a few days after he is ordered to report on certain buildings erecting in the rear of St. Giles's Church contrary to proclamation. Nobody but Sir Christopher Wren could be found to make proper arrangements for the accommodation of "the Mayor, Aldermen, and officers of this city, and also of the livery of the twelve companies," in Bow Church. To him was intrusted the task of designing and erecting a mausoleum for Charles I., and afterwards for Queen Mary. He was appointed by the Royal Society, in conjunction with Evelyn, to conduct the sale of Chelsea College to Government. Upon him devolved the task of detecting and abating all nuisances, irregular buildings, defects in drainage, &c., that might prove prejudicial to public health or the beauty of the Court end of the town. These tasks imposed upon him much personal exertion and extensive and intricate calculations. In 1762 we find him engaged laying out a new road to Stepney, and in 1692 the new road from Hyde Park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[A Parallel of some of the principal Towers and Steeples built by Sir Christopher Wren.]

Corner to Kensington. The Royal Exchange, the Monument, Temple Bar, Chelsea Hospital, many of the Halls of the great companies, seventeen churches of the largest parishes in London, and thirty-four out of the remaining parishes on a large scale, were rebuilt under the direction and from the designs of Wren, during the time that he was engaged upon St. Paul's. When an Act of Parliament was passed in the seventh year of the reign of Queen Anne for the erection of fifty additional churches in the cities of London and Westminster, Wren was appointed one of the commissioners for carrying on the works.*

Previous to his undertaking this new office he submitted to his colleagues a report on the proper method of conducting such an important business, pointing out the most fitting situations for new churches, the best materials to be used, the most proper dimensions, situation of the pulpit, and other necessary considerations. As we found the germ of the conception of his own St. Paul's Cathedral in his report to King Charles on the condition of the ancient structure, so we find embodied in this report to the commissioners a satisfactory exposition of his theory of ecclesiastical architecture. Wren, a man of equally balanced disposition and strong judgment, was born and had his early education in the family of a dignitary of the Church of England; his scientific and literary training and many distinctions he received at Oxford. He was emphatically a Protestant according to the views of the Church of England—an admirer of its subdued yet elegant stateliness of ritual. This feeling, co-operating with his fundamental principle, that in architecture use and ornament must always go hand in hand, produced his peculiar style of church-building, and must never be left out of view in attempting to estimate the character and success of that class of his works. The first object with Wren was to ascertain the proper capacity and dimensions of a church. Owing to the populousness of London, "the churches must be large; but still, in our reformed religion, it should seem vain to make a parish church larger than all who are present can both hear and see. The Romanists, indeed, may build larger churches; it is enough if they hear the murmur of the mass and see the elevation of the host; but ours are to be fitted for auditories." Having determined the most eligible size of a church upon this principle, and hinted at the variations of form and proportion of which it was susceptible, he proceeds to the internal arrangement—the distribution of the area and the position of the pulpit:—"Concerning the placing of the pulpit, I shall observe a moderate voice may be heard fifty feet distant before the preacher, thirty feet on each side, and twenty behind the pulpit, and not this unless the pronunciation be distinct and equal, without losing the voice at the last word of the sentence, which is commonly emphatical, and if obscured spoils the whole sense." Upon the useful he superinduces his external ornament, taking care that there shall be no discordance between the two:—"As to the situation of the churches I should propose they be brought as forward as possible into the larger and more open streets; not in obscure lanes, nor where coaches will be much obstructed in the passage: nor are we, I think, too nicely to observe east or west in the position unless it falls out properly. Such fronts as shall happen to lie most open to view should be adorned with porticos, both for beauty and convenience, which, together with handsome spires or lanterns, rising in good proportion above the neighbouring houses (of which I have given several examples in the City of different forms), may be of sufficient ornament to the town, without a great expense for enriching the outward walls of the churches, in which plainness and duration ought principally, if not wholly, to be studied. When a parish is divided, I suppose it may be thought sufficient if the mother-church has a tower large enough for a good ring of bells, and the other churches smaller towers for two or three bells." Wren had a just conception of what was required from the architect in our climate and state of society. The Grecian temple was a dark and narrow sanctuary, externally adorned. The Gothic cathedral was a vast hall for the processions of a gorgeous ritual, in climates not always favourable to out-of-doors display. The public buildings of England are places for assemblies in which men can hear and understand each other, or for the display of works of art. If ever we are to have an English architecture worthy to rank alongside of English literature, English statesmanship, and English science, the use of our buildings must be made the first consideration, and their external form must be made not incongruous with—immediately derivative from—that use. This truth Wren felt and made his guide on all occasions. His extensive scientific acquirements enabled him to give that firmness and solid consistency to his structures which alone is susceptible of receiving and retaining high finish and ornament. The outlines of his works (see the accompanying parallel) are, like all his conceptions, at once stately and graceful. If there be occasionally deficiency or even faultiness, in his ornaments of detail, that is owing to his limited acquaintance with the architecture of different ages and nations, and not unfrequently to his work having been stunted by a scantiness of funds.

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* 1. St. Dunstan's in the East.—2. St. Magnus.—3. St. Benet, Gracechurch Street.—4. St. Edmund the King, Lombard Street.—5. St. Margaret Pattens.—6. Allhallows the Great.—7. St. Mary Abchurch.—8. St. Michael, Cornhill.—9. St. Lawrence, Jewry.—10. St. Benet Fink.—11. St. Bartholomew.—12. St. Michael, Queenhithe.—13. St. Michael Royal.—14. St. Antholin, Watling Street.—15. St. Stephen, Walbrook.—16. St. Swithen, Cannon-Street.—17. St. Mary-le-Bow.—18. Christ Church, Newgate Street.—19. St. Nicholas, Cole Abbey.—20. St. Mildred, Bread Street.—21. St. Augustin, Watling Street.—22. St. Mary Somerset.—23. St. Martin, Ludgate.—24. St. Andrew by the Wardrobe.—25. St. Bride, Fleet Street. The scale is expressed by St. Paul's in the background.

There is a curious question connected with the building of St. Paul's, regarding the origin of Freemasonry. Herder in one of his fugitive pieces asserts (but without stating his authority) that Freemasonry (meaning thereby modern European Freemasonry—the Freemasonry of St. John, as it is called) had its origin during the erection of the cathedral, in a prolonged jest of Wren and some of his familiar associates. Herder's story is that, on the stated days on which Wren was accustomed to inspect the progress of the building he and his friends were accustomed to dine at a house in the neighbourhood; that a club was thus formed, which by degrees introduced a formula of initiation, and rules for the conduct of the members expressed in symbolical language, derived from the masonic profession. Similar jocular affectations of mystery are not uncommon: an interesting instance is mentioned by Göthe in his 'Dichtung und Wahrheit,' in which he took a prominent part during his residence in Wetzlar. It seems rather corroborative of Herder's assertion, that, while the biographers of Wren mention the attendance of the lodge of Freemasons, of which he was the master, remony of placing the highest stone of the lantern, no mention is made ttendance at the laying of the foundation-stone. It is also worth notice that every lodge in Great Britain (and we may add on the Continent) is an off-shoot from that one lodge of which Sir Christopher was so long master, now generally known by the name of the Lodge of Antiquity. It is difficult too to conceive the tolerant spirit of masonry—its recognition of the personal worth of men irrespective of their opinions as their sole title to esteem, adopted by any body of men, while the inhabitants of Europe were growing into thinkers through the fever-fit of sectarianism. The age and nation in which Milton defended the liberty of the press, Taylor advocated the "liberty of prophesying," and Locke wrote in defence of toleration, are the first in which we can well fancy an association imbued with that principle to originate. Lastly; there are several circumstances connected with Wren's general career, and with the building of St. Paul's in particular, which seem to be mirrored in masonry. We pronounce no decided opinion on Herder's assertion—leaving the history of masonry, as far as we are concerned, in a state of dubiety, which seems more congenial than clear knowledge to such a mysterious institution. Should any zealous mason grumble at our implied scepticism regarding the great antiquity claimed by his order, we would respectfully remark that Sir Christopher Wren is as respectable a founder as he has any chance of getting—that he "may go farther and fare worse."

Wren* was a man well qualified for drawing around him an intellectual and social circle of acquaintances. His talents were of the highest order, and he had overlooked no branch of knowledge cultivated in his day. Evelyn, in his Diary, says—"1654, July 11. After dinner I visited *that miracle of a youth*, Mr. Christopher Wren, nephew to the Bishop of Ely;" and in his '*Sculpturæ*, or History of Chalcography,' "Such at present is *that rare and early prodigy of universal science*, Dr. Christopher Wren, our worthy and accomplished friend." His Latin composition is elegant; his mathematical demonstrations original and perspicuous. In 1658 he solved the problem proposed by Pascal as a challenge to the scientific men of England; and proposed another in return, which was never answered. In his fifteenth year he was employed by Sir Charles Scarborough, an eminent lecturer on anatomy, as his demonstrating assistant; and he assisted Willis in his dissections for a treatise on the brain, published in 1664, for which he made the drawings. His anniversary address to the Royal Society, in 1664, bears testimony to the comprehensive and varied range of his intellect, as also to his constant recurrence to observation as the fountain and corrector of theory. With the characteristic carelessness of true genius, he freely communicated the progress and results of his inquiries unchecked by any paltry anxiety to set his own mark upon them before he gave them currency. The earlier annals of the Royal Society bear record that many small men have plumed themselves upon inventions and discoveries which really were Wren's, but which he did not take the trouble to reclaim. His was a social disposition, and the workings of his intellect afforded one of his means of promoting the enjoyment of society. It is a flattering testimony to his temper, that during his long life he seems never to have lost a friend. Steele, in his sketch of Wren, under the name of Nestor, in the Tatler, dwells with emphasis on his modesty:—"his personal modesty overthrew all his public actions"—"the modest man built the city, and the modest man's skill was unknown." It was, however, no sickly modesty—the want of a proper consciousness of his own strength. The bitter tears he wept when forced to abandon his original design for St. Paul's, are a proof how truly he estimated its value. When told one morning that a hurricane which occurred in the night had damaged all the steeples in London, he answered, with his quiet smile,—"Not St. Dunstan's, I am sure." There are passages in his Reports to the Commissioners, already quoted, conceived in the very spirit in which Milton announced his hope to compose something which future ages "would not willingly let die." An anecdote of Sir Dudley North, preserved by his brother Roger, conveys a distinct notion of Sir Christopher's conversation:—"He (*Sir* Dudley) was so great a lover of building, that St. Paul's, then well advanced, was his ordinary walk: there was scarce a course of stones laid, while we lived together, over which we did not walk. . . . . We usually went there on Saturdays, which were Sir Christopher Wren's days, who was the surveyor; and we commonly got a snatch of discourse with him, who, like a true philosopher, was always obliging and communicative, and in every matter we inquired about gave short but satisfactory answers." His equanimity supported him when the intrigues of German adventurers deprived him of the post of surveyor-general after the death of Queen Anne. "He then," observes his son, "betook himself to a country life, saying only with the stoic, *Nunc me jubet fortuna expeditius philosophari;* in which recess, free from worldly affairs, he passed the five last years of his life in contemplation and study, and principally in the consolation of the Holy Scriptures;—cheerful in solitude, and as well pleased to die in the shade as in the light." It is said—and it must be true—that the greatest enjoyment of his latter days was an occasional journey to London to feast his eyes upon St. Paul's. On one of these occasions he was residing in St. James's Street. He had accustomed himself to take a nap after dinner, and on the 25th of February, 1723, the servant who constantly attended him, thinking he slept longer than usual, went into his apartment and found him dead in his chair.

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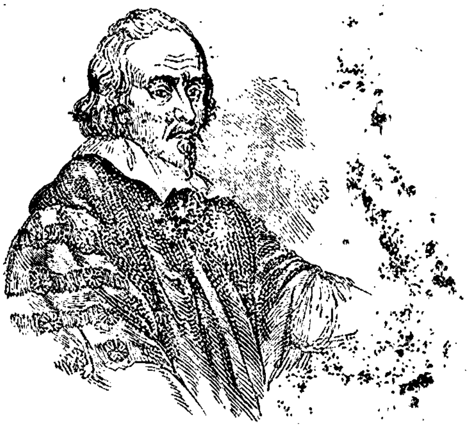
* Born 1631; died 1723.

His mortal relics are deposited beneath the dome of St. Paul's, and his epitaph may be understood in a wider sense than even of that sublime interior: it embraces not merely the British metropolis, but every region where one man is to be found who has benefited by the light which Wren, and his associates in philosophical inquiry, were so instrumental in kindling:—

SI MONUMENTUM REQUIRIS CIRCUMSPICE.



[Harvey, from a portrait by Cornelius Jansen.]

XXVII.—THE COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS.

If the skill of our ancient physicians bore any proportion to the lofty pretensions of their studies, great indeed must have been their success. We are apt to fancy that no inconsiderable number of the members of the profession in modern times are distinguished for learning; but what are their attainments to those of Chaucer's "Doctor of Physic" in the fourteenth century? Are they, like him, "grounded in astronomy" (or astrology—the words were at that time almost synonymous)? Can they, as he is represented to have done, during

"——— all maladies,
Of ghastly spasm, or racking torture, qualms
Of heart-sick agony, all feverous kinds,
Convulsions, epilepsies, fierce catarrhs,
Intestine stone, and ulcer, colic pangs,"—

can they, we ask, keep the patient "in houres" by their "magic natural;" or, in other words, so regulate the crisis of the disease that it shall only happen when the favourable house is in the "ascendant?" We verily believe that not one of them would ever know the decisive aspect of the heavens when it had arrived. Perhaps, to use Wallenstein's astrological phraseology,

"Jupiter,
That lustrous god, was setting at their birth—
Their visual power subdues no mysteries."

Certainly they have no faith in these lofty matters. They will not even credit Roger Bacon when he says "astronomy is the better part of medicine;" and were John of Gatisden (the first English court physician) himself to revive, we make no doubt they would laugh to scorn his skill in physiognomy; his projected treatise on chiromancy, or fortune-telling; his sovereign remedies of the blood of modesty—the want of a proper consciousness of his own strength. The bitter tears he wept when forced to abandon his original design for St. Paul's, are a proof how truly he estimated its value. When told one morning that a hurricane which occurred in the night had damaged all the steeples in London, he replied, with his quiet smile,—"Not St. Dunstan's, I am sure." There are passages in his Reports to the Commissioners, already quoted, conceived in the very spirit in which Milton announced his hope to compose something which future ages "would not willingly let die." An anecdote of Sir Dudley North, preserved by his brother Roger, conveys a distinct notion of Sir Christopher's conversation:—"He (Sir Dudley) was so great a lover of building, that St. Paul's, then well advanced, was his ordinary walk: there was scarce a course of stones laid, while we lived together, over which we did not walk. . . . . We usually went there on Saturdays, which were Sir Christopher Wren's days, who was the surveyor; and we commonly got a snatch of discourse with him, who, like a true philosopher, was always obliging and communicative, and in every matter we inquired about gave short but satisfactory answers." His equanimity supported him when the intrigues of German adventurers deprived him of the post of surveyor-general after the death of Queen Anne. "He then," observes his son, "betook himself to a country life, saying only with the stoic, *Nunc me jubet fortuna expeditius philosophari;* in which recess, free from worldly affairs, he passed the five last years of his life in contemplation and study, and principally in the consolation of the Holy Scriptures;—cheerful in solitude, and as well pleased to die in the shade as in the light." It is said—and it must be true—that the greatest enjoyment of his latter days was an occasional journey to London to feast his eyes upon St. Paul's. On one of these occasions he was residing in St. James's Street. He had accustomed himself to take a nap after dinner, and on the 25th of February, 1723, the servant who constantly attended him, thinking he slept longer than usual, went into his apartment and found him dead in his chair.

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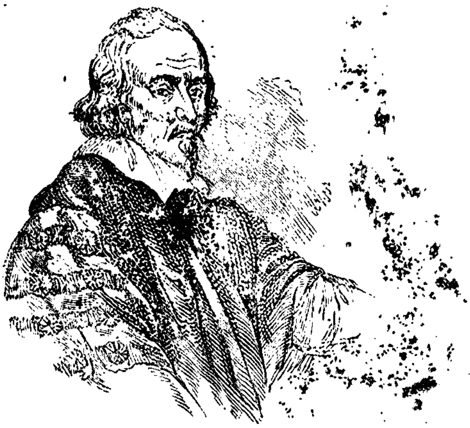

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Aristotle and Galen in their original tongue. He translated parts of both writers into the Latin, and in a style remarkable for its purity and elegance. Erasmus, sending a copy of one of the translations to a friend, says, "I present you with the works of Galen, now, by the help of Linacre, speaking better Latin than they even before spoke Greek." On his return to Oxford he received the degree of M.D. He there read temporary lectures in medicine, and taught the Greek language. His reputation soon attracted the attention of Henry VII., who called him to court, and confided to his care both the health and education of his son, Prince Arthur. A striking evidence of his medical skill is preserved in the well-known fact of his warning to his friend Lilly, the eminent grammarian, that if he allowed an operation to be performed on him according to the advice he had received, it would be fatal. The warning was not taken, and Lilly died. We must not omit to add to this brief account of a remarkable and highly estimable man, that he was one of the first to give England the benefit of the general European revival of classical learning.

But a still more important claim to the gratitude of his countrymen was to signalize the latter years of Linacre than any we have yet mentioned. Circumstances, of a terrible nature at the time, forwarded the developement of the great physician's plan. The sweating sickness raged with fearful violence in London prior to the year 1518. The infected died within three hours after the first appearance of the disease; half the population in many places were swept away; the administration of justice was suspended; the Court itself shifted about from one part to another, in undisguised alarm. Linacre now appears to have opened to Cardinal Wolsey his scheme of a College of Physicians, to exercise a superintendence over the education and general fitness of all medical practitioners. The great Cardinal was favourable, and recommended it to his royal master; and on the 23rd of September, 1518, letters patent were granted, incorporating Linacre and others in a "perpetual Commonalty, or Fellowship, of the Faculty of Physic." The first meeting of the new society took place at Linacre's house, No. 5, Knight Rider Street, a building known as the Stonehouse, which he gave to the College, and which still belongs to it. In about 1522 the King's charter was confirmed by Parliament, and the power of licensing practitioners transferred from the Church to the College. Various acts have been subsequently passed, regulating its constitution and rights, which we pass over as being interesting rather to the medical than to the general reader. At present the College consists of two orders—Fellows and Licentiates; the latter consisting of all those persons who have received the College *licence* to practise, and the former chosen, from the Licentiates, to form the governing body of the Society. From the latter of course are elected the President, the Censors, and other officers of the College. In the "Regulations," issued December 22, 1838, it is stated that "Every candidate for a diploma in medicine, upon presenting himself for examination, shall produce satisfactory evidence—1. Of unimpeached moral character; 2. Of having completed the twenty-sixth year of his age; and, 3. Of having devoted himself for five years at least to the study of medicine," both in theory and practice, and in all its branches. A "competent knowledge of Greek" is desired, but not indispensable; the College "cannot, however, on any account dispense with a familiar knowledge of the Latin language, as constituting an essential part of a liberal education." The examinations, conducted at certain periods before the board of Censors, are equally open to foreigners and natives; and the College is "prepared to regard in the same light, and address by the same appellation, all who have obtained its diploma, whether they have graduated elsewhere or not."

About the period of the accession of Charles I., the College removed from Knight Rider Street to the bottom of Amen Corner, where they took a house from the dean and chapter of St. Paul's, of which they purchased the leasehold. Here the most illustrious of English medical discoverers, Harvey, erected an elegantly furnished convocation-room, and a museum in the garden, filled with choice books from his own library, and furnished with surgical instruments. In this very convocation-room were most probably delivered the Lumleian lectures; in one of which, about 1615, he is supposed to have first promulgated the great theory of the circulation of the blood, which completely revolutionized the art of medicine, but which he did not fully demonstrate till 1628. To their honour be it spoken, the members of the College appear to have supported Harvey throughout all the trials which this new heresy in physic brought upon its author. His practice fell off considerably; the popular feeling was greatly excited against him; and altogether he suffered so much, that he determined in the bitterness of his spirit to publish no more; and it was only by great persuasion that one of his friends, Sir George Ent, obtained the manuscript of his 'Exercitations on the Generation of Animals,' for publication, after it had lain for many years useless. No wonder, therefore, that the illustrious physician was gratified when the College placed his statue in their hall during his lifetime. The 2nd of February, 1652, was also a proud day to Harvey, for it exhibited the depth of his gratitude. On that day he invited all the members to a splendid entertainment; and then placed before them a deed of gift of the entire premises he had built and furnished—convocation-room, museum, and library. He subsequently (in 1656, or the year before his death) increased these donations by the assignment of a farm, of the then value of 56*l.* per annum, his paternal estate, to defray the expenses of an anniversary feast, and for the establishment of an annual Latin oration. During the long period that Harvey was connected with the College, he appears to have taken an active part in their proceedings, some of which, in connexion with the examination of "empericks," present a very curious insight into the delusions practised upon the people. Our notice of the more interesting cases on record cannot perhaps be better introduced than by a curious extract we have chanced upon in a tract in the British Museum, published during Harvey's life, and which describes with remarkable minuteness the many varieties of character that constituted the great host of pretenders with which the College had then to deal. It is long, but we cannot persuade ourselves to injure its completeness by mutilation:—"The first that we meet with, who will needs be physicians, are those who truly are not educated and instructed to this, but prompt of nature; whose genius leads them into it, say they, and are cut out and configurated for it; whose base inclination and the tickling itch of gain is the *ascendant;* daring anything, which they have heard to have profited others, without any disquisition, cognition, and discrimination of causes. . . . . . Others, that are vulgar physicians, had rather heal vulgar only, and to these they give their counsels: some also of favour only, and being asked; but the most part for the ambition of honour, that they might be esteemed of wise men, possess this innate kind of vice. Of the same sort are those deceivers who would seem to be rich, and therefore give all their ministrations gratis, to the destruction or casual health of the people. To these succeed they who covet not monies, but gifts, lest they should seem below the condition of great and noble men, and deserve nothing, they say, but do it for a common good. The like to these are they who confess truly they are not physicians, but have great skill in physic, and have their secrets and receipts from kings, emperors, queens, and great ladies: for these are wont to suborn the middle sort of people, which do extol the price of the medicine. Others there are who turn themselves into physicians, who have been old soldiers, and now left the wars; (these) brag of and show their wounds, and thereby think and persuade themselves they have got great experience. Some of the clergy also, priests, and poor scholars, that have nothing else to do, must needs turn physicians. Some, silenced ministers, and ousted of their benefices, lay hold on Physic, and commit force and violence to her body; that if one fails, t'other may hold; and think their Latin, and their coat, the grand charter to entitle them to the practice in physic. There are a generation also who pretend to Astrology, Chiromancy, (and why not to Coscinomancy?) to Physiognomy too; (and who) dare tamper with physic, and by schemes, angles, and configurations, predict not only diseases, but the cure also, and do think themselves able physicians; and the rather, because they are now masters of art in, and instituted by, the heavenly Academy and College of Stars. Others scribble upon paper, (not the innoxious words of Salomon) but characters, charms as they call them, whereby diseases as well as devils are chased away, and cross themselves before and behind, lest the devil should take them away, writing powerful words. There are also who are well known in divers idioms, and pretend to speak Chaldaic, Arabic, or Dalmatiac, and are loaden with many arts. . . . . Many of these know nothing less than to make the philosopher's stone, and carry about them propagable mines, with a perpetual ferment. There are they again who pretend to be baptized Jews (more wicked than the not baptized), who have learned from the Cabala to mortify Mercury diverse ways, and also to prepare poisons variously, which are good against all diseases, and many more. They brag of the Hebrew tongue to contain the fundaments of all sciences and the grand secrets of states and commonwealths, and are big with the pre-knowledge of futures. They often cite their Rabbines, the book of Nebolohu, with the little Key of Salomon, from whence they can read things past as well as to come. Others assert the medical art to be hereditary, and to run in the line of their own progeny, although they be all fools or knaves. And then at last, if these cannot be accounted of among men, they have a sure card they think to play, and to be sure they will be received among women; and to that end brag of the cosmetic faculty, of sweet ointments, oils, and perfumes, and the art to preserve their beauty, or repair it if ruined; and a hundred to one if they have not a fling at the celestial stone, too, of Armenia, whereby they can cure a large catalogue of diseases; for these are cut out of the same hide with Greeks and Jews; anything will serve to cheat the credulous vulgar of their money."* Alas! how true the aphorism remains to this day! The proceedings against these and earlier empirics were collected by Dr. Goodall in 1684, and added to his work entitled 'The Royal College of Physicians.' It commences soon after the foundation of the society, and continues till some few years after Harvey's death. A great number of persons were examined during this period; the examination generally ending in a fine, and in an order to practise no more. Contumacious individuals were not unfrequently imprisoned. We extract a few of the cases:—

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* 'The Vanity of the Craft of Physic,' by Noah Briggs, Chymiatrophilos, 1651.

"In the fourth year of this King's (Edward VI.) reign, one Grig, a poulterer of Surrey, taken among the people for a prophet, in curing of divers diseases by word and prayer, and saying he would not take money, &c., was, by command of the Earl of Warwick and other of the council, set on a scaffold in the town of Croydon, in Surrey, with a paper on his breast, whereon was written his deceitful and hypocritical dealings; and after that, on the 8th of September, set on a pillory in Southwark." "Of the like counterfeit physician," says Stow, "have I noted (in the Summary of my Chronicles, anno 1382) to be set on horseback, his face to the horse's tail, the same tail in his hand as a bridle, a collar" (not of SS) "about his neck, a whetstone on his breast, and so led through the City of London with ringing of basons, and banished."

In Queen Elizabeth's reign, "Paul Buck, a very impudent and ignorant empiric," was sent to the Compter in Wood Street; upon which no less a personage than Sir Francis Walsingham wrote to request his discharge. Other noble persons also interfered in his favour, but without effect. Sir Francis frequently appears in the light of a petitioner for oppressed "empericks," in behalf too of her Majesty. He thus writes to Dr. Gifford concerning one Margaret Kennix:— "Whereas heretofore by her Majesty's commandment upon the pitiful complaint of Margaret Kennix I wrote unto Dr. Symonds, the president of your college and fellowship of physicians within the City, signifying how that it was her Highness's pleasure that the poor woman should be permitted by you quietly to practise and minister to the curing of diseases and wounds, by the means of certain simples, in the application whereof it seemeth God hath given her an especial knowledge, to the benefit of the poorer sort, and chiefly for the better maintenance of her impotent husband and charge of family, who wholly depend of the exercise of her skill. Forasmuch as I am now informed she is restrained either by you, or some other of your college, contrary to her Majesty's pleasure, to practise any longer her said manner of ministering of simples, as she hath done, whereby her undoing is likely to ensue, unless she may be permitted to continue the use of her knowledge on that behalf; I shall therefore desire you forthwith to take order amongst yourselves for the re-admitting her into the quiet exercise of her small talent, lest by the renewing of her complaint to her Majesty through your hard dealing towards her, you procure further inconvenience thereby to yourself than perhaps you should be willing to fall out." In these last lines, the wilful daughter of Henry VIII. speaks as plainly as if she had herself written and signed them. The College, however, while highly respectful, was exceedingly firm, pleading its rights, and the utility of their preservation for the general good. In this, as in similar cases, they gained the day.

"Simon Forman, a pretended astrologer and great impostor, appearing before the president and censors, confessed that he had practised physic in England sixteen years, and two years in London. . . . He boasted that he made use of no other help for the discovery of distemper but his Ephemerides, and that by the heavenly signs, aspects and constellations of the planets, he could presently know every disease. Being examined in the principles of *astronomy* as well as in the elements of physic, he answered so absurdly and ridiculously, that it caused great sport and mirth amongst the auditors." He was fined and reprimanded, but, continuing to practise, the College committed him to prison two or three years afterwards, when he was discharged by the Lord Keeper (Burghley). In a few months he was again imprisoned, and when he left the gaol, "he fled to Lambeth as a place of protection against the College officers;" and on his refusing once more to appear before the College, he was prosecuted at law.

Among the other cases brought before the Council in the reigns of Elizabeth, James, and Charles I., was that of Francis Anthony, who killed patients with an "aurum potabile;" Mrs. Woodhouse, a famous empiric living at Kingsland, who being "examined of the virtues of medicines, and asked first her opinion of pepper, she said it was cold: violets and strawberries, cold and dry," and who cured people "bewitched and planet-struck;" George Butler, who, being a "king's servant, refused to come till twice cited, and then showed a licence from his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury;" (his charges and mode of obtaining payment seem to have been as peculiar as his practice: to one woman "he gave 25 pills, for which he expected 30*s*. a-piece; to another he gave 4 purges, and had her petticoat in pawn;") and Dr. Leighton, a Scotch puritan preacher, who, for the publication of a book reflecting upon the Queen and the bishops, had been so infamously treated by the Star Chamber of Laud and Charles I. "He said he practised under his doctor's degree taken at Leyden; but giving no satisfaction, and being perverse as to ecclesiastical affairs," was interdicted. He then endeavoured to procure a licence, which was refused on account of his being in holy orders. "But he still persisting to practise in London or within seven miles, he was arrested, and afterwards censured, *tanquam infamis*, he having been censured in the Star Chamber, and lost his ears." We conclude with two of not the least curious cases of the whole. In the examination of John Lamb occurs the following passage:—"Being asked in astrology what house he looketh unto to know a disease, or the event of it, and how the Lord Ascendant should stand thereto—he answereth, he looks for the sixth house: which being *disproved*, he saith he understands nothing therein." It is evident from this as well as from Forman's examination that the censors of the College themselves dabbled occasionally in astrological learning. The last case is thus recorded:—"In the 12th year of the King's (Charles I.) reign, an order was sent to the College from the Star Chamber to examine the pretended cures of one Leverett, who said that he was a seventh son, and undertook the curing of several diseases by stroaking." Accordingly various examinations took place, and very amusing it is to read the account of the experiments performed in them before the grave censors, and other learned fellows of the College, who watched from day to day the results of the "stroaking" process on the patients brought to be submitted to it. On more than one occasion we find the name of *Harvey* among the examiners. Of course the imposture or delusion was exposed; but it sounds somewhat strangely when we hear it stated in aggravation of his offence by "W. Clowes, Serjeant-Surgeon to his Majesty," that he, Leverett, "scornfully slighteth his Majesty's sacred gift of healing (by his blessed hand) that disease commonly called the King's evil, in comparison to *his* cure; to the dishonour of his Majesty amongst his subjects." It would be difficult now to discover why "stroaking" should not be as good as "touching." With all its triumphs, learning has much to look back upon in its annals, from which it should derive lessons of toleration and humility.

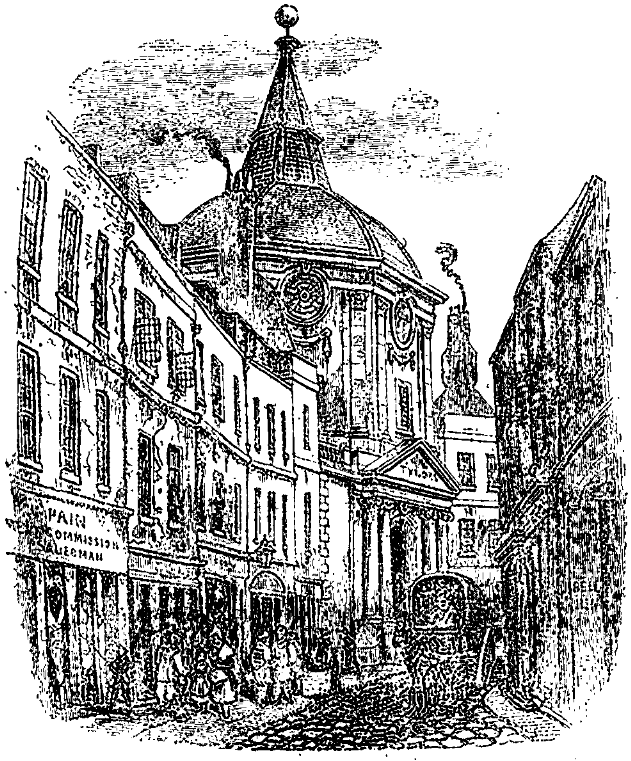
We have neither space nor desire to enter into the question of the disputes in which the College has been engaged; it would be much better to let them be forgotten in the oblivion towards which they are tending. How fiercely these controversies have raged may be judged from the fact that between 1665 and 1810 above fifty pamphlets are known to have been published. Many amusing passages might be culled from this overwhelming mass of disputation. From the "Elegy on the Death of Thomas Saffold" it appears that the Physicians attacked the empirics with their pen as well as with their Acts of Parliament.

"Lament, ye damsels of our London city,
Poor unprovided girls, though fair and witty;
Who masked would to his house in couples come
To understand your matrimonial doom;
To know what kind of men you were to marry,
And how long time, poor things, you were to tarry.
Your oracle is silent: none can tell
On whom his astrologic mantle fell.
For he when sick refused the Doctor's aid,
And only to his pills devotion paid;
Yet it was surely a most sad disaster,
The saucy pills at last should kill their master."

The "Reasons humbly offered by the Company exercising the trade and mystery of Upholder (or Undertaker), against part of the Bill for the better viewing, searching, and examining Drugs and Medicines" (in 1724), humorously ridicules the opposition made to the passing of the act in question. We have only space for the following extract:—"As the Company have an undisputed right in, and upon, the bodies of all and every the subjects of this kingdom, we conceive the passing of this bill, though not absolutely depriving them of their said right, might keep them out of possession by unreasonable delay, to the great detriment of that Company and their numerous families. We hope it will be considered, that there are multitudes of necessitous heirs and penurious parents, persons in pinching circumstances with numerous families of children, wives that have lived long, many robust aged women with great jointures, elder brothers with bad understandings, single heirs of great estates, whereby the collateral line is for ever excluded, reversionary patents and reversionary promises of preferment, leases upon single lives, and play debts upon joint lives; and that the persons so aggrieved have no hope of being speedily relieved any other way than by the dispensing of drugs and medicines in the manner they now are; burying alive being judged repugnant to the known laws of the kingdom." There is also one interesting feature of these squabbles which may be noticed without breaking the rule we have set down for our guidance; we refer to the dispute between the College and the Apothecaries' Company. Towards the close of the seventeenth century the apothecaries of London began generally to prescribe as well as dispense medicines. The College resisted this inroad on their domain; and established, by way of retaliation it is said, a Dispensary at their hall for the sale of medicines to the poor at prime cost. An animated literary war now broke out; and amongst the other productions of the occasion was Garth's satirical poem of 'The Dispensary.' We cannot better commence our description of the edifice in Warwick Lane than with a brief extract from the witty physician's verses:—

"Not far from that most celebrated place [*]
Where angry Justice shows her awful face,
Where little villains must submit to fate,
That great ones may enjoy the world in state,
There stands a dome, majestic to the sight,
And sumptuous arches bear its awful height;
A golden globe, placed high with artful skill,
Seems to the distant sight a gilded pill."

The removal of the College from Amen Corner was owing to the fire of London, which entirely destroyed the buildings, including those erected by Harvey, the statue of the latter, and the library, with the exception of about 120 folio volumes. For the next few years the members met at the house of the President.



[The Old College, Warwick Lane, 1841.]

In 1669 a piece of ground was purchased in Warwick Lane, and in 1670 the edifice was begun, from a design by Sir Christopher Wren. It was opened in

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[*] Newgate.

1674, under the presidency of Sir George Ent. We need not describe the front of this building; Garth's verses and the engraving convey a sufficient idea. The general style of the architecture, we may observe, can scarcely be said to be worthy of the genius that produced St. Paul's. It was, however, a sumptuously decorated building in the interior, as, fortunately, we may yet see; though our local historians generally pass it without particular notice. Since the last removal of the society, this their once favourite and splendid hall has been sadly desecrated. The octangular porch of entrance, forty feet in diameter, no longer exhibits on its floor "the dust, brushed off from learned feet;"—no longer now, as of old, does the costermonger of the neighbouring market peep into that mysterious place, and wonder whether its owners, who worked such miracles upon every body else, ever allowed themselves to die;—no longer does the young *collector* of the *Row* gaze his soul away in admiration as one of the very men themselves (gods, rather, to his credulous fancy)

"——— his entry made,
Beneath the immense full bottom's shade,
While the gilt cane with solemn pride
To each sagacious nose applied,
Seemed but a necessary prop
To bear that weight of wig at top."

Butchers and meat fill the outer porch, butchers and meat fill the quadrangle within, now so divided off and covered over for their purposes, that it is some time before one can distinguish the outline of the court, or the principal buildings of the College which still surround it. The interior of the octangular pile above the porch formed the lecture-room, which is light and very lofty, being open upwards to the top of the edifice. The general shape and character of this building are preserved throughout; the porch is octangular; there are eight exterior faces to the part above, with eight windows, and the same with the lantern over the dome. The room is now unused. Crossing the corner of the market or court to the left, we find the way to the more important part of the old College, now used in the business* of the gentlemen to whom the entire premises belong. We are now in the entrance-hall of the building. As we look around and above at the great size and noble proportions of this place, we begin first to have a consciousness of the presence of its illustrious architect. The hall is probably sixty feet high from floor to ceiling, and perhaps about twenty-four feet by twenty square. A truly magnificent staircase runs upwards through it, the balusters most elaborately carved. The ceiling is elegantly decorated in panels. Right up the centre of the place extends a round shaft containing a geometrical staircase within, erected by the present proprietors, as the mode of communication to the rooms at the top of the building. From the staircase we pass into the dining-room, about sixty feet long by twenty-four wide, which has a ceiling that must at once excite the admiration of every visitor. It is divided into three parts; a great circle in the centre and a large oval on each side, the whole formed by very deep and elaborate stucco ornaments of foliage, flowers, &c., on a beautiful light-blue ground. Each of the figures is set in a rich border, filling up all the remaining space of the ceiling. A very broad cornice of similar character extends round the room. The oak carvings also deserve minute attention. They consist of the framework in which the rich marble of the chimney-pieces is set, the bold ornamental wreaths, &c., above, and of a gallery fixed against the wall near the ceiling, which stood formerly in the library beneath, now lost in the alterations of the College. The body of the gallery is supported by brackets carved all over, and of a very handsome massive character; and the upper rail by figures of children (instead of balusters), their lower parts merged into pedestals. The hall is lighted by five arched windows. Beyond this room is a smaller one as to length, but decorated in the same rich style. So completely is the view of the principal buildings of the college shut out from the court below by the roof with its numerous skylights thrown over the court, that but for the courtesy of the proprietors we should be unable to notice either that or the two statues of Charles II. and Sir John Cutler still existing there, and to the last of which a curious story is annexed. Passing through a window of the counting-house, however, we get on to the roof of which we have spoken, and there, walking about among the skylights projecting upwards breast high, look around us at our leisure. On the north and south are the buildings which enclose two sides of the quadrangle, formerly used as places of residence by the college officers. On the west is the principal front of the College, consisting of two chief stories, the lower decorated with Ionic pillars, the capitals of which just appear above our feet, the higher by Corinthian, and by a pediment in the centre at the top. Immediately beneath the pediment is the statue of Charles II., with a Latin inscription. Some of the stones in which it is inscribed have been removed for the formation of a window; they are preserved, however, with that care which has evidently characterized all the alterations of the proprietors, who certainly have injured the original building and its decorations as little as possible. On the east is the octangular pile, and its somewhat mean-looking dome; with the gilt ball or "pill" above, and the statue of Sir John Cutler below. "I was greatly at a loss," says Pennant, "to learn how so much respect was shown to a character so stigmatized for avarice. I think myself much indebted to Dr. Warren for the extraordinary history. It appears by the annals of the College, that in the year 1671 a considerable sum of money had been subscribed by the fellows for the erection of a new college, the old one having been consumed in the great fire eight years before. It also appears that Sir John Cutler, a near relation of Dr. Whistler, the president, was desirous of becoming a benefactor. A committee was appointed to wait upon Sir John to thank him for his kind intentions. He accepted their thanks, renewed his promise, and specified the part of the building of which he intended to bear the expense. In the year 1680 statues in honour of the king and Sir John were voted by the members; and nine years afterwards, the College being then completed, it was resolved to borrow money of Sir John Cutler to discharge the College debt; but the sum is not specified. It appears, however, that in 1699 Sir John's executors made a demand on the College of seven thousand pounds, which sum was supposed to include the money actually lent—the money pretended to be given, *but set down as a debt in Sir John's books*—and the interest on both. Lord Radnor, however, and Mr. Boulter, Sir John Cutler's executors, were prevailed on to accept two thousand pounds from the College, and actually remitted the other five. So that Sir John's promise, which he never performed, obtained him the statue, and the liberality of his executors has kept it in its place ever since. But the College wisely have obliterated the inscription which, in the warmth of its gratitude, it had placed beneath the figure—

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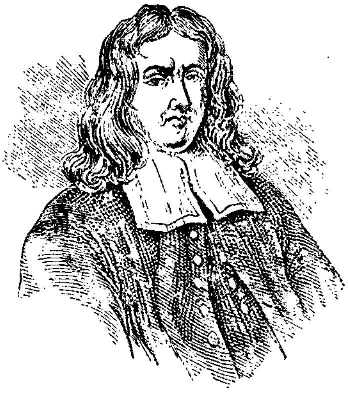
* Braziers and Brass Founders.

OMNIS CUTLERI CEDAT LABOR AMPHITHEATRO."

In this building the fellows of the College continued to hold their meetings till 1825, when, as Dr. Macmichael observes in his interesting little volume, 'The Gold-headed Cane,'—"The change of fashion having overcome the *genius loci*," they removed to their present building at the corner of Pall Mall East and Trafalgar Square. Thither let us follow them.

This elegant building, erected by Sir R. Smirke, was opened on the 25th of June, 1825, with a Latin oration delivered by the President, Sir Henry Halford. The style, as will be perceived from a glance at our engraving, is the Grecian Ionic; the portico, though not remarkable for originality, is beautiful. The interior very happily confirms the promise of the exterior. An air of sumptuous elegance reigns throughout, made only the more impressive by the sense of repose and dignity conveyed by the general solitude of the apartments, and by their airy and noble proportions. A door on the left of the entrance-hall leads into the dining-room, lighted by a range of six windows overlooking Trafalgar Square, and having a chastely beautiful ceiling. Pillars of green and white marble (imitation) decorate the northern end of the room. Over the fireplace is a fine portrait of a fine face, that of Hamey, the eminent physician of the period of the Commonwealth, of whom it has been said, "He was a consummate scholar without pedantry, a complete philosopher without any taint of infidelity, learned without vanity, grave without moroseness, solemn without preciseness, pleasant without levity, regular without formality, nice without effeminacy, generous without prodigality, and religious without hypocrisy." When, during the civil wars, the property of the College at Amen Corner was condemned, as part of the possessions of the Church, and put up to public auction, Dr. Hamey became the purchaser, and two years later settled it in perpetuity on the College. A valuable MS. of Hamey's is preserved in the library—his notes and criticisms on Aristophanes. Here also are the portraits of Sir Edmund King, and Dr. Freind, the well-known historian of medicine. King was one among the philosophers of his time to exhibit the experiment of the transfusion of blood. He caused, for instance, the blood of a young dog to be transfused into the veins of one almost blind with age, and which could hardly move: in two hours it began to leap and frisk. It was probably while exhibiting some of these experiments before Charles II., who had a taste for experimental philosophy, that the King suddenly fell on the floor as if dead. Dr. King, without waiting for the advice of the royal physicians, which must have come too late, boldly put aside the danger to himself in case of failure, and immediately bled the Monarch, who then recovered his senses. The Council ordered him a reward of a thousand pounds for this service, *which was never paid.* The portrait of Dr. Freind, in his full-bottomed wig and brown velvet coat, reminds us of an anecdote creditable alike to the profession and human nature. During the ministry of Sir Robert Walpole, Freind was elected member for Launceston, and distinguished himself by some able speeches against the policy of the government. He was supposed to have had a hand in Bishop Atterbury's plot, as it was designated, for the restoration of the Stuarts—at all events he spoke in the prelate's favour. He was consequently committed to the Tower in 1722, the Habeas Corpus Act being at the period suspended. Here he lay for some months, during which his practice, of course, passed into other hands, but chiefly into his friend Mead's. This admirable man, however, exerted himself to the utmost to procure Freind's release, which he was at last enabled to accomplish through the minister's requiring his own medical assistance. Mead went, urged everything he could think in favour of the captive, and finally refused to prescribe till Freind was set at liberty. Scarcely had the liberated physician reached his home, when Mead presented him with five thousand guineas, being the sum he had received from Freind's patients during his imprisonment! An act like this must have made that imprisonment ever afterwards appear to Freind the brightest spot in his lifetime, whilst the world derived a considerable benefit from the same event. In the Tower Freind wrote the entertaining and valuable history we have mentioned.

Returning to the entrance hall, and ascending the stairs which turn off to the right and to the left towards the gallery or landing on the top, we cannot but pause a moment to admire the exceedingly beautiful character and proportion of this part of the building. Here are a pair of folding doors in front leading into the library, and a single door on the right opening upon the Censor's room. This apartment, with its rich oak panelling and pillared walls, is rich in pictures and busts, and in the almost interminable series of memories which invest these works of art with a higher interest than art alone can bestow.



Sydenham, from a portrait by M. Beale.

Sydenham is here, with his fine massive face and his long and flowing silvery hair. During the civil wars he commanded a troop of horse under the King. Sydenham has the great merit of being the first of his profession to discard mere theory, and apply with diligence to the study of nature and facts. His practice and writings accordingly make an era in medical history. For the same reason he obtained the names of the English Hippocrates and the Father of English medicine. Here, too, is Linacre, with his small ruddy features, hollow cheeks, thoughtful eye, and particularly expressive mouth—a delightfully quaint-looking face in all its seriousness. Over this picture are the College arms in oak, with the shield richly emblazoned. Sir Thomas Browne is here, with his interesting and poetical face richly set off by the dark shadow of his hair and of the background of the picture. His chin and upper lip are partially covered with moustaches of a brownish hue, and his beard is peaked. The penetrating yet absorbed expression of the eye strongly reminds you of the man whom nothing could disturb from his reveries. The sudden fall of the cannon-shot which failed to disturb the self-possession of Charles of Sweden whilst writing his despatches would most likely have been unperceived by Browne. "He had no sympathy with the great business of men. In that awful year when Charles I. went in person to seize five members of the Commons' House—when the streets resounded with shouts of 'Privilege of Parliament!' and the King's coach was assailed by the prophetic cry, 'To your tents, O Israel!'—in that year, in fact, when the civil war first broke out, and when most men of literary power were drawn by the excitement of the crisis into patriotic controversy on either side—appeared the calm and meditative reveries of the 'Religio Medici.' The war raged on. It was a struggle between all the elements of government. England was torn by convulsions, and red with blood. But Browne was tranquilly preparing his 'Pseudodoxia Epidemica;' as if errors about basilisks and griffins were the fatal epidemic of the time; and it was published in due order in that year, when the cause which the author advocated, as far as he could advocate anything political, lay at its last gasp. The King dies on the scaffold. The Protectorate succeeds. Men are again fighting on paper the solemn cause already decided in the field. Drawn from visions more sublime—forsaking studies more intricate and vast than those of the poetical sage of Norwich—diverging from a career bounded by the most splendid goal—foremost in the ranks shines the flaming sword of Milton: Sir Thomas Browne is lost in the quincunx of the ancient gardens; and the year 1658 beheld the death of Oliver Cromwell, and the publication of the 'Hydriotaphia.'" * The pleasant, good-humoured face of Sir Samuel Garth enlivens the censor's room. One wonders where the original of such a picture could have found a sufficient stock of ill nature to commence satirist. As the friend of Pope and Swift had certainly a great deal of wit, perhaps it was from a deficiency of ill nature that 'The Dispensary' is not a great poem! Sufficient then for its author be the fact that he was a good man. Who will not revere the memory of Garth, when they consider that to him Dryden was indebted for a suitable interment, when a personage of high rank forgot the duty he had sought? He caused the remains of the illustrious poet to be brought to Warwick Lane, and there pronounced an oration over them, then set on foot a subscription to defray the expenses of the funeral, and ultimately attended the solemnity to Westminster Abbey, where it was conveyed on the 13th of May, 1700, with a train of above a hundred coaches. Among the other portraits of the room are those of Cardinal Wolsey, Henry VIII. (which Malcolm thinks is either by or from Holbein), and Andreas Vesalius, the famous Italian anatomist, whose wild-looking aspect seems in strange harmony with his unhappy fortunes. In voyaging

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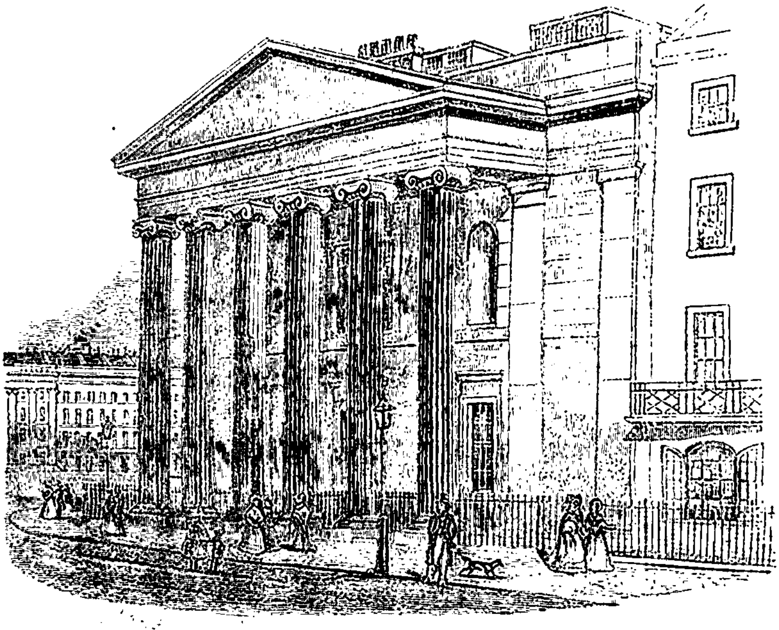
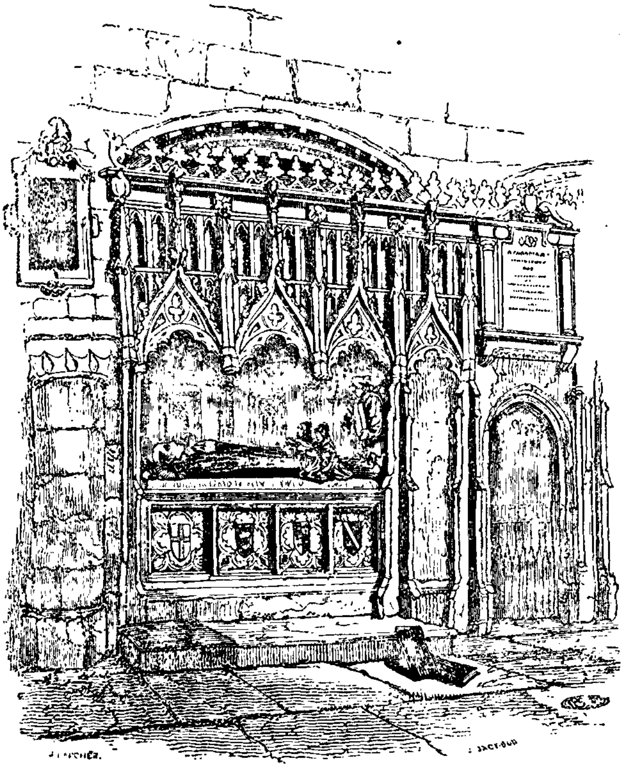
* Edinburgh Review, October, 1836.

from Padua to Venice in 1504, he was shipwrecked on the isle of Zante, and there perished by hunger. Four marble busts in addition adorn the censor's room: those of Sir Henry Halford, Sydenham, Mead, and Baillie. With an anecdote of the latter we quit this interesting apartment. Baillie was occasionally very irritable, and indisposed to attend to the details of an uninteresting story. After listening with torture to a prosing account from a lady who ailed so little that she was going to an opera that evening, he had happily escaped from the room, when he was urgently requested to step up-stairs again; it was to ask him whether on her return from the opera she might eat some oysters: "Yes, ma'am," said Baillie, "shells and all."

The library is a truly splendid room. It is very long, broad, and high, lighted by three beautiful lanterns in the ceiling, which is of the most elegant character. The walls consist of two stories, marked at intervals by flat oaken pillars below, and clusters of flat and round imitation-marble pillars above. A gallery extends along the second story all round the room, and the wall is there fitted up with bookcases, hidden by crimson curtains, containing preparations; amongst others are some of the nerves and blood-vessels constructed by Harvey, and most probably used by him in the very lectures before referred to. The books, chiefly the gift of the Marquis of Dorchester, who left his library to the College, are ranged round the walls of the lower story. From the gallery a narrow staircase leads up into a small theatre, or lecture-room, where are some interesting busts and pictures, among the latter a fine portrait of Hunter. The most interesting works of art in the library are the two portraits which adorn the compartments of the wall near the ends of the room. One is of Dr. Radcliffe, the founder of the magnificent institution at Oxford, and whose executors gave two thousand pounds towards the erection of this building. He looks serious, yet with a latent smile playing over his face, as though suddenly called to attend a patient, while the enjoyment of a just-uttered joke was as yet unsubsided. It is painted by Kneller, the conjunction of whose name with Radcliffe will remind many a reader of the anecdote concerning them. They lived next to each other in Bow Street, Covent Garden, and the painter having beautiful pleasure grounds, a door was opened for the accommodation of his friend and neighbour. In consequence of some annoyance, Sir Godfrey threatened to close up the door; to which Radcliffe replied, he might do any thing with it if he would not paint it. "Did my very good friend, Dr. Radcliffe, say so?" cried Sir Godfrey: "go you back to him, and after presenting my service to him, tell him that I can take anything from him but physic." How different the associations roused in the mind by a sight of the picture at the opposite end of the room—the portrait of Harvey, by Cornelius Jansen! And if ever portrait spoke the history of its subject, it is this. Beneath that wide expanse of brow, how forlorn a face appears! A few white hairs straggle over the lip which had so often quivered at some new and more piercing instance of the world's folly and ingratitude. That out-stretched hand there were few to grasp beyond his own immediate friends and connexions; yet hand, heart, and soul, lived and toiled and suffered but for the good of mankind. Harvey, however, was a man in fortitude as well as in every other respect; and the very studies which first disquieted him, brought him afterwards Peace. He loved his profession, and had high hopes of it. To have seen the change that has characterized the last fifty years, during which the rate of mortality has decreased nearly a third, and mainly by the efforts of the members of that profession, would have amply repaid him for all his sufferings. Perhaps he did foresee some such change. Perhaps he saw, in the dim and distant future, glimpses of a happier state of things than we have yet any conception of. Much is true that cannot be demonstrated. The world would not listen to *his* demonstrations. How does it know what glorious revelations its wilfulness, blind ridicule, and injustice may not have shut up in his grave, as in the graves of others like him?



[The New College, Pall Mall East.]



[Prior Rahere's Tomb.]

XXVIII.—THE PRIORY AND CHURCH OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW.

Of all the persons whom the mighty business of providing sustenance for the population of London leads among the pens, and crowds, and filth of the great Metropolitan beast-market—of all those whom pleasure attracts to the gingerbread, and shows, and gong-resounding din of the great Fair—or, lastly, of all those whom chance, or a dim remembrance of the popular memories of the place, its burnings, tournaments, &c., or any other motive, brings into Smithfield—we wonder how many, as they pass the south-western corner of the area, look through the ancient gateway which leads up to the still more ancient church of St. Bartholomew, with a kindly remembrance of the man (whose ashes there repose) from whom these, and most of the other interesting features and recollections of Smithfield, are directly or indirectly derived? We fear very few. Time has wrought strange changes in the scene around; and it is not at all surprising that we should forget what has ceased to be readily visible. Who could suppose, from a mere hasty glance at the comparatively mean-looking brick tower, and the narrow restricted site of St. Bartholomew, that that very edifice was once the centre, and the centre only, of the splendid church of a splendid monastery—a church which extended its spacious transepts on either side, and sent up a noble tower high into the air, to overlook, and, as it were, to guard, the stately halls, far-extending cloisters, and delightful gardens that surrounded the sacred edifice? Or, again, who would suspect that the site of this extensive establishment (now in a great measure covered with houses), and most probably the entire space of Smithfield, was, prior to the foundation of the former, nothing but a marsh "dunge and fenny," with the exception of a solitary spot of dry land, occupied by the travellers' token of civilization, a gallows? Yet such are the changes that have taken place, and for all that is valuable in them our gratitude is due to the one man to whom we have referred—Rahere.

The history of the Priory is indeed the history of this single individual; and, by a fortunate coincidence, the historical materials we possess are as ample as they are important. Among the manuscripts of the British Museum* is one entirely devoted to the life, character, and doings of Rahere, written evidently shortly after his death by a monk of the establishment, and which, for the details it also gives of the circumstances attending the establishment of a great religious house in the twelfth century, its glimpses into the manners and customs, the modes of thought and feeling of the time—and, above all, for its marked superiority of style to the writings that then generally issued from the cloister—forms perhaps one of the most extraordinary, as it certainly is one of the most interesting, of monastical documents. In consideration of all these circumstances, we shall make no scruple to transcribe largely from the good old monk's papers; valuing them all the more for the impossible but characteristic marvels they detail in matters of faith, as being an additional testimony to their authentic character with regard to matters of fact.

We have said that the manuscript in question was written soon after Rahere's death; its author says he shows that which "they testified to us that sey him, herd hym, and were presente yn his werkys and dedis; of the whiche sume have take their slepe yn Cryiste, and sume of them be zitte alyve, and wytnesseth of that that we shall after say." His motives in the task he had undertaken are thus explained in the outset:†—

"For as much that the meritorious and notable operations of famous good and devout fathers in God should be remembered, for instruction of after-comers, to their consolation and increase of devotion; this abbreviated treatise shall commodiously express and declare the wonderful, and of celestial counsel, gracious foundation of our holy place, called the Priory of St. Bartholomew in Smithfield, and of the hospital of old time belonging to the same; with other notabilities expedient to be known; and most specially the glorious and excellent miracles wrought within them, by the intercessions, suffrages, and merits of the aforesaid benign, faithful, and blessed of God, Apostle Saint Bartholomew."

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* Cottonian Collection.

† We shall not trouble our readers any further with the antiquated spelling. We may also here observe that, in the following account of Rahere and of his foundation, whilst we give throughout the author's language, we take the liberty of occasionally departing from his arrangement, in order to preserve the narrative regular and unbroken, and, for the same reason, of making such omissions as seem advisable.

Rahere, it appears, was a "man sprung and born from low *kynage:* when he attained the flower of youth he began to haunt the households of noblemen and the palaces of princes; where, under every elbow of them, he spread their cushions, with japes and flatterings delectably anointing their eyes, by this manner to draw to him their friendships. And still he was not content with this, but often haunted the king's palace, and among the noiseful press of that tumultuous court informed himself with polity and cardinal suavity, by the which he might draw to him the hearts of many a one. There in spectacles, in meetings, in plays, and other courtly mockeries and trifles intending, he led forth the business of all the day. This wise to the king and great men, gentle and courteous known, familiar and fellowly he was." The king here referred to is Henry I. Stow says Rahere was "a pleasant-witted gentleman; and therefore in his time called the *king's minstrel.*" To continue: "This manner of living he chose in his beginning, and in this excused his youth. But the *inward Seer* and merciful God of all, the which out of Mary Magdalen cast out seven fiends, the which to the Fisher gave the Keys of Heaven, mercifully converted this man from the error of his way, and added to him so many gifts of virtue." Foremost in repentance as he had been in sin, Rahere now "decreed in himself to go to the court of Rome, coveting in so great a labour to do the works of penance. There, at the shrine of the blessed apostles Peter and Paul, he, weeping his deeds, prayed to our Lord for remission of them. Those two clear lights of Heaven, two men of mercy, Peter and Paul, he ordained mediators. And while he tarried there, in that mean while, he began to be vexed with grievous sickness; and his dolours little and little taking their increase, he drew to the extreme of life: the which dreading within himself that he had not still for his sins satisfied to God, therefore he supposed that God took vengeance of him for his sins, amongst outlandish people, and deemed the last hour of his death drew him nigh. This remembering inwardly, he shed out as water his heart in the sight of God, and all brake out in tears; that he avowed that if health God would him grant, that he might return to his country, he would make an hospital in recreation of poor men, and to them so there gathered, necessaries minister after his power. And not long after the benign and merciful Lord beheld this weeping man, gave him his health, approved his vow.

"When he would perfect his way that he had begun, in a certain night he saw a vision full of dread and sweetness. It seemed him to be borne up on high of a certain beast, having four feet and two wings, and set him in an high place. And when he, from so great a height, would inflect and bow down his eye to the lower part downward, he beheld a horrible pit, whose beholding impressed in him great dread: for the deepness of the same pit was deeper than any man might attain to see; therefore he (secret knower of his defaults) deemed himself to slide into that cruel a downcast. And therefore (as seemed him inwardly) he fremyshid,* and for dread trembled, and great cries of his mouth proceeded. To whom appeared a certain man, pretending in cheer the majesty of a king, of great beauty and imperial authority, and his eye on him fastened. 'O man,' he said, 'what and how much service shouldest thou give to him that in so great a peril hath brought help to thee?' Anon he answered to this saint, 'Whatsoever might be of heart and of might, diligently should I give in recompence to my deliverer.' And then, said he, 'I am Bartholomew, the apostle of Jesus Christ, that come to succour thee in thine anguish, and to open to thee the secret mysteries of Heaven. Know me truly, by the will and commandment of the Holy Trinity, *and the common favour of the celestial court and council,* to have chosen a place in the suburbs of London, at Smithfield, where in mine name thou shalt found a church. This spiritual house Almighty God shall inhabit, and hallow it, and glorify it. Wherefore doubt thee nought; only give thy diligence, and my part shall be to provide necessaries, direct, build, and end this work.' Rahere now came to London, and of his knowledge and friends with great joy was received; with which also, with the barons of London he spake familiarly of these things that were turned and stirred in his heart, and of that was done about him in the way he told it out; and what should be done of this he counselled of them. He took this answer, that none of these might be perfected, but the King were first counselled: namely, since the place godly to him showed was contained within the King's market. In opportune time Rahere addressed him to the King; and nigh him was He in whose hands it was to what he would the King's heart incline: and ineffectual these prayers might not be whose author is the apostle, whose gracious hearer is God. Rahere's word therefore was pleasant and acceptable, and when the King had praised the good wit of the man (prudently, as he *was* witty), granted to the petitioner his kingly favour.

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* *Quaked* perhaps, from the French verb Frémir.

"Then Rahere, omitting nothing of care and diligence, two works of piety began to make—one for the vow he had made, another as to him by precept was enjoined." The place where these great works were to be erected was no common one, having been previously showed to King Edward the Confessor in a revelation:—"the which, in a certain night, when he was bodily sleeping, his heart to God waking, he was warned of this place with an heavenly dream made to him, that God this place had chosen: thereupon this holy King, early arising, came to this place that God had showed him; and to them that about him stood expressed the vision that night made to him, and prophesied this place to be great before God." It was also said that three men of Greece, who came to London, went to this place and worshipped God; "and before them that there were present (and beheld them as simple idiots) they began wonderful things to say and prophesy of this place, saying, 'Wonder not; see us here to worship God, where a full acceptable temple to him shall be builded; and the fame of this place shall attain from the spring of the sun to the going down.'"

Rahere had no easy task before him. "For truly the place before his cleansing pretended no hope of goodness. Right unclean it was; and as a marsh, dunge and fenny, with water almost every time abounding; and that that was eminent above the water, dry, was deputed and ordained to be the gallows of thieves, and to the torment of other, that were condemned by judicial authority." What follows is very extraordinary:—"Truly, when Rahere had applied his study to the purgation of this place, and decreed *to put his hand to that holy building, he was not ignorant of Satan's wiles, for he made and feigned himself* unwise, and outwardly pretended the cheer of an idiot, and began a little while to hide the secretness of his soul. And the more secretly he wrought the more wisely he did his work. Truly, in playing unwise he drew to him the fellowship of children and servants, assembling himself as one of them; and with their use and help, stones and other things profitable to the building lightly he gathered together." Rahere's object in this conduct was, we presume, to avail himself of a kind of superstitious reverence that appears to have been not unfrequently felt for persons of the class to which he made it appear that he belonged. With all his enthusiasm, this must have been a painful time. "He played with them, and from day to day made himself more vile in his own eyes, in so mickle that he pleased the apostle; through whose grace and help he raised up a great frame. And now he was proved not unwise as he we have trowed, but very wise." Rahere, it seems, sought assistance for the accomplishment of his great work by every means in his power, and more particularly by instructing with "cunning of truth," saying "the word of God faithfully in divine churches," and constantly exhorting "the multitude both of clerks and of the laity to follow and fulfil those things that were of charity and alms-deed. And in this wise he compassed his sermon:—that now he stirred his audience to gladness, that all the people applauded him; and incontinent anon he proffered sadness, and so now of their sins, that all the people were compelled unto sighing and weeping. But he truly ever more expressed wholesome doctrine, and after God and faithful sermon preached." A man like this could not but succeed in whatever he essayed; and accordingly the work "prosperously succeeded, and after the Apostle's word all necessaries flowed unto the hand. The church he made of comely stone-work, tablewise. And an hospital-house, a little longer off from the church by himself he began to edify. The church was founded (as we have taken of our elders) in the month of March 1113. President in the Church of England, William Archbishop of Canterbury, and Richard Bishop of London;" who "of due law and right" hallowed a part of the adjoining field as a cemetery. "Clerks to live under regular institution" were brought together, and Rahere, of course, was appointed Prior, who ministered unto his fellows "necessaries, not of certain rents, but plenteously of oblations of faithful people." The completion of the work, under such circumstances, evidently excited a large amount of wonder and admiration, not unmixed with a kind of superstitious awe. People "were greatly astonied both of the novelty of the raised frame, and of the founder. 'Who would trow this place with so sudden a cleansing to be purged, and there to be set up the token of the Cross? And God there to be worshipped, where sometime stood the horrible hanging of thieves? Who should not be astonied there to see construct and builded the honourable building of piety? That should be a sanctuary to them that fled thereto, where sometime was a common offering of condemned people? *Who should not marvel it to be haunted?*" The writer then finely asks,* "Whose heart lightly should take or admit such a man, *not* product of gentle blood—not greatly endowed with literature, or of divine kynage?

"When the Priory began to flourish and its fame spread, Rahere joined to him a certain old man, Alfun by name, to whom was sad age, with experience of long time. This same old man not long before had builded the church of St. Giles, at the gate of the city that in English tongue is called Cripplegate; and that good work happily he had ended." Rahere, deeming this man profitable to him, deputed him as his compeer; and from his council and help appears to have derived much encouragement. "It was manner and custom to this Alfun, with ministers of the church to compass and go about the nigh places of the church busily to seek and provide necessaries to the need of the poor men that lay in the hospital; and to them that were hired to the making up of their church." To help Alfun in the performance of this duty St. Bartholomew occasionally honoured him by a miracle, which, doubtless, had an amazing effect in stimulating the charity of the neighbours. If the following miracle was thoroughly believed, wonderful must have been the emulation it produced among the benefactors of the priory. Alfun having applied to a widow, she told him she had but seven measures of malt, and that indeed it was no more than but absolutely necessary for her family's use. She was, however, prevailed on to give one measure. Alfun was no sooner gone than, casting her eyes on the remaining measures, she counted seven still. Thinking herself mistaken, she tried again, and found eight, and so on *ad infinitum*. No sooner was the receptacle ready than many "yearly, with lights and oblations, peaceful vows, and prayers, visited this holy church;" and the fame of cures performed was supported by magnificent festivals; "the year 1148, after the obiit of Harry the First, King of England, the twelfth year, when the golden path of the son reduced to us the desired joys of feastful celebrity, then, with a new solemnity of the blessed Apostle, was illumined with new miracles this holy place. Languishing men, grieved with varying sorrows, softly lay in the church; prostrate beseeching the mercy of God, and the presence of St. Bartholomew."

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* He has, it will be remembered, previously stated Rahere to be of "low kynage," in the ordinary sense of the words.

But now new troubles arose, and darkened the last hours of Rahere. "Some said he was a deceiver, for cause that in the net of the great fisher evil fishes were mixed with good. Before the hour of his last deliverance his household people were made his enemies, and wicked men wickedness laid to himself. Therefore, with pricking envy, many privately, many also openly, against the servant of God ceased not to grudge, and brought many slanders and threatenings. The good that they might they withdrew and took away; constrained him with wickedness; made weary him with injuries; provoked him with despites, beguiled him with simulated friendships; and some of them broke out into so bold avowedness that they drew amongst themselves a contract of wicked conspiration, what day, sette, and place, the servant of God they might through wiles and subtlety draw to their council with deceit," and so slay him. "But there is no wisdom, there is no cunning, there is no council against God, in whom he (Rahere) cast his thought. When the day came, one of them, partner of so great a wickedness, secretly to himself abhorring so great a sin, before the hour of peril drawing near, showed by order to the servant of God the sum of all their council." Rahere now went to the King, begging that he "would open the bosom of his pity to them that were desolate," and "restrain the barking rudeness of unfaithful people." The King's answer was the confirmation of his previous grant by a formal charter, drawn up in terms unusually expressive of his favour and his determination to see it carried into effect.

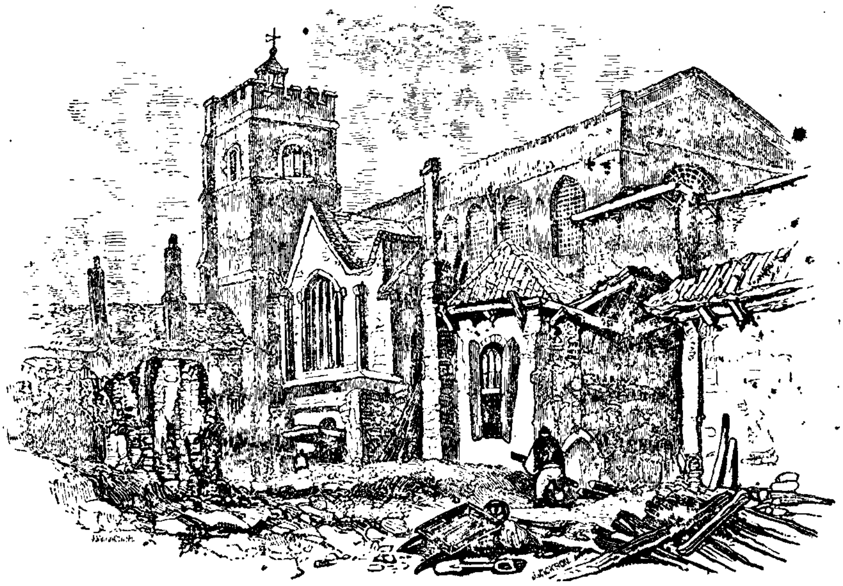
"In the name of the holy and undivided Trinity, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, I Henry King of England, to William, Archbishop of Canterbury, and George, Bishop of London, and to all bishops and abbots, and earls, justiciary barons, sheriffs, and ministers, and to all men, and their lieges, and to the citizens of London, greeting:—Know ye that I have granted, and by my charter confirmed, to the church of St. Bartholomew, London, and to Rahere the Prior, and canons regular, in the same church serving God, and to the poor of the hospital of the same church, that they may be free from all earthly servitude, and earthly power and subjection, except episcopal customs; to wit, only consecration of the church, baptism, and ordination of clerks; and that, as any church in all England is free, so this church be free; and all the lands to it appertaining, which it now has, or which Rahere the Prior, or the canons, may be able reasonably to acquire, whether by purchase or by gift; and have soccage and saccage, and thol and theme, and infangtheof; and all liberties and free customs and acquittances in all things which belong to the same church, in wood and in plain, in meadow and pastures, in water and mills, in ways and paths, in pools and parks, in moors and fisheries, in granges and shrubberies, within and without, and in all places now and for ever. And this church, with all things that appertain unto the same, know ye that I will to maintain and defend, and to be free as my crown, and to have taken in my hand in defence against all men. Wherefore I grant to Rahere, and to the same church, in all its own rights and possession, the breach of peace and skirmish made in the house, and the invasion of house or court, and all forfeitures in its own jurisdiction made, and forestall and flemenefermden, in the way and without, in the fend and without, in the city and without: also, that it may have discussions of causes and the rights of causes concerning all plea which may happen in their land, and all customs, whether in ecclesiasticals or seculars, as fully and freely as I should have of my own domain and table. I release also and acquit Rahere the Prior, and the aforesaid church and all belonging to the same, of shire and hundred, of pleas and plaints and murders, and scutage, and gold, and Danigelds, and hydages, and sarts, and assizes, and castle-works, or the rebuilding of castles and bridges, of enclosing parks, of removing woods or other things, of fordwit and hengwit, of ward-penny and ave-penny, and bloodwite and fightwite and childwite, of hundred-penny and thring-penny and maubratre and mischinige, and schewinge, and frithsoke, and westgeilteof, of warden, and outlawry, and forefenge, and whitfonge; and they be quit in all my land of the tollage, and passage, and pontage, and lastage, and stallage, and of all secular service in land and in water and ports of the sea, so that they may be loaded with no burdens of expedition, or occasions or aids of sheriffs or reeves of the hundred, or pontifical ministers: I prohibit also by my authority royal, that no men, whether my minister or any other in my whole land, be troublesome to Rahere the Prior, or the aforesaid church, concerning anything which belongs thereto; and that no man, of the clergy or laity, presume to usurp dominion of that place, or introduce himself without the consent of the Prior or brethren."

If this did not content Rahere, he must certainly have been a most unreasonable man. What a list of privileges is here given! and what an idea does such a document afford of the state of society in the twelfth century! Very pleasant, no doubt, were such privileges for the Prior and his brethren; but what must it have been to the people at large, who had no share in them, and whose natural burdens would be enhanced in proportion to the number of those who had? Rahere was satisfied, no doubt, so far as the King of England could satisfy him. But that was not all. His biographer continues, "Thus, when he was strengthened and comfortably defended, glad he went out from the face of the King; and when he was come home to his [people], what he had obtained of the royal majesty expressed to others that there should be afraid. Also this worshipful man proposed for to depose the quarrel of his calamities before the See of Rome (God's grace him helping), and of the same See writings to bring, to him and to his aftercomers profitable. But divers under growing impediments, and at the last letting the article of death, that he would have fulfilled, he might not. And so only the reward of good will be deserved. After his decease, three men of the same congregation (whose memory be blessed in bliss), sundry went to sundry bishops of the See of Rome, and three privileges of three bishops obtained; that is to say, of St. Anastatius, Adrian, and Alexander, this church with three dowries, as it were with an impenetrable *scochyn*, warded and defended against impetuous hostility. And now behold that prophecy of the blessed King and Confessor of St. Edward fulfilled. Behold truly that this holy church and chosen to God shineth with manifold beauty." Miracles as usual glorified the new edifice. It will suffice to give one as a specimen. It appears that from among the great plenty of books in the place was stolen an "antiphoner, which was necessary to them that should sing in the church. When it was told to Rahere, he took the harm with a soft heart, patiently." Not so St. Bartholomew, who doubtless considered his own reputation as a guardian of the place was concerned; so he commanded Rahere to mount horse, ride "into the Jews street," where his horse would stop, and point his foot to the door where the book was. We need scarcely add, that there, true enough, the book was found.

"After the service of his prelacy, twenty-two years and six months," Rahere on the 20th of September "the clay house of this world forsook, and the house everlasting he entered." The character drawn of him by his biographer is, we think, very beautiful. He was a man "not having cunning of liberal science, but that that is more eminent than all cunning; for he was rich in purity of conscience." His goodness showed itself towards "God by devotion;" towards "his brethren by humility;" towards "his enemies by benevolence. And thus himself he exercised them, patiently suffering; whose proved purity of soul, bright manners, with honest probity, expert diligence in divine service, prudent business in temporal manifestations, in him were greatly to praise and commendable. In feasts he was sober, and namely the follower of hospitality. Tribulatious of wretches and necessities of the poor people, opportunely admitting, patiently supporting, competently spending. In prosperity not *yuprided;* in adversity patient. Thus he, subject to the King of bliss with all meekness, provided with all diligence that were necessary to his subjects; and so providing, increased daily to himself;

before God and man, grace; to the place reverence; to his friends gladness; to his enemies pain; to his aftercomers joy." Rahere left, it seems, his small flock of thirteen canons with little land and right few rents. "Nevertheless, with copious oblations of the altar, and helping of the populous city," they appear to have managed pretty well. "Soothly," continues our good monk, "they flourish now with less fruit than that time when the aforesaid solemnities of miracles were exercised; by a like wise, as it were a plant, when it is well rooted, the oft watering of him ceaseth."

Rahere (whose memory was held in great veneration—"when the day of his *nativity into heaven* was known, it was solemnised and honoured with great mirth and dancing on earth") was succeeded by Thomas, one of the canons of the church of St. Osyth, whose character is happily hit off by the author of the manuscript. "This Thomas," he says, "(as we have proved in common,) was a man of jocund company, of great eloquence, and of great cunning; instruct in philosophy, and (in) divine books exercised. *And he had it in prompt whatsoever he would utter to speak it metrely.* And he had in use every solemn day what the case required, to dispense the word of God, and flowing to him the press of the people. He was prelate to us meekly almost 30 years; and in age an hundred winter, almost with whole wits, with all Christian solemnity, he deceased in 1174. In this man's time grew the plant of the apostolic branch in glory and in grace before God and man. And with more ample buildings were the skins of our tabernacle dilated. To the laud and glory of our Lord Jesus Christ, to whom be honour and glory, world without end. Amen." Thus ends this valuable manuscript, affording perhaps a more complete and interesting account of the foundation of St. Bartholomew than exists in connexion with the foundation of any other English edifice of equal antiquity and importance. In 1410, during the prelacy perhaps of "brother



[South side of St. Bartholomew's Church.]

John," the Priory was rebuilt. At this time, and perhaps before, it possessed within itself every possible convenience for the solace and comfort of its inmates. We read of Le Fermery, Le Dorter, Le Frater, Les Cloysters, Les Galleries, Le Hall, Le Kitchen, Le Buttry, Le Pantry, Le olde Kitchen, Le Woodehouse, Le Garner, and Le Prior's stable, so late as the period of the dissolution in the sixteenth century. There was also the Prior's house, the Mulberry-garden, the Chapel, now the church of St. Bartholomew the Less, &c. &c. It was entirely enclosed within walls, the boundaries of which have been carefully traced in the 'Londini Illustrata,' and from which we abbreviate the following description:—The north wall ran from Smithfield, along the south side of Long Lane, to its junction with the east wall, about thirty yards west from Aldersgate Street. It is mentioned by Stow, and shown in Aggas' plan, who represents a small gate or postern in it. This gate stood immediately opposite Charter House Lane, where is now the entrance into King Street and Cloth Fair. The west wall commenced at the south-west corner of Long Lane, and continued along Smithfield, and the middle of Duc Lane (or Duke Street) to the south gate, or Great Gate House, now the principal entrance into Bartholomew Close. The south wall, commencing from this gate, ran eastward in a direct line toward Aldersgate Street, where it formed an angle and passed southward about forty yards, enclosing the site of the present Albion Buildings, then resumed its eastern direction and joined the corner of the eastern wall, which ran parallel with Aldersgate Street, at the distance of about twenty-six yards. This wall was fronted for the most part by houses in the street just mentioned, some of them large and magnificent, particularly London House, between which and the wall was a ditch. At first, as we have before stated, there were no houses in the immediate neighbourhood; but the establishment of the monastery, and the fair granted to it, speedily caused a considerable population to spring up all around, and ultimately within. This grant was obtained from Henry II. The fair was to be kept at Bartholomew-tide for three days, namely, the eve, the next day, and the morrow; and unto it "the clothiers of England and drapers of London repaired, and had their booths and standings within the churchyard of this priory, closed in with walls and gates, locked every night and watched, for safety of men's goods and wares. A Court of Pie-powders sat daily during the fair holden for debts and contracts. But now," continues Stow, "notwithstanding all proclamations of the prince, and also the act of parliament, in place of booths within the churchyard, only let out in the fair-time, and closed up all the year after, are many large houses built; and the north wall, towards Long Lane, being taken down, a number of tenements are there erected for such as will give great rents."*

The churchyard here referred to occasionally presented a scene of a very interesting kind, and which Stow, who personally witnessed the discussions to which we refer, has described in his usual graphic style. We must premise that so early as the period of Fitz-Stephen it appears that it was the custom upon the holidays for assemblies of persons to flock together about the churches to dispute; some, he says, using "demonstrations, others topical and probable arguments; some practise enthimems, others are better at perfect syllogisms; some for a show dispute, and for exercising themselves, and strive like adversaries; others for truth, which is the grace of perfection," &c. Again, "the boys of divers schools wrangle together in versifying, and canvass the principles of grammar, as the rules of the preterperfect and future tenses. Some, after an old custom of prating, use rhymes and epigrams; these can freely quip their fellows, suppressing their names with a festinine and railing liberty; these cast out most abusive jests, and with Socratical witnesses either they give a touch at the vices of superiors, or fall upon them with a satiric bitterness. The hearers prepare for laughter, and make themselves merry in the mean time." It is in reference to this passage that Stow writes:—"As for the meeting of schoolmasters on festival-days at festival churches, and the disputing of their scholars logically, &c., whereof I have before spoken, the same was long since discontinued. But the arguing of schoolboys about the principles of grammar hath been continued even till our time; for I myself (in my youth) have yearly seen, on the eve of Saint Bartholomew the Apostle, the scholars of divers grammar-schools repair unto the churchyard of Saint Bartholomew, the Priory in Smithfield, where, upon a bank boarded about under a tree, some one scholar hath stepped up, and there hath opposed and answered, till he was by some better scholar overcome and put down; and then the overcomer, taking the place, did like the first: and in the end the best opposers and answerers had rewards, which I observed not: but it made both good schoolmasters and also good scholars (diligently against such times) to prepare themselves for the obtaining of this garland. I remember there repaired to these exercises (amongst others) the masters and scholars of the free schools of Saint Paul's in London, of Saint Peter's at Westminster, of Saint Thomas Acon's Hospital, and of Saint Anthony's Hospital, whereof the last-named commonly presented the best scholars and had the prize in those days. This Priory of Saint Bartholomew being surrendered to Henry VIII., those disputations of scholars in that place surceased, and was again, only for a year or two in the reign of Edward VI., revived in the cloister of Christ's Hospital, where the best scholars (then still of Saint Anthony's school) were rewarded with bows and arrows of silver, given to them by Sir Martin Bowes, goldsmith. Nevertheless, however, the encouragement failed; the scholars of Paul's, meeting with them of Saint Anthony's, would call them Saint Anthony's pigs, and they again would call the others pigeons of Paul's—because many pigeons were bred in Paul's church, and Saint Anthony was always figured with a pig following him: and, mindful of the former usage, did for a long season disorderly in the open street provoke one another with *Salve tu quoque, placet tibi mecum disputare, placet;* and so, proceeding from this to questions in grammar, they usually fell from words to blows, with their satchels full of books, many times in great heaps, that they troubled the streets and passengers: so that finally they were restrained with the decay of Saint Anthony's school."

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* *Stow, p. 419, ed. 1633.*

Encroachments of the character pointed out by Stow of course could not have been made but for the previous dissolution of the Priory—an event which rapidly altered the entire aspect of the place. In the grant of the Priory, in 1544, to Sir Richard, afterwards Lord Rich, the man to whose baseness and treachery the executions of the venerable Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, and his illustrious fellow-prisoner in the Tower, Sir Thomas More, were in no slight degree referrible, we find an accurate description of the then state of Rahere's famous establishment. The grant included the capital messuage or mansion-house, the close called Great St. Bartholomew, the Fermery, Dorter, &c., before mentioned, fifty-one tenements lying within the precincts of the said close, five other messuages and tenements, water from the conduit-head at Canonbury (the country residence of the Priors at Islington), and lastly, the fair of St. Bartholomew. The grant concludes with the words: "And whereas the great close of St. Bartholomew hath been before the memory of man used as a parish within itself, and distinct from other parishes; and the inhabitants thereof had their parish church and churchyard within the church of the late Monastery and Priory, and to the same church annexed, and have had divine service performed by a curate from the appointment of the Prior and Convent; and whereas a certain chapel, called 'the Parish Chapel,' with part of the great parish church, have been taken away, *and the materials sold for our use;* nevertheless, there still remains a part fit for erecting a parish church, and already raised and built: we do grant to the said Richard Rich, Knt., and to the present and future inhabitants within the great close, that part of the said church of the said late Monastery or Priory which remains raised and built to be a parish church for ever for the use of the said inhabitants." The parish was declared to be distinct and separate from other parishes, and a void piece of ground, eighty-seven feet long by sixty broad, next adjoining the west side of the church, was to be taken for a churchyard. Such is the origin of the parish, the present church, and churchyard. The parish formerly possessed numerous and valuable privileges, derived no doubt from those of the Priory, some of which have been lost. Of those that still exist, one of the most striking is that any resident may keep a shop, or exercise whatever calling or trade he pleases, without becoming free of the City. The parishioners are also exempt from serving on juries or ward offices; they appoint their own constables subject to the control of the City magistrates, and tax themselves for paving, watching, lighting, &c. One or two brief notices of events of a minor importance connected with the church may here be given. The original structure had a fine peal of six bells, which were taken out and sold to the neighbouring church of St. Sepulchre. During the reign of Mary a partial attempt was made to revive something of the olden aspect and purpose of the place, by giving it to the Black or Preaching Friars, as their conventual church. But in the very first year of her sister and successor's reign the friars were driven out, and the place appropriated as before.*

We have already given one picture of a peculiar and primitive kind, that used to be often presented in the churchyard; the cloisters, it appears, in later times, had also its picture, but one of a very different kind, if we may trust its delineator, in the pages of the 'Observator' of August 21, 1703. We must premise that within the space of a century or so there stood a gateway, leading to the wood-yard, kitchen, and other inferior offices. A mulberry-tree grew near it, and beneath its branches people were accustomed to promenade. In process of time this spot and the adjoining cloisters had become, according to the writer we have mentioned, notorious for the bad characters who resorted to it. "Does this market of lewdness," asks the author of the paper, "tend to anything else but the ruin of the bodies, souls, and estates of the young men and women of the City of London, who here meet with all the temptations to destruction? The lotteries to ruin their estates; the drolls, comedies, interludes and farces, to poison their minds with lust, &c. . . . . . What strange medley of lewdness has not this place long since afforded:—lords and ladies, aldermen and their wives, squires and fiddlers, citizens and rope-dancers, jack-puddings and lawyers, mistresses and maids, masters and 'prentices! This is not an ark like Noah's, which received the clean and unclean; only the unclean beasts enter this ark, and such as have the devil's livery on their backs."

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* In the 'Londini Illustrata' an opinion is expressed that the church was erected on a Saxon foundation. The reasons given are these—"The Saxons generally made their churches with descents into them; and it is observable that all the entrances into this church are by descents of several steps; whereas the Normans built their churches with ascents. The Saxons made their lights and roofs small and mean; the Normans, on the contrary, made theirs high and large. The few churches that the Saxons had of stone were low with thick walls, and consequently dark and damp; those of the Normans were far more stately, lightsome, and pleasant. And the late Mr. Carter, who drew, engraved, and published specimens of Ancient Architecture, was decidedly of opinion, from drawings he had taken in this church of capitals, ornaments, tiers of columns, and arches, that the workmanship was Saxon, and long prior to the arrival of the Normans." Whatever may have been the cause of this discrepancy, it seems, from the absence of any mention of such Saxon building in the manuscript, that there was no church here prior to the erection of Rahere's.

We have dwelt thus long upon the history of the Priory, not only on account of the intrinsic importance of the establishment, but also from its being so generally little known. Except in and around the church there are no visible evidences of its original splendour, and these, not being particularly conspicuous, must be sought for. In the accomplishment of this task we now, however, approach what may be called the more generally interesting part of our subject—the description of the present remains, the contrast these present to their former state, and the more interesting memories which the place affords. As it were impossible to do justice to these matters in our present number, we shall conclude this paper with a notice of an appendage of St. Bartholomew, scarcely less interesting than itself:—we refer to Canonbury, the place so well known as the residence of Goldsmith, in one of the rooms of the tower of which was written, under a pressing pecuniary necessity, that most admirable of fictions, the 'Vicar of Wakefield.' These pressing necessities unfortunately occurred very often; and another and less agreeable memory of Canonbury House than that of the composition of the 'Vicar of Wakefield' is that Goldsmith here frequently hid himself for fear of arrest. The warm-hearted bookseller, Newberry, for whom Goldsmith wrote so much, then rented the house. From hence the poet was frequently accustomed to set out, with some or other of his numerous and distinguished list of friends, on excursions through the surrounding country. The beauties of Highgate and Hampstead, distinctly visible from his windows, no doubt were often a temptation to him to throw aside his books. Various other literary men have lived at Canonbury; amongst whom we may mention Chambers, the author of the Cyclopædia known by his name. Nor are interesting names belonging to men of a different class wanting. Here the "Rich Spencer," for instance, of whom and his moderate-minded daughter we have spoken in a former paper,* lived, and has bequeathed to Canonbury some noticeable recollections. In a curious pamphlet, entitled 'The Vanity of the Lives and Passions of Men, by D. Papillon, gent., 1651,' occurs the following remarkable passage, in connexion with this great *millionaire* of the sixteenth century:—"In Queen Elizabeth's days a pirate of Dunkirk laid a plot, with twelve of his mates, to carry away Sir John Spencer; which if he had done, fifty thousand pounds had not redeemed him. He came over the seas on a shallop with twelve musketeers, and in the night came into Barking Creek, and left the shallop in the custody of six of his men, and with the other six came as far as Islington, and there hid themselves in ditches near the path in which Sir John always came to his house; but, by the providence of God, Sir John, upon some extraordinary occasion, was forced to stay in London that night, otherwise they had taken him away; and they, fearing they should be discovered in the night time, came to their shallop, and so came safe to Dunkirk again." The author adds that he obtained this story from a private record. At Sir John's death in 1609 some thousand men were present, in mourning cloaks and gowns, amongst whom were three hundred and twenty-four persons who had each a basket given to him containing a black gown, four pounds of beef, two loaves of bread, a little bottle of wine, a candlestick, a pound of candles, two saucers, two spoons, a black pudding, a pair of gloves, a dozen of points, to tie his garments with, two red herrings, four white herrings, six sprats, and two eggs. We must add to these reminiscences of the family, that his daughter, the writer of the letter transcribed in 'Crosby Place,' is said to have been carried off from Canonbury in a baker's basket by Lord Compton, who became her husband, and who at her father's death was unable to bear with equanimity the immense fortune that devolved to him: he was distracted for some time afterwards. His death happened under strange circumstances:—"Yesterday se'nnight the Earl of Northampton (he had now succeeded to this earldom), Lord President of Wales, after he had waited on the King at supper, and he had also supped, went in a boat with others to wash himself in the Thames, and so soon as his legs were in the water but to the knees, he had the colic, and cried out, 'Have me into the boat again, or I am a dead man!' and died in a few hours afterwards, June 24, 1630."*

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* Crosby Place.

The manor appears to have been originally presented to the priory by Ralph de Berners, in the time of Edward I., and most probably obtained its present name on the erection (about 1362, that date having long existed on one of the walls) of a place of residence for the first *Canon* or Prior, and from that circumstance:—*bury* signifying mansion or dwelling-house. There seems to exist a kind of tradition that at this or some earlier period a fortified mansion stood on the spot, of which the moat in front is still a remain. All the ancient parts, however, that now meet our gaze, are attributed to Prior Bolton, the predecessor of Fuller, who surrendered the possessions of the canons to the king. This is the man of whom Hall writes in the following curious passage:—"The people" (saith he), "being feared by prognostications which declared that in the year of Christ 1524 there should be such eclipses in watery signs, and such conjunctions, that by waters and floods many people should perish, people victualled themselves, and went to high grounds for fear of drowning, and especially one Bolton, which was Prior of St. Bartholomew's in Smithfield, builded him a house upon Harrow on the Hill, only for fear of this flood: thither he went and made provision of all things necessary within him, for the space of two months." Stow says that

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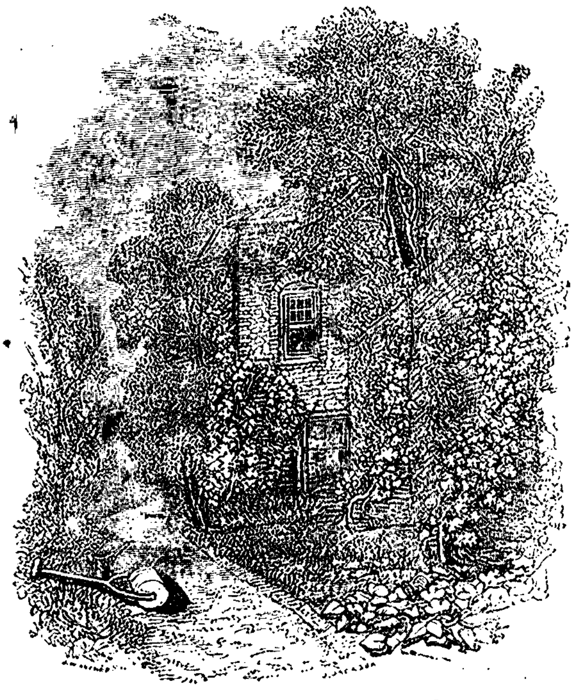
* Peck's Desiderata Curiosa, vol. ii. p. 39.

"this was not so indeed," as he had been credibly informed, "and that his predecessor was following a fable then on foot." Bolton *was* the parson of Harrow as well as Prior of St. Bartholomew, and therefore repaired the parsonage-house; but he builded there nothing "more than a dovehouse, to serve him when he had foregone his Priory." This is he also to whom Ben Jonson alludes when he speaks

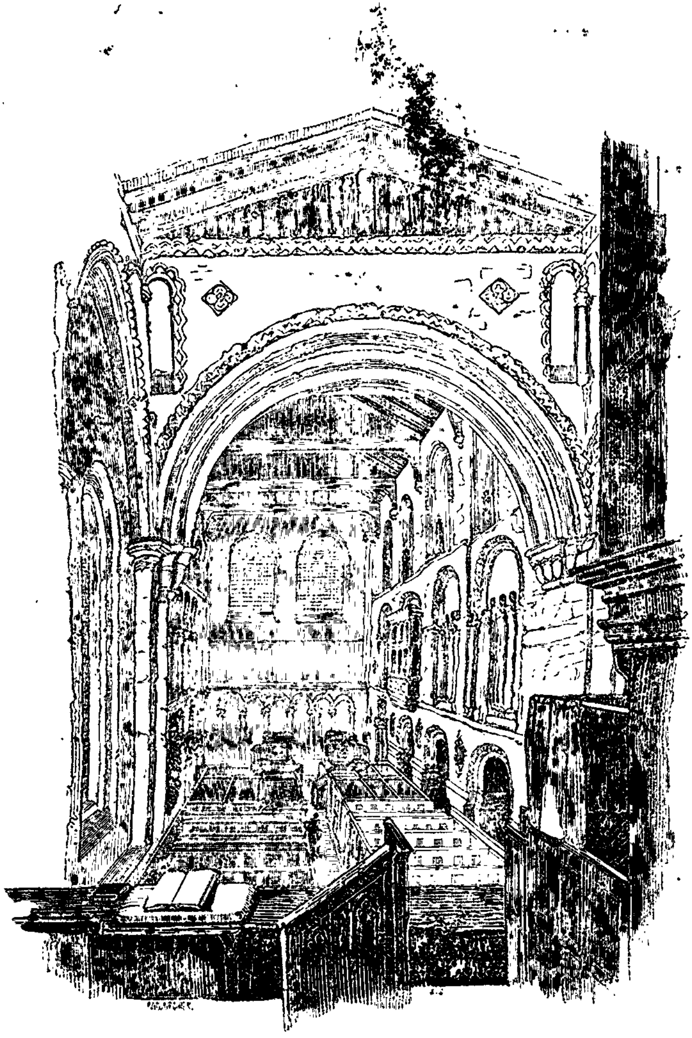
> "Of prior Bolton, with his *bolt* and *ton*;"

referring to the rebus on his name, of which the Prior is said to have been the inventor, and for which he certainly had an inventor's love, for we find it everywhere—in the church, in some of the houses of Bartholomew Close, and here again at Canonbury. Although great alterations have been made in this place (a house of entertainment opened within its park walls for instance), yet there is much remaining to interest the visitor. We should have been glad to have commenced our notice with a brief glimpse of the room still pointed out as that in which Goldsmith wrote, but being, we presume, deemed even too precious for exhibition, we must, as Stow says, "overpass it." Immediately behind the tower is a house now used as a boarding-school, which is supposed to have belonged to Queen Elizabeth, and to have even been occasionally inhabited by her; and the internal evidence is certainly of a formidable character. The staircase alone would show that it has been a very splendid mansion: but there are more important parts. The drawing-room, now divided into three apartments, has evidently originally formed but one, with a circular end, and a richly ornamented ceiling, bearing representations of ships of war, medallion heads of ancient heroes, as Alexander and Julius Cæsar; and in combination with these decorations are a variety of scroll-work ornaments, with the thistle strikingly predominant. In the centre are the initials *E. R.* The material is a most delicately wrought stucco. The mantelpiece is also well worthy of attention; it contains figures, arms, caryatides, and an endless variety of other ornaments. The whole forms one of the most superb pieces of workmanship conceivable. In the same house a room, called the Stone Parlour, on the ground-floor, has also a stuccoed ceiling, embossed and with pendants, and a decorated mantelpiece, with figures of the Cardinal Virtues. Adjoining this house is that which was Prior Bolton's, now occupied also as a boarding-school. It stands on a beautiful lawn, somewhat elevated, and must have originally commanded a beautiful prospect; as a part of which, and not the least interesting part, was the splendid establishment of which the resident here was master: the peculiarly dense smoke of cloud was as yet a thing unknown, and but few buildings intervened, so that the Prior could see it at all times. The most interesting feature of this mansion is a stone passage or corridor leading to the kitchen and other offices, in which is a Tudor door of a peculiarly elegant shape, containing Bolton's rebus. Among the other noticeable matters are a mantelpiece of the period of Elizabeth, and a curious coat of arms with some uncouth supporters, apparently goats, painted, and with an inscription of a later period, stating them to belong to "Sir Walter Dennys, of Gloucestershire, who was made a knight by bathing at the creation of Arthur Prince of Wales, in November, 1489," &c. From the house we pass to the lawn, which is terminated by a wall with a raised and embowered terrace, from which we look over on the other side to the kitchen-garden, the New River, and thence onwards towards London. At each extremity of this wall is an octagonal garden-house, built by Prior Bolton—the one to the left having a small Gothic window in the basement story. Proceeding along the wall towards the other, we find it in the grounds of another mansion; this also contains the Prior's rebus. The spot here is at the same time so beautiful and yet so antique in its character, that we have only to forget the lapse of three centuries, and expect to see the stately abbot himself coming forth into his pleasance, book in hand perhaps, to enable him to forget the little vexations of his government, or the darker shadows of the coming Reformation, which, fortunately for him, he did not live to see—his death took place in 1532. The fig and mulberry trees, probably planted by him,—certainly no recent denizens of the soil,—appear here in all their perfection. On the wall which runs up to the house occurs another rebus, near to a stone basin called the fish-pond, where the Prior probably kept some of the choicest of the finny tribe for the supply of his table. We cannot quit this very interesting place without a tribute of admiration to the taste and munificence of its principal founder. Next to Rahere, his is the great memory of the Priory—we meet with him everywhere. The church, the beautiful oriel window which overlooks it, Rahere's tomb, which he carefully and admirably restored, the gardens and buildings of Canonbury, all speak of an enlightened and generous mind; and we do not see that it is at all necessary to quarrel with him because he took care to refer their merit to its right owner by the everlasting *bolt* in *ton*.

(To be concluded in No. XXIX.)



[Prior Bolton's Garden-house at Canonbury.]



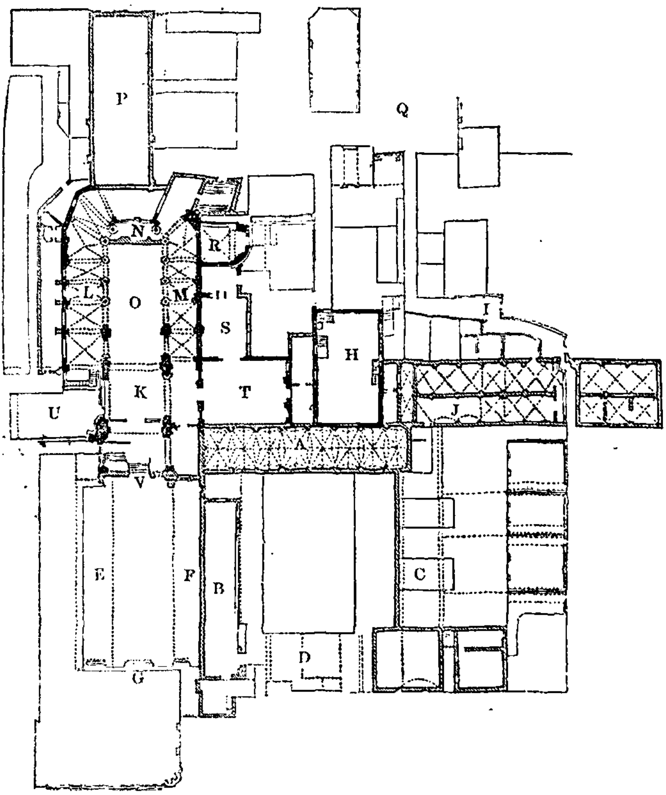
[The Choir.]

XXIX.—THE PRIORY AND CHURCH OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW.

(Concluded from No. XXVIII.)

Although the present church, which was the choir of the more ancient structure belonging to the Priory, stands some distance backwards from Smithfield, there is little doubt that its front was originally on a line with the small gateway yet remaining, and that the latter indeed was the entrance from Smithfield into the southern aisle of the nave, the part of the church now entirely lost. It is useless to inquire what kind of front was here presented to the open area before it; but if we may judge of it by this gateway, and by the general style of the interior parts of the choir, it must have been a grand work. The gateway is of a very beautiful character, with a finely pointed arch, consisting of four ribs, each with numerous mouldings, receding one within the other, and decorated with roses and zigzag ornaments. Straight before us as we pass through this gateway are the churchyard and church, the former having around it a range of large and very dingy-looking lath-and-plaster houses, which however derive somewhat of a picturesque appearance from their gable ends, and their windows scattered about in "most admired disorder." The exterior of the church, as it here appears to us, consists of a brick tower, erected in 1628, and by its side the end of the church, from which the nave has been cut away, and the wall and large window erected to terminate the structure at this point. The foundations of the nave still lie below the soil of the churchyard some three or four feet. The wall of the latter, on the right or southern side, now faced with brick, is very ancient and of immense thickness, and formed most probably the original wall of the south aisle. On stepping into the apartments of the adjoining public-house, to which the wall now belongs, we find traces of a past very different from what we see at present. Rooms with arched ceilings, a cornice with a shield extending through two or three of them, and thus showing that they have formed but one room, and a chalk cellar below the house—all betoken that we are wandering among the ruins of the old Priory. By the side of this house is a yard, filled with costermongers and their donkeys, and surrounded by black and decayed sheds and habitations, with balconied galleries. Referring to the multitude of miserable-looking and comparatively worthless habitations that have sprung up during the decay of the Priory, Malcolm calls them so many "exhalations of lath and plaster; *the mushrooms of its night*:" we should say rather the *fungi*:—nothing can be more unwholesome than some of these places are. Here the cheery ringing sound of the hammer on the anvil guides us to ground more intelligible. The passage leads into a smith's workshop, where some of the arches of the eastern cloister (the only one of which there are any remains) appear in the opposite wall. Violence and decay have deprived these arches of all their original beauty, though not of their bold expressive character—that still remains stamped upon them. The soil here, as in almost every other part surrounding the church, has been raised several feet: thus, for instance, the spring of these arches is nearly level with the ground. Leaving this to enter another yard, of an equally unpromising appearance, we find ourselves within the east cloister. Much of this beautiful part has been lost of late years by the fall of the roof and part of the wall on one side. Climbing, however, as well as we can, over the double or treble row of great barrels which fill the entire space, we find that on the opposite or eastern wall are five arches, more or less entire, yet remaining, and one on the west. The noble character of the architecture is here still visible in the fine deep receding mouldings and the graceful span. Farther north the space is walled up with an arch, which, if original, as it appears, must have crossed the cloister. The space within, extending to the church, which was entered by a fine Norman arch still existing, includes the remainder of the cloister; and one can only lament that, as it not only possesses the arches on both sides, but the groined roof, it should be completely walled up. We had ourselves to break a hole in another part of the wall to obtain admittance, and then to re-close it. Here the delicacy and proportion of the style, the fine finish of the groins and key-stones, and the elaborate workmanship of the many curious devices and historical subjects carved in different parts, are alone visible in their natural combination. Over this part is now built a house in a line with and joining to the tower of the church. Malcolm supposes that it was to this part of the Priory the author of the manuscript before mentioned refers when he speaks of the "more ample buildings" by which "the skins of our tabernacle were dilated." As one looks around on the still evident beauty of the architecture, and measures with the eye its dimensions (the cloisters must have been nearly fifteen feet broad, and have extended round the four sides of a square of nearly a hundred feet), we begin for the first time to have a just impression of the original magnificence of the establishment; when the Prior, the Sub-Prior, and the other Canons, in all the imposing splendour of the Roman Catholic church, came occasionally sweeping along on days of high ceremony; and when, of an afternoon, in calm and sunny weather, the inmates of the Priory might have been seen sitting each in his little pew against the windows, meditating, or conversing with his neighbour, or reading some book from the Priory library, which at least amused him with its brilliant illuminated paintings, if it possessed no better attractions. For those who desired exercise there was the pleasant green in the centre, signifying, says Wickliff, "the greenness of their virtue above others," with its single tree, which had also its symbolical explanation, for it implied to the monks "the ladder by which, in gradations of virtue, they aspired to celestial things."

The public-house and courts we have mentioned are in a lane (along which on the eastern side ran the western cloister), at the back of Duke Street, and communicating with the great Close. As we turn the corner into the latter, the immense Refectory, or Hall of the Priory, stands before us (marked J in the plan), though so modernised in its outward appearance that the most eager antiquarian would assuredly pass it unnoticed if the latter were his only guide. From the scanty notices of this building, and of the crypt that extends beneath, in such of the local historians as notice them at all, we had not anticipated finding any interesting remains. Agreeably were we disappointed. In spite of the many alterations and divisions that have been made in it at different times, it is not difficult to trace its original character, as well as its vast extent. It is now occupied as a tobacco-manufactory, and a large portion of it still forms but one apartment, roofed over with oak of the finest kind and condition. There are now two or three stories, but, after a careful examination of the general arrangement of the multitudinous timbers of the roof of the highest story, we cannot but express our opinion that the whole has been open from the first floor to the roof, and that the latter has formed one of those oaken coverings of which Westminster Hall is so magnificent an example, though most probably of a ruder character. The complicated and yet harmonious arrangement of the timbers springing from the side on the upper story, where alone the roof is unaltered—their finely arched form rising airily upward towards the centre of the building—and the vertical supports which they appear to have sent down to the floor of the hall below (the posts which characterised the halls of a very early period),—all appear to show that there was but one story, one room; and a glorious room it must have been; measuring some forty feet high, thirty broad, and a hundred and twenty long!



[Plan of the Priory of St. Bartholomew.]

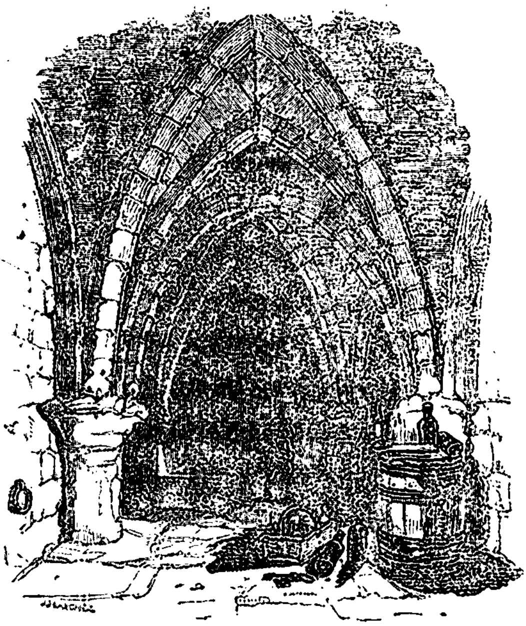
EXPLANATION OF THE REFERENCES.

A. The East Cloister, the only one of which there are any remains.
B. The North Cloister, parallel with the Nave.
C. The South Cloister.
D. The West Cloister. The Square thus enclosed by the Cloisters measures about a hundred feet each way.
E. The North Aisle of the Nave.
F. The South Aisle, to which the existing Gateway in front of Smithfield was the original entrance.
G. The Nave, no part of which or of the Aisles now remains.
H. St. Bartholomew's Chapel, destroyed by Fire about 1830.
I. Middlesex Passage, leading from Great to Little Bartholomew Close.
J. The Dining Hall or Refectory of the Priory, with the Crypt beneath.
K. Situation of the Great Tower, which was supported on four arches that still remain.
L. The Northern Aisle of the Choir.
M. The Southern Aisle of the Choir.
N. The Eastern Aisle of the Choir.
O. The present Parish Church, forming the Choir of the old Priory Church.
P. The Prior's House, with the Dormitory and Infirmary above.
Q. Site of the Prior's Offices, Stables, Wood Yard, &c.
R. The Old Vestry.
S. The Chapter House, with an entrance gateway from
T. The South Transept.
U. The North Transept.
V. The present entrance into the Church.

On the top of the plan is Little Bartholomew Close, on the left Cloth Fair, at the bottom Smithfield, and on the right *Great Bartholomew Close.*

A striking proof that the present intermediate ceilings and floors are not original is afforded by the immense beams or trees that cross from wall to wall, and which project a considerable height above the floor. These intermediate roofs are also so irregular, and so meanly put together, that it is tolerably evident their timbers are merely the ruins of the one magnificent cope that bent over all. No wonder the owners of such splendid apartments must have their raised dais to keep them above the throng of their humbler brethren, must dine first and be waited upon by kneeling monks, who in return have to console themselves with the reflection that the novices must in a like manner attend them. Many a scene of splendour this Hall has no doubt witnessed; many an exhibition of ecclesiastical state and profusion, such as that which Giraldus Cambrensis somewhat satirically describes in connexion with his visit to the Prior of Canterbury; where he noted at dinner sixteen dishes, a superfluous use of signs, much sending of dishes from the Prior to the attending monks, and from them to the lower tables, much gesticulation in returning thanks, much whispering, much loose, idle, and licentious discourse, and where, whilst herbs were brought to the table but not tasted, the fish of numerous kinds, roasted, broiled, fried, and stuffed, the eggs, the dishes exquisitely cooked with spices, the salt meat to provoke appetite, and the wines of almost every known kind, were all done full justice to.

Descending now to the commencement of the low winding passage marked in the plan "Middlesex Passage," but which was known in our boyish days by a more awful appellation, and one more in accordance with its then strangely wild character, we find, extending right and left under the Refectory, the Crypt, of which the passage cutting right through it forms a part. There is something about a crypt which makes it always an interesting place; the situation,—generally buried in the earth,—the solemn gloom, the frequent nobleness of the architecture, above all their mysterious history—no one knowing for what purpose they were built—all combine to stimulate curiosity, however little they may satisfy it. Without desiring to express any peculiarly favourable opinion of the habits of the monks, we confess there seems something too revolting in the idea that they were erected "for clandestine drinking, feasting, and things of that kind," as stated in an author quoted by Fosbroke in his 'British Monachism.' Interesting as these places generally are, we doubt whether a more favourable specimen could be found than this of the once famous Priory of St. Bartholomew. Its immense length, its double row of beautiful aisles, extending throughout, and its admirable state of preservation, render this Crypt worthy of peculiar attention. Of the fine character of the architecture, as we see it when standing against the wall on the one side, and looking across the two aisles, the engraving here shown will convey the best idea. There is, it will be seen, a door at the extremity of our view; with which we have been told the tradition that generally haunts these old monastic ruins, of a subterranean way, connects itself. It has been supposed that through this door there was a communination with Canonbury at Islington. Perhaps the tradition arose, from what we have no doubt is a fact, that the door had been used by the Noncomformist ministers, who occupied the adjoining chapel during parts of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, as a mode of escape in cases of danger. The door, at all events, opened until lately into a cellar that extended beneath the chapel, and where the fire broke out, in 1830, that destroyed the latter, and some other parts of the old Priory. There seems to be no doubt that the chapel formed



[The Crypt.]

some portion of the monastic buildings, though what is unknown. It had an ancient timber roof, and a beam projecting across near the centre; and in a corner there is said to have been a very antique piece of sculpture representing the figure of a priest with a child in his arms. In several parts of the building it appears there were, prior to its destruction, marks of private doors in the wall. From the time of the Nonconformists, the chapel was occupied by Presbyterian ministers till 1753, when Wesley obtained possession, and, we believe, opened it himself, for the service of his disciples, with a sermon. The spot marked in the plan Q, or the Prior's offices, is that towards which we next direct our steps. The stables, wood-yard, and other domestic buildings, are thus referred to. In a large and ancient house we here find, on the ground-floor, a very thick wall and a pointed arch—evidence of its connexion with the Priory. The same house has some other noticeable features; namely, two beautifully wainscoted large rooms, the upper of which has a vaulted ceiling and a fine carved mantel-piece. Lord Rich, to whom the buildings and site of the Priory were granted, resided in some part of the latter:—was it here? The mansion has evidently been occupied by some resident of importance at a distant period. The family of the present occupier has lived in it for a century, during which the features we have referred to have existed as at present. The Mulberry Gardens were here also; and but a month ago was cut down the last and finest of the descendants of the old Priory trees, which stood behind the house. Returning to the eastern extremity of Middlesex Passage, the Prior's House is on our right, standing almost in a line with the church; and by the side of the latter are the remains of the south transept.

This house also bears plenty of internal evidence as to its antiquity. The walls, for instance, would shame those of many fortifications; there are just within the modern gable roof three arches, with square flat pillars and fluted capitals, corresponding with those of the choir; on the broad staircase is a kind of alcove in the wall, and beside it a slightly pointed arch set in a square frame; there are latticed windows in different parts; and above all, at the top, is the dormitory (le Dorter), where the canons were locked up at night, like so many unruly children. Here each inmate had, we presume, in accordance with the general custom, a little place wainscoted off, with a shelf in the window to support books. The middle part of the dormitory, where now the gimp-spinners* are pursuing their ceaseless walk, was, no doubt (also as usual), paved with fine tiles. If we may trust the author of the 'Ship of Fools,' the monks might well be treated as children, for they were as full of fun and frolic; and on reaching the dormitory, considering, we suppose, that they had been sufficiently grave for one day, began to play all sorts of wild pranks. For, says Barclay,

> "The frere or monk in his frock and cowl
> Must dance in his dorter, leaping to play the fool."

Unpleasant must have been the change when, in the midst of their mirth, they were called at midnight on the calends of November, and other holy periods, to descend from the warm and comfortable dorter to hurry shivering into the choir, and engage in the devotions proper to the occasion, whilst the Prior, with a dark lantern, went all round to see that each was awake and properly performing his duty. Part of this large, characteristic-looking room was no doubt used as the infirmary, or fermery, where the sick monks were so well treated, that it is no wonder those in health felt a little envy, and occasionally fell very suddenly ill, to the perplexity of the worthy Prior.

The transept we have mentioned is on the south side of the church, and the pile of ruins that fill up almost all the area of this part speak not only of the destruction that has seized it, but of the Chapter-house also, which stood between the old vestry and the transept. Faint traces of the once beautiful arch that led from the latter into the Chapter-house are to be seen in that rugged mass of wall which stretches across in a right angle from the church in our south view. Of the Chapter-house itself, where the monks used to sit in some establishments daily, in others weekly, to transact business in connexion with its discipline, and more particularly to hear charges that any monk had to make against one or other of his fellows, and when necessary to inflict the not very honourable punishments of flagellation, &c.,—of this building, which in some of our cathedrals is so conspicuously beautiful a feature, and perhaps was scarcely less so here, not a vestige remains. Of the transept also, the piece of wall we have mentioned is all that exists. Opposite the picturesque-looking low porch, with its deep penthouse, now the entrance into the church from the transept, was formerly an entrance into St. Bartholomew's Chapel. Of the original mode of communication between the church and transept we shall speak in our description of the former. The space included originally within the transept is now a small churchyard. The exact part of the Priory devoted to the purposes of the ancient cemetery we are unable to point out, but it was most probably in this immediate vicinity. We should like to have looked upon the green sward that has grown over the graves of generation after generation of these peaceful men; we should like to have set our fancy at work to trace, from any little circumstance that attracted its attention,—a spot a little more elevated, or somewhat more green,—the grave of the good old monk who has preserved for us all the interesting particulars of Rahere's foundation: above all, we should like to have given a "local habitation" to a picture that has often absorbed our attention; the solemn and imposing ceremonies attending the burial of a deceased canon; the body in its boots and cowl, the lights at its head and feet, the constant watchings and psalmodies, the sermon in the Chapter-house, and the act of absolution; then the procession to the grave, with tapers, and the sprinkling of holy water, the deacon and his censor, the tolling of the bell, and the ceaseless chant; followed by the lowering of the body with the paper of absolution on its breast, the bearers descending with it into the grave, and, lastly, the extinguishing of the lights, and the cessation of the bell, signifying at the same time to the senses and to the mind that all is over—the earthly history of the buried man is completed! *Requiescat in pace!*

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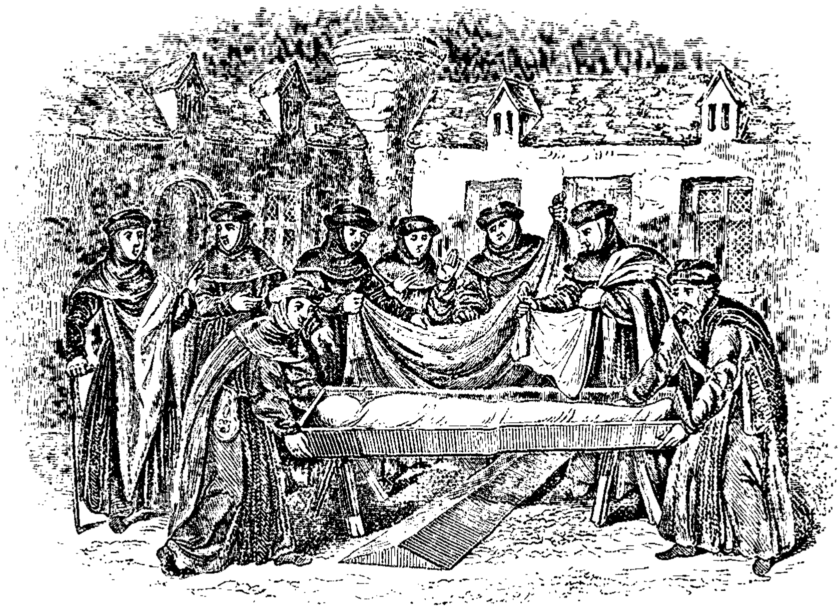
* The building is occupied by a fringe-manufacturer.

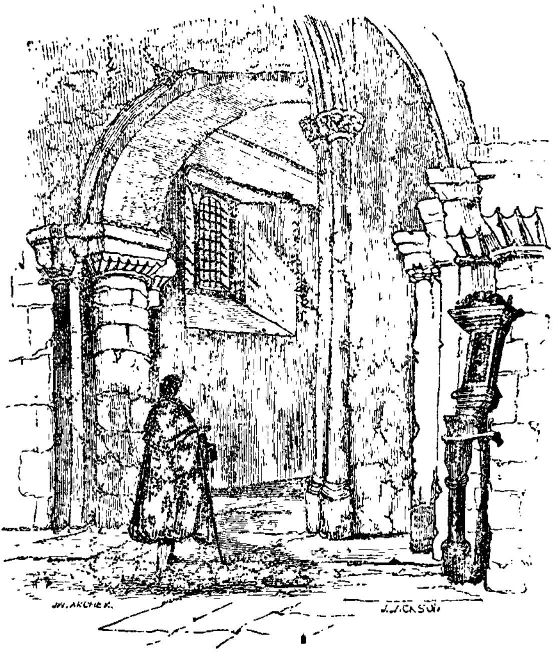


[Burial of a deceased Monk in the interior of a Convent. From an ancient drawing in the Harleian MSS.]

We are now on the threshold of the centre from which all these buildings sprang, the choir of the Priory Church. Before we enter it, however, let us first notice one or two points that yet remain to be mentioned in connexion with its exterior. In Cloth Fair a narrow passage, with a door at the extremity, points out the position of the north transept. Extending from the sides of the choir, both north and south, and partly over its aisles, were buildings used as schools:

that on the south was burnt in the fire before referred to; the other still exists.

Entering the church by the gateway below the tower, we get the first glimpse of the new world as it were that opens upon us, or rather we should say the old world of seven hundred years ago that has passed away. Everything is solemn, grand, and apparently eternal. Those immense pillars that we look upon have lost nothing as yet of their original strength; there is no token that they will ever lose it. Within the porch are the remains of a very elegant pointed arch in the right wall, leading we presume into the cloisters, but of an older date than those glorious Norman pillars to which some, of as peculiarly slender make, belonging to another and opposite arch, appear to have been attached, somewhat we think to the injury of their simple character. One of the most interesting features of the choir is the long-continued aisle, or series of aisles, which entirely encircle it, opening into the former by the spaces between the flat and circular arch-piers of the body of the structure. It is about twelve feet wide, with a pure arched and vaulted ceiling in the simplest and truest Norman style, and with windows of different sizes slightly pointed. The pillars against the wall opposite the entrance into the choir are flat. One of the most beautiful little architectural effects of a simple kind that we can conceive is to be found at the north-eastern corner of the aisle. Between two of the grand Norman pillars projecting from the wall is a low postern doorway, and above, rising on each side from the capitals, a peculiarly elegant arch, something like an elongated horse-shoe. The connexion between two styles so strikingly different in


W. ARCHER.
J. JACKSON.

[The Western Entrance. Interior.]

most respects as the Moorish, with its fantastic delicacy and variety and richness, and the Norman with its simple (occasionally uncouth) grandeur, was never more apparent. That little picture is alone worth a visit to St. Bartholomew's. The postern leads into a curious place enclosed by the end of the choir (or altar end) on one side, and the circular wall of the eastern aisle on the other. It is supposed by Mr. Godwin* to have been the chancel of the original building, and no doubt it was, if we are to suppose that the altar wall has undergone great changes. At present the space is so narrow and so dark, that it need not surprise us to hear that it is called the Purgatory. We have no doubt that this part has been visible in some way from the choir, and not, as it is now, entirely excluded from it; for a pair of exactly similar pillars with the beautiful arch above, standing at the south-east corner of the aisle, are in a great measure shut in here. On opening the little door, indeed, into the place, we can with difficulty refrain from an exclamation of surprise at the sight of the stately pillars rising up so grandly in that unworthy spot; and to make it evident that their arch has been intended to be seen from the choir, we find that, unlike the other, of which we see only the exterior, this is beautifully ornamented. We must add that these aisles are a fine study for the architect; thus, for instance, from the very exquisite horse-shoe arch we have mentioned, there is a regular gradation through the next two windows to the perfect semicircle. Near the junction of the south and east aisles is the old vestry-room, which Malcolm supposes, and we think justly, to be the oratory mentioned in the manuscript in the following extract:—"In the east part of the same church is an oratory, and in that an altar in the honour of the most blessed and perpetual Virgin Mary consecrate." It was in this place, it appears, that the blessed Mary once deigned to show herself to a monk of peculiar piety, named Hubert, in order to complain that her "darlings" the canons did not pray and watch sufficiently. It is a solemn antique-looking place, in fine harmony with the legend and its supposed antiquity. The present vestry is built over the southern aisle, and occupies a part of the space of the southern transept. Here is a beautiful Norman semicircular arch, forming originally, no doubt, one of the range of arches by which the second story of the choir was continued at a right angle along the sides of the transept. Among the monuments of the aisles is one in the form of a rose, with an inscription to Abigail Coult, 1629, who died "in the sixteenth year of her virginity." Her father, Maximilian Coulte, or Colte, was a famous sculptor of the time, and was employed by James I. in various public buildings. In the office-book of the Board of Works appears the line—"Max. Colte, Master Sculptor, at 8*l.* a-year; 1633." Filling up the beautiful horse-shoe arch, which it thus conceals, at the south-eastern corner, is the monument of Edward Cooke, with an appeal to the spectator which the latter must be indeed hard-hearted to resist:—

"Unsluice your briny flood; what, can you keep
Your eyes from tears, and see the marble weep?
Burst out, for shame; or, if you find no vent
For tears, yet stay, and see the stones relent."

Observing no symptoms however of the kind here indicated on the part of the stones, we trust to be excused for passing on with dry eyes. There appears to have been attached to the northern aisle—probably corresponding in position with the old vestry—another chapel. In the Archiepiscopal Registry of Lambeth is the will of Walter Shiryngton, who directs his "wretched body to be buried in *Waldone Chapel*, within the Priory of St. Bartholomew, on the north side of the altar, in a tomb of marble there to be made, adjoining to the wall on the north side aforesaid:" dated at Barnes, Jan. 17, 1479. In a prior notice of this place, in the will of John *Walden*, 1417, it is styled the "New Chapel." These records there is no doubt are connected with one of the interesting recollections of St. Bartholomew, the burial of Roger Walden, Bishop of London, in the church here instead of in St. Paul's Cathedral, as was usual. We may say with Fuller, why he was so buried is too hard for us to resolve; but we have no doubt the chapel above referred to was built by or for him. "Never had any man," says Weaver, "better experience of the variable uncertainty of worldly felicity." Raised from the condition of a poor man by his industry and ability, he became successively Dean of York, Treasurer of Calais, Secretary to the King, and Treasurer of England. When Archbishop Arundel fell under the displeasure of Richard II., and was banished, Walden was made Primate of England. On the return of Arundel in company with Bolingbroke, and the ascent of the latter to the throne, Arundel of course resumed his archiepiscopal rank and functions, and Roger Walden became again a private individual. Arundel, however, behaved very nobly to the man whom he must have looked on as an usurper of his place, for he conferred on him the bishopric of London. Walden did not live long to be grateful for this very honourable and kindly act, for he died within the ensuing year. "He may be compared to one so jaw-fallen," says Fuller, in his usual quaint homely style, "with over long fasting, that he cannot eat meat when brought unto him; and his spirits were so depressed with his former ill fortunes, that he could not enjoy himself in his new unexpected happiness." A monument to the memory of Captain John Millet, mariner, 1660, begets reflections of a more amusing nature. He it appears was

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* Churches of London.

> " Desirous hither to resort,
> Because this parish was his port."

In our account of the College of Physicians it will be remembered that one of the persons against whom proceedings were taken for practising without its licence was Francis Anthony. The history of this individual, whom the author of the article in the 'Biographia Britannia' calls "a very learned physician and chemist," possesses, we think, sufficient interest to make it worth while to extract a few particulars from the work we have mentioned. The account, we must premise, is evidently written by a warm admirer. Francis Anthony took the degree of M.A. at Cambridge in 1574, and there, according to his own account, studied chemistry most sedulously. Soon after his arrival in London, about 1598, he published a treatise concerning the excellency of a medicine drawn from gold; but, not having received the licence of the College of Physicians, he was summoned before it in 1600, when he confessed that he had practised physic in London for more than six months, and had cured twenty persons or more of several diseases, to whom he had given purging and vomiting physic, and to others a diaphoretic medicine prepared from gold and mercury, as the case required. He was then examined, and, being found inexpert, interdicted from practice. About a month after he was committed to the Compter prison, and fined five pounds, but, upon his application to the Lord Chief Justice, was set at liberty. The College immediately sent the President and one of the Censors to wait on that dignitary, to request him to preserve and defend the College privileges. Mr. Anthony now submitted, promised to pay his fine, and practise no more. Not long after he was again accused of practising, and on his own confession fined five pounds, which he refused to pay; it was then raised to twenty pounds, and he was committed to prison till it was paid. The College also commenced a lawsuit against him, and obtained a judgment in its favour; but, on the entreaties of Mr. Anthony's wife, remitted their share of the penalty. These proceedings, however, appear to have benefited rather than injured him in the eye of the public; among other evidences of his popularity is that of his obtaining the degree of doctor of physic in one of the universities. New complaints were now made of his giving a certain nostrum, which he called *aurum potabile*, or potable gold, and which he was said to represent as an universal medicine. Dr. Anthony published "a very learned and modest defence of himself and his aurum potabile, in Latin, written with great decency, much skill in chemistry, and with an apparent knowledge in the theory and practice of physic." In the preface he says "that, after inexpressible labour, watching, and expense, he had, through the blessing of God, attained all he had sought for in his inquiries." In the second chapter of the work he affirms that his medicine is a kind of extract or honey of gold, capable of being dissolved in any liquor whatsoever; and, referring to the common objection of the affinity between the aurum potabile and the philosopher's stone, does not deny the transmutation of metals, but still shows that there is a great difference between the two; and that the finding or not finding of the one does not at all render it inevitable that the other shall also be discovered or remain hidden. The price of the medicine was five shillings an ounce. Wonderful cures of course are displayed in the doctor's pages. His publication produced quite a controversy on the merits of the aurum potabile. We need not wonder to find that Dr. Anthony had implicit believers in the value of his nostrum when we see the great chemist and philosopher Boyle thus commenting on such preparations:—"Though I have long been prejudiced against the pretended aurum potabile, and other boasted preparations of gold, for most of which I have still no great esteem, yet I saw such extraordinary and surprising effects from the tincture of gold I spake of (prepared by two foreign physicians) upon persons of great note, with whom I was particularly acquainted, both before they fell desperately sick and after their strange recovery, that I could not but change my opinion for a very favourable one as to some preparations of gold.* Dr. Anthony enjoyed a very extensive and lucrative practice, and lived in great hospitality at his house in Bartholomew Close. He is said to have been very liberal, very pious, very modest, and of untainted probity. He died in 1623, and was buried in the church here, where we now read the following inscription set up by his son, who inherited from Dr. Anthony the reputation and profits of the aurum potabile:—

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* Boyle's Abridgment of Shaw, v. 3, p. 586, quoted in *Biog. Brit.*

"There needs no verse to beautify thy praise,
Or keep in memory thy spotless name.
Religion, virtue, and thy skill did raise
A three-fold pillar to thy lasting fame.
Though poisonous Envy ever sought to blame
Or hide the fruits of thy intention,
Yet shall all they commend that high design
Of purest gold to make a medicine,
That feel thy help by that thy rare invention."

Let us now enter the Choir, and, ascending the gallery to the side of the organ, from whence the view at the head of this paper is taken, gaze on the impressive and characteristic work before us, which seems scarcely less fresh and solid than when Rahere beheld in its vast piers and beautiful arches the realization of the vision for which he had so long yearned. We are standing in the centre of four arches of the most magnificent span, fit bearers of the great tower that they lifted so airily, as it were a thing of nought, into the air. Two of these are round, and two slightly pointed. The last (which were originally open and formed the commencement of the transepts) have been referred to as among the various instances of the occasional use of pointed arches by the Normans before their systematic introduction as a style. "The cause," says Mr. Britton, "is evident; for those sides of the tower being much narrower than the east and west divisions, which are formed of semicircular arches, it became necessary to carry the arches of the former to a point, in order to suit the oblong plan of the intersection, and at the same time make the upper mouldings and lines range with the corresponding members of the circular arches."* In each of the spandrels formed by these arches is a small lozenge-shaped panel containing ornaments which bear a striking resemblance to the Grecian honeysuckle, and deserve notice from their singularity. Behind us are arches showing the original continuation of the church into the nave. The roof is very ancient, and not particularly handsome looking. It consists of massy timbers, some of them braced up in the middle, apparently to prevent their falling. Prior Bolton's elegant oriel window in the second story appears to have been built as a kind of pew or seat, from which the Prior could overlook the canons when he pleased, without their being aware of his presence, as it communicated with his house at the eastern extremity of the church. The piers which support the range of pointed arches forming the uppermost story are, it will be perceived on referring to the engraving, pierced longitudinally, so as to leave open a passage all round the upper part of the building. The dimensions of the church are stated somewhat differently by different writers, and we have no means of reconciling the discrepancy. According to Malcolm, the height is about forty feet, the breadth sixty feet, and the length one hundred and thirty-eight feet; to which if we add eighty-seven feet for the length of the nave, we have two hundred and twenty-five feet as the entire length of the Priory church within the walls. Osborne, in his 'English Architecture,' gives the height as forty-seven feet, the breadth fifty-seven feet, and the length of the present church one hundred and thirty-two feet. We may here observe that when the fire broke out in 1830 the interior of the church was much injured, and the

* Chronological History of Christian Architecture in England.

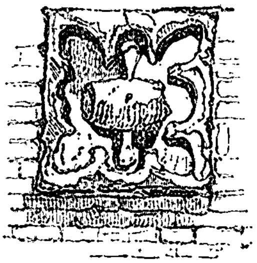
entire pile had a narrow escape from destruction. A portion of the roof of the south aisle fell on that occasion, and showed it to be composed of rubble-work. The church has undergone numerous reparations and alterations—we wish we could add improvements. But, on the contrary, many parts appear to have been injured, if not wantonly, certainly from unworthy or insufficient reasons. Thus, in Henry VIII.'s time, as we have seen in our previous number, the sacred edifice had well nigh been entirely pulled down for the value of the materials. The erection of the brick tower in 1628 was little better than an architectural insult to the pride of the fine old Norman choir. And, as if the very sight of its magnificent arch-piers had become irksome, they have been cased round with wood, for no better reason, we presume, than that they were apt to leave undesirable marks on the coats of the congregation. But is that their fault? *They* are not plaster; nor, if they could speak, do we believe we should find them at all ambitious of whitewash.

There are some interesting monuments in the Choir; among which we may mention the following:—A beautiful marble monument of a rich dark-brown or almost black colour contains a figure of a man in complete armour, kneeling under an alcove,—two angels as supporters are drawing aside the curtains. This is Robert Chamberlain's. Nearly opposite is the monument of James Rivers, Esq., with this inscription:—

"Within this hollow vault there rests the frame
Of the high soul which once inform'd the same;
Torn from the service of the state in 's prime
By a disease malignant as the time:
Whose life and death design'd no other end
Than to serve God, his country, and his friend;
Who, when ambition, tyranny, and pride
Conquer'd the age, conquer'd himself and died."

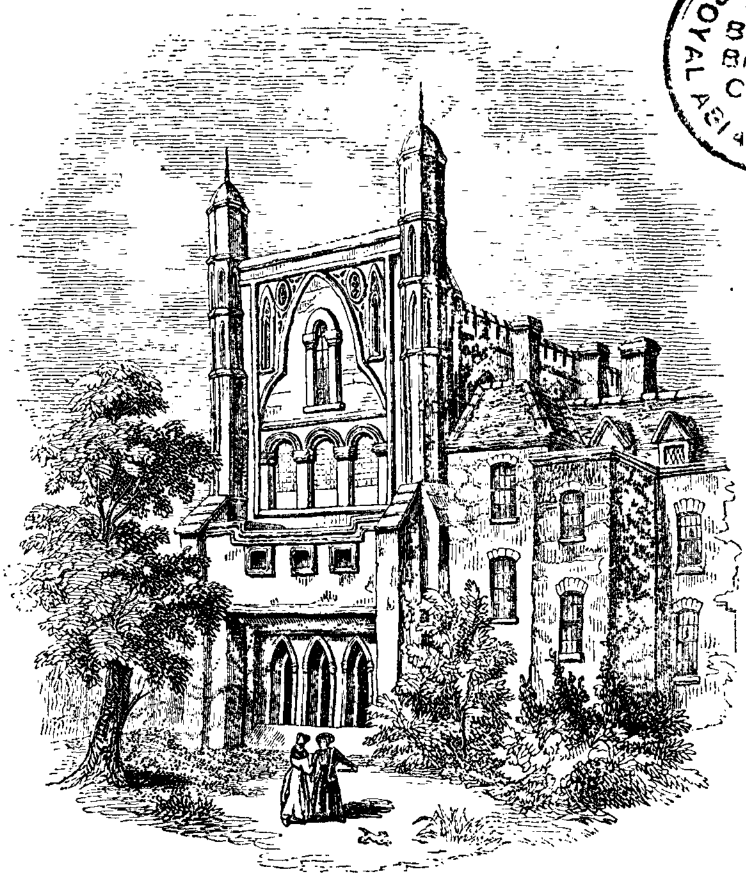
This was written in 1641, or just when the civil war was about to break out and deluge the country with the blood of its bravest and best children. Beyond is a sumptuously executed marble monument of great size, in memory of Sir Walter Mildmay, 1689, "displaying," says Mr. Godwin, "a mixture of the classic forms then becoming known, with the style which had been in general use." This gentleman, the founder of Emanuel College, Cambridge, held several offices under Henry VIII. and Edward VI., and was by Elizabeth made Chancellor of the Exchequer; who would, perhaps, have still further advanced him if he had been more obsequious to her wishes. Fuller says of him, "Being employed, by virtue of his place, to advance the Queen's treasure, he did it industriously, faithfully, and conscionably, without wronging the subject, being very tender of their privileges, insomuch that he once complained in Parliament that many subsidies were granted and no grievances redressed; which words being represented with disadvantage to the Queen made her to disaffect him;" and so he was left "in a court cloud, but in the sunshine of his country and a clear conscience." In 1582 he was employed with Sir W. Cecil in a treaty with the unfortunate Queen of Scots, and a few years later in the melancholy affair of her trial and conviction. He was appointed by Elizabeth a fellow-commissioner with Burghley, and many other eminent and titled personages, to proceed to *Fotheringhay Castle, whither*

Mary had been lately conveyed. The commissioners arrived there on the 11th of October, 1586, and on the following day Sir Walter and two others were deputed by the rest to deliver to the captive Queen a letter from Elizabeth, charging her with being accessory to the conspiracy set on foot just before by Babington, a young English Catholic of enthusiastic temper, to assassinate the Queen of England and deliver Mary from her captivity, and for which conspiracy Babington and several others had been executed. Mary's reply to them was full of dignity, and at the same time of a pathos that must have moved the heart of Sir Walter, who seems to have been a very estimable man. She told him that it grieved her to find her dear sister misinformed; that she had been kept in prison until she was deprived of the use of her limbs, notwithstanding her having repeatedly offered reasonable and safe conditions for her liberty; that she had given her Majesty full and faithful notice of several dangers which threatened her, and yet had found no credit, but had been always slighted and despised, though so nearly allied to her Majesty in blood, &c. She told him further that it seemed most strange that the Queen should command her, her equal, to submit to a trial as a subject; that she was an independent Queen, and one that would do nothing that might be prejudicial to her own majesty or to other princes of her rank and quality, or to her son's right; that her mind was not yet so far dejected, nor would she sink under the present calamity. In conclusion she thus addressed Sir Walter:—"The laws and statutes of England are unknown to me; I am void of counsellers, and cannot tell who shall be my peers. My notes and papers are taken from me, and no one dares to appear to be my advocate." The trial followed, and the execution. Fuller records an interesting story of Sir Walter and the foundation of Emanuel College. Mildmay, it must be observed, had, unlike the great men of the day generally, exhibited a tolerant spirit toward the Puritans. Coming to court after the foundation of the College, Elizabeth said to him, "Sir Walter, I hear you have erected a Puritan foundation." "No, Madam," was the answer, "far be it from me to countenance anything contrary to your established laws; but I have set an acorn which, when it becomes an oak, God knows what will be the fruit thereof." In the corner next to this monument is that to the memory of the Smallpage family, 1558, which is admirably executed in very dark marble. It contains two heads or half-busts, the one of a male, the other of a female—the former having a fine face and a double-peaked beard; the latter, if we may judge from the expression of her countenance, in its full ruff, seems made of "sterner stuff." Lastly (and as we began, so should we end, with Rahere, who is the presiding spirit of the place), we find the monument of the founder in the north-eastern corner, almost immediately opposite the beautiful oriel window which Prior Bolton there erected, in order, perhaps, that when he sat in it the home of the ashes of his illustrious predecessor might be for ever before him. This is a work in every way worthy of the man whom it enshrines. It is one of the most elegant specimens of the pointed style of architecture, consisting mainly of a very highly wrought stone-work screen, enclosing a tomb on which Rahere's effigy extends at full length. The roof of the little chamber, as we may call it, is most exquisitely groined. At what period the monument was erected is uncertain; but the style marks it as of a later date than that of the founder's decease. But it was most carefully restored by Bolton; and the fact is significant of its antiquity. As the latter found, no doubt, a labour of love in making these reparations, so Time itself seems to have seconded his efforts, and to have shared in the hopes of its builders that a long period of prosperity should be granted to it, by touching it very gently. Here and there the pinnacles have been somewhat diminished of their fair proportions, and that is pretty well the entire extent of the injury the work has experienced. The monument, it must be added, is richly painted as well as sculptured, and shows us the black robes of Rahere and of the monks who are kneeling at his side—the ruddy features of the former, and the splendid coats of arms on the front of the tomb below. Each of the monks has a Bible before him, open at the fifty-first chapter of Isaiah. And often and often, no doubt, has Rahere, as he read such verses as that (the third) we are about to transcribe, received fresh accession of strength to complete his arduous task, until what he had first looked upon as holy words of encouragement only became to his rapt fancy a prophecy which he was chosen to fulfil. When others spake of the all but impossible task (for such it was generally esteemed) he had undertaken, of cleaning and building upon the extensive marsh allotted, he smiled in his heart to think what One had said greater than they:—"The Lord shall comfort Zion: he will comfort all her waste places; and he will make her wilderness like Eden, and her desert like the garden of the Lord; joy and gladness shall be found therein, thanksgiving, and the voice of melody."



[Prior Bolton's Rebus.]

LIBRARY OF THE BOMBAY BRANCH OF THE ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY



[St. Stephen's Chapel, from the Thames.]

XXX.—THE HOUSE OF COMMONS:—No. 1.

Of the associations connected with the House of Commons, some attach themselves to the old building or apartment in which the representatives of the people had held their meetings for nearly three centuries previous to its destruction in 1834, but many also derive their interest from passages in the history of this branch of the legislature, or peculiarities of its forms and usages, which have little or nothing to do with any particular locality. And even for the former class, the walls at least are still standing, and will be preserved, that echoed the eloquence of the senates of other days, and the spot which their long occupation has consecrated is to be kept separate, and unappropriated to any meaner use, for the imagination to re-erect on it at will the whole structure of that narrow, dingy room which, to an unaccustomed eye, looked more like the prison than the palace of the genius of our English legislation. A strange, underground, cavernous air it had, indeed, with its one great table occupying half the penurious floor, and its five tiers of horseshoe benches carried back to the wainscoted walls, and round about so economically into every angle and coigne of vantage, and the strips of gallery running over-head along each side and at the one end, and the chandeliers hung, not high near the ceiling, but low down in mid air, as if there had been some ground-haze, or other palpable murkiness, floating about and filling the place, which would have otherwise intercepted the light. The scene, truly, was apt to awaken the most awkward fancies. A mind disordered, or thrown off its balance, by the shock of the sudden, harsh, and complete *bouleversement* of all its previous impressions of the dignity and splendour of parliaments, might have been excused, looking down from that end gallery, for mistaking at the first glance the assembled wisdom, speaker's wig and all, for some den of thieves, or a crew of midnight conspirators. Yet, on better acquaintance, the contracted, unadorned, well-packed apartment revealed a character that was not inappropriate—an earnest, business, workshop character; so that, at last, one's fancy wandered neither to the dungeon and doleful shades of Milton's devils, nor to the *Fehm Gerichte* or Invisible Tribunals of mediæval Germany, nor even to Gil Blas feeling as if he were caught like a rat in a rat-trap when he found himself shut up with the robbers in their subterranean retreat, but rather to Virgil's description of the hollow cave under Ætna where the fabricators of the thunderbolts plied their labours:—

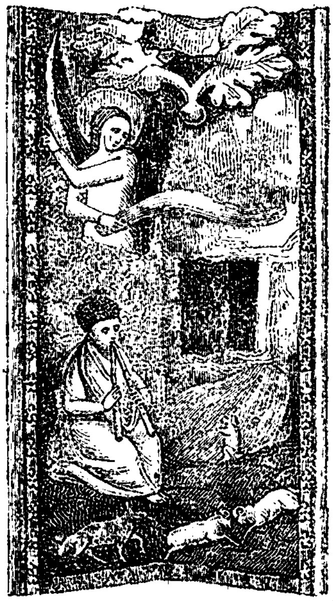
> "The Cyclops here their heavy hammers deal;
> Loud strokes and hissings of tormented steel
> Are heard around; the boiling waters roar;
> And smoky flames through fuming tunnels soar.
>
> * * * *
>
> A load of pointless thunder now there lies
> Before their hands to ripen for the skies;
> These darts for angry Jove they daily cast,
> Consumed on mortals with prodigious waste.
> Three rays of writhen rain, of fire three more,
> Of winged southern winds and cloudy store
> As many parts, the dreadful mixture frame;
> And fears are added, and avenging flame."

And, indeed, to say that it is composed of fire, flatulence, and fog, seems about as proper a description of parliamentary as of any other thunder.

Remembering that Westminster Hall stands nearly due north and south, or parallel to the course of the river at this place, the reader will understand exactly the position of the old House of Commons when we state that the House and the Lobby together formed an oblong building placed at right angles to the Hall, and attached to it at its south-east angle. Of course it extended from that angle towards the river, from which its eastern end was divided by a portion of the Speaker's Garden. The garden extended along the river-bank almost as far as to a point opposite to the northern wall of the Hall, where is the great entrance from New Palace Yard: the corner between the Hall and the House of Commons was occupied by the Speaker's house and the buildings connected with it, which were arranged round a court, and formed an irregular square mass, stretching up to about the middle of the eastern wall of the Hall. The stables, indeed, which were divided from the Hall by St. Stephen's Court, extended considerably farther to the north. The entire length of the House of Commons and the Lobby together was about half that of the Hall, and their breadth was also about half that of the Hall; so that their entire area was about a fourth of the area of that building. But of this space the Lobby occupied considerably more than a third; leaving the length of the House of Commons not quite equal to the breadth of Westminster Hall, and room upon the ample floor of the latter for at least half a dozen of the former. The one, indeed, was a mere closet compared to the other.

The room which in later times served for the meetings of the Commons was, as every reader knows, originally a chapel, founded by King Stephen, by whom it was dedicated to the saint of his own name, and rebuilt by Edward III., who made it a collegiate church, with an establishment of a dean, twelve secular canons, twelve vicars, four clerks, six choristers, a verger, and a chapel-keeper. The restoration of St. Stephen's Chapel by Edward III. was a work of great cost and labour; it was not finished till the year 1347, although it appears to have been begun at least seventeen years before; and the extraordinary magnificence of decoration lavished upon it was attested by the richness and beauty of the numerous paintings in oil with which the walls were found to be covered when the wainscoting of the House of Commons was taken down in 1800 to enlarge the apartment for the admission of the Irish members. In the fury of the Reformation, when St. Stephen's Chapel, with all the other monastic foundations in the kingdom, was suppressed, all this splendour was recklessly sacrificed; indeed, it was no doubt held in contempt and abhorrence by the austere and violent spirit now abroad; and the paintings might have had a worse fate than that of being merely boarded up, or even being covered over with whitewash, as, we believe, those in some adjoining apartments were found to be. What was more disgraceful than the treatment they received in the excitement of such a crisis as that of the Reformation, when men's minds, occupied and wrapt by subjects far transcending any concerns of time, might well be excused for an indifference to whatever did not appertain to the great business in hand, and an impatience of whatever seemed to interfere with it, was the disregard with which these curious works of ancient art were treated on their accidental discovery in our own day, when they were no sooner brought to light than they were destroyed, and it was left to the taste and zeal of a private individual to preserve and communicate to the public such copies of them as he could manage to snatch with hurried pencil while the workmen were actually tearing them down and the noise and dust of their operations filled the place. To this gentleman, however, Mr. J. T. Smith, who accidentally heard of what was going forward, we are indebted for engravings, coloured after the originals, of between two and three hundred of these pictures, which adorned the old Chapel of St. Stephen's and the other buildings of the Palace of which it formed a part, and not one of which, we believe, now remains, except in the record of them thus preserved in his 'Antiquities of Westminster.' It is stated that when they were first brought to light, the colours, then four centuries and a half old, appeared as fresh as if they had been newly laid on.

St. Stephen's Chapel was a portion of the original, afterwards distinguished as the Old, royal palace of Westminster, the memory of which is still preserved in



[Specimen of Old Paintings in St. Stephen's Chapel.]

the name of Old Palace Yard given to the open space on the south-west side of this mass of buildings. The Old Palace of Westminster was founded by the Confessor. When Westminster Hall was built by William Rufus, that portion of the pile appears to have received the name of the New Palace, and the open space adjacent to it that of New Palace Yard, which it still retains. But properly the entire mass of building was the King's Palace at Westminster. This palace, however, was deserted as a royal residence in 1512, when a great part of it was burnt down; "since the which time," says Stow, "it hath not been re-edified; only the great Hall, with the offices near adjoining, are kept in good reparation, and serveth, as afore, for feasts at coronations, arraignments of great persons charged with treasons, keeping of the courts of justice, &c.: but the princes have been lodged in other places about the City, as at Baynard's Castle, at Bridewell, and Whitehall, sometime called York Place, and sometime at St. James's." From this date the Palace at Westminster appears to have been usually styled the Old Palace. In the act of parliament passed in 1536, by which, as stated in a former number,* the limits of the Palace were extended so as to comprehend York Place, now called Whitehall, the Old Palace is described as "the King's Palace at Westminster, builded and edified there before the time of mind, by and nigh unto the Monastery and Abbey of Saint Peter of Westminster in the county of Middlesex;" and it is stated then to be, and of long time to have been, "in utter ruin and decay." After mentioning the King's new buildings at York Place, and the Parks thereunto adjoining, "walled and environed with brick and stone," which he had also recently made—the present St. James's Park—the act goes on to declare that "all the said soil, ground, mansion, and buildings, and the said Park, with all other things, commodities, and pleasures, thereupon made, builded, and devised, as is afore said, and also the soil of the said ancient palace, shall be from henceforth the King's whole Palace at Westminster, and so to be taken, deemed, reputed, called, and named the King's Palace at Westminster for ever; and that the same palace shall from henceforth extend and be, as well within the soil and places afore limited and appointed for the same, as also in all the street or way leading from Charing Cross unto the Sanctuary Gate at Westminster aforesaid, and in all the houses, buildings, lands, and tenements on both the sides of the same street or way from the said Cross unto Westminster Hall, situate, lying, or being between the water of the Thames of the east part and the said Park wall of the west part, and so forth through all the soil, precinct, and limits of the said Old Palace."*

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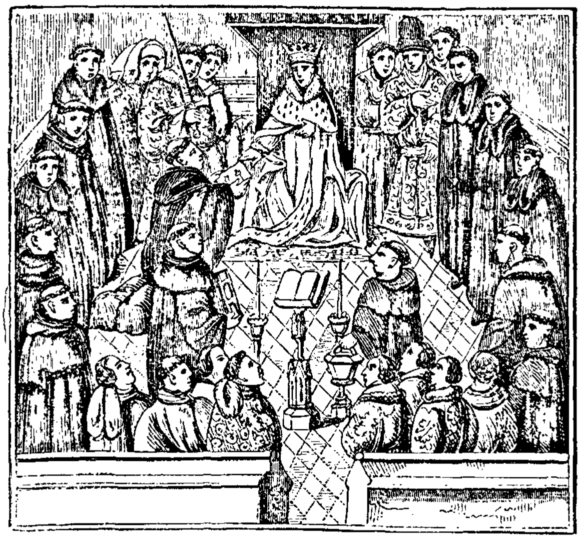
* 'London,' vol. i. p. 339.

In Scotland, so long as that country possessed a separate legislature, the Lords and Commons assembled in parliament sat together, forming only one House; and it has been sometimes assumed that this was also originally the case in England. But we know that in France, in Sweden, and in other countries in which parliaments anciently existed, the different orders of which they were composed deliberated separately from each other; and in England, too, this was most probably the mode from the first. In early times parliaments used to be held in many other places as well as in London or Westminster; but from the latter part of the fourteenth century Westminster has been the place at which they have commonly assembled: it is reckoned that since the commencement of the reign of Richard II. the whole number held elsewhere has been only fourteen. The Chapter House in the Abbey appears to have been originally the usual place of meeting for the Commons; but after the suppression of the monastic establishments, the old Chapel of St. Stephen's was appropriated to their use, being fitted for the purpose by having its painted walls boarded over in the manner that has been already described, and its dimensions also in another direction considerably con-



[Parliament in the Fifteenth Century.]

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* Stat. 28 Henry VIII. c. 12.

tracted by the insertion of a new floor above, and a new roof under the old one. This arrangement is said to have been made in the reign of Edward VI.; it probably took place before 1551, in which year, as Strype informs us in his 'Ecclesiastical Memorials,' Sir John Gates, a minion of the Duke of Northumberland, obtained, among much more of the same kind of spoil, "a patent whereby the King granted him the site of the College or free Chapel of St. Stephen's in Westminster, with all the chapels and precincts of the said site, except the upper buildings, now called the Parliament House, over the vault of the College Chapel beneath." From this time St. Stephen's Chapel continued to be the place in which the Commons held their meetings down to the destruction of the building in 1834, except only on one or two occasions, when both Houses were assembled at Whitehall, twice in the reign of Charles I., when the parliament was withdrawn to Oxford, and during the making of some alterations in the room in the year 1800, for the accommodation of the hundred members added to their number by the Union with Ireland, when they removed for a short time to the apartment called the Painted Chamber, the same in which the Lords have sat since the fire. It used to be the place in which the conferences between the two Houses were held, and stands parallel to St. Stephen's Chapel, extending towards the river from the southern extremity, as St. Stephen's Chapel did from the northern extremity of the former House of Lords, which is now appropriated to the meetings of the Commons. This last-mentioned apartment, however, had only served for the accommodation of the Lords since the year 1800; till then their Lordships met in a room adjoining to the Painted Chamber on the south, over the cellar in which Guy Fawkes and his associates stowed their gunpowder; and what was lately the House of Lords, and is now the House of Commons, was then an unoccupied apartment, known by the name of the Court of Requests. Pennant describes it as in his day, "a vast room modernized; at present a mere walking place." "The outside of the south end," he adds, "shows the great antiquity of the building, having in it two great round arches, with zigzag mouldings, our most ancient species of architecture. This court has its name because the *masters* of it here received the petitions of the subjects to the King, in which they *requested* justice, and advised the suppliants how they were to proceed." It is supposed, indeed, to be the most ancient part of the Palace of Westminster now remaining, and to have served as the banqueting-room of the Old Palace before the erection of the present Great Hall by Rufus.

These various changes require to be kept in view in assigning a local habitation to any of the great incidents in the history of parliament.

The retention by the Commons of the little unpretending room in which they continued to be cooped up from the middle of the sixteenth till nearly the middle of the nineteenth century, presents an interesting contrast to the wonderful expansion their power and authority received in that space of time. For a long course of years after they were first summoned by the Crown to exercise the privilege, or rather, as it was then esteemed, to share the burthen, of legislation, his Majesty's "poor Commons," as they used to style themselves, were looked upon and treated, by both the Crown and the Lords, rather as servants or instruments than as associates or equals. Indeed the representatives of the towns were not for a long time held, either by others or themselves, to have any right to assist in the making of laws, or to interfere generally with public affairs. Their sole function was to give their consent to the levying of taxes upon their constituents. As Hume has said, "they composed not, properly speaking, any essential part of the parliament; they met apart both from the barons and knights, who disdained to mix with such mean personages: after they had given their consent to the taxes required of them, their business being now finished, they separated, even though the parliament still continued to sit and to canvass the national business." And even after the Lower House had acquired more strength and importance by the union of the borough and county members, it was long before they were either allowed, or even evinced any inclination, to assume a general power of legislation. Down even to the beginning of the fifteenth century they were regarded as having only the right of petitioning the King and the Lords. Henry IV. on one occasion distinctly told them that such was all the function that belonged to them. In the parliament which met in January, 1349, the twenty-first year of Edward III., the Commons, after a debate of four days, came to the conclusion that they were not able to give the King any advice about the question of going to war with France, as to which their opinion had been asked; and they therefore desired that his Majesty would, in regard to that point, be advised by his nobles and council, and whatever should by them be determined, they (the Commons) would consent unto, confirm, and establish. So perplexed were the popular representatives by the novelty of being called upon to consider so high a matter. They further represented that they had been detained for a long time in parliament, to their great cost and damage, and begged that they might have a speedy answer to their petitions, in order that they might soon get back to their own homes. The usual practice for some time after this was for the Commons, when their advice was demanded upon any state question, to entreat that some lords and prelates might be sent to assist their consultations, as being incapable by themselves of judging aright as to such matters. It is unnecessary to add that in those days no measure could originate with the Commons, at least in any other way than by being made matter of petition from them to the King and the Lords, to whom alone it was held that all judgment appertained. But even at a much later date, long after the Commons had begun to be themselves petitioned to, which appears to have been not till about the beginning of the sixteenth century, and when they had come to be theoretically regarded as a branch of the legislature generally co-ordinate with the other House, they still continued to be treated by the Crown with the height of arrogance, and as far as possible to be kept muzzled and in the leash. The course of events in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, which so greatly broke the ancient power of the nobility, had favoured the rise of the Commons to a general legislative equality with the Lords; but the same causes which had depressed the aristocracy had strengthened the royal authority, and the battle with prerogative had to be fought after that with the rest of feudalism had been in great part over and won. Much was done when the House of Commons first conceived the notion, and manifested the desire, of being something more in the state than a mere sponge in the hands of the Crown—the contrivance it made use of for facilitating the process of extracting a revenue from the pockets of the people; and this commencing movement may be said to have been made in the favourable and encouraging circumstances produced by the elevation of the House of Lancaster to the throne, and their precarious tenure of it on a disputed title. The instinct of ascent was thus awakened, and the habit acquired; and after this every propitious crisis or influence was as sure to be taken advantage of, and to aid the progress of the new power, as a ship at sea with its sails spread is sure to be carried forward on its course whenever the right wind springs up. But as we have said, there was a succession of obstacles to be surmounted before the popular power could establish its ascendancy in the constitution. The common theory of the constitutional position and rights of the House of Commons was nearly the same as it is at this day when the House first took possession of St. Stephen's Chapel about the middle of the sixteenth century; but its actual position for fifty years after this date was as different from what it is now as that of a menial servant is from that of his master.

Elizabeth in particular, from the beginning to the end of her reign, kept her faithful Commons in as thorough order and subjection as ever pedagogue did a crew of well-whipped schoolboys. When immediately after her accession they ventured to address her in very humble terms on the subject of contracting a marriage, that the throne might not be left without an heir, although, being at the moment in good humour, she took what she called their petition in good part, because, as she said, it was simple, and contained no limitation of place or person, she at the same time told the Speaker, by whom it was delivered, that if it had been otherwise she must needs have misliked it very much, "and thought it in you," she added, "a very great presumption, being unfitting and altogether unmeet for you to require them that may command you, or those to appoint whose parts are to desire, or such to bind and limit whose duties are to obey." And she ended by telling them that while she thanked them it was more for their zeal and good meaning than for their petition—as she again took care to designate what they themselves had termed a "humble but pressing and earnest address." Eight years after, when this same question of her Majesty's marriage was once more moved, Elizabeth twice sent down to the House her express prohibition against proceeding any further in that affair; although, with the policy which she rarely forgot even in her most violent fits of temper, or at least always remembered as soon as the fit was over, she sent down a message after the lapse of a fortnight to the effect "that, for the good will she bore to them, she did revoke her two former commandments; but desired the House to proceed no further in the matter at that time:" which act of grace, according to the Journal, "was taken by the House most joyfully, with most hearty prayer and thanks for the same." One member, nevertheless, Paul Wentworth, Esq., had before this had the boldness to start the question, whether the Queen's commands and inhibition were not against the liberties and privileges of the House; and this motion gave rise to a debate which lasted from nine in the morning, of a November day, till two in the afternoon. What determination the House came to is not stated.*

Another subject in regard to which Elizabeth would at no time permit the interference of parliament was that of the established religion. She kept her post at the head of the Church with the tenacity of a mastiff. In 1571 a Mr. Strickland, having ventured to bring in a Bill for the Reformation of the Book of Common Prayer, was immediately called before the council, and commanded to forbear going to the House till her Majesty's pleasure should be further signified to him; and, although, upon the matter being taken up somewhat warmly by the House, their member was restored to them after about a week, no acknowledgment was ever made by the Crown of the illegality of so gross an outrage. In the course of the debate to which the affair gave rise, Mr. Treasurer stated that Strickland was not detained "for any word or speech by him in that place offered, but for the exhibiting a bill into the House against the prerogative of the Queen, which was not to be tolerated." The royal prerogative, which was thus not to be touched, meant in those days anything the Crown might call by that name, any right or authority it chose to lay claim to. On another occasion, in this same session, a Mr. Bell, having taken the liberty to deliver his opinion against monopolies, or licences granted by her Majesty to various individuals of the exclusive trade in certain commodities, was held, the Journal states, to have spoken against the prerogative, and in consequence of what had fallen from him the Speaker informed the House that he had received a command from her Majesty to caution the members to spend less time in motions, and to avoid long speeches.

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* See, besides the Journals of the House, Sir Symonds Dewes, Camden, and certain dispatches of the French ambassador, La Mothe Fenelon, published by Mr. D'Israeli, 'Curiosities of Literature,' pp. 236—239 (edition of 1839).

In a subsequent parliament, in 1575, after two bills respecting rites and ceremonies in the church had been read for the third time, the Speaker announced to the House the Queen's pleasure that from henceforth no bills concerning religion should be brought forward or received by the House unless the same should have been first considered and approved by the clergy. At her Majesty's desire, also, the two bills were immediately sent up for her inspection, the House accompanying them with a humble request most humbly to beseech her Highness not to conceive an ill opinion of the House, if so it were that her Majesty should not like well of the said bills, or of the parties that preferred them. The next day the Treasurer of the Household reported "that her Majesty seemed utterly to mislike the first bill, *and him that brought the same into the House;*" and he further intimated her "express will and pleasure" that the measure should not take effect: upon which it appears to have been at once laid aside. A few days after this, her Majesty sent down a message to the House commanding them to refrain from all further speeches or arguments touching the business of the Queen of Scots and the Duke of Norfolk, upon which there had for some time been considerable debate. On the first day of the next session this interference was made the subject of a long harangue by Peter Wentworth, Esq., member for Tregony—the brother of Paul—some of whose expressions or doctrines so frightened the House, that, according to the Journal, they, "out of a reverent regard of her Majesty's honour, stopped his further proceeding before he had fully finished." And, it is added, "Mr. Wentworth being sequestered the House for his said speech, it was agreed and ordered by the House upon the question (after sundry motions and disputations had therein) that he should be presently committed to the serjeant's ward as prisoner, and, so remaining, should be examined upon his said speech, for the extenuating of his fault therein, by a committee consisting of all the Privy Council being of this

House and other members." The result of the examination, which took place in the Star Chamber, was that the unlucky orator was by order of the House committed close prisoner to the Tower; where after he had lain for above a month her Majesty sent to acquaint the House that "she was graciously pleased to remit her justly occasioned displeasure," and to consent that the offender should be released; "which message," we are told, "was most thankfully accepted of by the whole House," the subservient spirit of which was at the same time soothed and gratified by a declamation from the Chancellor of the Exchequer in infinite laudation of her Majesty's clemency and goodness. "Let this serve us for an example," concluded the right honourable member, "to beware that we offend not in the like hereafter, lest that, in forgetting our duties so far, we may give just cause to our gracious sovereign to think that this her clemency hath given occasion of further boldness, and thereby so much grieve and provoke her, as, contrary to her most gracious and mild consideration, she be constrained to change her natural clemency into necessary and just severity."

After this there was no meeting of the legislature for five years; but at last the same parliament was called together again in January, 1580, after no fewer than twenty-four prorogations. The Wentworths however were still at their post; and now Paul got up and moved, on a Saturday forenoon, that Sunday se'nnight should be kept by the whole House as a day of fasting, humiliation, and prayer, in the Temple Church, and also that the members should every morning by way of preparation for business assemble at seven o'clock to hear a sermon. The motion gave rise to a long and warm debate, but in the end it was carried by a majority of a hundred and fifteen to a hundred. No sooner, however, was her Majesty acquainted with what had been resolved upon than she sent down her vice-chamberlain, Sir Christopher Hatton, with a message, "That she did much admire at so great a rashness in that House, as to put in execution such an innovation without her privity and pleasure first made known to them;" upon which, struck with consternation, the members, refusing in their hurry and terror even to hear one or two of their number who professed a desire to speak for their rights and liberties, hastened to agree to a motion "that the House should acknowledge their offence and contempt, and humbly crave forgiveness, with a full purpose to forbear committing the like for the future." It is strange to see how prone they were to fall into such blunders, or to rush into such perils, with so little pluck as they showed whenever they heard their mistress's threatening growl, or perceived her finger lifted at them. In 1588, in another parliament, one of the Wentworths, it is not stated which, was, for merely submitting some questions to the chair touching the right of the House to liberty of speech, sent a prisoner to the Tower by her Majesty's order; and four other members, who had spoken in favour of a bill lately brought in for an alteration of the liturgy, were the next day sent after him to the same place. The utmost length that the boldest of those left behind ventured upon this occasion was to move "that, since several good and necessary members of that House were taken from them, it would please them to be humble petitioners to her Majesty for the restitution of them again to the House." But even this was thought too much: Mr. Vice-Chamberlain, we are told, answered, that if the gentlemen were committed for matter within the compass of the privilege of the House, there might be room for a petition; "but if not," he added, "we shall occasion her Majesty's further displeasure." So the five members remained in durance till her Majesty's vengeance was satisfied, or she deemed they had had a lesson they would sufficiently remember. At the opening of the parliament which met in February, 1593, the Lord Keeper, in replying to the usual demand or petition of the Speaker for liberty of speech to the members of the Lower House, said, in the name of the Queen, "Privilege of speech is granted, but you must know what privilege you have; not to speak every one what he listeth, or what cometh in his brain to utter; *but your privilege is, Aye or No.* Wherefore, Mr. Speaker, her Majesty's pleasure is, that, if you perceive any idle heads, which will not stick to hazard their own estates, which will meddle with reforming the Church and transforming the Commonwealth, and do exhibit any bills to such purpose, that you receive them not, until they be viewed and considered by those who it is fitter should consider of such things, and can better judge of them." Notwithstanding this hint, two days after, the incorrigible Mr. Peter Wentworth and Sir Henry Bromley are found presenting a petition, from the Commons apparently, to the Lord Keeper, "therein desiring the Lords of the Upper House to be suppliant with them of the Lower House unto her Majesty for entailing the succession of the crown, whereof a bill was ready drawn by them." The consequence was that by the Queen's orders the two members were on the next day, which chanced to be Sunday, called before the council, by whom they were informed "that her Majesty was so highly offended that they must needs commit them;" and Wentworth was accordingly forthwith sent back to his old quarters in the Tower, and Bromley, together with two other members, Stephens and Welch, who also appeared to be concerned in the business, to the Fleet. No notice was taken of the matter till more than a fortnight after, when at last a Mr. Wroth, while the House was discussing a subsidy bill, ventured to move, "That in respect that some counties might complain of the tax of these many subsidies, their knights and burgesses never consenting unto them, nor being present at the grant, *and because an instrument, taking away some of its strings, cannot give a pleasant sound,* he therefore desired that we might be humble and earnest suitors to her Majesty that she would be pleased to set at liberty those members of the House that were restrained." But Mr. Wroth's gentle words and insinuating metaphors wholly failed to charm the adder: all the privy counsellors in the House, we are told, joined in answering, "that her Majesty had committed them for causes best known to herself; and for us to press her Majesty with this suit, we should but hinder them whose good we seek; and it is not to be doubted but her Majesty, of her gracious disposition, will shortly of herself yield to them that which we would ask for them, and it will like her better to have it left unto herself than sought by us." Hatsell, who labours hard to put the best face upon the pusillanimity of the Commons throughout this reign, is reluctantly obliged to add in conclusion that "with these assurances the House acquiesced; and, though they continued sitting above a month, it does not appear from any circumstances that these gentlemen were ever released, or that any further motions were made about them."* We have no doubt, nevertheless, that Wentworth and his three friends were set at large again after a little while; Elizabeth never allowed passion to carry her farther on these occasions than was necessary for attaining her end, which in this instance was to keep the Commons in proper discipline, and that was completely effected by the quiescent submission with which they had taken her exertion of authority, kissing, indeed, we may say, the rod that had chastised them.

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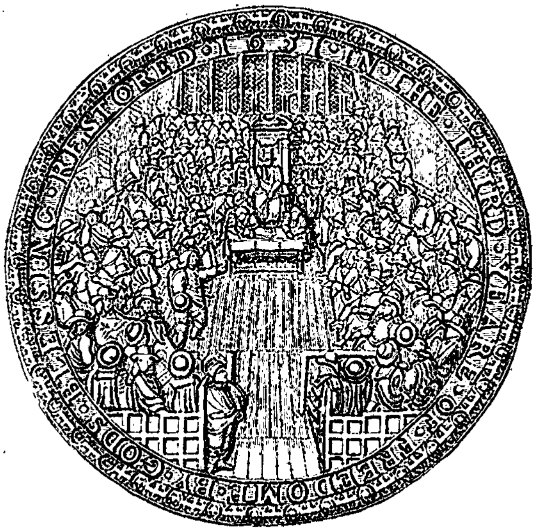
* Precedents, I. 106 (second edition).

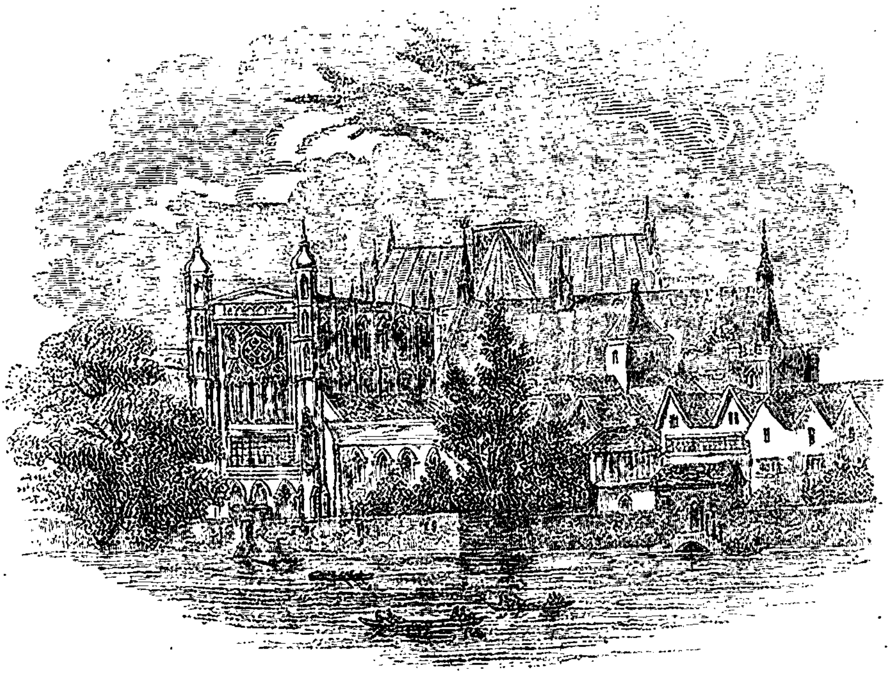
Only two days, however, after the committal of Wentworth and the other three members, her Majesty found herself again called upon to make her hand felt. A Mr. Morrice had brought in two bills touching the abuses of the ecclesiastical courts; the bills, it appears, though introduced by a speech from the mover, were not read, but only delivered to the Speaker for his private perusal; but Elizabeth upon hearing of what had been done immediately sent for that functionary; and the next morning, as soon as the House met, he gave his brethren an account of his interview with her Majesty, in a solemn oration. "The matter," he said, "I have to speak is great, yea, it is the greatest I ever had to deal in." He then told how greatly he had been alarmed when, upon finding himself in the royal presence, he saw none of those honourable persons who had been in the House when the matter was discussed; but much to his relief some of them ere long made their appearance. He seems to have dreaded above all things confronting the lioness alone in her den. Her Majesty charged him to deliver to the House a message, which is too long to be quoted in full; but the material part of it consisted in reminding the Commons of the declaration of her Majesty's pleasure, made by the Lord Keeper at the opening of the Parliament, that they "should not meddle with matters of state, or in causes ecclesiastical." "She wondered," said the Speaker, "that any would be of so high commandment to attempt—I use her own words—a thing contrary to that which she hath so expressly forbidden; wherefore, with this she was highly displeased. And because the words then spoken by my Lord Keeper are not now perhaps well remembered, or some be now here that were not there, her Majesty's present charge and express command is, that no bills touching matters of state, or reformation in causes ecclesiastical, be exhibited. And upon my allegiance I am commanded, if any such bill be exhibited, not to read it." But this was not all; the mere injunction laid upon the Speaker not to suffer the reading of any objectionable bill would not have prevented the matter being brought before the House in speeches and motions; wherefore the same day Morrice, the mover of the present bill, was summoned to Court, and was committed to the custody of the Chancellor of the Exchequer—rather an odd selection of a gaoler. But we see from this case what was Elizabeth's doctrine as to the proper functions and rights of parliament: she held that the Commons had nothing to do with any matters of either Church or State, or rather, indeed—for to that some of her expressions amount—that it belonged to the sovereign alone, when calling or opening the parliament, to say what business it should occupy itself about, and that it could take up no other question whatever except such as were laid out for it. And we see also how uniformly, notwithstanding the opposition of a few individuals, and sometimes, it may be, a little general restiveness at first, one House of Commons after another throughout her reign acquiesced in the end in this view of the constitution, and submitted to trot quietly along with the bit in its mouth and the saddle on its back.

When Elizabeth was succeeded by James, it was as if the crown had passed not from a woman to a man, but from a man to a woman—as if the kingdom were *tombé en quenouille*, as the French say. But he too attempted to ride the Commons in very high style. It appears that, immediately after the rising of parliament in June 1614, several members had been committed to prison for their language or conduct in the House; the matter was taken up in the next parliament, which assembled in January 1620, but it was allowed to drop on a message being brought to the House from the King, stating that his Majesty granted them liberty of speech in as ample manner as any of his predecessors had ever done, and that if any should speak undutifully (as he hoped none would) he did not doubt that they themselves would be more forward to inflict punishment than he to require it, and expressing a wish that the House would rest satisfied with this assurance. Yet a few days after the adjournment of the House, in June 1621, Sir Edwyn Sandys was taken up and sent to prison for something he had said in a recent debate, which was construed as slander on his Majesty's government. When the House met again in November, Sir Edwyn being still absent, a member, Mr. Mallory, moved to know "what was become of him;" and the debate that arose, and which was renewed three days after, brought forward Mr. Secretary Calvert, who assured the House that he was not committed for anything said or done in parliament; "but," says the member by whom the debates of this parliament are reported, "the House will scarce believe Mr. Secretary, but thinketh he equivocateth." In this feeling, on the 1st of December it was ordered, that Sandys should be presently sent for to come and attend the service of the House if he were able, and if not, then to declare in writing whether he were examined or committed for any parliamentary business; and it was also resolved that a petition and remonstrance touching this and other grievances should be sent to his Majesty. But the petition had not yet been dispatched, when, on the 4th, there arrived from James, who was then at Newmarket, a letter beginning in the following lofty strain:—"Mr. Speaker, we have heard, by divers reports, to our great grief, that the far distance of our person at this time from our High Court of Parliament, caused by our want of health, hath emboldened some fiery and popular spirits in our House of Commons to debate and argue publicly on matters far beyond their reach or capacity, and so tending to our high dishonour, and to the trenching upon our prerogative royal." The letter went on to desire the Speaker to acquaint the House with his Majesty's pleasure that none therein should presume to meddle with anything concerning his Majesty's government or mysteries of state; and then, referring to the affair of Sandys, after affirming that he had not been committed for anything he had done or said in parliament, his Majesty proceeded:—"But, to put them out of doubt of any question of that nature that may arise among them hereafter, you shall resolve them, in our name, that we think ourself very free and able to punish any man's misdemeanours in parliament, as well during their sitting as after; which we mean not to spare hereafter, upon any occasion of any man's insolent behaviour there that shall be ministered unto us. And, if they have already touched any of those points which we have forbidden in any petition of theirs, which is to be sent unto us, it is our pleasure that you shall tell them, that, except they reform it before it comes to our hands, we will not deign the hearing or answering of it." Upon this letter being read, orders were given to stay the messengers who were to carry the petition to the king; and a committee was appointed to draw up another petition and declaration, which was forwarded to his Majesty two days after. It drew from James a very long reply, in which, after rating the petitioners roundly both for their foolish conduct and their bad logic, he concluded:—"And, although we cannot allow of the style, calling it your ancient and undoubted right and inheritance, but could rather have wished that ye had said, that your privileges were derived from the grace and permission of our ancestors and us (for most of them grow from precedents, which shows rather a toleration than inheritance), yet we are pleased to give you our royal assurance, that, as long as you contain yourselves within the limits of your duty, we will be as careful to maintain and preserve your lawful liberties and privileges as ever any of our predecessors were, nay, as to preserve our own royal prerogative. So as your House shall only have need to beware to trench upon the prerogative of the Crown; which would enforce us, or any just king, to retrench them of their privileges that would pare his prerogative and flowers of the Crown." There was, it must be confessed, some colour for the view thus announced by James; but the frankness of some of his expressions was rather startling, and honourable members were thrown into no little excitement. However, to wipe off the imputation of rashness, it was agreed that nothing should be done for a few days. On the 17th another letter arrived from James, professing to explain the former; but he did not retract a tittle of the doctrine he had therein advanced: "the plain truth is," reiterated his Majesty, "that we cannot with patience endure our subjects to use such antimonarchical words to us concerning their liberties, except they had subjoined, that they were granted unto them by the grace and favour of our predecessors." On the next day a select committee which had been appointed for the purpose presented to the House a protestation they had drawn up, which affirmed, "that the liberties, franchises, privileges, and jurisdictions of parliament are the ancient and undoubted birthright and inheritance of the subjects of England; and that the arduous and urgent affairs concerning the King, state, and the defence of the realm and of the Church of England, and the making and maintenance of laws, and redress of mischiefs and grievances which daily happen within this realm, are proper subjects and matter of counsel and debate in parliament; and that in the handling and proceeding of those businesses every member of the House hath and of right ought to have freedom of speech to propound, treat, reason, and bring to conclusion the same; . . . and that every such member of the said House hath like freedom from all impeachment, imprisonment, or molestation (other than by censure of the House itself), for or concerning any bill, speaking, reasoning, or declaring of any matter or matters touching the parliament, or parliament business." The House, whose customary sittings were then in the morning, had assembled at the unusual hour of four in the afternoon to receive this paper; and, the Speaker being in the chair, it was now ordered to be entered on the Journal, there to remain as of record. "Accordingly," we are told, "it was so entered, sitting the House, between five and six of the clock at night, by candlelight." The Protestation is a distinct and energetic statement of rights now universally admitted to belong to the Commons; and it does honour to Coke, Noy, Glanville, Crew, and the other members by whom it was drawn up and supported; but the history of the affair is anything rather than a proof of the existence of the rights in question, either actually or legally, at the time they were thus claimed. The issue of the business is recorded in a Memorial, dated Whitehall, the 30th of December, which James caused to be immediately printed and dispersed over the country. It begins by stating that "his most excellent Majesty coming this day to the Council, the Prince his Highness, and all the Lords and others of his Majesty's Privy Council, sitting about him, and all the Judges then in London, which were six in number, there attending upon his Majesty, the Clerk of the Commons' House of Parliament was called for, and commanded to produce his Journal-book, wherein was noted and entries made of most passages that were in the Commons' House of Parliament." With the Protestation, it is then intimated, his Majesty was justly offended; and a long recapitulation of the circumstances is entered into to show why, "so contrived and carried as it was," his Majesty thought it "fit to be razed out of all memorials and utterly to be annihilated, both in respect of the manner by which it was gained, and the matter therein contained." Among other things it is affirmed that the Protestation, "made to whom appears not," was brought into the House at six o'clock at night by candlelight; "and at that time of night it was called upon to be put to the question, there not being the third part of the House then present; whereas in all matters of weight their usual custom is, to put nothing of importance to the question till the House be full; and at this time many of them that were present expected the question would have been deferred to another day and a fuller House; and some then present stood up to have spoken to it, but could not be seen or heard in that darkness and confusion." And in conclusion it is said,—"These things considered, his Majesty did, this present day, in full assembly of his council, and in the presence of the Judges, declare the said Protestation to be invalid, annulled, void, and of no effect; and did further, *manu sua propria* (with his own hand), take the said Protestation out of the Journal-book of the Clerk of the Commons' House of Parliament; and commanded an act to be made thereupon, and this act to be entered in the register of council causes." Nor was this all: that day week the parliament was dissolved by a very long proclamation, in which his Majesty recounted, in his own way, the whole course of conduct on the part of the Commons which had forced him to that step, imputing the heats and distempers that had been raised in the House to certain "ill-tempered spirits," and "evil-affected and discontented persons," who, after daring "to treat," says James, "of our high prerogatives, and of sundry things, that, without our special direction, were no fit subjects to be treated of in parliament," had persuaded the rest, "in an unseasonable hour of the day, and a very thin House," to conclude and enter a protestation for their liberties, "in such ambiguous and general words," continues his Majesty, "as might serve for future times to invade most of our inseparable rights and prerogatives annexed to our imperial crown; whereof not only in the times of other our progenitors, but in the blessed reign of our late predecessor, that renowned Queen Elizabeth, we found our crown actually possessed; an usurpation that the majesty of a king can by no means endure:" and immediately after, Sir Edward Coke and Sir Robert Phelips, the two most eminent of the "ill-tempered spirits," were committed to the Tower, and Mr. Selden, Mr. Pymm, and Mr. Mallory, were consigned to other prisons. Coke's chambers in London, and in the Temple, were also sealed up, and his papers seized; and Sir Thomas Crew, Sir Dudley Digges, and other two members, who had distinguished themselves in the affair of the Protestation, were, by way of a lighter punishment, exiled, on pretence of being sent upon a commission of inquiry, to Ireland, and a fifth member, Sir Peter Hayman, to the Palatinate. Crew in particular has obtained great renown for his patriotic exertions on this occasion; but we find him wonderfully mollified after getting home again from his Irish expedition: in the next parliament, which met in February 1623, he was chosen by the Commons to the office of their Speaker, and graciously confirmed therein by the King; upon which he commenced the customary address of thanks in the following strain:—"Most gracious sovereign, since I cannot bring an olive-branch in my hand as a sign of my peace, and that God, in whose hands are the hearts of kings, without whose providence a sparrow doth not fall to the ground, whom no man can resist, hath inclined your Majesty to cast your eye of grace on me, and to confirm me in this place, I am taught in the best school that obedience is better than sacrifice, and will only say with a learned father, Da, Domine, quod jubes, et jube quod vis (Give, Lord, what thou orderest, and order what thou wilt)." It does not seem very clear whether these words are to be understood as addressed to the Deity, or to James:—possibly the ambiguity was intentional.

[To be continued in No. XXXI.]



[Great Seal of the Commonwealth, representing the House of Commons.]



[Houses of Parliament, from the River, temp. Charles II.]

XXXI.—THE HOUSE OF COMMONS:—No. 2.

(Continued from No. XXX.)

The Scottish Solomon, as we have seen, was able in some sort to keep up to the end of his reign the same almost absolute authority over the House of Commons which had been exercised by Elizabeth; indeed he asserted the subjection of that assembly to the crown in louder and more comprehensive words than had ever been employed by his more politic predecessor, and he probably thought that in so doing he strengthened the royal prerogative as much as he elevated and extended it. But the bow, in being so far bent, was only the nearer breaking. James was not an Elizabeth: still less was the age of James that of Elizabeth. It may be more than doubted if all the talent and policy of that great princess, aided by old authority and the prestige of her glorious name, could have much longer kept back the tide of democratic power and pretension that had been rising ever since the Reformation. The violent methods which James took to repress it only exhausted the strength of the crown, and at the same time infuriated the gathering force which he vainly attempted to subdue. We know how it came down like a great flood upon his predecessor, overwhelming and sweeping away him and his throne together, and whatever else would have opposed its victorious course. Charles I. began by treating his parliament much in the style his father had been accustomed to do. In the beginning of May, 1626, he committed two members of the House of Commons, Sir John Eliot and Sir Dudley Digges, to the Tower, for certain expressions they were said to have used at a late conference with the Lords. But the matter was immediately taken up with spirit by the Commons, who resolved that they would not proceed in any other business till they were righted in their liberties; and the result was that the imprisoned members were set at large after a few days' detention; on which the House at once and unanimously resolved that neither of them had exceeded his commission in anything which he had spoken at the conference. An ominous commencement of the new contest between prerogative and the popular power! Nor did Charles gain more in the long-run by his next attempt, however successful it seemed to be for the moment. Immediately after the dissolution of the parliament, in March, 1629, a number of the most conspicuous of the opposition members, Eliot, Holles, Selden, and six others, were committed to prison; when they were brought up by writ of habeas corpus before the Court of King's Bench, and demanded to be discharged or admitted to bail, Charles withdrew them from the protection of the judges, and consigned them all to the Lieutenant of the Tower, prohibiting him from allowing them to appear in court; and criminal informations were afterwards filed against three of them, Eliot, Denzil Holles, and Benjamin Valentine, upon which judgment was given that all three should be imprisoned during the royal pleasure, and that Eliot should be fined in two thousand pounds, Holles in a thousand marks, and Valentine in five hundred pounds. Long, another of the members who had been taken up, was prosecuted in the Star Chamber, and fined two thousand marks. Eliot, the chief of this band of martyrs, died in the Tower, after an imprisonment of three years; and in the hush of the reign of terror all resistance to the royal will might seem to be at an end. But the spirit of freedom was neither dead nor asleep, though the doors of St. Stephen's Chapel were kept locked, and its voice was no longer heard from that constitutional arena; after a space of eleven years it was found necessary to summon another parliament; and as soon as the new House of Commons assembled, in March, 1640, it took up the subject of the treatment of Eliot and his associates. This House of Commons was dismissed before it had sat a month; and the very day after two of its members, Sir Henry Bellasye and Sir John Hotham, were committed to the Fleet, and a third, Mr. Crewe, to the Tower. But it was followed by another, which met the same year, and which, continuing to sit for more than a dozen years, did, or undid, the work of almost a dozen centuries, not separating till it had struck down both the crown and the head that wore it, and sent all the coronets and mitres in the land tumbling after them, making itself King, Lords, and Commons all in one, or something mightier than all three united had ever been before. But even before the Long Parliament assumed the attitude of sovereignty, it passed a series of resolutions, on the 6th and 8th of July, 1641, declaring the issuing of the warrants on which Holles and the others had been compelled to appear before the Privy Council—the committing of those members to prison—the searching and sealing of their chambers, studies, and papers—and the exhibiting of the informations against them, to be breaches of privilege; and it committed the person who had searched

Eliot's trunks and papers to the Tower. Nay, in the less violent times that succeeded the Restoration, and after nearly forty years had passed, the House of Commons, on the 23rd of November, resolved that the judgment given in the King's Bench against Eliot, Holles, and Valentine, was "an illegal judgment, and against the freedom of privilege of parliament;" and on the 11th of December following the Lords assented to this resolution.

But the last and boldest attempt to exercise the prerogative, thus at length quietly inurned, had been made on the memorable 4th of January, 1642, when Charles I. came down in person to seize the five members—Holles, Hazlerig, Pym, Hampden, and Strode—who, along with Lord Kimbolton, had been the day before impeached of high treason by the Attorney-General, in name of the King, at the bar of the House of Lords. When the Lords declined to order the accused persons to be taken into custody, his Majesty sent a sergeant-at-arms to the Commons, who, having, after he had laid aside the mace he carried, been called in to the bar, required the five members of the Speaker, that he might arrest them of high treason. This was on Monday, the 3rd. The Speaker, by command of the House, addressing the five members one after the other, enjoined them to be careful to give their attendance from day to day till the House should take further order; and it was at the same time ordered that on the morrow morning at ten o'clock the House should resolve itself into a grand committee, to take the King's message into consideration. Before the House broke up, also, it was directed that Sir William Killigrew and the other persons who were stated to have sealed up the studies and doors of the five members should be apprehended by the sergeant-at-arms, and detained in his custody till the House should further determine. It had been ordered before the King's messenger appeared that the sergeant-at-arms should be authorised to break open the doors, trunks, &c., which the House was informed these persons were sealing up.

On the next day, Tuesday, the five members had come into the House after dinner, and had just taken their places, when "the House," says Rushworth, "was informed by one Captain Langrish, lately an officer in arms in France, that he came from among the officers and soldiers at Whitehall, and, understanding by them that his Majesty was coming with a guard of military men, commanders and soldiers, to the House of Commons, he passed by them with some difficulty, to get to the House before them; and sent in word how near the said officers and soldiers were come." Curiously corroborative and illustrative of this account is what is related by Lilly, the astrologer:—"It was my fortune that very day to dine in Whitehall, and in that room where the halberts newly brought from the Tower were lodged for the use of such as attended the King to the House of Commons. Sir Peter Wych, ere we had fully dined, came into the room I was in, and brake open the chests wherein the arms were, which frighted us all that were there; however, one of our company got out of doors, and presently informed some members that the King was preparing to come into the House, else, I believe, all those members, or some of them, would have been taken in the House. All that I could do further was presently to be gone. But it happened also, the same day, that some of my neighbours were at the court of guard at Whitehall, unto whom I related the King's present design, and conjured them to defend the parliament and members thereof, in whose well or ill doing consisted our happiness or misfortune: they promised assistance, if need were; and I believe would have stoutly stood to it for defence of the parliament or members thereof."

Sir Philip Warwick affirms that the King's intention of coming to the House was betrayed by "that busy stateswoman the Countess of Carlisle, who had now changed her gallant from Strafford to Mr. Pym, and was become such a she-saint that she frequented their sermons and took notes." Pym, therefore, was no doubt the "certain member of the House" who, according to Rushworth, had "private intimation from the Countess of Carlisle, sister to the Earl of Northumberland, that endeavours would be used this day to apprehend the five members," and upon whose information the five were required by the House to depart forthwith, "to avoid combustion in the House." To this command all yielded ready obedience, except only Mr. Strode, who "was obstinate, till Sir Walter Earle, his ancient acquaintance, pulled him out by force, the King being at that time entering into the New Palace Yard, in Westminster." *

In a few minutes more the King was actually in the House. "As his Majesty came through Westminster Hall," continues Rushworth, "the commanders, reformadoes, &c., that attended him, made a lane on both sides of the Hall, through which his Majesty passed, and came up the stairs to the House of Commons, and stood before the guard of pensioners and halberteers, who also attended the King's person; and, the door of the House of Commons being thrown open, his Majesty entered the House; and as he passed up towards the chair he cast his eye on the right hand, where Mr. Pym used to sit; but his Majesty, not seeing him there (knowing him well), went up to the chair, and said, 'By your leave, Mr. Speaker, I must borrow your chair a little;' whereupon the Speaker came out of the chair, and his Majesty stepped up into it." Clarendon's account is, that, "in the afternoon, the King, attended only by his own usual guard, and some few gentlemen who put themselves into their company in the way, came to the House of Commons; and, commanding all his attendants to wait at the door, and give offence to no man, himself, with his nephew, the Prince Elector, went into the House, to the great amazement of all." This nephew was Charles, the Elector Palatine, the elder brother of Prince Rupert and Prince Maurice; but it is remarkable, that, if he actually accompanied his uncle into the House, the circumstance should not be mentioned by Rushworth, who, sitting at the table in the execution of his office of assistant clerk, had the best opportunity of seeing all that passed, and has evidently been anxious to make his relation as complete as possible. He goes on to inform us that, after Charles "had stood in the chair awhile, casting his eye upon the members as they stood

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* In a speech made in Richard Cromwell's parliament on the 7th of February, 1659, Hazlerig said:—"The King demanded five members by his Attorney-General. He then came personally to the House, with five hundred men at his heels, and sat in your chair. It pleased God to hide those members. I shall never forget the kindness of that great lady, the Lady Carlisle, that gave timely notice. Yet some of them were in the House after the notice came. It was questioned if, for the safety of the House, they should be gone; but the debate was shortened, and it was thought fit for them in discretion to withdraw. Mr. Hampden and myself, being then in the House, withdrew. Away we went. The King immediately came in, and was in the House before we got to the water."—*Burton's Diary*, iii. 93. According to this account Hampden and Hazlerig would appear to have been the only two of the five members actually in the House when the news arrived that his Majesty was coming. But Strode at any rate must also have been present. Clarendon's statement, that all the accused members had "withdrawn from the House about half an hour before the King came thither," is clearly incorrect.

up uncovered, but could not discern any of the five members to be there—nor, indeed, were they easy to be discerned, had they been there, among so many bare faces all standing up together"—he addressed a short speech to the House, in which he told them that he was sorry for this occasion of coming to them, but that in case of treason no person had privilege, and he was therefore come to know if any of the persons accused were here, for have them he must, wheresoever he might find them. "Well," added he, "since I see all the birds are flown, I do expect from you that you shall send them unto me as soon as they return hither." And after a few more such ineffectual sentences he came down. But it appears to have been before he commenced this formal oration that, while he was still looking about the House, he asked the Speaker, who was standing on the floor beside the chair, whether any of the five members were in the House, whether he saw any of them, and where they were; to which series of questions the Speaker, Lenthall, falling on his knee, answered, that he had neither eyes to see, nor tongue to speak, in that place, but as the House was pleased to direct him, whose servant he was there; and humbly begged his Majesty's pardon that he could give no other answer. "The King," Rushworth proceeds, "having concluded his speech, went out of the House again, which was in great disorder; and many members cried out aloud, so as he might hear them, 'Privilege! Privilege!' and forthwith adjourned till the next day at one of the clock." A curious anecdote is added, in which the writer himself figures:—that same evening his Majesty sent the usher of the House of Peers down to the House of Commons for Rushworth, whom he had observed taking down his speech in characters, or short-hand, at the clerk's table; and when the faithful chronicler of these transactions was brought to him he commanded him to give him a copy of the speech. Rushworth humbly represented the danger he might incur by reporting to his Majesty anything that had been spoken in the House; but Charles smartly replied, "I do not ask you to tell me what was said by any member of the House, but what I said myself." "Whereupon," continues the account, "he readily gave obedience to his Majesty's command, and in his Majesty's presence, in the room called the Jewel House, he transcribed his Majesty's speech out of his characters, his Majesty staying in the room all the while; and then and there presented the same to the King, which his Majesty was pleased to command to be sent speedily to the press, and the next morning it came forth in print."

We cannot further pursue in detail the history of this perhaps the most momentous event of which St. Stephen's Chapel ever was the scene. It is said that when Charles returned to Whitehall with the news of the failure of his attempt the Queen fell into a rage and called him poltroon. On the next day, Wednesday, the 5th, the Commons resolved, that, whereas his Majesty did the day before come to the House, "attended with a great multitude of men armed in a warlike manner with halberts, swords, and pistols, who came up to the very door of the House, and placed themselves there, and in other places and passages near to the House, to the great terror and disturbance of the members thereof then sitting," the same was "a high breach of the rights and privileges of parliament," and that the House could sit no longer without a full vindication thereof, and a sufficient guard wherein they might confide. This same morning Charles had gone to the City, and, presenting himself in the Guildhall, where the Common Council were assembled to meet him, declared that he was come to demand the accused members, who, he believed, were "shrowded in the City." But, although he added sundry gracious assurances, and was sumptuously entertained at dinner by one of the sheriffs, whom, being of the two, Clarendon tells us, the one that was thought the least inclined to his service, he thought to flatter by inviting himself to his house on this occasion, he could obtain no intelligence as to the persons of whom he was in quest. The five members had indeed betaken themselves to what Clarendon calls "their stronghold, the City;" and it was very well known where they were—"all together in one house in Coleman Street," in the close neighbourhood of Merchant Tailors' Hall, where a Committee of the House of Commons sat for several days taking evidence on the subject of his Majesty's coming to the House; but they were as safe there from Charles and his officers as if all London had been an army of protection around them. When the House, which had adjourned on the 5th, met again on Tuesday, the 11th, the five accused members were brought by water from their lodgings in the City about two o'clock in the afternoon, guarded by the sheriffs and trainbands of London and Westminster to the number of 2000 in armed boats, while many thousands of spectators accompanied the procession along the banks of the river, making the air ring with their exulting clamours; and a body of 4000 horsemen from Buckinghamshire received them at their landing. Some of the people, Clarendon records, as they passed by Whitehall, asked, with much contempt, what was become of the King and his cavaliers, and whither he was gone? Charles had the day before, about three o'clock in the afternoon, left that palace with his wife and children, and fled to Hampton Court—from which after a few weeks he withdrew to York, there to commence his preparations for coercing the parliament by force of arms. In the following summer the civil war broke out, that, with some intermissions, kept England flowing with blood for nine years; nor did the unhappy monarch ever see either London or Whitehall again till he was brought back a captive to St. James's, on the 19th of January, 1649, to be put to death in front of the Banqueting House at Whitehall eleven days after.

In the tumultuous times that followed this inauspicious visit of Charles I., the Commons were repeatedly obliged to submit to the repetition, with improvements, of his violent and armed assault. In July 1647 the army forced them to expel, or suspend, as it was phrased, eleven obnoxious individuals of their number—Denzil Holles and the other leaders of the Presbyterian party—by merely approaching the capital and threatening the employment of force. As Holles himself has said, in his passionate and prolix relation:—"The eleven members must out. The House of Commons will not do it; Mr. Joyce and his agitators shall. For this Sir Thomas Fairfax takes up his quarters at Uxbridge; some of his forces advance within three or four miles of Westminster; he sends his warrants for provisions into the very suburbs; a party of horse is commanded to be ready at a rendezvous to march up to the parliament. Then here is the case of the eleven members; if they stay, a violence shall be offered to the House; the members shall be pulled out by the ears; and then . . . . . farewell this and all future parliaments." Then about a month after, on Monday, the 26th of July, came the actual attack upon the House by the apprentices from the city of London, in the interest of the Presbyterians, who, after having first forced the trembling legislature to pass an act about the militia such as they desired, becoming mixed, as the evening grew late, with soldiers and other idlers, "then would make the Houses," says Holles, "do this and the other thing,—vote the King's coming to London, the calling in of the eleven members, and I know not what else; and would not suffer the parliament-men, either of the one House or the other, to stir till all was voted and passed which they desired; keeping them there till, I think, nine of the clock at night." The next day the Speaker, Lenthall, and most of the Independent members fled to the army; with which they remained till Fairfax a few days after brought them all back with him, and, marching direct to the House, replaced Lenthall in the Speaker's chair, quietly turning out Mr. Henry Pelham, whom the Presbyterians during their brief ascendency had chosen in his room. But the sharpest purification of all was that famous one administered on the 6th and 7th of December, in the following year, 1648, by Colonel Pride, who, the House having been first surrounded by a regiment of horse and another of foot, took his place in the lobby, with a list of the members in his hand, and Lord Grey by his side to point out their persons; when nearly a hundred and fifty of the Presbyterian members were taken into custody as they passed out, of whom about a third were sent to prison and the rest turned adrift, with orders from their armed masters never again to show their faces in St. Stephen's Chapel. Then, last of all, after the once mighty Long Parliament had been reduced to a "Rump" of about fifty individuals, came Cromwell himself, and fairly kicked it out of existence in the most singular style. The Lord General had been engaged in deliberating on the measures to be taken for settling the Commonwealth with the principal officers of the army and other friends at Whitehall on the morning of Wednesday, the 20th of April, 1653, when Colonel Ingoldsby arrived in haste with the information that the Commons were on the point of passing the act for their dissolution, which had been for some time under discussion, in such a form as, besides unduly prolonging their own authority, would throw open the doors of the next Parliament to the interests which the military power had been employing all its late efforts to depress and destroy. Cromwell instantly put himself at the head of a party of soldiers, and marched down to Palace-yard. Leaving the soldiers in the lobby, he entered the House, and sat for some time without interrupting the debate. At length, when the Speaker was about to put the question, he whispered to Harrison, "This is the time; I must do it," and, taking off his hat, rose and proceeded to address the House. According to one account, his demeanour was for a while calm and his language moderate; but he gradually waxed warm and violent. "He loaded the parliament," says Ludlow, "with the vilest reproaches, charging them not to have a heart to do anything for the public good, to have espoused the corrupt interest of Presbytery and the lawyers, who were the supporters of tyranny and oppression, accusing them of an intention to perpetuate themselves in power had they not been forced to the passing of this act (the act for their dissolution), which he affirmed they designed never to observe, and thereupon, told them that the Lord had done with them, and had chosen other instruments for the carrying on his work that were more worthy. This he spoke with so much passion and discomposure of mind as if he had been distracted." Then he seems to have sat down or paused; on which "Sir Peter Wentworth," continues Ludlow, "stood up to answer him, and said that this was the first time that ever he had heard such unbecoming language given to the parliament, and that it was the more horrid in that it came from their servant, and their servant whom they had so highly trusted and obliged; but, as he was going on, the General stepped into the midst of the House, where, continuing his distracted language, he said, 'Come, come, I will put an end to your prating:' then, walking up and down the House like a madman, and kicking the ground with his feet, he cried out, 'You are no parliament; I say you are no parliament; I will put an end to your sitting: Call them in, call them in!' Whereupon the serjeant attending the parliament opened the doors, and Lieutenant-Colonel Worsley, with two files of musqueteers, entered the House." This appears to be a more probable account than that given by Whitelock, who says that Cromwell, having reached the House, "led a file of musqueteers in with him; the rest he placed at the door of the House and in the lobby before it: in this manner entering the House, he in a furious manner bid the Speaker leave his chair, told the House that they had sat long enough, unless they had done more good," &c. Other relations of this extraordinary scene concur with that of Ludlow in making the bold senate-crusher to have entered the House alone, and to have both sat for some time and delivered his first speech before he called in the soldiers. Harrison, in his speech on the 7th of February, 1659, describes the musqueteers as having come in "with their hats on their heads, and their guns loaden with bullets." When they entered, Sir Harry Vane said aloud from his place, but probably without rising, "This is not honest; yea, it is against morality and common honesty." Cromwell doubtless thought the moment singularly chosen for such wise saws, and that neither common honesty nor common-place had anything to do with the business in hand; but he satisfied himself with answering his old friend and brother saint in the style familiar to both of them, "crying out with a loud voice, 'O Sir Harry Vane, Sir Harry Vane! the Lord deliver me from Sir Harry Vane!'" Then turning and pointing to one member who has had the luck to escape having his name recorded, he called out, "There sits a drunkard!" next darting his eyes upon poor Sir Peter Wentworth and Henry Martin, he denounced them as a pair of libertines by a very plain epithet; others he called corrupt and unjust men, and scandals to the profession of the gospel; and, telling the whole pack of them that it was not fit they should sit as a parliament any longer, desired them to go away. He began his application of actual force with the mace that lay on the table before the Speaker:—"What shall we do with this bauble?" he exclaimed: "Here," he added, calling to one of the soldiers, "take it away." Then, when he had "brought all into this disorder," continues Ludlow, "Major-General Harrison went to the Speaker [still our old friend Lenthall] as he sat in the chair, and told him that, seeing things were reduced to this pass, it would not be convenient for him to remain there. The Speaker answered that he would not come down unless he were forced. 'Sir,' said Harrison, 'I will lend you my hand;' and, thereupon putting his hand within his, the Speaker came down."* Cromwell then spoke again, and, addressing himself to the general body of the members, of whom there were present between eighty and a hundred, exclaimed, "It's you that have forced me to this; for I have sought the Lord night and day, that he would rather slay me than put me upon the doing of this work." Here Alderman Allen would have persuaded him to proceed no further, telling him that, if he would only order the soldiers to retire and the mace to be brought back, everything would go on as before; which may let us see the sort of notion the aldermen of that age had of the portentous phenomenon they had got among them. Cromwell, cutting short his smooth-tongued adviser, "charged him with an account of some hundred thousand pounds, for which he threatened to question him, he having been long treasurer for the army, and in a rage committed him to the custody of one of the musqueteers." Whitelock intimates that several members rose to address the House; but Cromwell, he adds, "would suffer none to speak but himself; which he did with so much arrogance in himself, and reproach to his fellow-members, that some of his privadoes were ashamed of it. But he and his officers and party would have it so; and among all the parliament-men, of whom many wore swords, and would sometimes brag high, not one man offered to draw his sword against Cromwell, or to make the least resistance against him, but all of them tamely departed the House."† Ludlow's more detailed relation informs us that Cromwell, in the end, "ordered the guard to see the House cleared of all the members, and then seized upon the records that were there and at Mr. Scobell's house. After which he went to the clerk, and, snatching the act of dissolution, which was ready to pass, out of his hand, he put it under his cloak, and, having commanded the doors to be locked up, went away to Whitehall." Whitelock expressly mentions that he stayed to see all the members out, and was himself the last that left the House.‡ It is said that the next day a paper was

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* But Hazlerig, in his speech on the 7th of February, 1659, gave a different account:—"Our General told us we should sit no longer to cheat the people. The Speaker, a stout man, was not willing to go. He was so noble, that he frowned, and said he would not go out of the chair till he was plucked out; which was quickly done, without much compliment, by two soldiers, and the mace taken."—*Burton*, iii. 98. In a speech delivered in the same parliament a few days after, a Mr. Reynolds said:—"Persons came to the door. One came in, and sweetly and kindly took your predecessor by the hand, and led him out of the chair. I say, sweetly and gently." But Ludlow's account is corroborated by Whitelock, who says:—"The Speaker not stirring from his seat, Colonel Harrison, who sat near the chair, rose up, and took him by the arm, to remove him from his chair, which when the Speaker saw he left his chair."—*Memorials*, p. 554.

† "They that say, Set not up a King or House of Lords, for God has poured contempt upon them, let me retort upon them," said one of the speakers, Major-General Haines, in the parliament of 1677-8. "God has also poured contempt upon a Commonwealth. Was there so much as one drop of blood when it went out? Nay, I am confident it did extinguish with the least noise that ever Commonwealth did."—*Burton*, iv. 416.

‡ That our account of this remarkable affair may be as complete as possible, we add the very curious relation given in the Diary of the Earl of Liecester, the father of Algernon Sidney, as published in the 'Sydney Papers,' edited by R. W. Blencowe, 8vo. Lond. 1825. It contains several particulars not elsewhere noticed, and was no doubt principally derived from the information of Sidney, who, it will be seen, was present.

"The parliament sitting as usual, and being in debate upon the bill with the amendments, which it was thought would have been passed that day, the Lord General Cromwell came into the House, clad in plain black clothes and grey worsted stockings, and sate down, as he used to do, in an ordinary place. After a while he rose up, put off his hat, and spake. At the first, and for a good while, he spake to the commendation of the parliament for their pains and care of the public good; but afterwards he changed his style, told them of their injustice, delays of justice, self-interest, and other faults; then he said, 'Perhaps you think this is not parliamentary language: I confess it is not; neither are you to expect any such from me.' Then he put on his hat, went out of his place, and walked up and down the stage or floor in the middest of the House with his hat on his head, and chid them soundly, looking sometimes, and pointing particularly, upon some persons, as Sir R. Whitelock, one of posted by somebody on the locked door, with the words, 'This House to be let, now unfurnished.'* Meanwhile the strange event had not passed without its regular official record: Scobell, the clerk, plying his task unmoved amid the hubbub, like the clock on the tower of a public building continuing to note the passing time and striking the hour while the surrounding walls are enveloped in flames, had quietly written down in the Journal before Cromwell took possession of it:—"20th April, 1653. This day his Excellency the Lord General dissolved this parliament." This entry, however, was ordered to be expunged by the restored Rump, on the 7th of January, 1660; on which occasion Scobell, being brought to the bar, "acknowledged," says the Journal, "that it was his own handwriting, and that he did it without direction of any person whatsoever." The Rump, of course, maintained that it was not dissolved at all—that, although thus shattered to pieces and scattered to the winds, it was still a proper legal parliament; and in fact, six years afterwards, on the 6th of May, 1659, when Cromwell no longer lived, they assembled again to the number of about seventy, with old Lenthall at their head, and resumed their function of legislation. But, after sitting about five months, they were, on the 13th of October, again suppressed by Lambert and his military associates; and, although they were once more restored to the possession of the House on the 24th of December, they were compelled by Monk, on the 21st of February thereafter, to admit among them the Presbyterian members that had been excluded in 1648; and on the 18th of March, 1660, this fag end of the celebrated Long Parliament was at length fairly and for ever annihilated by its own act. The Long Parliament had existed in one form or another from the 3rd of November, 1640, and its history is that of the great struggle between the crown and the House of Commons, between prerogative and popular rights, which has been styled the Grand Rebellion, from its commencement almost to its close.

Charles II. was recalled by acclamation, and seated on the throne of his ancestors, within a few weeks after the Long Parliament thus ceased to exist, and much of the old oppressive power of prerogative was brought back along with

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the Commissioners of the Great Seal, Sir Henry Vane, to whom he gave very sharp language, though he named them not, but by his gestures it was well known that he meant them. After this he said to Colonel Harrison (who was a member of the House), 'Call them in.' Then Harrison went out, and presently brought in Lieutenant-Colonel Wortley (who commanded the General's own regiment of foot), with five or six files of musqueteers, about twenty or thirty, with their musquets. Then the General, pointing to the Speaker in his chair, said to Harrison, 'Fetch him down.' Harrison went to the Speaker, and spoke to him to come down, but the Speaker sate still and said nothing. 'Take him down,' said the General. Then Harrison went, and pulled the Speaker by the gown, and he came down. It happened that day that Algernon Sidney sate next to the Speaker on the right hand: the General said to Harrison, 'Put him out;' Harrison spake to Sidney to go out, but he said he would not go out, and sate still. The General said again, 'Put him out;' then Harrison and Wortley put their hands upon Sidney's shoulders, as if they would force him to go out: then he rose, and went towards the door. Then the General went to the table where the mace lay, which used to be carried before the Speaker, and said, 'Take away those baubles.' So the soldiers took away the mace, and all the House went out; and at the going out they say the General said to young Sir Henry Vane, calling him by his name, that he might have prevented this extraordinary course, but he was a juggler, and had not so much as common honesty. All being gone out, the door of the House was locked, and the key, with the mace, was carried away, as I heard, by Colonel Otley."

The contradictions as to many little points in these various accounts of Ludlow, Whitelock, and Leicester, strikingly show the confusion and bewilderment into which those present were thrown. In the encounter between Cromwell and Vane, for instance, what was said about common honesty was apparently supposed by some of the hearers to have been spoken by the former, while others thought the words proceeded from the latter.

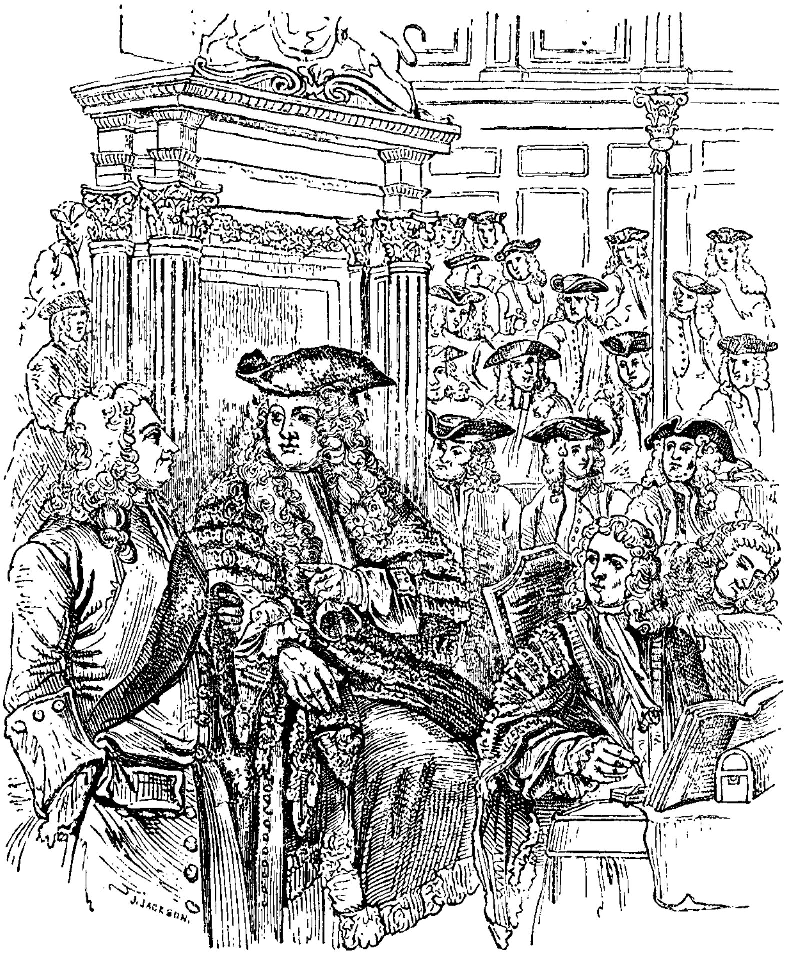
* Several Proceedings in Parliament, No. 186.

him; the effects of which were severely felt during his reign and that of his successor, till a new revolution, at the end of twenty-eight years, placed the crown once more in the hands of the people, and enabled them, grown wiser than on the former occasion, to bestow it with such conditions and restrictions as were deemed sufficient to secure to the House of Commons that place in the constitution which for at least sixty years before, or ever since the time of James I., it had decidedly manifested its determination to attain, and without the concession of which it was evident there could now be neither liberty nor peace in the country. It may appear as if the efforts of the House of Commons during the first years of the Long Parliament in the assertion of its own privileges and the vindication of the national liberties had all gone for nothing, seeing the ascendency which the crown regained after the Restoration; but a closer view of the matter will convince us that this was far from being the case. The Restoration was a restoration of too much, but by no means of everything, that had existed when the Long Parliament commenced its career. The Grand Rebellion, though it was at last put down, had not been altogether a failure. The ancient royal prerogative had been shaken in some parts by that assault beyond the possibility of repair. In fact, amid all the misgovernment of the reign of Charles II., the rights of the House of Commons and its true position in the constitution were recognised in a manner in which they never had been in the former days of the monarchy. Attempts were made to manage the parliament, and also to govern without it; but, when it was suffered to meet, its debates were nearly as free as they are at present, and took as wide a range as they have ever done since. The Commons for session after session during this reign discussed the question of excluding the heir presumptive to the throne, the King's own brother, and even passed a bill for that purpose. Would any approach to such an interference as that have been endured either by Elizabeth or James I.? Of a truth the day was now gone by when it could be pretended that the House had nothing to do with matters either of Church or State, or with any questions save such as the crown chose to permit it to discuss. And this change, this gain, had been brought about by the Long Parliament and the Grand Rebellion.

Indeed, as we have said, the Revolution of 1688 added little if anything to what are commonly called the privileges of the House of Commons. These, in so far as they have been recognised and acted upon in later times, are almost wholly founded upon precedents older than the Revolution, and mostly upon such as must be considered the legacy of the Long Parliament, or as having incontrovertibly been established through the attitude assumed and the powers exercised by that assembly, although its proceedings are never quoted nor its name breathed by the authorities on the subject. For how else could they have been acquired? To what other period in the history of the Constitution can they be traced? In the obscurity that rests upon the imperfectly recorded transactions of the earliest times of the monarchy, it is indeed possible for ingenious theory-mongers to rear out of the mist and ruins any visionary scheme of the Constitution which may best please their fancy; but at any rate this much is demonstrable and certain, that from the middle of the sixteenth century the House of Commons, whatever tone might be assumed or principles avowed by individual members, was never once able to make its pretended rights good against the crown,—nay more, that as a body it never once persisted in the attempt to do so till the year 1621, when it did indeed carry its resistance to the royal domination as far as was possible, but was nevertheless in the end completely foiled and defeated. The facts that establish this position are not a few insulated or selected instances, but the entire stream of our parliamentary history during the period in question. If therefore the House of Commons had ever, as is pretended, been able to set the crown at defiance in earlier times, it had lost that power for many years before the Long Parliament met; and, if we find the power ever after in existence and constant exercise, it must have been the Long Parliament that at least recovered it from abeyance and secured it from being ever again lost or called in question.

The Revolution of 1688 itself, indeed, was the legacy of the Grand Rebellion, or rather that, and not the Restoration, was the true completion of the long contest of which what is called the Rebellion was the first stage. But for the war, not of mere words but of arms, waged by the parliament against the prerogative in the middle of the seventeenth century, we should not have had the easy, bloodless settlement of the constitution at its close. And the Revolution of 1688, if it did not enlarge what are properly called the privileges of the House of Commons, no doubt greatly augmented the real power and importance of that branch of the legislature, were it only by the blow which it struck at the great rival power of the prerogative. If Charles II. no longer ventured to throw the members into prison when they uttered anything that displeased him, as had been done by his father and his grandfather, yet he exercised the right of interfering with the deliberations of the House by dissolutions and prorogations to an extent incompatible with the exercise of any effective control over public affairs by the representatives of the people. The great fundamental principle of the responsibility of the ministers of the crown to parliament had as yet been but ineffectually asserted. In the establishment of this principle, more than in anything else, consisted the popular victory that was gained at the Revolution. And the principle was established mainly by the shock, or rather complete explosion, that was then given to the old notion of divine right in the crown—a notion which what was done at the Restoration eight-and-twenty years before had rather helped to extend and strengthen. The Revolution, if it was nothing more, was at least emphatically a protest against that absurd and pernicious pretension.

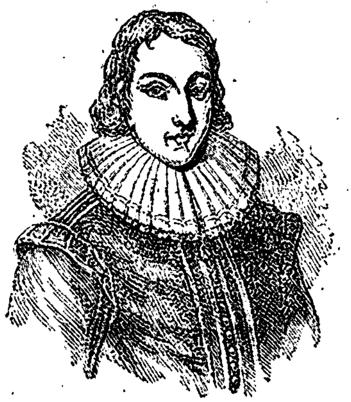
From this date the popular branch of the legislature has continued on the whole to acquire more and more the ascendency in the Constitution, and the war of politics has been chiefly carried on in the House of Commons. The great days of that House, however, as an arena of debate, scarcely began till towards the close of the long administration of Sir Robert Walpole, or about the year 1740. At least we have no full or tolerably satisfactory record of the debates before that date. The fierce contests between Walpole and his opponents, Windham, Pulteney, and others, had indeed for some years before this time attracted much attention to the proceedings of the House, and they had been regularly reported every month both in the Gentleman's and the London Magazine, the former of which publications commenced in January 1731, the latter in April 1732; but no attempt can be said to have been made to convey more than the substance of the speeches till that department of the Gentleman's Magazine was confided to



[House of Commons in the time of Sir R. Walpole.]

Samuel Johnson in November 1740. Johnson, indeed, appears to have given his readers more of his own eloquence than of what had actually been uttered in parliament; but still what he did was in all probability only to substitute one kind of eloquence for another, a better for a worse, or, it might be, sometimes a worse for a better—and therefore on the whole the speeches written by him, though less true to the letter than those given by his predecessors, may be received as a more living, and as such a truer, representation of the real debates than had ever before been produced. He would not take the trouble, or be guilty of the absurdity, of expending his rhetoric upon the version of a debate or a speech which had not really excited attention by that quality, but, we may suppose, would reserve his strength for occasions on which those who had heard, or heard of, the original oration would look for something more brilliant than usual. But the history of the House of Commons, considered as a theatre of debate, and viewed in connection with the subject of reporting, is far too large to be entered upon now. After what we may call the age of Walpole and Pulteney comes that of the first William Pitt and his great compeers—then that, the most splendid of all, of Burke, and Fox, and North, and the other great orators whose speeches illustrate the period of the war of Colonial Independence, —then that of the younger Pitt, and Sheridan, and the rest, with Burke for a time still among them, and Fox still longer, which was at its brightest at the time of the breaking out of the French Revolution, and which reaches down almost to our own time. It is one of the affectations of the philosophism of the day to speak with a sort of contempt of those bygone eras of our parliamentary history as times of mere talk instead of action, when the blaze of eloquence that was kept up in the House of Commons was offered to the public admiration as a substitute for the whole business of good government. We look upon such a representation of the matter as blatant stupidity or more despicable cant. We believe that that patriotic spirit which is at once the life and moral sense of a nation will never be kept alive, as it never yet has been among any people, savage or civilized, in the direction of whose public affairs the power of eloquence has not a large share; and we are sure that this influence could not be put down without its place being supplied by others far less generous in character and far more dangerous in their effects.

We have thus rapidly traced the gradual rise of the House of Commons from the humble position which it appears to have originally occupied as a mere convention of delegates from the towns and rural districts assembled by the King when he wanted to lay on a new tax, rather to take his instructions as to its amount and the manner in which it was to be levied than either to dispute or deliberate upon the demand,—through the long period during which it carried on a more or less determined struggle with the Crown and the other House for independence, if not co-ordinate authority,—down to the era when, having successfully asserted its theoretical equality with each of those other branches of the legislature, it has come not only to be decidedly the controlling body in the state, but almost, we may say, to have absorbed the whole powers of government. It is worthy of remark, nevertheless, that, while the influence of the House of Commons as a power in the state has been constantly increasing throughout the last century and a half, what are called the privileges of the House and of its members have been rather undergoing curtailment during that space of time. Now that the House has been placed beyond the reach of attack from either the Lords or the Crown, several of the rights which it formerly claimed and was allowed to exercise have been felt to be no longer necessary for the due performance of its functions, and wherever they have pressed inconveniently upon individuals or the public a disposition has been shown to cut them down—so that now, after having adjusted its position in relation to the other powers of the government, it would seem that the people's House had a controversy of the same kind with the people themselves—a controversy, we may add, in which it is as sure to be the party that shall have to yield as in the nature of things it was certain to be successful in its previous struggles. In so far, however, as this last contest has yet gone, the House has never given up an inch of ground without having made considerable resistance. It was not, for instance, till after a war of many years, and a most furious fight at the end, that the great right of reporting the debates in Parliament was gained by the public. It is little more than a century since nothing that was spoken in the House was suffered to be printed till after the parliament in which it was spoken had been dissolved; or at least any earlier publication was denounced by the House as a daring act of illegality. On the 13th of April, 1738, the House resolved, "That it is an high indignity to, and a notorious breach of the privilege of, this House, for any newswriter, in Letters or other papers (as Minutes, or under any other denomination), or for any printer or publisher of any printed newspaper of any denomination, to presume to insert in the said Letters or papers, or to give therein any account of, the Debates or other proceedings of this House, or any Committee thereof, *as well during the recess as the sitting of parliament*, and that this House will proceed with the utmost severity against such offenders." The monthly magazines, notwithstanding, still continued to report the debates, although for some time they took the precaution of indicating the speakers by fictitious appellations, to which they furnished their readers with a key when the House was no longer extant to call them to account. But it was not till the beginning of the year 1771 that the debates began to be given to the public day by day as they occurred; and then the attempt gave rise to a contest between the House and the newspapers which occupied the House to the exclusion of all other business for three weeks—when a committee was appointed, whose report, when it was read two months after, recommending whether it might not be expedient to order that the offending parties should be taken into the custody of the sergeant-at-arms, Mr. Burke aptly compared to the decision of the assembly of mice, who came to a resolution that the cat, to prevent her doing any more mischief, should be tied up, but unfortunately forgot to say how the operation was to be managed. Another still longer contest maintained by the House against the public regarded the privilege which was formerly asserted to belong to members not only of freedom from personal arrest but even from being subjected to actions at law in civil cases, nay of being protected from having such actions brought even against their servants and tenants. These extraordinary claims continued to be upheld and occasionally put in force by the House, till they were finally taken away by statute no longer ago than in the year 1770. But one of the most singular contests in which the House ever was involved was that which it had to wage about the middle of the last century in support of the right it assumed to compel such delinquents as it called to its bar, whether in order to receive judgment, or to be discharged out of custody, to fall down upon their knees and to remain in that degrading attitude while the Speaker was addressing them. In February 1751, a Mr. Alexander Murray, brother of Lord Elibank, having incurred the hot displeasure of the House, or of the faction that happened to be in the ascendant, by something he had done, or was charged with having done, at a recent Westminster election, it was voted that he should be sent close prisoner to Newgate, and, further, that he should be brought to the bar to receive his sentence on his knees. Horace Walpole has told the story with all gusto in his 'Memoirs of the Last Ten Years of George II.' "He entered with an air of confidence, composed of something between a martyr and a coxcomb. The Speaker called out, 'Your obeisances! Sir, your obeisances!' and then, 'Sir, you must kneel.' He replied, 'Sir, I beg to be excused; I never kneel but to God.' The Speaker repeated the command with great warmth. Murray answered, 'Sir, I am sorry I cannot comply with your request; I would in anything else.' The Speaker cried, 'Sir, I call upon you again to consider of it.' Murray answered, 'Sir, when I have committed a crime, I kneel to God for pardon; but I know my own innocence, and cannot kneel to anybody else.' The Speaker ordered the sergeant to take him away and secure him. He was going to reply; the Speaker would not suffer him." The prisoner having been removed, a warm debate ensued, the Speaker telling them that if a party might behave thus with impunity there was an end of the dignity and power of the House. One member proposed that the refractory delinquent should be kept in Newgate without pen, ink, and paper; another hinted that it might be well to send him to the dungeon called Little Ease in the Tower; a third would have had an act of parliament passed for the special punishment of such audacious conduct. At last, after naming a Committee to consider the matter, the House adjourned at near two o'clock in the morning. This was on the 6th. Murray lay in Newgate till the 27th of April, when he was brought up by habeas corpus to the King's Bench; but, three of the Judges allowing the validity of a commitment by the House of Commons, he was remanded to prison. But the instant the parliament was prorogued, on the 25th of June, a number of his friends accompanied the two sheriffs to Newgate, and bringing him away conducted him in triumph to his own house. On the 20th of November,* a few days after the parliament had re-assembled, it was again moved and carried after a long debate that Murray should still be brought to receive his sentence on his knees—Mr. Pelham, the prime minister, observing, that, if the House had not all the authority it wished, it ought at least to exert all it had. But a few days after, when the sergeant-at-arms was called in to make his report, he informed the House that the object of their vengeance had absconded. A reward of five hundred pounds was then voted for his apprehension; but he was never taken; the exaction of the ceremony of kneeling by the House was attended with considerable awkwardness from this time forward; and at length on the 16th of March, 1772, a standing order (so called with a double appropriateness) was made, that when any person was brought to the bar as a delinquent he should receive the judgment of the House *standing*. "The alteration made by that order," observes Hatsell, with becoming official solemnity, "was suggested by the humanity of the House."



[Milton at the age of 19.]

XXXII.—MILTON'S LONDON.

The best successor of Milton has described the character of the great poet's mind in one celebrated line:—

> "Thy soul was like a star, and dwelt apart."

It might at first seem, looking at the accuracy of this forcible image, that the name of Milton could not be properly associated with the state of society during the times in which he flourished. It is true that in the writings of Milton we have very few glimpses of the familiar life of his day; no set descriptions of scenes and characters; nothing that approaches in the slightest degree to the nature of anecdote; no playfulness, no humour. Wordsworth continues his apostrophe:—

> "Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea."

The sprightlier dramatists have the voices of

> "Shallow rivers, by whose falls
> Melodious birds sing madrigals."

It is pleasant to sit in the sunshine and listen to the bubbling of the runnel over its pebbly bottom: but the times of Milton were for the most part dark and stormy, and with them the voice of the sea was in harmony. We can learn, while listening to that voice, when there was calm and when there was tempest. But Milton was not only the great literary name of his period—he was a public man, living in the heart of the mightiest struggle betwixt two adverse principles that England ever encountered. Add to this he was essentially a Londoner. He was born in Bread Street; he died in Cripplegate. During a long life we may trace him, from St. Paul's School, through a succession of London residences which, taking their names with their ordinary associations, sound as little poetical as can well be imagined—St. Bride's Churchyard, Aldersgate Street, Barbican, Holborn, Petty France, Bartholomew Close, Jewin Street, Bunhill Fields. The houses which he inhabited have been swept away; their pleasant gardens are built over. But the name of Milton is inseparably connected with these prosaic realities. That name belongs especially to London.

The portrait at the head of this article represents the Milton of nineteen. He has himself left us a picture of his mind at this period. His first Latin elegy, addressed to Charles Deodati, is supposed by Warton to have been written about 1627. The writer was born in 1608. We shall transcribe a few passages from Cowper's translation of this elegy:—

"I well content, where Thames with influent tide
My native city laves, meantime reside:
Nor zeal nor duty now my steps impel
To reedy Cam, and my forbidden cell;
Nor aught of pleasure in those fields have I,
That, to the musing bard, all shade deny.
'T is time that I a pedant's threats disdain,
And fly from wrongs my soul will ne'er sustain.
If peaceful days in letter'd leisure spent,
Beneath my father's roof, be banishment,
Then call me banish'd; I will ne'er refuse
A name expressive of the lot I choose.
I would that, exil'd to the Pontic shore,
Rome's hapless bard had suffer'd nothing more;
He then had equall'd even Homer's lays,
And, Virgil! thou hadst won but second praise.
For here I woo the Muse, with no control;
For here my books—my life—absorb me whole."

His father's roof was in Bread Street, in the parish of Allhallows. The sign of the Spread Eagle, which hung over his father's door, was the armorial bearing of his family; but the sign indicated that the house was one of business, and the business of Milton's father was that of a scrivener. Here, in some retired back room, looking most probably into a pleasant little garden, was the youthful poet surrounded by his books, perfectly indifferent to the more profitable writing of bonds and agreements that was going forward in his father's office. It was Milton's happiness to possess a father who understood the genius of his son, and whose tastes were in unison with his own. In the young poet's beautiful verses, *Ad Patrem,* also translated by Cowper, he says,—

"——— thou never bad'st me tread
The beaten path, and broad, that leads right on
To opulence, nor didst condemn thy son
To the insipid clamours of the bar,
The laws voluminous, and ill observ'd."

Of Milton's father Aubrey says, "He was an ingenious man, delighted in music, and composed many songs now in print, especially that of Oriana." The poet thus addresses his father in reference to the same accomplishment:—

"——— thyself
Art skilful to associate verse with airs
Harmonious, and to give the human voice
A thousand modulations, heir by right
Indisputable of Arion's fame.
Now say, what wonder is it, if a son
Of thine delight in verse; if, so conjoin'd
In close affinity, we sympathize
In social arts and kindred studies sweet?"

There was poetry then, and poetical associations, within Milton's home in the close city. Nor were poetical influences wanting without. The early writings of Milton teem with the romantic associations of his youth, and they have the character of the age sensibly impressed upon them. In the epistle to Deodati we have an ample description of that love of the drama, whether comedy or tragedy, which he subsequently connected with the pursuits of his mirthful and his contemplative man. To the student of nineteen,

> "The grave or gay colloquial scene recruits
> My spirits spent in learning's long pursuits."

His descriptions of the comic characters in which he delights appear rather to be drawn from Terence than from Jonson or Fletcher. But in tragedy he pretty clearly points at Shakspere's 'Romeo' and at 'Hamlet.' 'L'Allegro' and 'Il Penseroso' were probably written some four or five years after this epistle, when Milton's father had retired to Horton, and his son's visits to London were occasional. But "the well-trod stage" is still present to his thoughts. There is a remarkable peculiarity in all Milton's early poetry which is an example of the impressibility of his imagination under local circumstances. He is the poet, at one and the same time, of the city and of the country. In the epistle to Deodati he displays this mixed affection for the poetical of art and of nature :—

> "Nor always city-pent, or pent at home,
> I dwell; but, when spring calls me forth to roam,
> Expatiate in our proud suburban shades
> Of branching elm, that never sun pervades."

But London is thus addressed :—

> "Oh city, founded by Dardanian hands,
> Whose towering front the circling realms commands,
> Too blest abode! no loveliness we see
> In all the earth, but it abounds in thee."

Every reader is familiar with the exquisite rural pictures of 'L'Allegro;' but the scenery, without the slightest difficulty, may be placed in the immediate "suburban shades" which he has described in the epistle. It is scarcely necessary to remove them even as far as the valley of the Colne. The transition is immediate from the hedge-row elms, the russet lawns, the upland hamlets, and the nut-brown ale, to

> "Tower'd cities please us then,
> And the busy hum of men,
> Where throngs of knights and barons bold
> In weeds of peace high triumphs hold,
> With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
> Rain influence, and judge the prize
> Of wit, or arms, while both contend
> To win her grace, whom all commend.
> There let Hymen oft appear
> In saffron robe, with taper clear,
> And pomp and feast and revelry,
> With mask and antique pageantry,—
> Such sights as youthful poets dream
> On summer-eves by haunted stream.
> Then to the well-trod stage anon," &c.

So, in 'Il Penseroso,' there is a similar transition from the even-song of the nightingale, and the sullen roar of the far-off curfew, to

> "The bellman's drowsy charm
> To bless the doors from nightly harm."

And there, in like manner, we turn from

> "Arched walks of twilight groves
> And shadows brown,"

to

> "——— the high embowed roof
> With antic pillars massy proof,
> And storied windows richly dight,
> Casting a dim religious light."

"No man," says Thomas Warton, "was ever so disqualified to turn Puritan as Milton." In these his early poems, according to this elegant critic, his expressed love of choral church music, of Gothic cloisters, of the painted windows and vaulted aisles of a venerable cathedral, of tilts and tournaments, of masques and pageantries, is wholly repugnant to the anti-poetical principles which he afterwards adopted. We doubt exceedingly whether Milton can be held to have turned Puritan to the extent in which Warton accepts the term. Milton was a republican in politics, and an asserter of liberty of conscience, independent of Church government, in religion. But the constitution of his mind was utterly opposed to the reception of such extreme notions of moral fitness as determined the character of a Puritan. There has been something of exaggeration and mistake in this matter. For example: Warton, in a note on that passage in the epistle to Deodati in which Milton is supposed to allude to Shakspere's tragedies, says, "His warmest poetical predilections were at last totally obliterated by civil and religious enthusiasm. Seduced by the gentle eloquence of fanaticism, he listened no longer to the 'wild and native wood-notes of Fancy's sweetest child.' In his 'Iconoclastes' he censures King Charles for studying 'one, whom we well know was the closet-companion of his solitudes, William Shakespeare.' This remonstrance, which not only resulted from his abhorrence of a king, but from his disapprobation of plays, would have come with propriety from Prynne or Hugh Peters. Nor did he now perceive that what was here spoken in contempt conferred the highest compliment on the elegance of Charles's private character." Mr. Waldron had the merit of pointing out, some forty or fifty years ago, that the passage in the 'Iconoclastes' to which Warton alludes gives not the slightest evidence of Milton's listening no longer to "Fancy's sweetest child," nor of reproaching Charles for having made Shakspere the "closet-companion of his solitudes." Milton is arguing—with the want of charity certainly which belongs to an advocate—that "the deepest policy of a tyrant hath been ever to counterfeit religious;" and, applying this to the devotion of the 'Icon Basilike,' he thus proceeds:—"The poets also, and some English, have been in this point so mindful of decorum as to put never more pious words in the mouth of any person than of a tyrant. I shall not instance an abstruse author, wherein the King may be less conversant, but one whom we well know was the closet-companion of his solitudes, William Shakespeare, who introduces the person of Richard III. speaking in as high a strain of piety and mortification as is uttered in any passage in this book" (the 'Icon Basilike'). He then quotes a speech of Shakspere's

Richard III., and adds, "The poet used not much licence in departing from the truth of history." If Milton had meant to reproach Charles with being familiar with Shakspere, the reproach would have recoiled upon himself, in evidencing the same familiarity. There was, in truth, scarcely a greater disparity between the clustering locks of Milton and the cropped hair of the Roundheads, than between his abiding love of poetry and music and the frantic denunciations of both by such as Prynne. Prynne, for example, devotes a whole chapter of the 'Histrio-mastix' to a declamation against "effeminate, delicate, lust-provoking music," in which the mildest thing he quotes from the Fathers is, "Let the singer be thrust out of thy house as noxious; expel out of thy doors all fiddlers, singing-women, with all this choir of the devil, as the deadly songs of syrens." Compare this with Milton's sonnet, published in 1648, "To my Friend Mr. Henry Lawes,"—the royalist Henry Lawes:—

> "Harry, whose tuneful and well-measur'd song
> First taught our English music how to span
> Words with just note and accent, not to scan
> With Midas' ears, committing short and long,
> Thy worth and skill exempt thee from the throng,
> With praise enough for envy to look wan;
> To after age thou shalt be writ the man
> That with smooth air couldst humour best our tongue."

Doubtless since 'Comus' was presented at Ludlow Castle in 1634, and Lawes composed and sung some of its lyrics, up to the period when Milton wrote the 'Iconoclastes,' the elegancies, the splendours, the high triumphs, the antique pageantries, which so captivated the youthful poet, had given place to sterner things. In his own mind, especially, that process of deep reflection was going forward which finally made him a zealous partisan and a bitter controversialist; but which was blended with purer and loftier aspirations than usually belong to politics or polemics. But his was an age of deep thinkers and resolute actors. The leaders and the followers then of either party were sincere in their thoughts and earnest in their deeds. They were not a compromising and evasive generation. There was no mistaking their friendships or their enmities. Milton early chose his part in the great contention of his times. Amidst the classical imagery of Lycidas we have his bitter denunciations against the hirelings of the Church, who—

> "Creep and intrude and climb into the fold."

He would not enter the service of that Church himself lest he should be called upon to "subscribe slave." To that vocation, however, he says, "I was destined of a child and in mine own resolutions." That he was impatient of what he considered the tyranny which interfered between a service so suited to his character was to be expected from the ardour of his nature; but we can scarcely think that in those lines of Lycidas, written in 1637—

> "But that two-handed engine at the door
> Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more"—

he anticipates, as some have maintained, the execution of Archbishop Laud. Matters were scarcely then come to that pass. But yet Laud in 1637 had some unpleasant demonstrations of the temper of the times. In that year Bastwick, Burton, and Prynne were sentenced by the Star Chamber, "That each of the defendants should be fined five thousand pounds; that Bastwick and Burton should stand in the pillory at Westminster, and there lose their ears; and that Prynne, having lost his ears before by sentence of this court, should have the remainder of his ears cut off, and should be branded on both cheeks with the letters S. L., to signify a seditious libeller." The execution to the tittle of this barbarous sentence maddened and disgusted those who looked upon the spectacle. Laud's Diary, for two months after this revolting exhibition, contains some very significant entries, recording the libels which it produced. A short libel pasted on the cross in Cheapside described him as the arch-wolf of Canterbury; another, on the south gate of St. Paul's, informed the people that the devil had let that house to the Archbishop; another, fastened to the north gate, averred that the government of the Church of England is a candle in the snuff going out in a stench. These were warnings; but power is apt to look upon its own pomp, and forget that the day of humiliation and weakness may arise. Howell, in one of his letters written in the year of Laud's execution, says, "Who would have dreamt ten years since, when Archbishop Laud did ride in state through London streets, accompanying my Lord of London, to be sworn Lord High Treasurer of England, that the mitre should have now come to such a scorn, to such a national kind of hatred?" In those eventful days such contrasts were not unfrequent; and they sometimes followed each other much more closely than the triumphal procession of Laud, and his execution. On the 25th of November, 1641, the city of London welcomed Charles from Scotland with an entertainment of unusual magnificence; and the historian of the city, after revelling in his description of aldermen and liverymen, to the number of five hundred, mounted on horseback, with all the array of velvet and scarlet and golden chains,—of conduits running with claret,—of banquetings and loyal anthems, says, "the whole day seemed to be spent in a kind of emulation, with reverence be it spoken, between their Majesties and the City; the citizens blessing and praying for their Majesties and their princely issue, and their Majesties returning the same blessings upon the heads of the citizens." In 1642, not quite a year after these pleasant gratulations, Milton wrote the following noble sonnet:—

"WHEN THE ASSAULT WAS INTENDED TO THE CITY.

"Captain, or Colonel, or Knight in arms,
Whose chance on these defenceless doors may seize,
If deed of honour did thee ever please,
Guard them, and him within protect from harms.
He can requite thee, for he knows the charms
That call fame on such gentle acts as these.
And he can spread thy name o'er lands and seas,
Whatever clime the sun's bright circle warms.
Lift not thy spear against the Muses' bow'r:
The great Emathian conqueror bid spare
The house of Pindarus, when temple and tow'r
Went to the ground: and the repeated air
Of sad Electra's poet had the pow'r
To save the Athenian walls from ruin bare."

On the 25th of August, 1642, the King erected his standard on Nottingham Castle. Essex, as Generalissimo of the Parliament forces, had already marched upon Northampton. The King's army was advancing towards the capital; and London, with its vast suburbs, required to be put in a state of defence. It was on this occasion that the dogged resolution, the unflinching courage of the citizens of all ranks and all ages, manifested themselves in their willing labours to give London in some degree the character of a fortified city. The royalists ridiculed the citizens in their song of "Roundheaded cuckolds, come dig." The battle of Edgehill was fought on the 23rd of October; and on the 7th of November Essex returned to London. While the Parliament was negotiating, the sound of Prince Rupert's cannon was heard in the immediate neighbourhood of the capital; and the citizens marched out to battle. But the bloody contest of Edgehill was not to be renewed at Brentford and Turnham Green. The King's forces retired; and the trained-bands refreshed themselves and made merry with the good things which their careful wives had not forgotten to send after them in this hour of danger and alarm. It was upon this occasion that the sonnet which we have just transcribed was written. We might infer from the tone of this sonnet that Milton had little confidence that the arms of the citizens would be a sufficient protection for his "defenceless doors." He was living then in Aldersgate Street; in that sort of house which was common in Old London, and which Milton always chose—a garden-house. This house might unquestionably be called "the Muses' bower;" for here he was not only carrying on the education of his nephews and of the sons of a few intimate friends, but, as we learn from 'The Reason of Church Government,' he was preparing for some high work which should be of power "to inbreed and cherish in a great people the seeds of virtue and public civility; to allay the perturbation of the mind, and set the affections in right tune— * * * * a work not to be raised from the heat of youth or the vapours of wine, like that which flows at waste from the pen of some vulgar amourist, or the trencher fury of a rhyming parasite; nor to be obtained by the invocation of dame Memory and her syren daughters; but by devout prayer to that eternal Spirit who can enrich with all utterance and knowledge, and sends out his seraphim with the hallowed fire of his altar to touch and purify the lips of whom he pleases." Cherishing high thoughts such as these, Milton called upon the assaulting soldier,

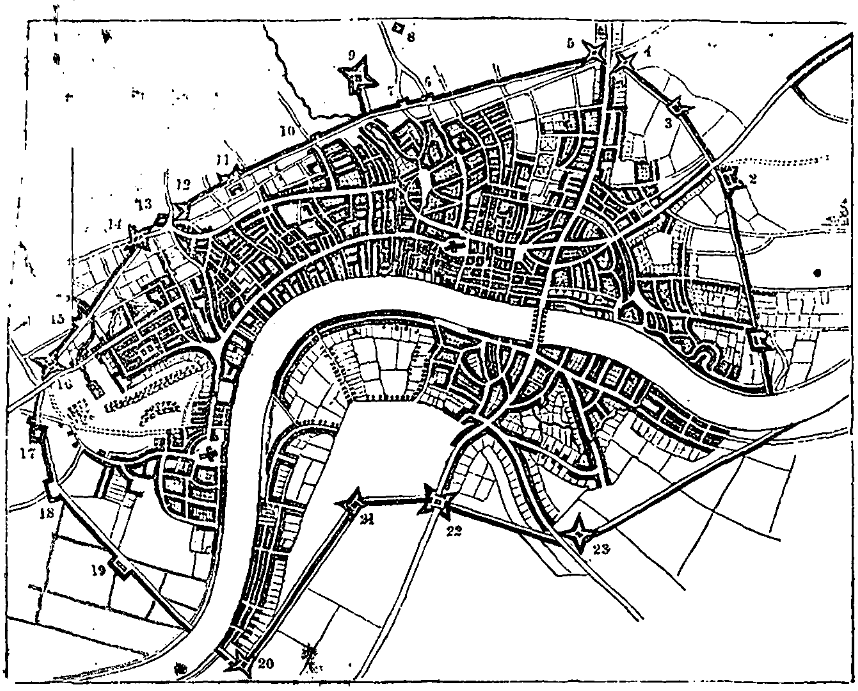
"Lift not thy spear against the Muses' bow'r."

Since his return from Italy, in 1639, his principles had been too openly proclaimed for him to appeal to

"Captain, or Colonel, or Knight in arms,"

to spare the house of Milton the polemic. It was Milton the poet who left unwillingly "a calm and pleasing solitariness, fed with cheerful and confident thoughts, to embark in a troubled sea of noises and hoarse disputes," that thus asked that the Muses' bower should be protected, as the house of Pindar and the city of Euripides had been spared. But London was saved from the assault; and a few months after the Common Council and the Parliament raised up much more formidable defences than invocations founded upon classical lore. All the passages and ways leading to the city were shut up, except those entering at Charing Cross, St. Giles's in the Fields, St. John Street, Shoreditch, and Whitechapel. The ends of these streets were fortified with breastworks and turnpikes, musket proof; the city wall was repaired and mounted with artillery;

finally an earthen rampart, with bastions, and redoubts, and all the other systematic defences of a beleaguered city, was carried entirely round London, Westminster, and Southwark. The plan of the city and suburbs, thus fortified, in 1642 and 1643, is copied below:—



[Plan of City and Suburbs of London as it appeared fortified in 1643.]

AN EXPLANATION OF THE SEVERAL FORTS IN THE LINE OF COMMUNICATION.

1. A Bulwark and half on the hill at the north end of Gravel Lane.
2. A Hornwork near the Windmill in Whitechapel Road.
3. A Redoubt, with two flanks, near Brick Lane.
4. A Redoubt, with four flanks, in Hackney Road, Shoreditch.
5. A Redoubt, with four flanks, in Kingsland Road, Shoreditch.
6. A Battery and Breastwork at Mount Mill.
7. A Battery and Breastwork at St. John Street end.
8. A Small Redoubt near Islington Pound.
9. A Large Fort, with four half Bulwarks, at the New River Upper Pond.
10. A Battery and Breastwork on the hill east of Blackmary's Hole.
11. Two Batteries and a Breastwork at Southampton House, now the British Museum.
12. A Redoubt, with two flanks, near St. Giles's Pound.
13. A Small Fort at the east end of Tyburn Road.
14. A Large Fort, with four half Bulwarks across the Road, at Wardour Street.
15. A Small Bulwark at the place now called Oliver's Mount.
16. A Large Fort with four Bulwarks, at Hyde Park Corner.
17. A Small Redoubt and Battery on Constitution Hill.
18. A Court of Guard at Chelsea Turnpike.
19. A Battery and Breastwork in Tothill Fields.
20. A Quadrant Fort, with four half Bulwarks, at Vauxhall.
21. A Fort, with four half Bulwarks, at the Dog and Duck in St. George's Fields.
22. A Large Fort, with four Bulwarks, near the end of Blackman Street.
23. A Redoubt with four flanks, near the Lock Hospital in Kent Street.

In 1643 Milton married. Aubrey's account of this marriage and the subsequent separation is given with his characteristic quaintness:—"His first wife (Mrs. Powell, a Royalist) was brought up and lived where there was a great deal of company and merriment, dancing, &c.: and when she came to live with her husband at Mr. Russell's, in St. Bride's Churchyard, she found it very solitary; no company came to her; oftentimes heard his nephews beaten and cry. This life was irksome to her, so she went to her parents at Forest Hill. He sent for her (after some time), and I think his servant was evilly entreated; but as for wronging his bed, I never heard the least suspicion, nor had he of that jealousy." In another place he says, "She was a zealous Royalist, and went without her husband's consent to her mother in the King's quarters near Oxford: two opinions do not well on the same bolster." Philips, Milton's relation, gives pretty much the same account of the matter. That such cases were not uncommon in an age distracted by controversial opinions in religion and politics may readily be imagined. The general argument of Milton's elaborate treatises on Divorce is, that disagreements in temper and disposition, which tend to produce indifference or dislike, are sufficient to set aside the bond of marriage. The company and merriment, dancing, &c., in the midst of which Milton's wife was brought up, were inconsistent with his notions of pleasure and propriety. Aubrey tells us, "he was of a very cheerful humour. He would be cheerful even in his goutfits, and sing." In his sonnet to Lawrence, written most probably when he was fifty, the same cheerfulness prevails:—

"What neat repast shall feast us, light and choice,
Of Attic taste, with wine, whence we may rise
To hear the lute well touch'd, or artful voice
Warble immortal notes and Tuscan air?"

Again, in his sonnet to Cyriack Skinner:

"To-day deep thoughts resolve with me to drench
In mirth, that after no repenting draws."

He adds, mild Heaven

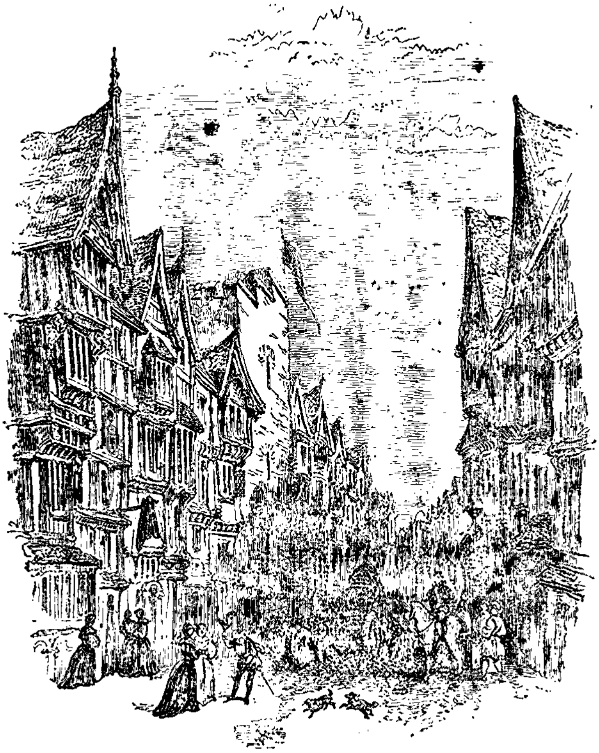
"——— disapproves that care, though wise in show,
That with superfluous burden loads the day,
And when God sends a cheerful hour refrains."

This was not Puritanism; but neither was it the tumultuous merriment nor the secret licentiousness of the Cavaliers. The example of Milton may instruct us that the society of London was not to be wholly divided into these extreme classes. His plan of an academy, which Johnson calls impracticable, was founded, we have little doubt, upon a careful consideration of the desires and capacities of the intellectual class amongst whom he lived. There were other Englishmen in those days than fanatics and reprobates. He has eloquently described, in 'The Liberty of unlicensed Printing,' the thirst for knowledge, the ardent desire for truth, which prevailed in London even amidst the disorders of contending factions, the din of warfare, and the going forth of its sons and husbands to battle in a great cause:—"Behold now this vast city, a city of refuge, the mansion-house of liberty, encompassed and surrounded with his (God's) protections. The shop of war hath not there more anvils and hammers waking to fashion out the plates and instruments of armed justice in defence of beleaguered truth, than there be pens and heads there sitting by their studious lamps, musing, searching, revolving new notions and ideas wherewith to present, as with their homage and their fealty, the approaching reformation: others as fast reading, trying all things, assenting to the force of reason and convincement. What could a man require more from a nation so pliant and so prone to seek after knowledge?" Yet in the same wonderful composition he tells us plainly enough, and without any severity of rebuke, that London had its recreations and its lighter thoughts, amidst this "diligent alacrity in the pursuance of truth;" and that there were temptations which were only innocuous upon his principle that "he that can apprehend and consider vice with all her baits and seeming pleasures, and yet abstain, and yet distinguish, and yet prefer that which is truly better, he is the true warfaring Christian." The following graphic description of some of the social aspects of London is a remarkable exception to Milton's usual style of writing; and it almost tempts us to withdraw the remarks with which we introduced this paper, in which we spoke too slightingly of Milton's power as a painter of manners:—"If we think to regulate printing, thereby to rectify manners, we must regulate all recreations and pastimes, all that is delightful to man. No music must be heard, no song be set or sung, but what is grave and Doric. There must be licensing dancers, that no gesture, motion, or deportment be taught our youth, but what by their allowance shall be thought honest; for such Plato was provided of. It will ask more than the work of twenty licensers to examine all the lutes, the violins, and the guitars in every house; they must not be suffered to prattle as they do, but must be licensed what to say. And who shall silence all the airs and madrigals that whisper softness in chambers? The windows also, and balconies, must be thought on; there are shrewd books, with dangerous frontispieces, set to sale; who shall prohibit them?—shall twenty licensers? The villages also must have their visitors, to inquire what lectures the bagpipe and the rebeck reads, even to the ballatry and the gammut of every municipal fiddler; for these are the countryman's Arcadias, and his Monte Mayors. Next, what more national corruption, for which England hears ill abroad, than household gluttony? who shall be the rector of our daily rioting? and what shall be done to inhibit the multitudes that frequent those houses where drunkenness is sold and harboured? Our garments also should be referred to the licensing of some sober work-masters, to see them cut into a less wanton garb. Who shall regulate all the mixed conversation of our youth, male and female together, as is the fashion of this country? Who shall still appoint what shall be discoursed, what presumed, and no farther? Lastly, who shall forbid and separate all idle resort, all evil company? These things will be, and must be; but how they shall be least hurtful, how least enticing, herein consists the grave and governing wisdom of a state. To sequester out of the world into Atlantis and Utopian politics, which never can be drawn into use, will not mend our condition; but to ordain wisely as in this world of evil, in the midst whereof God hath placed us unavoidably."

Milton's reconciliation with his wife took place, it is recorded, in the house of a relation in St. Martin's-le-Grand. Committed as he was by his opinions on the general subject of divorce, he perhaps considered it fortunate that circumstances had prevented him acting upon them. He probably, had this trial been reserved to him, would have been an evidence of the hollowness of his own arguments. As it was, we hear no subsequent complaints; and his house afforded his wife's family a shelter when the advocates of the Royalist cause were exposed to persecution. It was in Barbican that Milton lived after his wife returned to him.

In 1647 Milton had again moved to a small house in Holborn, which opened behind into Lincoln's Inn Fields. He here continued to work in the education of a few scholars:—

> "So didst thou travel on life's common way
> In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart
> The lowliest duties on herself did lay."



[Barbican. Designed from old Maps and Elevations, temp. James and Charles I.]

But within two years Milton was called to higher occupation. In the Council-books at the State Paper Office, some extracts from which were first published in the preface to Dr. Sumner's translation of Milton's 'De Doctrina Christiana,' there is this entry, under date of November 12, 1649:—"Ordered that Sir John Hippesley is spoken to that Mr. Milton may be accommodated with the lodgings that he hath at Whitehall." And on the following 19th of November:—"That Mr. Milton shall have the lodgings that were in the hands of Sir John Hippesley in Whitehall, for his accommodation, as being secretary to the Council for Foreign Languages." Here, then, was Milton, after having written the 'Tenure of Kings and Magistrates,' and the 'Iconoclastes,' fixed upon the very spot where, according to his own account, a "most potent King, after he had trampled upon the laws of the nation, was finally, by the supreme council of the kingdom, condemned to die, and beheaded before the very gate of the royal palace;"* but where, according to those who took a different view of the matter, a "black tragedy was acted, which filled most hearts among us with consternation and horror." * After the sword was drawn and the scabbard thrown away, the Whitehall which Milton must have had in his mind when he wrote of

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* Defensio pro Populo Anglicano.

"Throngs of knights and barons bold
In weeds of peace,"

was deserted; its courts were solitary, its chambers were vacant; their hangings rotted on the walls; their noble pictures were covered with dust and cobweb. Howell tells a remarkable story about the desolation of the favourite palace of James and Charles:—"I send you these following prophetic verses of Whitehall, which were made above twenty years ago to my knowledge, upon a book called 'Balaam's Ass,' that consisted of some invectives against King James and the court *in statu quo tunc.* It was composed by one Mr. Williams, a counsellor of the Temple, but a Roman Catholic, who was hanged, drawn, and quartered at Charing Cross for it; and I believe there be hundreds that have copies of these verses ever since that time about the town yet living. They were these:—

'Some seven years since Christ rid to court,
And there he left his ass,
The courtiers kick'd him out of doors,
Because they had no grass:
The ass went mourning up and down,
And thus I heard him bray,—
If that they could not give me grass,
They might have given me hay:
But sixteen hundred forty-three,
Whosoe'er shall see that day,
Will nothing find within that court
But only grass and hay.'

Which was found to happen true in Whitehall, till the soldiers coming to quarter there trampled it down."

Milton was settled in Whitehall little more than two years. Within six months of his establishment there he received from the Council a warrant to the trustees and contractors for the sale of the King's goods, to deliver to him such hangings as should be sufficient for the furnishing of his lodgings. In 1651 the Council and the Committee of Parliament for Whitehall were at issue with regard to Milton's remaining in these lodgings; and the Council appointed a Committee to endeavour with the Committee of Parliament, "that the said Mr. Milton may be continued where he is, in regard of the employment he is in to the Council, which necessitates him to reside near the Council." But he left these lodgings. From 1652, till within a few weeks of the restoration of Charles II. in 1660, he resided in Petty France, Westminster, in the house "next door to the Lord Scudamore's, and opening into St. James's Park." He held the office of Foreign Secretary till 1655. In April the 17th of that year the following entry is found in the Council-books:—"Ordered that the former yearly salary of Mr. John Milton, of two hundred and eighty-eight pounds, &c., formerly charged on the Council's contingencies, be reduced to one hundred and fifty pounds per annum, and paid to him during his life out of his Highness's Exchequer." This reduced payment was no doubt a retiring pension to Milton;

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* Howell's Letters.

and the reasons for that retirement are sufficiently pointed out in his second sonnet to Skinner, written in 1655:—

> " Cyriack, this three years day these eyes, though clear,
> To outward view, of blemish or of spot,
> Bereft of light, their seeing have forgot;
> Nor to their idle orbs doth sight appear
> Of sun, or moon, or star, throughout the year,
> Or man, or woman. Yet I argue not
> Against Heav'n's hand or will, nor bate a jot
> Of heart or hope; but still bear up and steer
> Right onward. What supports me, dost thou ask?
> The conscience, friend, to have lost them overplied
> In liberty's defence, my noble task,
> Of which all Europe rings from side to side.
> This thought might lead me through the world's vain mask,
> Content, though blind, had I no better guide."

The European fame of the author of the 'Defensio pro Populo Anglicano' was not overstated by the poet. Aubrey says, "He was mightily importuned to go into France and Italy; foreigners came much to see him and much admired him, and offered to him great preferments to come over to them; and the only inducement of several foreigners that came over into England was chiefly to see O. Protector and Mr. J. Milton; and would see the house and chamber where he was born. He was much more admired abroad than at home." Milton must indeed have felt that, during the four or five years in which he communicated to foreign nations, in his own powerful and majestic style, the wishes and opinions of a strong and resolved government, he was filling a part which, however obnoxious might be his principles, could not forbear to command the respect of the highest-minded men of all countries. As Milton continued to reside in Westminster for several years after he had been compelled by blindness to resign his office, there is little doubt that his intimacy was close and confidential, not only with his own immediate friends, Marvell, and Skinner, and Harrington, who according to Anthony Wood belonged with him to the political club which met at the Turk's Head in Palace Yard—but with the more powerful leaders in the Commonwealth, and with "Cromwell, our chief of men." The celebrity of the Rota Club gave rise probably to the assertion that "Milton and some other creatures of the Commonwealth had instituted the Calves' Head Club,"* which met on the 30th of January to revile the memory of Charles I. by profane ribaldry and mock solemnities. Milton, however stern a controversialist, was of too lofty a nature to stoop to such things. Pepys, in his Diary of January 1660, gives us a pretty adequate notion of the nature of the proceedings at this political club, the Rota, of which Harrington was the founder:—"I went to the Coffee Club, and heard very good discourse; it was in answer to Mr. Harrington's answer, who said that the state of the Roman government was not a settled government, and so it was no wonder that the balance of prosperity was in one hand, and the command in another, it being therefore always in a posture of war: but it was carried by ballot that it was a steady government, though it is true by the voices it had been carried before that it was an unsteady government; so to-morrow it is to be proved by the opponents that the balance lay one hand and the government in another." All this, after the real business of the Long Parliament, looks like boys' play; but it was one mode by which the heat of political theorists quietly smouldered away without explosion. Wood says, "The discourses of the members about government and ordering a commonwealth were the most ingenious and smart that ever were heard; for the arguments in the Parliament House were but flat to them." Yet these smart and ingenious things told for little when the genius of Cromwell was no more. While Harrington was declaiming, Monk was bringing in Charles II. The Rump Parliament, which had overthrown the feeble government of Richard Cromwell, was very shortly after cast down by the force of popular opinion. Pepys describes the following city scene on the 11th of February, 1660, after Monk had bearded the Parliament:—"In Cheapside there was a great many bonfires; and Bow-bells and all the bells in all the churches were a-ringing. Hence we went homewards, it being about ten at night. But the common joy that was everywhere to be seen! the number of bonfires! there being fourteen between St. Dunstan's and Temple Bar; and at Strand Bridge I could at one time tell thirty fires. In King Street seven or eight: and all along burning, and roasting, and drinking for rumps, there being rumps tied upon sticks and carried up and down. The butchers at the Maypole in the Strand rang a peal with their knives when they were going to sacrifice their rump. On Ludgate Hill there was one turning of the spit that had a rump tied upon it, and another basting." These were symptoms that could not be mistaken. In three months after Charles was on the throne; and Milton was proscribed. Up to the last moment he had lifted up his voice against what he called "the general defection of a misguided and abused multitude." In the 'Ready and Easy Way to establish a Free Commonwealth' we have almost his last words of solemn exhortation in connexion with public affairs:—"What I have spoken is the language of that which is not called amiss, the good old cause: if it seem strange to any, it will not seem more strange, I hope, than convincing to backsliders: thus much I should perhaps have said, though I were sure I should have spoken only to trees and stones, and had none to cry to but with the prophet, 'O earth, earth, earth!' to tell the very soil itself what her perverse inhabitants are deaf to. Nay, though what I have spoke should happen (which Thou suffer not who didst create mankind free! nor Thou next who didst redeem us from being servants of men!) *to be the last words of our expiring liberty.*" This was prophetic. For thirty years no such words were again heard; and in 'Paradise Lost' there is but one solitary allusion to his position, with reference to public affairs and public manners:—

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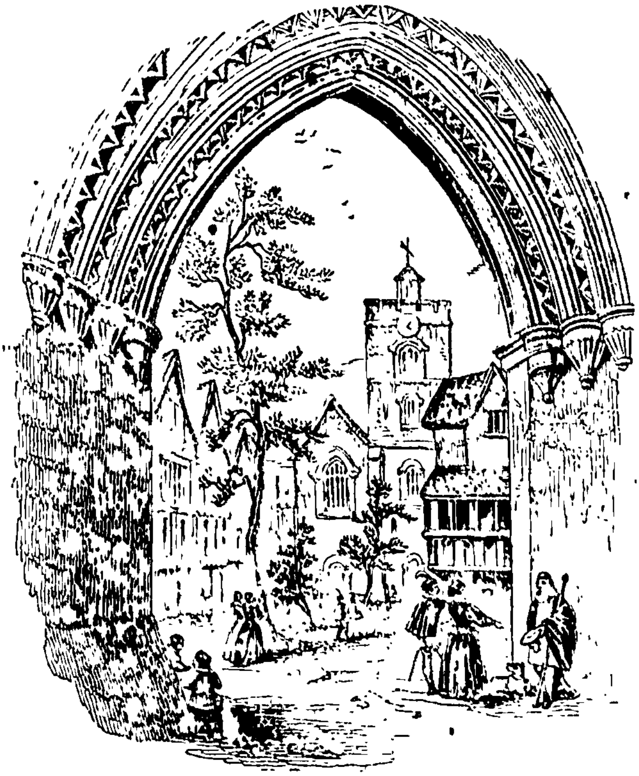
* Secret History of the Calves' Head Club. Harleian Miscellany.

> "More safe I sing with mortal voice, unchang'd
> To hoarse or mute, though fall'n on evil days,
> On evil days though fall'n, and evil tongues;
> In darkness, and with dangers compass'd round,
> And solitude; yet not alone, while thou
> Visit'st my slumbers nightly, or when morn
> Purples the east: still govern thou my song,
> Urania, and fit audience find, though few.
> But drive far off the barbarous dissonance
> Of Bacchus and his revellers, the race
> Of that wild rout that tore the Thracian bard
> In Rhodope, where woods and rocks had ears

To rapture, till the savage clamour drown'd
Both harp and voice; nor could the Muse defend
Her son."

Milton, upon the Restoration, was in hiding, it is said, at a friend's house in Bartholomew Close. He was well concealed; for the proclamation for his apprehension, and that of Goodwin, says, "The said John Milton and John Goodwin are so fled, or so obscure themselves, that no endeavours used for their apprehension can take effect, whereby they may be brought to legal trial, and deservedly receive condign punishment for their treasons and offences." Johnson thinks that the escape of Milton was favoured. Unquestionably his judicial murder would have been the most disgraceful act of the restored government. It is said that in 1650 Milton saved the royalist Davenant, and that in 1660 Davenant saved the republican Milton. Milton's 'Iconoclastes' and 'Defensio' were burnt by the common hangman; but he was rendered safe by the Act of Indemnity.

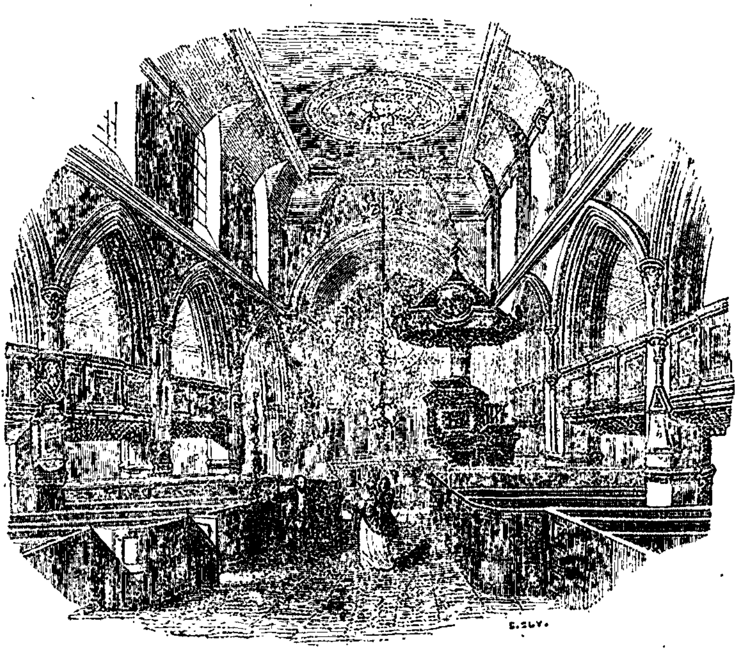


[Entrance to Bartholomew Close, from Smithfield. From various old Views and existing Remains.]

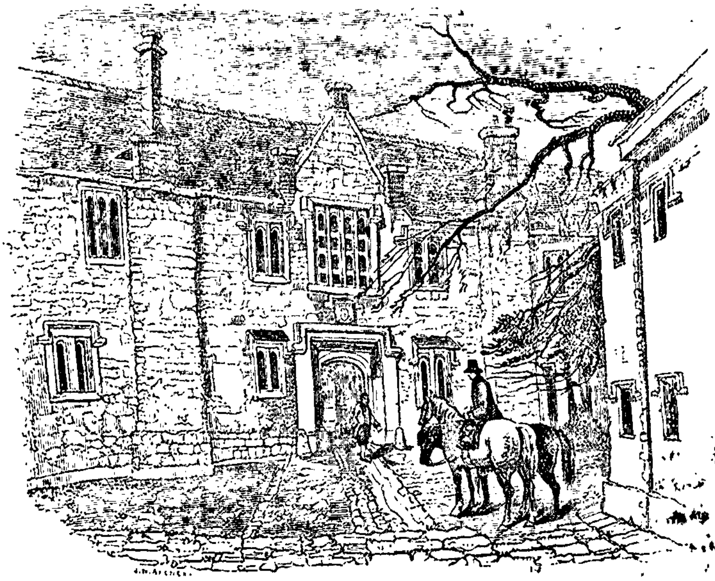
We have thus very hastily and imperfectly traced Milton through his public life. In the remaining fourteen years he was perhaps happier than in the confident and cheerful thoughts of his active existence. He was then truly "like a star, and dwelt apart." He was wholly devoted to the accomplishment of those great labours which he had shadowed forth in his youth. He clung to London with an abiding love, and from 1660 to 1665 he lived in Holborn and Jewin Street. During this period he completed 'Paradise Lost.' When the great plague broke out he found a retreat at Chalfont. From this period his abode, up to the time of his death in 1674, was in Artillery Walk, Bunhill Fields. It was here that Dryden visited him. Aubrey records this visit; and amongst "his familiar learned acquaintance" mentions "Jo. Dryden, Esq., Poet Laureat, who very much admired him, and went to him to have leave *to put his 'Paradise Lost' into a drama in rhyme.* Mr. Milton received him civilly, and told him he would give him leave *to tag his verses.*" This anecdote forms a link between Milton and his literary successors;—and here we stop.

We subjoin a note on the subject of the burial-place of Milton which we have received from the very ingenious artist and antiquary, Mr. Fairholt, whose drawings have often contributed to enrich these pages:—

In 1790, Philip Neve, the antiquary, published a pamphlet entitled 'A Narrative of the Disinterment of Milton's Coffin in the Parish Church of St. Giles, Cripplegate, on Wednesday, the 4th of August, 1790.' After telling us that the particular spot of Milton's interment had for many years past been ascertained only by tradition, and that many of the principal parishioners had wished the coffin to be dug for, that the real fact might be established, Neve adds—"The entry among the burials in the register-book, 12th of November, 1674, is 'John Milton, gentleman, consumpcon, *chancell.*' The church of St. Giles was built in 1030, was burnt down (except the steeple) and rebuilt in 1545; was repaired in 1682, and again in 1710. In the repair of 1682 an alteration took place in the disposition of the inside of the church; the pulpit was removed from the second pillar, against which it stood, *north* of the chancel, to the *south* side of the present chancel, which was then formed, and pews were built over the old chancel. The tradition has always been that Milton was buried in the chancel, under the clerk's desk; but, the circumstance of the alteration in the church not having of late years been attended to, the clerk, sexton, and other officers of the parish have misguided inquirers by showing the spot under the clerk's desk *in its present position* as the place of Milton's interment." The parish officers, digging then where the pulpit formerly stood, discovered the coffin, but disturbed not the remains; but this was afterwards done by other parties who heard of the discovery. Mr. Fairholt adds, In my drawing I have represented the sexton pointing out the *right* spot to a lady and gentleman—a thing not done at present.



[Chancel of St. Giles, Cripplegate.]



[Inner Gateway, Charter House.]

XXXIII.—THE CHARTER HOUSE.

About the middle of the fourteenth century a pestilence broke out in the heart of China, which, sweeping across the deserts of Cobi and the wilds of Tartary, found its way through the Levant, Egypt, Greece, Italy, Germany, France, and at last England, destroying at every step a large proportion of the population, and in some parts sweeping it entirely away. It entered England by the western coast, and, according to Stow, "scarce the tenth person of all sorts was left alive;" and as there were not sufficient labourers to till the soil,—

> "—— All her husbandry *did* lie in heaps,
> Corrupting in its own fertility."

In London the state of things must have been frightful indeed, where the plague (which reached it in November, 1348) had to deal with a great population, packed as closely as possible in dirty, narrow, and ill-ventilated streets. The horrors of such a period have been made familiar to us by the genius of De Foe, in connection with a similar calamity, three centuries later; we shall not, therefore, dwell upon them here. But we may notice that, among the numerous characteristic features of the pestilence of 1348, was the appearance of a new species of fanaticism, which had its origin in Germany, and was brought hither by individuals of that country. These performed public penance; "sometime," says

Stow,* "in the church of St. Paul; sometime in other places of the city, twice in the day, in the sight of all the people, from the loins unto the heels covered in linen cloth, all the rest of their bodies bare, having on their heads hats with red crosses before and behind, every one in their right hands a whip with three cords, each cord having a knot in the midst, beat themselves on their bare bloody bodies, going in procession, four of them singing in their own language, all the other answering them." The ordinary churchyards of the metropolis were soon filled, and it became necessary to choose out certain fields for a more wholesale kind of burial; of these the site of the present Charter House formed one of the principal. The benefactor in this instance was Ralph Stratford, Bishop of London, who, having purchased the piece of land in question, then known as "No man's land," enclosed it with a brick wall, consecrated it, and built a church; "which," says Stow, "remained till our time by the name of Pardon Churchyard, and served for burying such as desperately ended their lives, or were executed for felonies; who were fetched thither, usually in a close cart, bayled over, and covered with black, having a plain white cross thwarting, and at the fore-end a St. John's cross without, and within a bell ringing by shaking of the cart, whereby the same might be heard when it passed; and this was called the Friary cart, which belonged to St. John's, and had the privilege of sanctuary." The church and churchyard, we may add, lay between the north wall of the Charter House in Wilderness Row, and Sutton Street. But the pestilence, still unsatiated, raged on; and this space being found insufficient, another individual stepped forward in the following year, and purchased about thirteen acres more of land that lay adjoining, called the Spittle Croft, afterwards the New Church Haw. It was consecrated, like the former piece, by the Bishop of London, and in it not less than fifty thousand persons were interred in that single year. The same benefactor caused a chapel to be built (about the centre of the present Charter House Square), where masses were offered up for the souls of those whom the plague had so suddenly cut off with all their imperfections on their head, "unhousel'd, unanointed, unanneal'd." The individual to whom we have referred was Sir Walter Manny, one of those warriors of the martial age of Edward III., who was truly "The Mirror of Chivalry," for in him was reflected its gracefulness, its bravery, its untainted and lofty sense of honour, and all the admirable qualities for which its admirers have given it credit, in their most consummate shape. Although a foreigner, his reputation is essentially English, and, whilst belonging to a class which general biography necessarily neglects, or briefly passes over, his life presents some unusually interesting passages. We shall not hesitate to dwell on these at some length, for the connection of Sir Walter Manny with the history of the Charter House is, as we shall perceive, peculiarly intimate, and a sketch of his life, therefore, can find no more appropriate place than in our pages.

He was born at the town of Manny, in Hainault, of which place he was lord, and came over to England in the train of Philippa of Hainault, on the marriage of that beautiful and estimable woman with Edward III. At the conclusion of the bridal ceremonies and feastings, most of the young Queen's countrymen returned to Brabant; among the few who remained with her "was a youth," says Froissart, "called Wantelet de Manny, to attend on and carve for her." His excellent qualities appear to have quickly engaged the attention of the King, who soon found him other employment than carving for ladies, made him a knight with great pomp, and ordered splendid robes for him, as a banneret, out of the great wardrobe. In 1337 he was sent by Edward to France as ambassador, and the importance of the mission (Edward was now seeking occasion to lay claim to the French throne) reveals to us the position of the messenger. War broke out, and Sir Walter was made Admiral of the North, and whilst holding that post fought with his royal master the desperate naval engagement off Sluys, where, the ships being fastened together with grappling-irons and chains, the enemies fought hand to hand with their swords, pikes, and battle-axes, and the English obtained so complete a victory that none of the French king's ministers dared to break the news to him. "The English are but cowards," at last said his fool to him. "How so?" asked the King; "Because," replied the fool, "they had not the courage to leap into the sea like the French and Normans at Sluys." We shall not attempt to enumerate the many occasions in which Sir Walter Manny distinguished himself, but pass on to the more important. At the cessation of the temporary armistice concluded between the two kings, the first act of Edward was to send Sir Walter Manny with a body of troops across the seas to relieve the lady whom Froissart characterizes as having the courage of a man and the heart of a lion—the Countess de Montfort. Her husband, having failed in obtaining a formal sanction of his right to the Duchy of Brittany from Philip King of France, had transferred his vassalage to Edward, and in consequence been treacherously made prisoner by the former. Charles de Blois, Montfort's rival in the Duchy, endeavoured with the assistance of the French to obtain possession of the country, but he found it most gallantly defended by the Countess. Being shut up with an insufficiency of provisions in the castle of Hennebon, she was however reduced to such extremities, that the chief persons about her were on the eve of surrendering, when the English ships were seen in the distance. Sir Walter landed with the first body of troops, and was received with enthusiastic gratitude by the fair and gallant Countess. She dressed up chambers in the castle with beautiful tapestry for him and his officers' use, and dined at table with them. On the following day "after the entertainment Sir Walter Manny inquired of the Countess the state of the town and of the enemy's army. Upon looking out of the window, he said he had a great inclination to destroy that large machine which was placed so near, and much annoyed them, if any would second him. Sir Yves de Tresiquidi replied that he would not fail him in this his first expedition; as did also the lord of Landreman. They went to arm themselves, and then sallied quietly out of one of the gates, taking with them three hundred archers, who shot so well that those who guarded the machine fled, and the men at arms who followed the archers, falling upon them, slew the greater part, and broke down and cut in pieces the large machine. They then dashed in among the tents and huts, set fire to them, and killed and wounded many of their enemies before the army was in motion. After this they made a handsome retreat. When the enemy were mounted and armed they galloped after them like madmen. Sir Walter Manny, seeing this, exclaimed, 'May I never be embraced by my mistress and dear friend if I enter castle or fortress before I have unhorsed one of those gallopers.' He then turned round, and pointed his spear towards the enemy, as did the two brothers of Land-Halle, le Haze de Brabant, Sir Yves de Tresiquidi, Sir Galeran de Landreman, and many others, and spitted the first coursers. Many legs were made to kick the air. Some of their own party were also unhorsed. The conflict became very furious, for reinforcements were perpetually coming from the camp, and the English were obliged to retreat towards the castle, which they did in good order until they came to the castle ditch; there the knights made a stand until all their men were safely returned. . . . . The Countess of Montfort came down from the castle to meet them, and with a most cheerful countenance kissed Sir Walter de Manny and all his companions, one after the other, like a noble and valiant dame."* The siege was soon raised, and then renewed a few months later; but Sir Walter, by a brilliant sortie, drove the enemy once more away in disgrace. In the mean time he had defeated the Lord Lewis of Spain at Quimperlé, who had six thousand soldiers under his command, nearly every man of whom was cut to pieces, whilst Manny had not above half the number. Later in the war he accompanied the Earl of Derby into Gascony, where, whilst they were waiting in a wood, in the neighbourhood of the enemy, for the arrival of the Earl of Pembroke, Sir Walter Manny instigated his fellow-warriors to make an immediate attack, and which ended in the brilliant affair known by the name of the battle before Auberoche, where a thousand English defeated ten thousand French, and nine earls and viscounts were made prisoners, and so many barons, knights, and squires, that there was not a man at arms among the English that had not for his share two or three. In this expedition, whilst the English were lying before the castle of Reole, Sir Walter Manny fulfilled an act of parental duty in finding out and removing the remains of his father, who had been murdered, it is supposed by the relation of a man whom he had overthrown and fatally injured at a tournament. The wonderful battle of Cressy took place whilst Manny was absent, and deep no doubt was his mortification at the circumstance. He determined, however, immediately to join his King, and having obtained, in place of a ransom for an important prisoner, a safe-conduct from the Duke of Normandy to "King Edward at the siege of Calais," set out for that place. On the way he was arrested, taken to Paris, and there thrown into the prison of the Chatelet; Philip being no doubt mightily pleased at the prize he had obtained. But his son, the Duke of Normandy, insisted on the due performance of the promise that had been given, and Sir Walter was released, with marks of unusual honour and many presents. The latter were only received on condition of Edward's approval, which was not given, accordingly they were returned. We now approach the most interesting incidents of Manny's career, his conduct during and after the siege of Calais. This was at the period in question a place of incredible strength, as we may judge from the long duration of the siege. Sir Walter had here a narrow escape. Whilst engaged one day in a foraging party he was unhorsed, surrounded, and on the very eve of destruction, although performing, unhorsed and crippled in his movements as he was, prodigies of valour, when the Earl of Pembroke and others rescued him. The King of France endeavoured to relieve Calais; but, finding all the approaches too strongly fortified, withdrew, and left the brave garrison to its fate; which, after a defence of eleven months, having now not even any horses, dogs, or other unclean animals left to eat, hung out a flag of capitulation. Sir Walter Manny went, and the Governor earnestly begged him to make the best terms he could; but Edward, enraged at what he esteemed their obstinacy, which had cost him so much, refused all conditions whatever, and demanded the surrender of the place, and of its inhabitants, to do as he pleased with. The chivalrous character of Sir Walter never shone so brightly as now. He set the example of pleading for the unhappy inhabitants, and many other commanders followed it. "I will not be alone against you all," said the King. "Sir Walter, you will tell the captain that six of the notable burgesses must come forth naked in their shirts, bare legged, with halters round their necks, and the keys of the town and castle in their hands. On these I will do my will, and the rest I will take to my mercy." What followed,—the universal distress in the town, through the hopelessness of finding persons to go willingly to death for its salvation,—the noble devotion of St. Pierre and his associates,—are all too well known for us to repeat them here; they are transactions that have sunk deeply into the world's heart. When the six were admitted to Edward's presence, they prostrated themselves before him, and besought mercy. All the barons, knights, and others who were there present shed tears of pity, but the King, says Froissart, eyed them very spitefully, for much did he hate the people of Calais; and then he commanded that their heads be struck off. Every Englishman entreated him to be more merciful, but he would not hear them. Then once more stepped forward Sir Walter Manny, and said, "Ah, gentle king, let me beseech you to restrain your anger; you have the reputation of great nobleness of soul, do not therefore tarnish it by such an act as this, nor allow any one to speak in a disgraceful manner of you. In this instance all the world will say you have acted cruelly, if you put to death six such respectable persons, who of their own free will have surrendered themselves to your mercy, in order to save their fellow-citizens." Even this bold and energetic appeal failed to turn the stern King from his vindictive purpose; and it was left, not unfitly, to Sir Walter's beautiful mistress to avert from Edward's memory an infamy that would for ever have tarnished his fame. It was the year after these events that the plague broke out, and Sir Walter purchased the piece of ground we have mentioned. What trains of thought and feeling could have led such a man as Sir Walter Manny to feel an interest in the progress of one of the most rigid of the religious orders, and to found an establishment in connection with it, is difficult to say; scarcely less so, we should add, is the choice of the lands before mentioned, with their countless thousands of skeletons, but that on reflection it appears not improbable that some of the good monks themselves, who were to form part of the community, objecting to the luxuries of pure air and an eligible site, chose the place in question. At all events, in connection with the then Bishop of London, Simon Sudbury, he, about 1371, founded there a house of twenty-four Carthusian monks,* a branch of the Benedictines, whose rule, with the addition of many new austerities, they followed. Their founder, Bruno, first established the order at Chartreux, in the French district of Grenoble, about 1080, whence the houses of the order were called Chartreux-houses, gradually corrupted, as in the present case, into Charter-houses. The Carthusians first came into England about 1180. Of the sort of life these men thought it a matter of religion to lead we may judge from their rules, which prohibited the eating of flesh, and of fish *unless it was given to them*, and which in addition set apart one day in each week for a fast on bread, water, and salt, which compelled them to sleep upon a piece of cork, with a single blanket to cover them, to rise at midnight to sing their matins, and which permitted none but the Prior and Proctor to go beyond the bounds of the monastery, and they only on the indispensable business of the house. Their habit was all white, with the exception of a cloak, which was black. The purchases of land for burials before mentioned were now given to the new establishment, and Sir Walter Manny bought an additional ten acres, lying contiguous, from the Priory of St. John of Jerusalem. Sir Walter's charter is still preserved in the evidence-room of the present establishment. Among the numerous classes for whom it directs prayers to be said are mentioned the souls of all those who had died by Sir Walter's hands. John Lustote was made the first Prior, and the Priory itself received the appellation of the "Salutation of the Mother of God." The monastery was no doubt a splendid place, in accordance with the munificence of the founder, and the general custom with regard to the Chartreux-houses; for the monks seemed to delight in the contrast which the house of God presented to their own mean and humble condition. If Sir Walter lived to see the completion of his pious work it was all that was permitted to him, for he died in 1372; "for which," says Froissart, "all the barons and knights of England were much afflicted, on account of the loyalty and prudence they had always found in him. He was buried with great pomp in the monastery of the Carthusians: his funeral was attended by the King, his children, and the barons and prelates of England." An alabaster tomb, like that of Sir John Beauchamp at St. Paul's, was by his own direction placed over his remains in the choir of the convent-chapel.

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* Annals.

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* Froissart.

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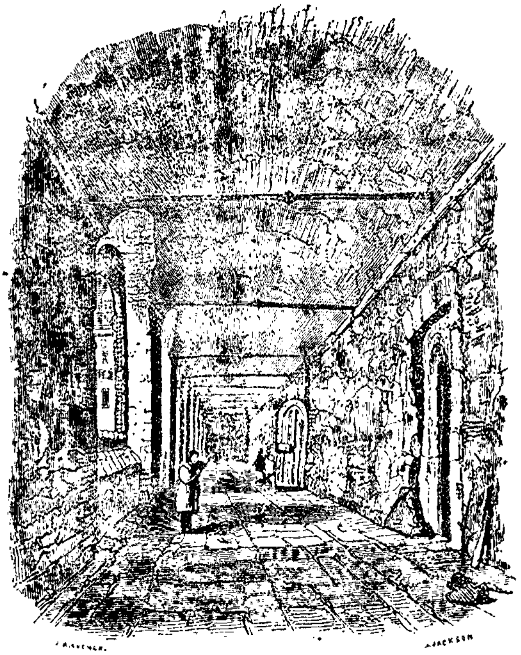
* His original idea was of forming a college for a warden, dean, and twelve secular priests.

From its foundation to the period preceding its dissolution the history of the monastery is a blank; and it would have been well for its unhappy inmates if the even but dull tenor of their lives had been unbroken in upon any further than by the event—itself sufficiently alarming—which was to throw them upon the wide world in their old age to seek new modes of existence, whilst in the highest degree unfitted for such tasks by their previous habits. But a different fate awaited them. Of all the incidents of that mighty revolution there are none more painfully interesting than the struggles of this little band of devoted religionists. They stood foremost in the breach when Henry attacked the old religion in what they esteemed its most vital point, the Papal Supremacy: they positively refused to take the oaths required. The Prior, Houghton, and the Proctor, Middlemore, were immediately sent to the Tower; but, being there terrified into a temporary submission, submitted to what was required of them. Three "most wise, learned, and discreet men," with the name of governors, were now appointed; who, on taking possession, assembled the officers, monks, and servants before them, and graciously assured all present that their most excellent Prince had, in his mercy and compassion, pardoned all their heresies and treasons committed to that day, and that they were at liberty to *purchase* this emanation of pity under the great seal. They added that death would follow the commission of new offences. The keys of the convent were demanded from the

Proctor and other officers, who were at the same time told that all receipts and payments would in future be the business of the governors only, who would be accountable to the King. The worst feature of this arrangement was the inquisitorial power given to the governors of examining each of the monks separately as to his own opinions or the opinions of his fellows, and of threatening him with punishment, or tempting him with promises of dispensation if he broke his vows and left the order, with a small stipend for a year or two till he could find employment. It is more easy to imagine than to describe the wretchedness that three such men must have caused among a little fraternity whose lives had been spent in peace and harmony. No one knew whether the man in whom he had hitherto confided his most secret thoughts was not a spy upon him, communicating daily each unguarded or desperate word to the Triad of Governors. There were, however, high principles at work among these humble monks; the very austerity of their habits made them think little of the pains that mortal hands could inflict upon them; and most probably from these combined causes a courage truer, because less full of encouraging stimulants, than that which adorns the battle-field, sprang up among the peaceful cloisters. However mistaken in their views, their conduct must excite our admiration, their sufferings our pity. Although by this time the character of the sovereign was known to them, they appear to have deliberated, as though what appeared to them right, rather than what was politic, was the only matter they had to decide. The first blood shed on the scaffold in the pursuance of Henry's determination to overbear all opposition to his purpose of being declared Supreme Head of the Church, was that of the Prior, Houghton, who had grown bolder, and we might add more worthy of the conscientious men he had governed. On the 5th of May, 1535, he, Augustine Webster, Prior of the Charter House of Belval, Thomas Lawrence, Prior of the Charter House of Exham, who made common cause with him, and Richard Reynolds, a monk of Sion, and John Hailes, vicar of Thistleworth (Isleworth), both of whom had been originally members of the London Charter House, were hanged, drawn, and quartered at Tyburn, their heads being afterwards set over the city gates, and one of the quarters of Houghton's body over the gate of his own monastery. It was with this ghastly spectacle continually before their eyes that they had to maintain their fortitude against the assaults of friends and foes, each eager to move them from their position, though from very different motives. But being still immoveable, some more of their number were executed in the month following, when the atrocities of the law were carried out in all their sickening horrors. The wretched men were cut down whilst living, their bowels were then torn out, and lastly they were beheaded and dismembered, and the dissevered parts exposed as before in different places in the city. About this period several curious communications took place between the monks of Sion and those of the Charter House, in which the confessor-general of the former, Father Fewterer, who, having conformed himself, was naturally anxious to induce others to keep him in countenance, endeavoured to persuade the latter to submit. Among other arguments he states that he has "found by the word and will of God, both in the Old and New Testament, great truths for our Prince, and for the Bishop of Rome nothing at all." He concludes with the exhortation—"Therefore die not for the cause; save yourselves and your house; live long, and live well, to the honour of God; wealthy by your prayers, and edifying by your life to the people. Subject yourselves to your noble Prince, get his gracious favour by your duty doing to his grace." Other and, it was hoped, more persuasive tongues were also sought by the governors. In a letter written by one of them, Jasper Ffyloll, and sent, it is supposed, to Cromwell, the former states,—"In the beginning of August last past my lord of Canterbury" (Cranmer) "sent for two monks here, Rochester and Rawlins; his lordship sent Rochester home again" (finding him untractable, we suppose), "but he keepeth Rawlins still with him, and I understand he hath changed his habit to secular priest's clothing, and eateth flesh. I know that some of them, and I think that divers most of them, would be glad to be licensed to do the same. . . . . . Master John Maidwell, commonly called the Scottish friar," was now introduced; and "then I entreated Rochester and four or five of the monks to be contented to hear him preach one sermon among them one day that week, wherewith they were then contented, but on the next day, when they had spoken with the other brothers, they sent me word that I should not bring him among them; therefore, if I so did, they would not hear him, because they heard tell of him that he preached against the honouring of images and saints, and that he was a blasphemer of saints; and I said that I marvailled much of them, for there can be no greater heresy in any man (especially in a religious man) than to say that he cannot preach the word of God, neither will not hear it preached; and they say that they will read their doctors and go no farther; and I told them that such doctrines had made some of their company to be strong traitors, and traitorously to suffer death." The writer adds, in a significant postscript, that he has sent a list of the names of the monks, before each of which he placed the initial letters G. and B., to distinguish the liege men from the traitors. The date of this epistle is September 5, 1535. In another letter to Cromwell, Jasper Ffyloll makes a brilliant discovery as to the cause of the obstinacy of the Carthusians. "It is no great marvel though many of these monks have heretofore offended God and the King by their foul errors, for I have found in the Prior and Proctor's cells three or four sundry printed books from beyond the sea, of as foul errors and heresies as may be, and not one or two books be new printed alone, but hundreds of them; wherefore, by your mastership's favour, it seemeth to be more necessary that these cells be better searched, for I can perceive few of them but they have great pleasure in reading of such erroneous doctrines, and little or none in reading of the New Testament, or in other good book." The poor monks were during all this time confined to the cloisters, and no one could see or speak to them without a licence from their governors. Jasper Ffyloll continues his zealous attentions; and as nothing was too high or too low for him, turns from the spiritual interests of the monks to their temporal—from the rebellious cloister to the wasteful buttery:—"I learn among these lay-brothers that heretofore when all victual was at a convenient price, and also when they were fewer persons in number than they now be, the Proctor hath accounted for one thousand and fifty-one pounds a-year, their rent being but six hundred and forty-two pounds four shillings. Of which (the extra) cost in fare, buildings, and other, was then borne of the benevolence and charity of the city of London. And they (the monks), not regarding this dearth, neither the increase



[The Cloisters, Charter House.]

LIBRARY

of their superfluous number, neither yet the decay of the said benevolence and charity, would have and hath that same fare continued that then was used, and would have plenty of bread and ale and fish given to strangers in the buttery and at the buttery-door, and as large distributions of bread and ale to all their servants and to vagabonds* at the gate as was then used; which cannot be. Wherefore, under the favour of your worship, it seemeth to be much necessary to diminish either the number or dainty fare, and also the superfluous gift of bread and ale.

" These Charter House monks would be called solitary, but to the cloister-door there be twenty-four keys, in the hands of twenty-four persons, and it is like many letters unprofitable, tales and tidings, cometh and goeth by reason thereof. Also to the buttery-door there be twelve sundry keys, in twelve men's hands, wherein seemeth to be small husbandry. Now is the time of the year when provision was wont to be made of ling, haberdens, and other salt store, and also of their winter vesture to their bodies and to their beds, and for fuel to the cells; wherein I tarry till I may know your mastership's pleasure therein. I think, under correction of your mastership, that it were very necessary to remove the eleven lay-brothers from the buttery, and set eleven temporal persons in that room, and likewise in the kitchen, for in those eleven offices lie waste of the house." A month later Jasper Ffyloll, growing more impatient, proposed to turn out all the obstinate, and to compel the lay-brothers

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* The word vagabond is here applied to travellers, who frequently found accommodation at religious houses. It is certainly, as Malcolm has noticed, a most amiable trait in the Carthusians, and one that only a Jasper Ffyloll could have helped sympathising with, that, whilst their establishment was threatened with utter ruin, and their very lives in danger, they should still be anxious for the performance of the duties of hospitality.

(who were as heretical as the monks, and annoyed the worthy governor by carrying messages to and from the confined brethren) and the steward to dine on flesh in the Refectory, and to admit such of the monks as wished it to partake. Fresh exhortations were tried with no better effect than before. "Master Bedyll and Mr. Dr. Crome, in their vacation time, called Rochester and Fox before them, and gave them marvellous good exhortations by the space of an hour or more, but it prevailed nothing." William Marshall also distributed twenty-four copies to as many monks, of a work entitled 'The Defence of Peace,' which the latter consented to receive only on condition of being permitted or commanded to read them by the Prior. Three days after, twenty-three of the books were returned unread; and, although John Rochester was prevailed on to keep the twenty-fourth for four or five days, he then buried it, "*which*," says the malignant Ffyloll, "*is good matter to lay to them at the time when you shall be to visit them.*" The catastrophe now indeed rapidly approached. In all, six only of the brethren appear to have been seduced into conformity with the King's desires. Two of these, named Broke and Burgoyne, wrote to Father Fewterer, to inform him that his precepts had prevailed with them; and as to the rest of the convent they add, "Glad would we be to hear that they would surrender their wits and consciences to you, that they might come home, and, as bright lanterns, show the light of religious constitution among us." A third, Andrew Bord, wrote a letter of justification to his brethren, explaining that he had discovered his age to be at variance with the strict rules of the order, and that the confined air of his cell was injurious to his health. Ten monks still remained; and all as steadfast to their faith as if they had seen their brethren conducted to the highest worldly dignities and honours, instead of to the grim scaffold; and the fate of these men is perhaps the most pitiable. They were kept in prison, a prey to the most horrible tyranny, neglect, filth, and despair, till they all with one exception died off under the treatment, when it was boasted by Mr. Bedle that the traitors were despatched "*by the hand of God;*" and he adds, "whereof, considering their behaviour and the whole matter, I am not sorry, but would that all such as love not the King's highness and his worldly honour were in like case." The one who survived was got rid of summarily by executing him some years later. From the same kindly and Christianlike letter, dated 14th June, 1537, we also find that a new Prior had been appointed, Trafford, whom he recommends as one of the best of men, who had done everything to convince the monks, *and with success*, that they ought to surrender the house, and rely upon the King's mercy and experienced grace. The convincer's own conviction, however, appears to have been not of a very unstable kind, for Bedle adds, significantly, "I beseech you, my good lord, that the said Prior may be so entreated, by your help, that he be not sorry and repent that he hath feared and followed your sore words and my gentle exhortations." Trafford received for his obsequiousness the magnificent yearly pension of twenty pounds; the value of the revenues that the King at the same time obtained possession of being, as we have seen, six hundred and forty-two pounds four shillings.

The history of the Charter House naturally divides itself into three periods: that of the Monastery, which we have now concluded, that of the occupation of the place after the dissolution till its purchase by Sutton, and that of the establishment and state of the present magnificent institution. We proceed now with its history during the second period. In 1542 the site was granted by Henry to John Brydges, yeoman of the King's "hales* and tents," and Thomas Hall, groom of the "hales and tents;" and three years afterwards to Sir Edward (afterwards Lord) North, an eminent lawyer and statesman, who rose from an humble origin to the rank he obtained. Hall and Brydges received an annuity of ten pounds for surrendering all claims upon the Chartreuse. This is a curious piece of business, and was no doubt the result of some exquisite finessing on the part of Sir Edward North; for it appears that it was whispered to the monarch's ear that he had been imposed upon with regard to the property. He was immediately sent for by the enraged King, who expressed in the broadest manner the nature of his suspicions. Sir Edward, by his humble and most respectful manner, soon conciliated the King, and left the court with his head and the Charter House both safe. The first great alteration in the aspect of the Charter House was now doubtless made to fit the old monastery for a noble residence. There it was that Elizabeth was brought within two days after her accession, and stayed for some time; and again, in 1561, after she had dismissed its owner from the Privy Council, she spent four days at the Charter House. By the second Lord North the estate was sold in 1565 for two thousand five hundred pounds to Thomas Howard, Duke of Norfolk, who made it his principal residence, and rebuilt a considerable portion of the place. The existing buildings of the Charter House therefore are mostly of his erection. The period of the Duke's occupation was to him a very eventful one. He was then meditating a marriage with Mary Queen of Scots, and her restoration to her kingdom. The jealous Elizabeth, at an early stage of the business, obtained some inkling of his wishes, and more than once mentioned the matter to him. The Duke assured her no such project had originated with him, nor did he approve of it. "But," said the artful Queen, "though you now mislike of it, yet you may percase be induced to like of it for the benefit of the realm, and for mine own security." The Duke replied "that no reason could move him to like of her that hath been a competitor to the crown; and if her Majesty would move him thereto he would rather be committed to the Tower, for he never meant to marry with such a person where he could not be sure of his pillow." Elizabeth had here met with her match in dissimulation; it would have been impossible to have said anything under the circumstances that could have better pleased or satisfied her. Not the less, however, did Norfolk pursue his schemes, which, on the discovery of a secret correspondence with Mary, brought him to the Tower in 1569. There he remained for nearly twelve months, when, the plague beginning to "wax hot," he was allowed to remove to the Charter House, under the custody of Sir Henry Nevil. Here, tempted on the one hand by the splendour of the match and the beauty of his promised bride, and rendered reckless on the other by Elizabeth's harsh usage, he renewed his correspondence with Mary; and (which, if true, is a much more serious stain upon his character) opened a correspondence with the King of Spain to land an army in England and overthrow Elizabeth in favour of the Scottish Queen. But this latter charge was never satisfactorily proved. His conviction for treason on the different charges adduced against him was brought about by the discovery of the key to the cipher of his letters under the roofing tiles of the Charter House. He was condemned, and executed on the 2nd of June, 1572, on Tower Hill; though it was not until after three warrants had been issued and recalled that the Queen could make up her mind to send to the block a nobleman so popular, who possessed so many estimable qualities, and who, besides being her kinsman, had enjoyed her close friendship for many years. It is so far to her credit that she did not entirely forget these circumstances; the Duke's estates, of course, as usual, reverted to the crown, but she subsequently restored them to his descendants. In the division of the property, the Charter House fell to the share of Lord Thomas Howard, who, for his father's sufferings in connection with Mary, was much caressed by that unfortunate Queen's son, James, a monarch of whom it may be said, both in condemnation and praise, that, if he did nothing for his unhappy mother whilst alive, he certainly exhibited his gratitude after her execution to those who had rendered her assistance. On his entry into London in 1603 he showed his great respect for the Duke of Norfolk by going direct to visit his son at the Charter House, and was conducted thither in a splendid procession from Stamford Hill through Islington. Being magnificently entertained, he kept his court there four days, during which upwards of eighty gentlemen were knighted. Nor did his gratitude rest with these comparatively empty significations. He made his host Earl of Suffolk, Lord Chamberlain of his Household, Lord Treasurer of England, and Knight of the Garter. Here we conclude the second period of our history.

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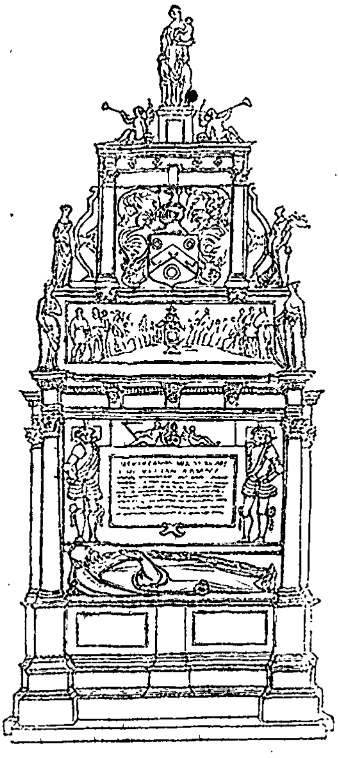
* Trammels or nets.

In looking at the respective characters of the two individuals who play so important a part in the annals of the Charter House, one cannot avoid being forcibly struck by the contrast between the chivalry of War and Bloodshed, and that of Peace and Benevolence. A truly noble-hearted and high-principled man was Sir Walter Manny; yet all his admirable qualities, and those of men like him, served but to shed a deceitful glare over the ruined towns and villages that tracked their path, or at best to alleviate the woes they themselves made. How different the chivalry of Thomas Sutton! Even whilst with steady far-sighted economy he went on heaping up the riches that were to gladden the hearts of hundreds through generation after generation,—instead of blood or tears, the sighs of breaking hearts, or the curses of despairing ones, he left behind him the natural blessings that follow in the train of united wealth, industry, and honour. He was, in every sense but the fighting one, a perfect knight. It is true he thought to please God rather by helping to keep his creatures alive than by saying masses for them when dead; it is no less so that his devotion to the sex exhibited itself merely in his arrangements for giving them better husbands, sons, and parents; and, lastly, his "unspotted honour" was only known by the somewhat vulgar characteristic that made his word as acceptable as his bond. Yet, as the sagacious discovery has been made, and, to a considerable extent of late years, generally admitted, that to educate and feed men is better than to cut them down or blow them up, we do not anticipate much objection to our remark that Thomas Sutton was alike an ornament to the knightly, philanthropic, and mercantile characters. But Sir Thomas was also a brave man,—we do not mean in a moral sense merely, that is evident: no great work was ever conducted through half the difficulties that attended the establishment of the Charter House hospital and school, without a great deal of that truest kind of courage,—but in the martial sense he achieved some reputation; for, on the breaking out of the northern rebellion in 1569, he was appointed Master-General of the Ordnance in the North during life; and in 1573 he commanded in person one of the batteries employed in the reduction of Edinburgh Castle. Prior to this period the events of his life may be summarily dismissed. He was born at Knaith, in the county of Lincoln, in 1531, his father being steward of the courts belonging to the corporation of the city of Lincoln. He is supposed to have received his education at Eton and Cambridge, to have removed from Cambridge to Lincoln's Inn, and there entered himself as a student, and then to have travelled abroad for some years, acquiring in the chief countries of the Continent an intimate acquaintance with their commercial policy and different languages: information that contributed greatly to his ultimate prosperity. He returned in 1562, when he found himself joint heir with his mother to considerable property, left by the elder Sutton, who died in 1558. He appears now to have been retained for some time about the person of the Duke of Norfolk, both of them subsequent possessors of the Charter House,—a curious coincidence, unless, what is very probable, his connection with the Duke led to a similar connection with the Duke's son, the Earl of Suffolk, from whom he afterwards purchased the Charter House. By the recommendation of the Duke of Norfolk he became secretary to the Earl of Warwick, through whose influence he obtained the appointment we have before mentioned. The first great source of Sir Thomas's wealth was the lease that he obtained of the manors of Gateshead and Wickham, near Newcastle, wherein several fine veins of coal were discovered, and worked so advantageously, that in a few years fifty thousand pounds profit, it is said, was made. In 1582 he married Elizabeth, widow of John Dudley, of Stoke Newington; a lady who, if we may judge from a passage in one of her letters to him that has been preserved, was happily suited to him. The passage is as follows:—"There is in all of the wheat dressed fifteen quarters three bushels since you went, and now they are about your best wheat: good Mr. Sutton, I beseech you remember the first for the poor folk, and God will reward you." Their town residence at this period was an ancient stone mansion at Broken Wharf, formerly possessed by his patrons, the Norfolk family. About or soon after his marriage he commenced his mercantile pursuits, and rapidly achieved an immense fortune. There is an interesting tradition attached to the Charter House, of an important connection between Sutton and the delaying of the Spanish Armada, which was unable to sail at the time arranged, owing to the return by the Bank of Genoa of certain bills of the Spanish king's. This affair was managed by an Englishman; and Sir Thomas Gresham has had the honour of it, but certainly without any just claim, as he had been dead some years prior to the event. There is every probability therefore that the Charter House is right in attributing the affair to the influence of Sutton, unquestionably the richest merchant of his day. And he had to pay dearly for the reputation he thus obtained, for his friends and acquaintances seem to have turned their intimacy to the best account. Piles of unpaid bonds yet exist among his papers which had their origin in this manner, as well as a variety of letters from persons who, as Malcolm justly observes, seem "to have considered him a mere dotard, ready to throw his gold to avert the threats of Heaven's vengeance they lavished on him in case of his denial." Here is a specimen of the sort of missives Sir Thomas Sutton was accustomed to receive when he did not choose to lend his money. It is an extract from a letter written by one Anne Lawrence:—"Before I knew you, report gave me much assurance of your Christian disposition, which emboldened me to be a suitor unto you for the lending me two hundred pounds, acquainting you with my occasions to use the same. . . . . And because I now conceive you are too worldly affected, or else too much drawn or carried away by the persuasions of some from doing that good whilst you are living which in the end will be best for yourself, I have, chiefly for your good and partly for my own, wrote this, which I pray you read and consider well of, for it is truth without dissimulation, and such as, if the eyes of your soul be not stark blind, the ears of your heart quite deaf, and your conscience sealed up to sin, you shall find to be better treasure, by me a poor gentlewoman and a maid willingly gathered to bestow on you, than such as I desired to borrow of you, or all the like this world affords." This bashful maid and humble-minded gentlewoman then proceeds to favour the wicked Sir Thomas with a number of quotations from Scripture, amusing, like the rest of her letter, from the consummate impudence of their application. Towards the conclusion of her epistle a couple of parables are introduced, of which we transcribe the last:—"There was a country," she says, "where the commons did choose their King, and at their pleasure would banish him into a far country almost naked; but one King, more wise than the rest, so soon as he was chosen, sent continued provision into that country where he should go; that, when his own people did banish him, he might be royally received, and live most princely there. Even so *you* may now provide in this world, that, when Death comes for you, God, his angels and saints, may joyfully receive you into heaven; wherefore without further delay tender your own soul's good; live godly, and remember that death will steal upon you as a thief; also that the late Lord Treasurer, who no doubt hoped to live as long as you, was suddenly sent for. I need not tell you that Sir John Spencer" (the rich Spencer) "is dead, who if before he died had given away but the twentieth part of his worldly wealth to the poor and needy members of Christ, had done a heavenly deed upon earth, for which his soul would now undoubtedly have had a heavenly reward," &c. This to the man of whom Fuller says, "I can confidently affirm, from the mouth of one that heard it from a credible witness, who heard it himself and told it me, Mr. S. used often to repair unto a private garden, where he poured forth his prayers to God, and was frequently overheard to use this expression:—'Lord, thou hast given me a large and liberal estate; give me also a heart to make use thereof!' "—or to the man who was accustomed in dear years of grain to buy large quantities, and then retail it again at lower prices to the poor! A letter of a different kind will be read with interest, were it only for the fact stated in it:—"Right Worshipful,—I am a musician, who formerly have brought up noblemen's daughters, as well knights' and gentlemen's daughters, in the art of music; who through a long continuance of sickness (my scholars, which were my only stay and sole maintenance, being long since departed into the country and not yet returned) am for want of scholars brought into such pinching penury as that I am not able to protect myself, much less my wife and children. And, hearing of the generous report of your worship's worthiness and worthy disposition *towards distressed gentlemen, to scholars and men of art,* chose rather to set my sorrows to sale to so worshipful a gentleman as yourself, being endued with wisdom, mercy, and charitable commiseration, than to break forth my miseries to any inferior person. Thus craving your worship's patience for this very bold attempt, not without blushing cheeks, I cease. John Hardinge, 1611." The result is not known; but who can doubt but that such a letter to such a man would be as successful as the writer could have dared to hope? Among other applications mentioned by Malcolm, one prays for assistance in his marriage, a second to prevent her brother's dead body from being arrested for debt, a third offers to shed his blood in return, and a fourth, a shipwrecked man, solicits relief between two scraps of Latin. Among the borrowers we may mention her gracious Majesty Queen Elizabeth for one hundred pounds. The gratitude of those Sir Thomas had obliged found some peculiar modes of development. The Earl of Essex, who was a frequent suitor, sometimes for as little as fifty pounds, ordered his parkkeeper to send him during his lifetime a buck in summer and a doe in winter; whilst a poor gardener turned poet for the occasion, and sent him the following lines:—

"Plant, Lord, in him the tree of godly life,
  Hedge him about with thy strong fence of faith;
And if it please thee use thy pruning-knife,
  Lest that, O Lord, as a good gardener saith,
If suckers draw the sap from boughs on high,
The top of tree in time perhaps may die."

In May, 1611, all that large class of persons who took such a kindly interest in Sir Thomas's affairs, and who, above all, were greatly troubled as to the disposal of his money, had their anxieties allayed by the news that he was about to establish a magnificent charitable institution. On the 9th of that month he purchased the Charter House from the Earl of Suffolk and his relatives, for thirteen thousand pounds; but his kind friends had not done with him even then. No sooner had he taken possession of the place but the Lady Berkeley solicited permission for herself and ten servants to reside there during the summer months, as she found her house in Barbican too close and unhealthy for the season! Sir Thomas, after great delays and much anxiety, had obtained, in 1609, an act of Parliament for the erection of his hospital and school at Hallingbury Bouchers, Essex, which place he had first chosen. On the alteration of the site, fresh delay took place, and he had to encounter considerable opposition; and at last he was obliged to pay for the king's charter of incorporation; the Earl of Suffolk's promised influence being considered in fixing the amount of the purchase-money. He had intended to have made himself the first governor of the institution; but the infirmities of age were now fast increasing upon him; so he named the Rev. John Hutton, vicar of Littlebury, in Essex, to the office. A slow fever about the same time seizing him, he made haste to arrange the affairs of the hospital on a safe and prosperous foundation. On the 1st of November he conveyed all the estates specified in the letters patent, which not only included the Charter House itself, but also upwards of twenty manors and lordships, with many other valuable estates, in the counties of Essex, Lincoln, Wilts, Cambridge, and Middlesex, to the governors, in trust for the Hospital. Well might Fuller call this gift "the masterpiece of Protestant English charity!" On the day following he completed his will, in which, among other items, was one of two thousand pounds to the Queen, "most humbly beseeching her to stand a good and gracious lady to his poor wife." This of course was written before 1602, for in that year Mrs. Sutton died. Sir Thomas himself died at Hackney, on the 12th of December, 1611, aged seventy-nine years. His body was embalmed; and Newcomb, in his 'Repertorium,' says that six thousand persons attended the funeral, and that the procession from Dr. Law's house in Paternoster Row, where the corpse had been rested, to Christ Church (where he was temporarily interred during the completion of the chapel of the hospital), lasted six hours. A splendid feast was subsequently given by his executors at Stationers' Hall, which cost £159 9*s*. 10*d*. In March, 1616, the remains were removed to the spot where they now finally repose, and buried in a vault beneath a magnificent tomb; the work



[Sutton's Monument, Charter House.]

of Nicholas Stone and others, and designed by Stone in conjunction with Bernard Jansen, a Dutch architect. The former was the most eminent sculptor of James's reign, and had no unimportant share in the building of the beautiful Banqueting House at Whitehall.* Although Sir Thomas had taken every precaution to ensure the appropriation of his estates to the purposes he had pointed out (he had nine witnesses for instance to the principal document), yet scarcely was he in his grave before Simon Baxter, his nephew and heir-at-law, who had been chief mourner at the funeral, laid claim to all the property settled upon the Hospital, and attempted to gain possession of the Charter House, but was foiled by the vigilance of the porter. He was equally unsuccessful in the courts of law: from the Privy Council, to whom Baxter had presented a petition, the case was referred to the King's Bench and Chancery courts, and lastly to the Exchequer Court, where it was argued before the twelve judges, and a final verdict given in favour of the Hospital. Doubtless this was a just verdict, but, to show how difficult it was to obtain justice even at the period in question, we may observe that the result was in some covert way connected with a gift of ten thousand pounds from the governors to King James, under the assigned reason of appropriating it towards the repairs of *Berwick Bridge*. The Governors held their first meeting on the 30th of June, 1613, when the necessary arrangements for the commencement of the practical purposes of the institution were devised. Of these governors there are sixteen in number including the master, and they exercise the entire direction; they form a body corporate. Vacancies are filled up by the other governors. They present to the hospital and school in rotation. The principal officers are the Master, Preacher, Master of the School, Registrar (who is also the Receiver and Steward of the Courts), Reader (who is also the Librarian), Writing Master, Resident Medical Officer,

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* The bill sent in on the completion of the work is a curious, and we think not uninteresting, document. We therefore here transcribe it:—

	£.	s.	d.
For the enriching within the arch	6	0	0
For the two captains	10	0	0
For the four capitals	10	0	0
For his (Sutton's) picture and his crest at his feet	10	0	0
For the two boys, Labour and Rest	6	0	0
For the two pilasters, carved three sides a-piece,	6	0	0
For the three pictures, Faith, Hope, and Charity	15	0	0
For the arms	6	0	0
For the two capitals	3	0	0
For the story over the cornice (a preacher addressing a numerous congregation)	10	0	0
For enriching under the cornice	3	0	0
For the two Death's heads and one Cherubim's head	5	0	0
For roses and other flowers, and enriching	6	0	0
For painting and gilding	20	0	0
For carrying the work, and setting with cramps of iron, lime, and bricks	10	0	0
For working of the masonry in alabaster	50	0	0
For working the six columns	15	0	0
For sawing the hard stone	10	0	0
For working and polishing five rance pilasters	10	0	0
For working and polishing the lover of rance	8	0	0
For working, rubbing, and polishing all the tables, both of rance and touch	10	0	0
For sixty feet of rance, at 10*s.* a foot	30	0	0
For eighty feet of touch	40	0	0
For nine loads of alabaster, at 6*l.* a load with the carrying	54	0	0
For working and polishing the ledger	10	0	0
For thirty feet of pace, at 2*s.* 6*d.* a foot	3	15	0
	£366	15	0

Organist, Manciple or House Steward, and Surveyor. The pensioners are eighty in number, the scholars forty-four. No one can be admitted to the former class under the age of fifty years unless maimed in war, and only those who have been housekeepers are eligible. They are amply dieted, they have each a separate apartment with proper attendance, and are allowed about twenty-five pounds a year for clothes, &c. Boys are admitted into the school between the ages of ten and fourteen years, receive an excellent education, as the numerous excellent scholars it has sent forth may testify, and when properly qualified are sent to the University, where twenty-nine exhibitions of the value of eighty pounds per annum are provided. In other cases an apprentice fee is given; one instance is curious: Henry Siddons was apprenticed by the Charter House to his uncle Mr. J. P. Kemble, "to learn the histrionic art and mystery."

The principal buildings of the existing Charter House are the Hall, the Chapel, the School-room in the centre of the extensive play-ground, the Evidence-room, the Old and the New Governors' rooms, the Old Court-room, and the numerous buildings required for the accommodation of the pensioners and boys, which are disposed round three quadrangles or courts of varying size. Of these, the School-room requires no particular notice, and the Evidence-room we could not obtain admittance to, all the valuable documents of the establishment being there preserved. Passing through the outer gate in Charter House Square, the pediment of which is supported by two lions with scrolls, the Duke of Norfolk's badge, we have on the right the view seen at the head of this paper, and before us the way to the quadrangles before mentioned where the pensioners and the boys are lodged. Beyond the inner gateway shown in our engraving, to which we have referred, is the great Hall, on the opposite side of a court, and near it, to the right, the Chapel. The Hall is connected with the old Refectory, which is still used for a similar purpose, though with somewhat more genial fare, by the pensioners, and with the cloisters, where the poor Carthusians were confined during the short period preceding their torture and death. It is supposed to have been built during the reign of Henry VIII., no doubt by Sir Edward North, and to have been afterwards fitted up by the Duke of Norfolk as a banqueting-room. The centre of the ceiling is a lofty semicircular vaulted roof, the sides are flat and supported by massy oaken brackets or timbers. A gallery runs along one side, and across the northern end, where it is supported on caryatides resting on a handsome screen. In the oriel windows are some pieces of stained glass with various arms. The chimney-piece in the centre is curious—above it are Sutton's arms, very gay with paint and gilding, and flanked on each side by a mounted piece of cannon, an allusion most probably to Sutton's office and services at the siege of Edinburgh, of which perhaps the afterwards peaceful citizen was not a little proud. From the hall we pass into a kind of vestibule, with a very wide and most elaborately decorated staircase leading up to the Governors' rooms on the right, and a passage in front, lined on the pavement with tombstones, which leads to the chapel. This is of irregular shape and very heterogeneous composition. The entrance is of the miserable style of James's reign, whilst the porch, projecting into the chapel, to which it opens, has a very fine vaulted and groined roof, nearly if not quite coeval with the first foundation of the monastery. The intersections of the groins are carved to represent an angel, and instruments of penance now happily unknown. Above this, forming the basement of the chapel turret, is a part of the old tower of the Carthusian Chapel, still supported in the exterior by a strong buttress. Sutton's monument is in a very dark corner, nearly facing us, but at once strikes attention by the colours and the gilded spikes of the railings in front.* Near his monument is a tablet to the memory of Dr. John Pepusch, the celebrated musician, who was organist here. The organ gallery is a most elaborate affair, being almost entirely covered with helmets, armour, flags, drums, guns, masks, cherubims, coats of arms, heads, harps, guitars, and composite capitals without shafts, on a kind of termini. We need scarcely add that we owe this brilliant design also to the geniuses of the reign of the British Solomon. "On the north side of the building without is a door leading to a well-staircase, that by giddy turns introduces us to the (Evidence) room now used to keep the archives of the hospital; the ceiling is beautifully ribbed, and the centre stone represents a large rose enclosing I. H. S."† The master's house includes a handsome suite of apartments, among which is the Governors' room, so called from its being used as their place of meeting. Here are portraits of Charles II.; Archbishop Sheldon; William Earl of Craven (the lover of the Empress Palatine) in complete armour, a romantic-looking portrait of a romantic-minded man; George Villiers, the second Duke of Buckingham, as perfect an opposite in appearance as in character to the last; Talbot, Duke of Shrewsbury; the unfortunate Duke of Monmouth; Lord Shaftesbury (the author of 'The Characteristics'); Dr. Burnet; and Sutton himself, a venerable-looking man. The portrait of the author of the 'Theory of the Earth' is a very fine one, by Sir Godfrey Kneller. Burnet was Master of the Charter House, and distinguished himself whilst in office by his successful resistance to James II., when the latter strove to intrude a Roman Catholic into the establishment. The old Court Room is perhaps the most interesting part of the Charter House, and has just been entirely restored to its pristine magnificence. A single glance at this beautiful room is enough to recall the memory of the time when the stately Virgin Queen trod its floor, attended by her magnificent throng of courtiers, warriors, and statesmen;—for, visitor though she was, she had not the slightest notion of abating one jot of her regal dignity under any circumstances. The ceiling is very rich with its gilded pendants and fine stucco-work and painting. Its walls are hung with tapestry, which is however very much faded. The most interesting feature of the room is the lofty architectural chimney-piece, with paintings in different-shaped panels, of which the three called Faith, Hope, and Charity are positively extraordinary works of art. They are designed in a very pure style, and correctly drawn. Who was their author it is impossible to say; but they are worthy of Holbein, and not unlike his style. In this room the anniversary of the foundation has long been accustomed to be held, on the 12th of December, when, among other old ditties proper to the occasion, is sung one terminating with the pertinent, if not very poetical, verses—

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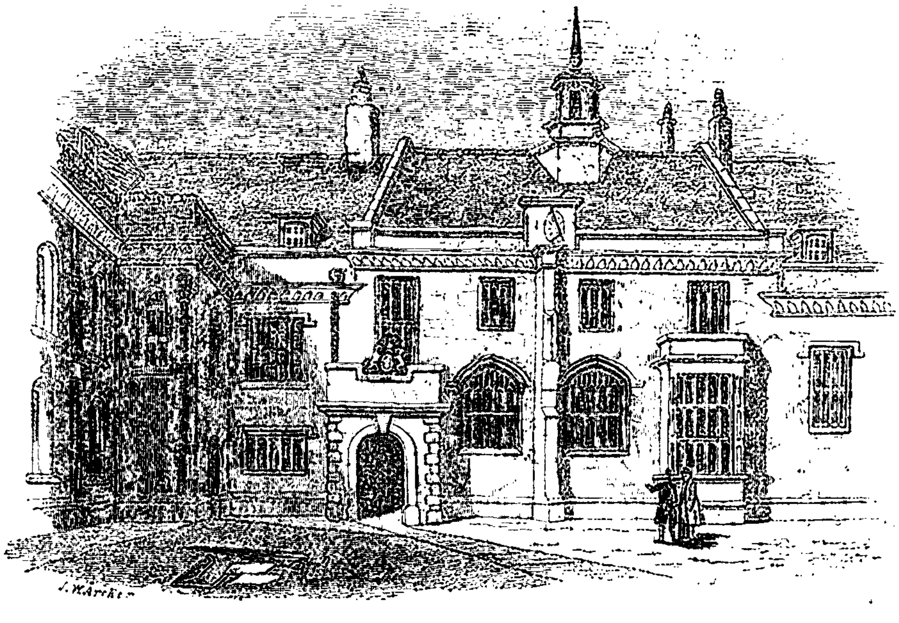
* We need add but little to the description contained in the sculptor's bill before transcribed. The monument is twenty-five feet high and thirteen broad. The effigy is painted in imitation of life, with grey hair and beard, and in a black furred gown.

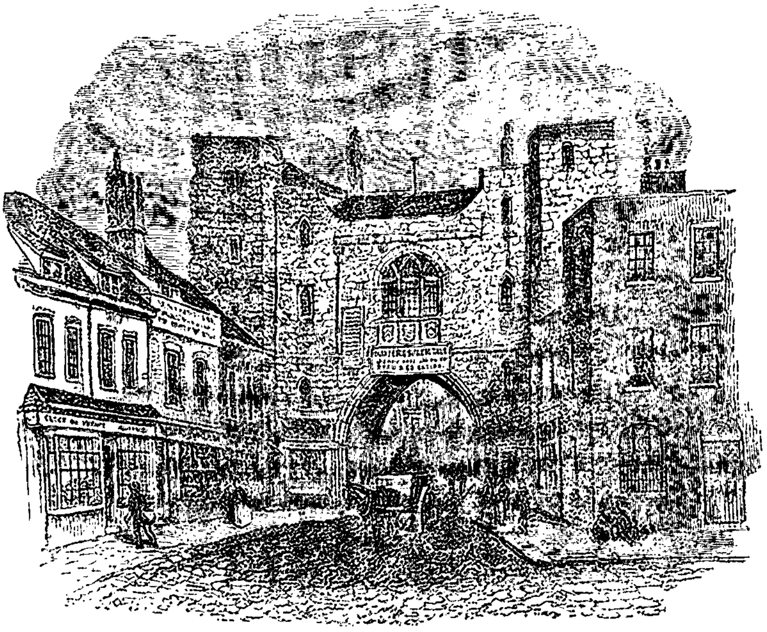
† Malcolm's 'Londonium Redivivum,' vol. i.

"Then blessed be the memory
Of good old Thomas Sutton,
Who gave us lodging—learning—
And he gave us beef and mutton."

From the beef and mutton the transition is easy to the kitchen, with its two enormous chimneys; which is as genuine a piece of the old monastery as the I. H. S. on the walls of the little court behind, or as the announcement that still greets the eye in the same place, and delights every lover of Chaucer by the use of a word they had never again expected to see familiarised among us, except in his pages,—"To the *Manciple's* Offices."



[The Great Hall, Charter House.]



[St. John's Gate, Clerkenwell, 1841.]

XXXIV.—ST. JOHN'S GATE.

When Samuel Johnson first saw St. John's Gate he "beheld it with reverence," as he subsequently told his amusing biographer, Boswell. But Boswell gives his own interpretation of the cause of this reverence. St. John's Gate, he says, was the place where the 'Gentleman's Magazine' was originally printed: and he adds, "I suppose, indeed, that every young author has had the same kind of feeling for the magazine or periodical publication which has first entertained him." He continues, with happy naïveté, "I myself recollect such impressions from the 'Scot's Magazine.'" Mr. Croker, in his valuable notes to Boswell's 'Johnson,' has a very rational doubt of the correctness of this explanation: "If, as Mr. Boswell supposes, Johnson looked at St. John's Gate as the printing-office of Cave, surely a less emphatical term than *reverence* would have been more just. The 'Gentleman's Magazine' had been, at this time, but six years before the public, and its contents were, until Johnson himself contributed to improve it, entitled to anything rather than *reverence;* but it is more probable that Johnson's *reverence* was excited by the recollections connected with the ancient gate itself, the last relic of the once extensive and magnificent priory of the heroic knights of the order of St. John of Jerusalem, suppressed at the dissolution, and destroyed by successive dilapidations."

A century is passed away since Johnson, from whatever motive, beheld with reverence the old gate of the hospital of St. John of Jerusalem. There it still remains, in a quarter of the town little visited, with scarcely another relic of antiquity immediately about it. Extensive improvements are going forward in its neighbourhood; and it may probably be one day swept away with as ruthless a hand as that of the Protector Somerset, who blew up the stately buildings of the hospital to procure materials for his own palace in the Strand. May it be preserved from the most complete of all destroyers—the building speculator! It has to us a double interest. It is the representative of the days of chivalrous enthusiasm on the one hand, and of popular improvement on the other. The order, which dates from the days of Godfrey of Bouillon, has perished, even in our own time—an anomaly in the age up to which it had survived. The general desire for knowledge, which gave birth to the 'Gentleman's Magazine,' is an increasing power, and one which depends upon no splendid endowments and no stately mansions for its maintenance and ornament. Cave, the printer, was the accidental successor of the Prior of the Hospital of St. John. But, representing the freedom of public opinion, he was the natural successor of the despotic power of a secret society. At any rate, the accident invests St. John's Gate with an interest which would not otherwise belong to it; and in its double character we may not be ashamed to behold it "with reverence." Before we carry ourselves and our readers into the past, we must, however, request their companionship while we examine what St. John's Gate now is. At the head of this paper they have a representation of its present external appearance: but a peep into the interior may furnish some amusing contrasts with the days of the Edwards and Henries.

Turning out of St. John's Street to enter St. John's Lane—a narrow street which runs obliquely from that wide thoroughfare—the Gate presents itself to our view, completely closing the road, and leaving a passage into St. John's Square only through the archway. The large masses of stone of which the Gate is composed are much decayed; but the groined arch has recently been restored. This restoration, which appears to have proceeded from a desire to preserve this monument as public property, seems out of character with the purposes to which the Gateway is devoted. A huge board which surmounts the archway informs us that we may here solace ourselves with the hospitalities of the Jerusalem Tavern; and, that we may understand that the entertainment which may be set before us will not be subjected to any of the original notions of abstinence which a pilgrim might once have been expected to bring within these walls, a window of a house or bulk, on the eastern side of the Gateway, displays all the attractions of bottles with golden labels of "Cordial Gin," "Pineapple Rum," and "Real Cognac." We pass under the arch, and perceive that the modern *hospitium* runs through the eastern side of the Gateway, and connects with premises at either end. We are here invited "To the Parlour;" and we enter. A comfortable room is that parlour, with its tables checkered with many a liquor-stain; and genius has here its due honours, for Dr. Johnson's favourite seat is carefully pointed out. But the tavern has higher attractions than its parlour fireside with Dr. Johnson's corner; it has a "Grand Hall," where the "Knights of Jerusalem" still assemble in solemn conclave every Monday evening. It was long before we ventured to ask whether any uninitiated eyes might see that Grand Hall; but we did take courage, and most obligingly were we conducted to it. We ascended the eastern turret by a broad staircase (but certainly not one of the date of the original building), and we were soon in the central room of the Gateway. It is a fine lofty room, and, if there be few remains of ancient magnificence—no elaborate carvings, no quaint inscriptions, nor "storied windows,"—the spirit of the past has been evoked from the ruins of the great military order, to confer dignities and splendours on the peaceful burghers who are now wont here to congregate. Banners, gaudy with gold and vermilion, float upon the walls; and, if the actual "armoury of the invincible knights" be wanting, there are two or three cuirasses which look as grim and awful as any

"Bruised arms hung up for monuments."

Nor are the fine arts absent from the decoration of this apartment. Sculpture has here given us a coloured effigy of some redoubted Hospitaller; and Painting has lovingly united under the same ceiling the stern countenance of Prior Dockwra, the builder of the Gate, and the sleek and benign likenesses of the worshipful founders of the modern Order. Their names may one day have a European fame, like those of Fulk de Villaret and Pierre d'Aubusson; but in the mean while history records not their exploits, and we shall be silent as to their names. They are quiet lawgivers, and not rampaging warriors. They have done the wise thing which poetry abhors—changed "swords for ledgers." Instead of secret oaths and terrible mysteries, they invite all men to enter their community at the small price of twopence each night. Instead of vain covenants to drink nothing but water, and rejoice in a crust of mouldy bread, the visitor may call for anything for which he has the means of payment, even to the delicacies of kidneys, tripe, and Welsh rabbits. The edicts of this happy brotherhood are inscribed in letters of gold for all men to read; and the virtuous regard which they display for the morals of their community presents a striking contrast to the reputed excesses of the military Orders. The code has only four articles, and one of them is especially directed against the singing of improper songs. Here then is mirth without licentiousness, ambition without violence, power without oppression. When the Grand Master ascends the throne which is here erected as the best eminence to which a Knight of Jerusalem may now aspire, wearing his robes of state, and surrounded by his great commanders, also in their "weeds of peace," no clangour of trumpets rends the air; but the mahogany tables are drummed upon by a hundred ungauntleted hands, and a gentle cloud of incense arises from the pipes which send forth their perfume from every mouth. Would we had partaken of that inspiration! After the third hour the dimensions of the "Grand Hall" of the Jerusalem Tavern would have expanded into the form and proportions of the "Great Hall" of the Priory of St. John. The smoke-coloured ceiling would have lifted itself up into a groined roof, glorious with the heraldry of many a Crusader or Knight of Rhodes. The drowsy echoes of "tol de rol" or "derry down" would have melted into solemn strains of impassioned devotion: and the story three times told, how Jenkins beat his wife and was taken to the police-station, would have slided into a soft tale of a Troubadour discovering his lady-love who had followed him through Palestine as a pretty page. Slowly, but surely, the green coats and the blue, the butcher's frock and the grocer's apron, would have become shadowed into as many black robes; and in the very height of our ecstacy the white cross would have grown on every man's breast out of its symbolical red field. Then the "order, order" of the chairman would have become a battle-cry; the knock of his hammer would have been the sound of the distant culverin; the hiccups of the far-gone sipper of treble-X ale would have represented the groans of the wounded. We should have fallen asleep, and have dreamt a much more vivid picture of the ancient glories of the Priory of St. John of Jerusalem than we can hope to present with the aid of obscure chronicles and perishing fragments—the things which the antiquary digs up, and, when he has brought them to light in his erudite pages, has the satisfaction to be called "one of those industrious who are only re-burying the dead." *

In the eleventh century, when the ardour of pilgrimage was inflamed anew, there was a hospital within the walls of Jerusalem for the use of the Latin pilgrims, which had been erected by Italian traders, chiefly of Amalfi. Near this hospital, and within a stone's cast of the church of the Holy Sepulchre, they erected, with the permission of the Egyptian Khalif, a church dedicated to the Holy Virgin, which was usually called Sta. Maria de Latina. In this hospital abode an abbot and a good number of monks, who were of the Latin church, and followed the rule of St. Benedict. They devoted themselves to the reception and entertainment of pilgrims, and gave alms to those who were poor, or had been rifled by robbers, to enable them to pay the tax required by the Moslems for permission to visit the holy places. When the number of the pilgrims became so great that the hospital was incapable of receiving them all, the monks raised another *hospitium* close by their church, with a chapel dedicated to a canonized Patriarch of Alexandria, named St. John Eleëmon, or the Compassionate. At the time when the army of the Crusaders appeared before the walls of Jerusalem the Hospital of St. John was presided over by Gerard, a native of Provence, a man of great uprightness and of exemplary piety. His benevolence was of a truly Christian character, and far transcended that of his age in general. When the city was taken, numbers of the wounded pilgrims were received, and their wounds tended, in the Hospital of St. John, and the pious Duke Godfrey, on visiting them some days afterwards, heard nothing but the praises of the good Gerard and his monks. Emboldened by the universal favour which they enjoyed, Gerard and his companions expressed their wish to separate themselves from the monastery of Sta. Maria de Latina, and pursue their works of charity alone and independently. Their desire met no opposition: they drew up a rule for themselves, to which they made a vow of obedience in presence of the Patriarch, and assumed as their dress a black mantle with a white cross on the breast. The humility of these Hospitallers was extreme. The finest flour went to compose the food which they gave to the sick and poor; what remained after they were satisfied, mingled with clay, was the repast of the monks. As long as the brotherhood were poor, they continued in obedience to the Abbot of Sta. Maria de Latina, and also paid tithes to the Patriarch. But a tide of wealth soon began to flow in upon them. Duke Godfrey, enamoured of their virtue, bestowed on them his lordship of Montboire, in Brabant, with all its appurtenances; and his brother and successor, Baldwin, gave them a share of all the booty taken from the infidels. These examples were followed by other Christian princes; so that within the space of a very few years the Hospital of St. John was in possession of numerous manors both in the East and in Europe, which were placed under the management of members of their society.

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* *Horace Walpole (of Gough) in a Letter to Cole, 1773.*

It has been observed that "London, for some years before the Reformation, contained an extraordinary number of religious edifices and churches, which occupied nearly two-thirds of the entire area."* The writer of the article from which we quote makes an enumeration of the various Friaries, Abbeys, Priories, Nunneries, Colleges, Hospitals having resident Brotherhoods, Fraternities, and Episcopal residences, the mere catalogue of which is a very remarkable exhibition of the amazing wealth of the Church which was assembled within the compass of a few miles. Of these, the Priory of St. John of Jerusalem, in Clerkenwell, was amongst the most important. It was founded about the year 1100 by Jordan Briset, a baron of the kingdom, and Muriel, his wife. This was the period of the first Crusade, when Godfrey of Bouillon had driven the infidels from the Holy Land, and was elected the first Christian king of Jerusalem. But it was some forty years later that the servants of the Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem became a military order of monks, the first body of men united by religious vows who wielded the temporal sword against the enemies of the faith. The Order, in process of time, became divided into seven classes, or languages—the Italian, German, Arragonese, and English; with the three great dialects of France, the Provençal, the Auvergne, and the common French. The sons of the noblest houses of Europe pressed for admission into its ranks. According to their vows, they were to be the servants of the poor and sick, to renounce all personal property, to preserve their chastity, to render implicit obedience to the superior placed over them. When the new brother was admitted he was thus addressed—"Receive the yoke of the Lord: it is easy and light, and you shall find rest for your soul. We promise you nothing but bread and water, a simple habit and of little worth. We give you, your parents, and relations, a share in the good works performed by our Order, and by our brethren, both now and hereafter, throughout the world." Cowardice in the field involved the heaviest disgrace, expulsion from the Order: "We place this Cross on your breast, my brother," says the ritual of admission, "that you may love it with all your heart; and may your right hand ever fight in its defence, and for its preservation! Should it ever happen that, in combating against the enemies of the faith, you should retreat, desert the standard of the Cross, and take to flight, you will be stripped of this truly holy sign, according to the statutes and customs of the Order, as having broken the vows you have just taken, and you will be cut off from our body as an unsound and corrupt member." Cowardice was not the vice of the Knights of St. John. For five centuries they maintained the reputation of the most indomitable courage; and their heroic exploits, with which all Europe rang, were not so much the result of military skill as of personal bravery carried to the extreme of daring and endurance by religious enthusiasm. Their vices were the natural consequences of enormous wealth and power. Pride and luxury soon displayed themselves as their distinguishing characteristics. Their professions of self-denial came to be looked upon as mere formalities, when the richest domains in Christendom were poured into the lap of the Order by those who in becoming brethren renounced all personal property. In the thirteenth century the Order is reputed to have possessed nineteen thousand manors in various Christian lands. This was the period of their highest elevation. The century which succeeded the taking of Ascalon and Gaza in 1153 saw the Knights of St. John everywhere victorious against the infidels, and triumphant over the great rival Order of the Templars. But the jealousy of these two Orders was one of the chief causes of the decline of the Christian power in the Holy Land. Their mutual hatred was at the height, when the Hospitallers sustained their first signal defeat from the Kharismian Mohammedans, about the middle of the thirteenth century. The subsequent events, till the expulsion of the Christians from the Holy Land, have been briefly and graphically narrated in a periodical publication; and, with the permission of the author, we shall transfer the substance, and occasionally the words, of his narrative to these pages.*

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* *Retrospective Review, vol. xv. p. 160.*

The hatred between the rival Orders became so intense, that in 1259, after many sanguinary skirmishes, they resolved to try their lances in a pitched and general engagement. The combat was more terrific than any that had been fought for many years with the Mohammedans. The Knights of St. John, who in the end were the victors, gave no quarter, and scarcely a Templar escaped to give an account of the affair to his Order. The thinned ranks of the Red Cross Knights were, however, gradually filled by the arrival of brethren from Europe, and the presence of a new common enemy, more ferocious than any they had hitherto contended with, obliged the two Orders to suspend their hostilities and co-operate for mutual preservation. In the war that ensued, though obliged to give way in all directions before an immeasurable superiority of numbers, the Knights of St. John, and those of the Red Cross, fought with all their ancient valour. Ninety Hospitallers long defended the fortress of Azotus, and, when the Mamlukes of Bendocdar carried the place by assault, they walked over the dead bodies of the last of those gallant knights. Saphoury was defended by a small band of Templars who were equally brave, and also fell to a man. The conquering Mamlukes took Nazareth, Cæsarea, Tyre, Jaffa, Antioch, and other places, and carried fire and sword to the very gates of Acre, the strongest fortress and the main stay of the Christians in the East. The progress of the Mohammedans was checked for a while by the arrival of fresh crusaders from Europe, and by the valour and skill of Prince Edward of England (afterwards Edward I.), who, after obtaining several victories over them, concluded a treaty in 1272, which secured to the Christians a ten years' peace. But in 1287 the cloud of war again burst upon the few places that remained in the possession of the Europeans, and by 1291 the Sultan of Egypt was enabled to lay siege to Acre, the last of their strongholds, which, however, did not fall until the military Orders of Knights were nearly exterminated, and many thousands of the Mamlukes had bitten the dust. At the moment of crisis, while the Mohammedans were rushing to the breaches, the Knights of St. John, headed by their Grand Master, secretly left the city, and, stealing to the enemy's rear, rushed into his camp. The Sultan, however, was not taken by surprise; a host of Mamlukes met the devoted band, who at that instant received the discouraging news that the Grand Master of the Templars had fallen, together with nearly all his Knights, and that Acre was in possession of the infidels. They then turned their steps towards the sea, fighting all the way, and on the shore they found a small boat into which they threw themselves. A large vessel was not requisite—only seven Knights remained alive. This sad remnant of a numerous body fled for refuge to Cyprus, which island was in the hands of a Christian prince; and, though a handful of Templars for a short time renewed the hopeless struggle, the Holy Land was lost with the fall of Acre and the departure of the Hospitallers. Soon after their arrival at Limisso, in Cyprus, the Grand Master sent to Europe to summon a general chapter of the Order, and the absent Knights of St. John, wherever they were scattered, hastily attended to the call and embarked for the East. But the crusading mania had worn itself out—the Knights were not seconded by troops and money from Europe,—an attack on Palestine was therefore out of the question, and, after ten more years had been spent, the greatest conquest the Hospitallers could aspire to was the island of Rhodes. They gained possession of that island in 1310.

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* History of the Knights of Malta, in the 'Penny Magazine' for 1836.

From the establishment of the Order of the Knights of St. John to their expulsion from the Holy Land, we have little worth recording in connexion with their great Priory at London. There is a register, amongst the Cotton Manuscripts in the British Museum, of the names of the Masters and Priors of the Hospital, from a very early period; and an imperfect list of the manors belonging to the Order in England has also been collected. Their possessions in the immediate neighbourhood of London appear to have been very considerable. But these documents would be uninteresting to our readers, belonging as they do only to the material things of the past, and disclosing very little of its mind. We shall therefore continue to trace the general career of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, now the Knights of Rhodes, from their first occupation of that island to its conquest by the Turks, after the heroic Knights had held possession of it for two centuries; availing ourselves of the narrative to which we have already referred.

The Knights found Rhodes in the possession of a set of Mohammedan pirates and Greek rebels, who had long set the falling government of the Eastern Emperors at defiance. The island itself was in a deplorable state, scarcely a vestige remaining of its ancient prosperity and splendour. Greeks and Turks, however, left off cutting one another's throats, and, joining arms, made such a stand against the Christians of the West, that it took the Hospitallers four years to reduce them. During this time many battles were fought; and so severe was the loss occasioned to the Latins, and so dim the prospect of final success, that the surviving crusaders and adventurers, band after band, returned to Europe, until none were left but the troops of the Order, who were at that time laying siege to the strong capital of the island. At this juncture the Greek emperor, by an extraordinary effort, had thrown a considerable force upon the island, with the vain hope that, should he dispossess the Latins, the Greeks and Mohammedans would submit to his sway. Abandoned by their allies, and hemmed in by their enemies, who continued to increase their force, the Knights, from being besiegers, saw themselves besieged in the works they had erected for the purpose of taking the city of Rhodes. For some time they had been in want of money and provisions; but the energetic efforts of Fulk de Villaret, the Grand Master, in the mean time had been taking effect; loans contracted with the bankers of Florence, and sums supplied by the commanderies and estates of the Order in Europe, began to arrive, and, with gold in his hands, Fulk could procure food, men, and arms. He soon found himself in a condition to make a sortie, and, issuing from his intrenchments, he fell upon his beleaguerers. The movement led to a general engagement, in which the Grand Master was victorious, though not until he had lost the bravest of his Knights. The siege was then renewed; and, finally, on the Festival of the Assumption of the Blessed Mary (15th August, 1310), the principal outworks being taken, the Knights advanced, at the head of the troops, to the assault,—succeeded in planting the Grand Master's standard on the walls, —and then Rhodes was carried with much slaughter. Shortly after these successes the Grand Master reduced the neighbouring islands of Telos, Syme, Nisyros, Cos, Calymna, and Leros, and established the authority of the Order in nearly every one of that famous group called by the ancients the "Sporades," and of which Rhodes may be considered the chief. After these conquests, which put him in possession of what might be called a little kingdom, the Grand Master returned in triumph to Rhodes, where he hoped to enjoy peace and repose; but in looking forward he had not made a proper estimate of the power and ambition of the Turkish princes of the House of Osman, who had taken a large part of the neighbouring continent of Asia Minor from the Greeks, and who, shortly after his return, fell upon him at Rhodes. The Knights were hotly besieged within the walls and towers they had so recently taken, and which, from want of time, they had not put in sufficient repair. The Osmanlis, with the vigour and fierceness that distinguished their early career, made several assaults, but the Hospitallers repelled attack after attack, and eventually forced the Turks to raise the siege and embark for the main.

Fulk de Villaret, who had other and higher talents than the merely military, applied himself assiduously to the means of reviving commerce, and restoring Rhodes and its dependencies to their ancient flourishing state. He weighed the resources of these beautiful islands, and found them great. The Grand Master very wisely made the port of Rhodes free and open to all nations. Many of the Christians who, since the loss of Palestine, had been living scattered through Greece, flocked to Rhodes, to settle there and enjoy the protection of the standard of St. John. Trade brought others who wholly or partially established themselves, and kept up a communication with the coasts of Asia Minor, Syria, Greece, and Italy; and out of this medley of knights and burgesses, foreigners and inhabitants, both of the Greek and Roman church, there arose, as Vertot observes, a new, warlike, and commercial state, that soon became as powerful by its riches as it was formidable by the courage and valour of its sovereign Knights. The fame of these conquests and solid establishments soon spread in Europe, where they produced effects most favourable to the Knights; and, soon after, a large portion of the property of the Templars, who had been suppressed in 1312, was made over by the Pope and the European kings to the Order of St. John. This inheritance of the spoils of their old rivals and bitter enemies increased their pride even more than their wealth, which was now supplied by many streams.

Next to trade with friendly orthodox powers, the most enriching employment of the Knights was in privateering or cruising against Mohammedan vessels of all kinds, and against such ships or boats of the heterodox Greeks as were by them deemed to be piratical. Their vows bound them to perpetual war against the Turks, and the clearing the seas of pirates was a seemly addition to their holy duties; *only* it unfortunately happened that, as they made their own admiralty court and laws, they not unfrequently seized and condemned Greek vessels which were not fair prizes. Every Knight was bound to make at least one cruise in the course of the year: these cruises, in the language of the Order, were called "caravans," a term constantly occurring in the history of the Hospitallers. On the summit of a mountain in the island of Syme Fulk de Villaret had erected a lofty tower, whence ships could be discovered at a great distance. As soon as a strange sail was signalled, which was done by lighting fires at night, and making a dense smoke if by day, the pinks and light frigates of Syme, the row-boats and galleys of Rhodes, the feluccas and swift vessels of others of the islands, were got under weigh, and escape from so many pursuers became almost impossible. This mode of life was soon found to be altogether incompatible with the vows and discipline of the Order. Enriched by prize-money, and constantly excited by adventure and rapid change of associates and scenes, the Knights commanding the squadrons lost all semblance of a monastic body. On their return from successful caravans they gamed and drank, and indulged in other debaucheries, making the "religious city" of Rhodes look very like a profane Portsmouth or Plymouth in war-time. These excesses were followed by insubordination, jealousies, and dissensions. The Knights were in this state in 1321, when the Osmanli prince Orchan endeavoured to drive them out of Rhodes and the rest of the Sporades. The best of their ships were absent on caravans; but, throwing themselves on board the galleys and merchant-vessels in port, and being aided by a small Genoese squadron, the Hospitallers, instead of awaiting the attack of the Turks on land, boldly put to sea with a very inferior force, and, anticipating the enemy, thoroughly defeated him. On this, as on many other occasions, the Knights of St. John merited the name of naval heroes. In 1344 the squadrons of the Order, which now scoured, as masters, the whole of the western coast of Asia Minor, took the fort and part of the town of Smyrna from the Turks. They retained this footing on the Asiatic continent for fifty-six years, but did not extend their small territory there, which, however, was valuable as a trading mart, while it enabled them to put down the Turkish corsairs that used to infest the Gulf of Smyrna. When the Knights were dispossessed they had at least the honour of ceding to a great conqueror, for it was Tamerlane who took their Castle of Smyrna by storm in 1400. In the period included between 1344 and 1400 the Hospitallers had performed many exploits, and entertained projects of a truly gigantic ambition. In 1347 they went into Lesser Armenia, to defend the Christian king of that country against the Mohammedans; and at one time they are supposed to have contemplated the re-establishment of the great kingdom of Armenia as an appanage to their Order. In 1355 they proposed the conquest of the Morea, and would have undertaken it but for the death of the Pope, who had gone into their views. Ten years later they aimed at sovereignty in Egypt; and with Peter I., the Christian king of Cyprus, they actually took Alexandria, which city, however, they were obliged to abandon in a few days. In 1376, when the Babylonish captivity of the Christian Church, as Petrarca called it, came to an end, and it was resolved that thenceforward the Popes should reside at Rome, and not at Avignon, the Grand Master, with the best of his galleys, had the honour of escorting Gregory XI. from the mouths of the Rhone to the mouth of the Tiber. During the same year, in conjunction with the Venetians, they took Patras, and in the year following, with the same allies, attempted the conquest of the whole of the Morea. There, however, they were very unsuccessful, and Juan Fernandez de Heredia was taken prisoner. In 1396 they joined the league of the Christian princes against Bajazet, and fought in the fatal battle of Nicopolis, where many of the Knights perished, and the Grand Master escaped with difficulty by throwing himself into a fishing-boat.

Some bold attempts to regain Palestine and maritime Syria seem to have failed through the Venetians, who played them false, and through the jealousies of the Christian powers generally. Retaining their maritime supremacy, the Knights continued to distress the Turks and Egyptians, until, at last, scarcely a vessel bearing a Mohammedan flag could put to sea without being seized and carried into Rhodes. Four times did the Mussulmans make prodigious efforts to dislodge the Knights from the Sporades, and four times were they signally defeated by the intrepidity and superior skill of the Hospitallers. In one of these expeditions the Egyptians succeeded in landing on Rhodes eighteen thousand men, who, after a siege of forty days, were forced to re-embark. This was in 1444; but a far more memorable siege was one which the Order gallantly sustained for eighty-nine days in 1492, when the conquering arms of Mohammed II. were foiled and covered with disgrace. The Turks, fleeing to their galleys with a host of wounded and dying, are said to have left nine thousand dead before the strong and well-defended walls of Rhodes. During this siege the brave Master of the Order, Pierre d'Aubusson, received no fewer than five wounds. But this was the last great achievement of the Knights during their possession of Rhodes. The Turks had become more and more formidable since their conquest of Constantinople, and in their Greek subjects, who hated the Knights with a constant hatred, they found plenty of able seamen to conduct their fleets. When Sultan Solyman IV., commonly called "The Magnificent," succeeded to the Osmanli Empire, at the end of 1520, he was a young man, vigorous and enterprising, and in the earliest days of his reign (a favourable omen in Turkish superstition) the conquest of Rhodes was determined upon, let it cost what blood it might. It was not, however, until June, 1522, that Solyman's tremendous armament appeared before Rhodes, and then indeed began a series of losses and sacrifices, which were followed by victory, but which rendered Rhodes the dearest conquest the Turks had ever made. Before beginning the siege Solyman summoned the Knights to surrender, and historians pretend to have preserved translations of the Sultan's letter:—"The continual robberies with which you molest our faithful subjects" (we quote from Vertot), "and the insolence you offer our majesty, oblige us to require you to deliver up to us immediately the island and fortress of Rhodes. If you do this readily, we swear by the God who made heaven and earth, by the six-and-twenty thousand prophets, and by our great prophet Mohammed, that you shall have full liberty to go out of the island, and the inhabitants to remain there, without any injury: but if you do not submit immediately to our commands, you shall all be cut to pieces with our terrible sword, and the towers, walls, and bastions of Rhodes shall be made level with the grass that grows at the foot of those fortifications."

To this summons the Knights would give no reply save such "as should be spoken by the mouths of their cannon."

The force of the Turks was undoubtedly great, but in Asiatic armies there are always numerous hordes that cannot be considered as soldiers, and the total of one hundred and fifty thousand men was probably exaggerated by the Christians, who set down their own force at no more than six hundred Knights, five thousand regular troops, and some companies of militia raised on the island among both Greeks and Latins. But, in the course of two centuries, the knights of St. John had rendered the town of Rhodes one of the strongest places in the world. In the words of an old writer, it was "compassed with a most strong double wall and wide and deep trenches; it had thirteen stately towers and five mighty bulwarks;" in addition to all which there were many natural advantages. When the Turks, after thirteen days of hesitation and inaction, began to fire upon the fortress, the Knights took up their positions according to their nations, or the "languages" into which they were divided by the Order. Extending from the French tower stood the French, with the lilies of France in their banners,—thence to St. George's Gate lay the stout Germans, with the eagle in their ensigns,—from the Gate of St. George frowned the English,—after them came the Spaniards and the Knights of Auvergne,—then the Italians, in valour not inferior to any of the rest; and L'Isle Adam, the aged but active and heroic Grand Master, quitting his palace, took post hard by the church of "St. Mary of Victory," whence he could best succour any point that should be hard pressed by the infidels.

Nothing could be more unsuccessful than the first operations of the besiegers. The Knights destroyed their works, overturned their artillery with the cannons on the walls, and then, by sudden sorties, cut many hundred Turks to pieces in the trenches they were digging. The assailants were discouraged, the Pashas in command confused, and, but for the arrival of Sultan Solyman himself with a reinforcement, which is stated as high as fifteen thousand men, the Turks, who had suffered tremendous losses, must have retired. Even after the arrival of the Sultan, who forced his men to the deadly breach, and threw away human life without calculation or compunction, the siege proceeded very slowly, and the most determined resistance was made by the Knights at every point. The first bulwark blown up was the English, but four successive times did the brave warriors who defended it drive the Turks back from the breach, and tear down the Mussulman flag they had planted there. When the siege had lasted four months, many persons within the town proposed that the Knights should capitulate; but old L'Isle Adam, who seemed determined to be buried under the falling walls, would not listen to them; and though neglected and abandoned by all Christendom, and left to his own limited resources, he actually made good his defence for two months longer; and even then, when his gunpowder and provisions were alike exhausted, obtained an honourable capitulation, with permission to retire with his surviving Knights whithersoever he might choose. Between the killed and wounded, and those who died of fevers and contagious disorders, the Turks are said to have lost upwards of one hundred thousand men during the six months' siege of Rhodes.

There was a sort of barbaric grandeur, mixed with magnanimity, and now and then a gleam of gentle feeling, in Sultan Solyman. When he entered the city of Rhodes as a conqueror, he paid a respectful visit to the vanquished Grand Master, and, touched by his misfortunes, his resignation, and his age, he said to his officers on quitting L'Isle Adam, "It is not without pain that I force this Christian, at his time of life, to leave his dwelling."

During the thirteenth century, and probably for some short period after their conquest of Rhodes, the Knights of St. John may have dwelt within their Priory of Clerkenwell, in the discharge of their vows of benevolence, employing their great possessions, according to the Bull of Pope Anastasius IV., "for the maintenance of the poor." They might have been seen, as the most favourable of their historians represent them to have been engaged, attending the sick, feeding the hungry, spending their own leisure in prayer and meditation, avoiding all idle pastimes—preserving the gravity becoming men dedicated to the service of the Cross. But it is unquestionable that before the end of the fourteenth century they had incurred the hatred of the common people, and there is little doubt that they had deserved it by their tyranny and licentiousness. In the great rebellion of the Commons of Essex and Kent, in the reign of Richard II., their especial fury was directed against the houses and possessions of the Knights of St. John. The personal demeanour of the Prior of the Order might have somewhat provoked this rancour; for when the rebels had assembled on Blackheath, and demanded a conference with the King, Sir Robert Hales, who was not only the Prior of St. John's but Lord Treasurer of the kingdom, counselled only wrath and punishment. Their demands being reported "when this tale was told to the King, there were some that thought it best that he should go to them, and know what their meaning was; but Simon de Sudbury, the Archbishop of Canterbury, that was Lord Chancellor, and also Sir Robert Hales, Lord of St. John's, and as then Lord Treasurer, spake earnestly against that advice, and would not by any means that the King should go to such a sort of bare-legged ribalds; but rather they wished that he should take some order to abate the pride of such vile rascals."* But the rebels of Essex had previously displayed their animosity towards the belligerent Prior. "At that same time the great Prior of St. John of Jerusalem, by London, having a goodly and delectable manor in Essex, wherein was ordained victuals and other necessaries for the use of a Chapter General, and great abundance of fair stuff,—of wines, arras, clothes, and other provision for the Knights brethren, —the Commons entered this manor, ate up the victuals and provision of wine, three tun, and spoiled the manor and the ground with great damage."* This passage gives us some notion how far, in 1381, the Knights had departed from the original rules of the Order, to eat nothing but bread and water, and wear none but the coarsest garments. The vengeance of the rebels was no doubt especially directed towards the Knights of St. John from the open display of their riches. Amongst their first acts after they entered London, when they had set loose the prisoners of the Marshalsea, and spoiled the goods and destroyed the records of Lambeth, was the destruction of another manor belonging to the great Prior. "The next day, being Thursday, and the feast of Corpus Christi, or the thirteenth of June, the Commons of Essex in the morning went to the manor of Highbury, two miles from London, north: this manor, belonging to the Prior of St. John of Jerusalem, they wholly consumed with fire."† After the suppression of the Order of the Templars their possessions in London were granted to the Knights of St. John; and in the reign of Edward III. the students of law became the occupiers of the Temple. But it would appear from the fury of the rebels in the reign of Richard II. that the property was still considered to belong to the obnoxious Order of St. John. "The Commons of Kent brake up the Fleet, and let the prisoners go where they would. They destroyed and burnt many houses, and defaced the beauty of Fleet Street. From thence they went to the Temple to destroy it, and plucked down the houses, took off the tiles of the other buildings left, went to the church, took out all the books and remembrances that were in hutches of the Prentices of the Law, carried them into the high street, and there burnt them. This house they spoiled for wrath they bare to the Prior of St. John's, unto whom it belonged." But their vengeance was not yet satiated: "A number of them that burnt the Temple went from thence towards the Savoy, destroying all the houses that belonged to the Hospital of St. John. * * * * The other Commons that were in the city went to the Hospital of St. John, and by the way burnt the house of Robert Legat, lately beheaded. They burnt all the houses belonging to St. John's; and then burnt the fair Priory of the Hospital of St. John, causing the same to burn the space of seven days after. At what time, the King being in a turret of the Tower, and seeing the manor of Savoy, the Priory of St. John's Hospital, and other houses on fire, he demanded of his Council what was best to do in that extremity, but none of them could counsel in that case."‡

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* *Holinshed.*

Froissart says that after the destruction of the Savoy the rebels "went strait to the fair hospital of the Rhodes, called St. John's, and there they brent house, hospital, minster, and all." We may form some notion of the great extent of the buildings of the Hospital from the circumstances that they were seven days in being consumed, and that the affrighted young King saw the flames from his distant turret in the Tower. Sir Robert Hales, the Prior, perished under the axe of the rebels.

Thus, then, one wide sweeping destruction, four centuries and a half ago, removed every monument of the early magnificence of the Priory of St. John.

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* Stow's Annals.

† Ibid.

‡ Ibid.

During the next century the work of re-edification went slowly forward. Successive Priors again raised a conventual church, whose bell-tower was one of the glories of London; and the old site was again covered with buildings suited to the accommodation of a rich and powerful fraternity. But the perpetual attempts of the Turks to dispossess the Order of their stronghold at Rhodes demanded contributions from the brethren in all countries; and those of England were not slow in rendering efficient aid, both in treasure and knightly service. Stow, in his 'Survey of London,' has preserved a letter of safe-conduct from Henry IV. to Walter Grendon, Prior of St. John's, who was about to join the brethren in Rhodes, to fight against the infidels. The original is in Latin; and is addressed in a style of considerable authority, demanding protection for this well-beloved Prior, noble in arms, profound in piety, from all kings, princes, dukes, and every other description of potentate. He is to have safe and free passage, with thirty other persons and thirty horses; and the gold and silver, the robes and vestments, which he carries with him, are especially protected. As the tenure of Rhodes became more and more precarious, the applications for assistance became more urgent; and the revenues of particular commanderies of the Order in England were anticipated, to furnish out gallant adventurers for the succour of the Christian knights. Malcolm prints an indenture between Thomas Dockwra, Prior of the Order, and Sir Thomas Newport, dated the 6th May, 1513, by which five commanderies are granted to certain persons for two years, in consideration of one thousand pounds sterling, which the said Sir Thomas Newport hath anticipated of the said commanderies, "for to supply his expenses in his journey to Rhodes, and in Rhodes, in service of the religion and succour of the city of Rhodes; which city is at the point to be besieged by the great Turk named Selymis." Prior Dockwra had need to anticipate the revenues of the Order; for he was a liberal dispenser of the funds of the brotherhood.* He finished the Church at Clerkenwell, and he built the Gate. Hollar has engraved in Dugdale's 'Monasticon' a representation of what remained of this magnificent Priory somewhat more than a century after Dockwra had completed its renovation.

But there arose a destroyer more ruthless even than Wat Tyler's mob, and whose power was far more abiding. When the heroic defenders of Rhodes quitted the island for ever, on the 1st of January, 1523, they were driven from

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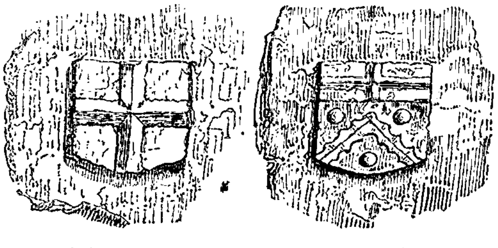
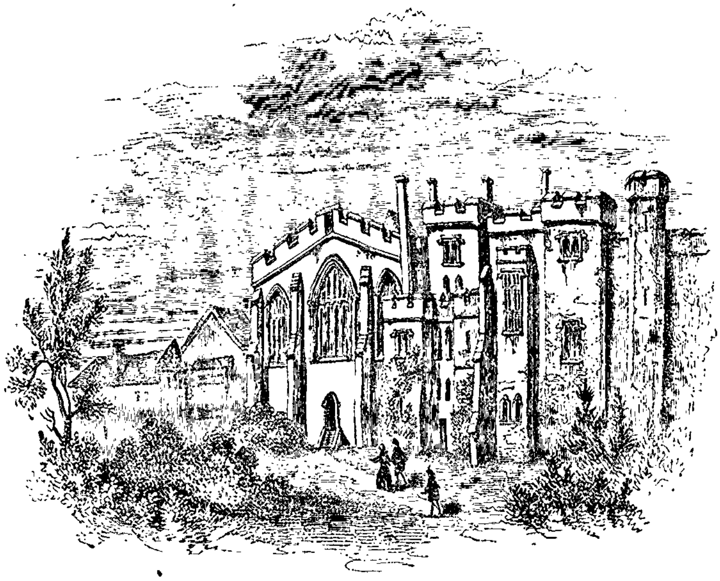
* When the western basement of the Gate was converted into a watchhouse in 1813, some alterations were deemed necessary, in the course of which an old oak door was discovered, having on the spandrils the arms of the monastery and those of Sir J. Dockwra, the Lord Prior in 1504, when the Gate and Priory were rebuilt. Casts from these spandrils were taken at the time, and are still preserved with religious care by the landlord of the tavern, where they may be seen ornamenting the chimneypiece of the "Grand Hall."



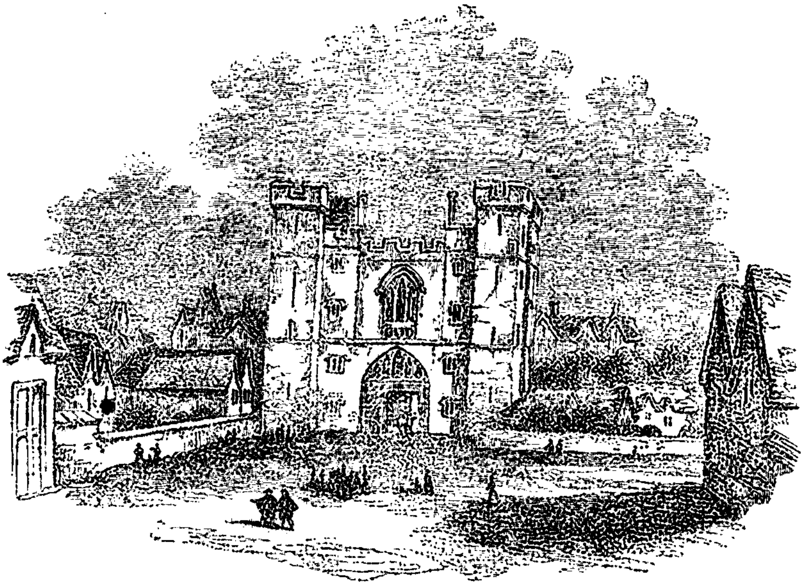
[Arms of St. John's Priory and of Sir J. Dockwra, on St. John's Gate.]



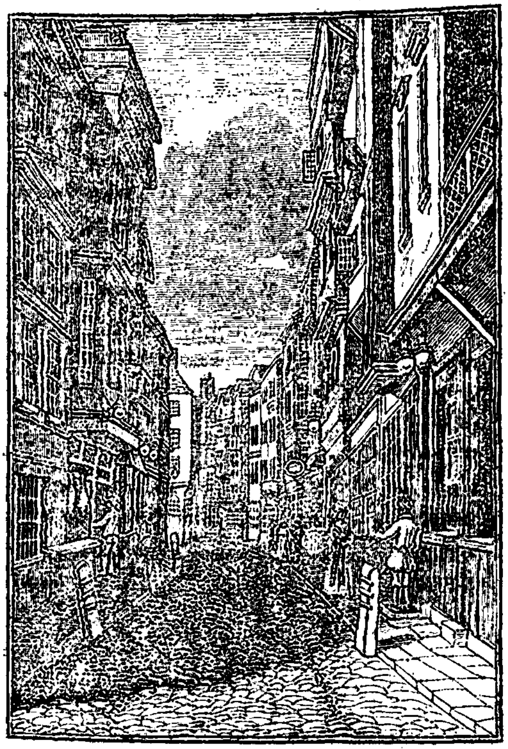
[St. John's Hospital: from Hollar.]

place to place in search of a home of refuge, and finally took possession of Malta, by a grant from Charles V., in 1530. They were once more busy upon the sea, and projecting expeditions against their ancient enemies. But they soon received a blow which diminished their importance even more than the conquest of Rhodes. Henry VIII. suppressed the Order in England; and it is said that this event broke the heart of poor old L'Isle Adam. The remaining history of the great Priory is quaintly told by Stow: "This House, at the suppression in the 32nd Henry VIII., was valued to dispend in lands 3385*l.* 19*s.* 8*d.* yearly. Sir William Weston, being then Lord Prior, died on the same 7th of May on which the House was suppressed. So that, great yearly pensions being granted to the Knights by the King, and namely to the Lord Prior during his life 1000*l.* (but he never received penny), the King took into his hands all the lands that belonged to that House and that Order, wheresoever in England and Ireland, for the augmentation of his Crown. This Priory, Church, and House of St. John was preserved from spoil and down-pulling so long as King Henry VIII. reigned; and was employed as a store-house for the King's toils and tents for hunting, and for the wars, &c. But in the third of King Edward VI. the Church for the most part, to wit the body and side aisles, with the great bell-tower (a most curious piece of workmanship, graven, gilt, and enamelled, to the great beautifying of the city, and passing all other that I have seen), was undermined and blown up with gunpowder: the stone thereof was employed in building of the Lord Protector's house at the Strand." An attempt was made to restore the fraternity and repair the buildings in the reign of Mary; but in the first year of Elizabeth all that remained of the Order was consigned to neglect and ruin. The parochial Church of Clerkenwell was formed out of the remains of the choir, patched up with modern barbarism.

In the reign of James I. the Gate was granted to Sir Roger Wilbraham, who made it his residence. For a century afterwards this part of the town was inhabited by people of condition. Bishop Burnet lived in St. John's Square—a place which, built upon the site of the old Priory, has still a solemn and monastic air. Cave, we dare say, obtained the Gate-house at a cheap rate, when fashion was travelling westward, and commerce had not thrown its regards upon such an obscure nook. Here, occupying both sides of the Gate for his office and his dwelling, Johnson found him when he came to London poor and unknown; and here he ate the printer's dinner behind a screen because his coat was too shabby for him to sit at table. Here, too, Garrick first exhibited his comic powers in the farce of 'The Mock Doctor,' Cave's journeymen reading the other parts. Here, as we have before said, was printed for many years the 'Gentleman's Magazine.' But that belongs to the History of London Periodical Literature—too large a subject to be now touched upon.



[St. John's Gate: from Hollar.]



[Butcher Row, Temple Bar.]

XXXV.—THE STRAND.

About the commencement of the last century, when the workmen were digging a foundation for the existing church of St. Mary, they discovered at the depth of nineteen feet the virgin earth; forming, of course, originally the surface of the Strand, and a striking evidence of the derivation of the name of this great metropolitan thoroughfare. Where now all this crowding and bustle, this continual hurrying to and fro, not of chariots and horsemen, but of omnibuses and cabs, and all the many varieties of transport which luxury or necessity have devised, are incessantly going on, till one could fancy the very houses must be weary of the eternal din, and long to be what Wordsworth describes them as seeming—asleep; where all things speak to the eye and ear, and haply not unfrequently to the heart and mind also, of the presence of the busiest population perhaps of the globe, in its busiest aspect,—once was merely a bare and marshy shore; where doubtless the "hollow-sounding" cry of the bittern from its reedy nest has often broke upon the ear of the half-naked, but gaily ornamented, human wanderer from the neighbouring city of huts! And the very circumstance of the name being applied to this part of the banks of the Thames only seems to show that it remained *as a Strand* long after all other parts in the vicinity of the growing London had lost their native character and appearance. The first great cause of change in the Strand must have been the erection of Westminster Abbey by Sebert, King of the East Saxons, in the seventh century, and the consequent necessity of making the former a thoroughfare. The rebuilding of the Abbey and the establishment of a palace by the Confessor in the eleventh century must have also materially enhanced its importance. Buildings gradually arose in different parts of the line. Before the close of the thirteenth century the magnificent palace of the Savoy, the first church of St. Mary, and the hamlet of Charing were all in existence. Yet the state of the Strand continued to present a curious contrast to the edifices that here and there adorned it, and to the splendid pageants and processions that on occasions of high ceremony—such as the coronation or burial of a monarch, for instance—wound their slow length along through countless thousands of spectators. Here is a picture of it, so late as 1315. In a petition presented that year to Edward II., by the inhabitants of the neighbourhood of the Palace at Westminster, it is stated that the footway at the entrance of Temple Bar, and from thence to the Palace, was so bad that the feet of horses, and rich and poor men, received constant damage, particularly in the rainy season; at the same time the footway was interrupted by *thickets and bushes.* The petition was answered by an order appointing certain persons assessors for levying a tax on the inhabitants between Temple Bar and the Palace gate, to defray the expenses of the repairs desired. Such a tax was too unjust to be enforced; consequently, in 1353, during the reign of Edward III., a toll was levied on all goods carried either by land or water to the Staple at Westminster, to pay for the parts of the Strand where there were no houses, and, where there were, the owners, somewhat more reasonably, were to defray the charge; particularly as it was pointed out (and this is interesting as another cause of the progress of the Strand) "that the proprietors of the houses near and leading to that staple have, by means of the said staple, greatly raised their rents." Essex House, Durham Place, and the Inn of the Bishops of Norwich, afterwards York House, by this time spread out their extensive and embattled piles towards the Strand, and their gardens, and terraces, and water-stairs down to the river; but the openings between them, neither narrow nor far between, still left the river exposed to the passengers on the southern side, whilst on the north there was the open country extending toward the pleasant Highgate and Hampstead Hills, merely interspersed here and there with scattered buildings. Among the characteristic features of the way at this period were the *bridges*. "Bridges in the Strand!" we fancy we hear the reader exclaiming; yes, strange as it may seem, there were at least three between Charing Cross and Temple Bar, though the waters beneath them were neither very wide, deep, nor turbulent. They were, in short, so many water-courses gliding along from the meadows on the north, and crossing the Strand in their way to the Thames; though at the same time of sufficient importance to be bridged over. The sites of two of these bridges are marked out and permanently preserved by the names given to the lanes through which their channels found way,—Ivy-bridge Lane, and Strand-bridge Lane opposite the end of Newcastle Street, to which we shall have occasion to recur in connection with a highly important remain of antiquity. The former was pulled down prior to the appearance of Stow's publication in the seventeenth century; but the latter was then still standing. The third bridge remained buried in the soil, its existence utterly unknown (the careful Stow does not mention it, so that it had long disappeared before his time), till 1802, when it was discovered during the construction of new sewers a little eastward of St. Clement's Church. It was of stone, and consisted of one arch about eleven feet long, very antique in its appearance, and of the most durable construction. Another feature of the ancient Strand was a stone cross, standing in front of the spot now occupied by St. Mary's, at which, says Stow, "in the year 1294, and diverse other times, the Justices Itinerant sat without London." Blount, in his 'Fragmenta Antiquitatis,' gives us an example of the nature of the business transacted on these occasions, when he mentions that a bargain was here settled between the King and one Laurence de Broke for his hamlet of Renham in Middlesex. After the disappearance of the cross the famous May-pole assumed its place.

By the time of Edward VI. the Strand had become pretty well closed up on both sides, on the south or river side by the walls of the long line of noble and episcopal mansions, and on the north by a single row of houses. Holywell Street, and its continuation Butcher Row, extending near to Temple Bar, were now middle-aged and certainly highly respectable houses. Some of the buildings recently pulled down in the first-mentioned street were, we learn from excellent authority, above three hundred years old; and the fleurs-de-lis on the front of many of the houses in this neighbourhood carried back the thoughts of the spectator to the glories of the fifth Henry, the conqueror of Agincourt, whose triumphal return to his countrymen these ornamental decorations are supposed to have commemorated. From this time, indeed, it began to be found that the Strand had progressed too fast for the comfort of passengers through it; it became choked up with the evidences of its prosperity; and later times have had to undo much of what was now done, as in the case of the removal of this very Butcher Row, and, still more recently, of Exeter 'Change. Its very soil had grown so valuable, that the earls and bishops, its original owners, could no longer afford to occupy so large a share as they required for their respective residences; so they pulled them down, and thus prepared the way for the erection of a hundred houses where one had stood before. Durham Place changed its stables into an Exchange in 1608; later in the century York House became the streets now known under names which perpetuate the designation and rank of him who worked the metamorphosis—"George" "Villiers," "Duke" "Of" "Buckingham;" Essex House and Arundel House did not long survive the fall of their old aristocratic neighbours; whilst the Savoy, though it still managed for a time to keep off destruction, by becoming a garrison in one part and a prison in another, was finally swept away, with the important exception of the chapel, during the present century, on the building of Waterloo Bridge. Gay thus commemorates the earlier of these changes:—

"Come, Fortescue, sincere, experienc'd friend,
Thy briefs, thy deeds, and e'en thy fees suspend;
Come, let us leave the Temple's silent walls;
Me business to my distant lodging calls;
Through the long Strand together let us stray;
With thee conversing, I forget the way.

Behold that narrow street which steep descends,
Whose building to the slimy shore extends;
Here Arundel's fam'd structure rear'd its frame:
The street alone retains the empty name.
Where Titian's glowing paint the canvas warm'd,
And Raphael's fair design with judgment charm'd,
Now hangs the Bellman's song, and pasted here
The colour'd prints of Overton appear.
Where statues breath'd, the works of Phidias' hands,
A wooden pump, or lonely watch-house, stands.
There Essex' stately pile adorn'd the shore,
There Cecil's, Bedford's, Villiers',—now no more."*

With another picture by the same hand, and representing the same time, the early part of the seventeenth century, we conclude these preliminary notices of the Strand:—

"Where the fair columns of St. Clement stand,
Whose straiten'd bounds encroach upon the Strand;
Where the low penthouse bows the walker's head,
And the rough pavement wounds the yielding tread;
Where not a post protects the narrow space,
And, strung in twines, combs dangle in thy face;
Summon at once thy courage, rouse thy care,
Stand firm, look back, be resolute, beware.
Forth issuing from steep lanes, the collier's steeds
Drag the black load; another cart succeeds;
Team follows team, crowds heap'd on crowds appear,
And wait impatient till the road grow clear."

The features here described—the low penthouse, rough pavement, and the combs dangling in the face of every passer-by—remained till within a few years ago on the south side of St. Clement's: the north having been previously arranged as we now find it, through the spirited efforts of an alderman of London; and as to the "black load," who is there that does not know there is as much and as frequent cause for impatience as ever, if one has no eyes for, or apprehension of, the beauty of the magnificent horses that draw it, and one by one issue so proudly forth from these steep and miserable-looking lanes?

We cannot better commence our walk through the Strand than by a notice of the improvements just referred to. "On the north side, or right hand, some small distance without Temple Bar, in the High Street, from a pair of stocks there standing, stretcheth one large middle row or troop of small tenements, partly opening to the south, partly towards the north, up west to a stone cross, now headless, over against the Strand." Stow here refers doubtless to the Cross we have before mentioned; and, consequently, the existing Holywell Street must have formed a portion of the Middle Row he describes. The remainder was Butcher Row, granted by Edward I. to Walter de Barbier, for the residences of "foreign butchers," as they were called, but who were, in fact, country butchers only, who brought their meat in carts, and offered it for sale just without the civic jurisdiction. The principle of competition in reducing price seems to have been thus early acted on as well as understood. In reference to Butcher Row Malcolm observes—"A stranger who had visited London in 1790 would, on his return in 1804, be astonished to find a spacious area (with the church nearly in the centre) on the site of Butcher Row, and some other passages undeserving of the name of streets, which were composed of those wretched fabrics, overhanging their foundations, the receptacles of dirt in every corner of their projecting stories, the bane of ancient London, where the plague, with all its attendant horrors, frowned destruction on the miserable inhabitants, reserving its forces for the attacks of each returning summer." The pulling down of all these "wretched fabrics" was undertaken in pursuance of a plan suggested by Alderman Pickett, and the existing Pickett Street soon rose in their room. Unfortunately for the success of the plan, the stream of traffic flowed round the southern side of the church; and the houses, being found too large for ordinary inhabitants, were under-let, and the consequence is a very marked dissimilarity between the appearance of the opposite portions of this fine area. Butcher Row, however miserable its aspect in the days of its decline, had many interesting reminiscences. Here was the residence of the French ambassador, in which the Duke de Sully was a resident for a single night, the first of his temporary abode in London, whilst the palace of Arundel was being prepared for him. Like most of those fine picturesque-looking mansions which characterised ancient London, the house consisted generally of small and low rooms, many of them on the same floor. The ceilings were traversed by large rude beams, and a well staircase, lighted by a skylight from the top, extended from the ground to the roof. Roses, crowns, fleurs-de-lis, dragons, &c., formed the ornaments of its front. The house bore the date of 1581. The half-insane, half-inspired dramatic poet Lee resorted here; and it was, says Oldys, "in returning from the Bear and Harrow in Butcher Row,

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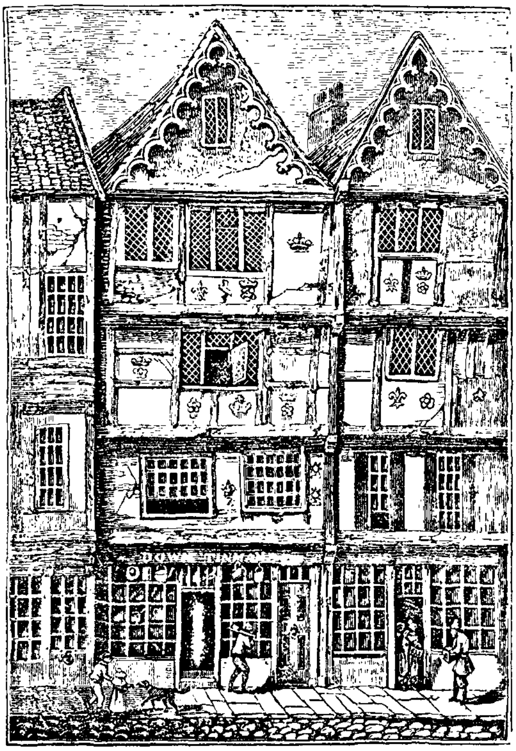
* *Gay's Trivia, b. ii.*



[House of M. Beaumont, the French Ambassador.]

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through Clare Market, to his lodgings in Duke Street, that Lee, overladen with wine, fell down, (on the ground, as some say—according to others, on a bulk,) and was killed or stifled in the snow. He was buried in the parish-church of St. Clement Danes, aged about thirty-five years." This church has been spoken of in such very different terms by men who ought to be competent judges, that one does not know whether to elevate the hands in admiration or in disgust. In an age when architecture was reaching its lowest point of abasement, it is something not to have been the worst. Malcolm designates it a beautiful church; then, again, Mr. Malton says it is a disgusting fabric, and Lambert a very handsome edifice. Whatever the architecture of the building, its history is very interesting, though the chief points there also are disputed. The first part of the name is no doubt derived from its dedication to St. Clement, a disciple of the apostle Peter; but the meaning of the appellation *Danes* has been a much vexed question. Stow's account of the matter is as follows :—

"Harold, whom King Canute had by a concubine, reigned three years, and was buried at Westminster; but afterwards Hardicanute, the lawful son of Canute, in revenge of a displeasure done to his mother, by expelling her out of the realm, and of the murder of his brother Alured, commanded the body of Harold to be digged out of the earth, and to be thrown into the Thames, where it was by a fisherman taken up and buried in this churchyard. But out of a fair 'Leager book,' sometime belonging to the abbey of Chertsey, in the county of Surrey, is noted, as in Francis Thynne, after this sort: In the reign of King Ethelred the monastery of Chertsey was destroyed; ninety monks of that house were slain by the Danes, whose bodies were buried in a place near to the old monastery. William Malmesbury saith: They burnt the church, together with the monks and abbot; but the Danes, continuing in their fury (throughout the whole land), desirous, at the length, to return home into Denmark, were (by the just judgment of God) all slain at London, at a place which is called the church of the Danes." This latter transaction refers to the great massacre of the Danes which took place in Ethelred's reign, simultaneously in different parts of the country, and the Danes are supposed to have fled to the church for shelter. Lastly, there is the account, ascribing to the church a still more ancient date, given by Fleetwood, the antiquary, and Recorder of London, to the Lord Treasurer Burghley; to the effect that, when Alfred drove most of the Danes out of the kingdom in 886, those residing in London who had married Englishwomen were allowed to live between Westminster and Ludgate, and that they built a synagogue, which was afterwards consecrated and called by its present appellation. It is clear enough that the name could not be derived from all these sources, but the incidents themselves are consistent each with each, and may all be true: nay, they even partially support each other. Supposing Fleetwood's account to be correct, we have at once an explanation why Harold's body should be brought to St. Clement's, and why the Danes should fly thither in their extremity for shelter. The church was given to the Knights Templars by Henry II. The existing building, on the merits of which critics seem to have had so much difficulty to come to anything like agreement, was built toward the end of the seventeenth century by Edward Pierce, under the direction of Sir Christopher Wren, though the steeple was the work of Gibbs.* The chief features of the exterior are the steeple, the portico, and the rounded eastern end; of the interior, the semicircular row of twelve composite pillars extending from east to west and facing the altar, the festooned intercolumniations, the gilt flowers and gilt capitals, the large vault of the nave, and the magnificent pulpit. In the new vestry-room, on the north side of the churchyard, is a painting by Kent, the protégé of Lord Burlington, which formed originally the altar-piece. Its history is curious. In 1725 an order was received from Bishop Gibson directing its removal, in consequence of its being supposed to contain portraits of the Pretender's wife and children. The parish was in a commotion, for the painting had been a very expensive one, and was doubtless much admired. The Bishop's order, however, was executed, and the picture, from being the principal ornament of the church of St. Clement, became the "observed of all observers" at the coffee-room of the well-known neighbouring tavern, the Crown and Anchor. After some years had elapsed it was again restored to the church, though even to this day it has not resumed its old position. Hogarth, who, as is well known, ridiculed Kent and his noble patron in his picture of Burlington Gate, and again in his 'Man of Taste,' where Pope is introduced, engraved a burlesque of this picture. Kent, indeed, erred in having anything to do with either painting or sculpture; in architecture he was better, in landscape-gardening excellent. In the parish of St. Clement's, Fabyan, the chronicler, lived, as we learn from his will; and it was from a certain plot of ground within the parish limits that a curious custom, still observed by the Sheriffs on being sworn into their office in the Court of Exchequer, originated. In the year 1235 Walter de Bruin, a farrier, purchased a piece of ground here from the Crown for the erection of a forge, on condition of paying six horse-shoes, and the proper number of nails required to fasten them, annually into the Exchequer.

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* Britton and Brayley's 'London and Middlesex,' *vol. iii. part 2, p. 167.*

From St. Clement's Church we pass to where the noble archway, and its lofty columns, attract the eye on the northern side; that is the entrance to the inn of St. Clements,—the inn immortalized by Shakspere as the home of Master Shallow in his templar days.

The inn is named from the church, and dates at least as far back as 1478, when students of the law are known to have had their lodging here. Prior to that time there is supposed to have been an inn for the reception of penitents who came to St. Clement's well, as old as the reign of Ethelred. This well is the same that Fitz Stephen refers to as one of the excellent springs "whose waters are sweet, salubrious, and clear, and whose runnels murmur o'er the shining stones;" and to which the scholars from Westminster School, and the youth from the city, used to saunter of summer evenings. It is now covered with a pump, but there still remains the well flowing as steadily and freshly as ever. Over the gate is a device, an anchor, which is explained as referring to the martyrdom of St. Clement, who was believed to have been tied to an anchor and thrown into the sea by the Emperor Trajan. The Hall and numerous residences form three courts, through which is a thoroughfare to Clare Market and New Inn. The Hall is an elegant well-proportioned room, with a good portrait of Sir Matthew Hale among its other pictures. In a garden belonging to the Inn is a statue of a kneeling African supporting a dial, which was purchased by Holles, Lord Clare (whose family occupied the Inn during the reign of some of the Tudors), and presented to the society. In Knox's 'Elegant Extracts' are some lines written upon this statue, which were found, it is said, one day affixed to it. The point of the satire is somewhat old, though the form is new and clever:—

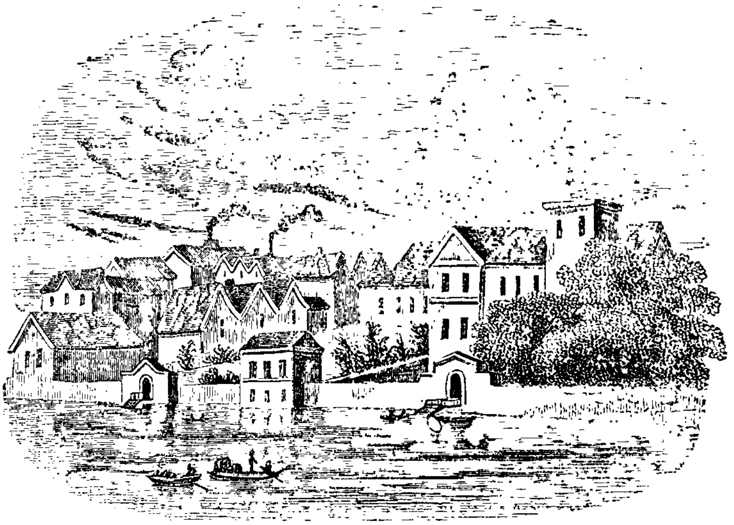
> "In vain, poor sable son of woe,
> Thou seek'st the tender tear;
> For thee in vain with pangs they flow;
> For mercy dwells not here.
> From cannibals thou fledd'st in vain;
> Lawyers less quarter give;
> The first won't eat you till you're slain,
> The last will do't alive."

In St. Clement's Lane, adjoining, lived Sir John Trevor, cousin to Lord Chancellor Jeffries, and twice Speaker of the House of Commons. He was bold enough to caution James against his arbitrary conduct, and Jeffries against his cruel violence. Pity that he was not honest also! He was found guilty of corrupt practices by the House of Commons, and had himself to put the question, as Speaker, whether he ought not to be expelled the House, and declare it to be carried in the affirmative. A rich piece of practical justice! Whilst we are on this side of the way we may as well notice Lyon's Inn, an appendage of the Inner Temple, and a place of great antiquity. It had formerly an entrance from the Strand, which crossed Holywell Street near the centre, but now from Holywell Street to the Inn closed up. Marks of the gateway from Holywell Street are still visible on the house above; and at the corner of the low passage on the other side of the street leading into the Strand is a carved and painted lion's head. We are in a curious street. Everything here is ancient: its inhabitants, principally Jews, being of course by no means an exception. But all old things seem to be passing away. Houses are being pulled down; and the moral character seems to be changing as well as the architectural. It is a fact, at least, that we have passed through several times of late without an attempt at obstruction on the part of the industrious salesmen. With St. Mary's Church and the famous Maypole we shall conclude what we may call these irregular parts of the Strand.

The old church of St. Mary occupied the site of the eastern part of the present Somerset House, and was one among the three or four public buildings pulled down by the proud and reckless Protector to make way for the pile he was about to build. The congregation waited a long time in the expectation that he would fulfil his promise of erecting another place of worship, joining themselves in the mean time to the congregation of St. Clement's. Somerset died without having done anything for them, and a second removal took place—the church of the Savoy being this time the adopted place. Here they remained till the erection of the present edifice, which was the first of the fifty churches ordered to be built during Queen Anne's reign. Gibbs, the architect, in his own account of St. Mary's, says it was the first building he was employed in after his arrival from Italy. Few structures have been more severely criticised. The great fault, it seems generally agreed, is the profusion of ornaments and the multitude of small parts; on the other hand, it possesses the high excellence of being admirably designed for the site, and the union of the façade and tower is eminently happy. The interior also is fine, though liable to the same objection of being too much ornamented. The side walls display two ranges of pilasters, with entablatures, one above the other; the ceiling is semi-oval, covered with decorations in stucco; and the altar at the east end, with a very large and striking-looking alcove, has paintings of the Annunciation and the Passion. The pulpit is very beautifully carved, and has a sounding-board in the form of a shell. A serious accident happened here in 1802 at the proclamation of peace. Just as the heralds were passing the church, a man, who was standing behind the stone railing that runs round the roof, leaned against one of the ornamental urns, which, being only fastened by a decayed wooden spike running up the centre, gave way, and fell among the dense crowd below. A terrible cry was raised by those who saw its descent, and in the confusion that ensued many persons were hurt, besides three who were killed by the urn, which weighed about two hundred pounds. The poor fellow who had been the innocent cause of the mischief was found to have fallen backward and fainted away, of course from pure fright. The Maypole, as we have before mentioned, stood in front of the site of St. Mary's, and in the place where had been formerly the stone cross. The setting up of this Maypole is attributed to John Clarges, blacksmith, whose daughter had married Monk, afterwards Duke of Albemarle. The parliamentary ordinance of 1644 swept away this among all the rest of the Maypoles; but, on the Restoration, a new and loftier one was raised with great ceremony and rejoicing. From a rare tract, entitled 'The Citie's Loyalty Displayed,' published at the time, it appears the pole was a stately cedar, one hundred and thirty-four feet long, a choice and remarkable piece, made below bridge, and brought in two parts up to Scotland Yard. From thence it was conveyed, on the 14th of April, to the Strand, a streamer flourishing before it, amidst the beating of drums and the sound of merry music. The Duke of York sent twelve seamen with cables, pulleys, &c., with six great anchors, to assist in raising it; and after them came three men, bareheaded, carrying three crowns. The pieces were then joined together and hooped with bands of iron, the crowns, with the King's arms, richly gilt, were placed on the top, the trumpets sounded, the men began their work, and in four hours' time it was raised upright and established fast in the ground. Then the drums and trumpets beat again, and the Strand resounded with the shouts of the assembled multitudes. A party of morrice-dancers now came, "finely decked with purple scarfs, in their half-shirts, with a tabor and a pipe, the ancient music, and danced round about the Maypole." Strange doings these for the Strand! If one could by any magic revive the scene for a moment, how the New Police would be mystified! All that's fair must fade, and Maypoles enjoy no special exemption. In 1713 it became necessary to have a new one, which was accordingly set up on the 4th of July, with two gilt balls and a vane on the summit, and, on particular days, the extra decorations of flags and garlands. This was removed about the time of the erection of the New Church, and presented by the parish to Sir Isaac Newton, who sent it to the rector of Wanstead; that gentleman caused it to be raised in Wanstead Park, to support the then largest telescope in Europe. Removed though it was, it was not destined to be forgotten. This is the same Maypole that figures in the 'Dunciad' as the starting-place for the racers:—

"Amidst the area wide they took their stand,
Where the tall Maypole once o'erlook'd the Strand,
But now, as Anne and piety ordain,
A church collects the Saints of Drury Lane."

Extending from Fleet Street as far as the present Essex Street and Devereux Court was anciently an Outer Temple, which, with the Inner and Middle Temples, constituted the residences of the Knights. From their hands it passed, in the time of Edward III., into the possession of the Bishops of Exeter, who occupied it till the reign of Henry VI. under the name of Exeter House. It was afterwards successively held by Sir William (afterwards Lord) Paget, who called it Paget Place; the Duke of Norfolk, of whom we have spoken in our account of the Charter House; then by Elizabeth's first and unworthy favourite, the Earl of Leicester, who gave it also his own name; and lastly by the nobler but less fortunate successor in the Queen's heart, the Earl of Essex. One of the Bishops



[Essex House, from Hollar's 'View of London,' 1647.]

who possessed it found a grave as well as a home here. This was Miles Stapleton, who greatly improved or rebuilt the mansion, looking forward doubtless to a long lease of enjoyment; but during the disturbances of the reign of Edward II. was seized by the mob as one of the King's friends, beheaded in Cheapside, and then buried in a heap of sand or rubbish at his own door. The chief memory of this place is of course connected with Essex, and the rash act for which he was executed. Elizabeth and he had quarrelled more than once or twice before the last irreconcilable difference. She had been offended by his conduct in joining the expedition to Cadiz without her permission, by his marriage with the daughter of Sir Francis Walsingham, and above all by a dispute concerning the appointment of an assistant in the affairs of Ireland, when he was about to visit that country as Lord Deputy. This last quarrel terminated in her boxing his ears, and bidding him "Go and be hanged." The provocation was, it is said, his turning his back upon her. The indignant noble clapped his hand to his sword, and swore he would not have put up with such an insult from Henry VIII. He went, however, though with great reluctance, to Ireland, surrounded by a brilliant staff, and was followed for some miles from London by crowds of Londoners, crying, "God bless your Lordship—God preserve you!" *In a letter written by him from the seat of his government, he complains sadly of his position, calls Ireland the "cursedest of all islands," and concludes with a passage* that would certainly astonish the head of a government in the present day, if he received any such in his despatches. Essex wishes he could live like a hermit "in some unhaunted desart most obscure"

> "From all society, from love and hate
> Of worldly folk; then should he sleep secure.
> Then wake again, and yield God every praise,
> Content with hips and hawes, and bramble-berry;
> In contemplation parting out his days,
> And change of holy thoughts to make him merry.
> Who, when he dies, his tomb may be a bush,
> Where harmless robin dwells with gentle thrush.
> Your Majesty's exiled servant,
> ROBERT ESSEX."

It is difficult to estimate the nature of Essex's Irish government, thwarted as he was on all sides. The Cecils were his enemies at court, and in Ireland he was not allowed to make his own subordinate appointments. When he named the Earl of Southampton, his friend, general of the horse, the Queen compelled him to revoke the appointment. All consequently went wrong; and at last, feeling perhaps that he was making no progress in subduing the enemies to whom he was opposed, and that his sudden presence at court might counteract the machinations of his rival, he arrived unexpectedly one Michaelmas Eve, about ten in the morning, at the court gate, and made his way hastily up to the Queen's bedchamber, where he found Elizabeth newly up, with her hair about her face. She received him graciously; and he left her, thanking God that, though he had suffered much trouble and storms abroad, he found a sweet calm at home. The calm was but of short continuance; the Cecils and others were at work, and that very evening he was ordered to consider himself a prisoner in his room. After eight months of restraint he wrote a touching appeal to the Queen, which was not answered for three months more, when he was released, but ordered not to appear at court. In a few days a valuable patent he held for the monopoly of sweet wines expired, and he petitioned for a renewal to aid his shattered fortunes. It was refused; and in a manner that made the refusal the least mortifying part of the business. "In order to manage an ungovernable beast he must be stinted in his provender," was the Queen's remark. Essex now became desperate; and unfortunately there was one at hand ready to direct his thoughts into the worst channels—Cuffe, his secretary, a man who has been described as "smothered under the habit of a scholar, and slubbered over with a certain rude and clownish fashion that had the semblance of integrity." * By him Essex was advised to remove Sir Robert Cecil, Raleigh, and others, forcibly from court, and so make the way clear for the recovery of his ascendancy. Other men joined in this advice, and, finally, relying upon his extraordinary popularity with the Londoners, he determined to adopt it. A strong party of officers who had served under him took up lodgings about Essex Street, and formed themselves into a council. The gates of Essex House were thrown open to flocks of Catholic priests, Puritan preachers, soldiers, sailors, young citizens, and needy adventurers; these proceedings of course immediately attracted the notice of the government, and Essex was summoned to appear before the Privy Council. A note from an unknown writer, warning him to provide for his safety, was at the same moment put into his hand, and he was informed that the guard at the

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* Reliquæ Wottonianæ.

palace had been doubled. Essex saw he must at once strike or be stricken; so, on the following morning, Sunday, the 8th of February, 1600-1, he determined to march into the city during sermon-time at St. Paul's Cross, and call upon the people to join him, and force their way to the Queen. His dear friend, the Earl of Southampton, with the Earl of Rutland, Lords Sandys and Mounteagle, and about three hundred gentlemen, were ready to accompany him, when the Lord Keeper Egerton, Sir William Knollys, the Lord Chief Justice Popham, and the Earl of Worcester arrived, and demanded the cause of the disturbance. They were admitted without their attendants; when Egerton and Popham asked what all this meant. "There is a plot laid against my life," was the reply uttered in a loud and impassioned tone; "letters have been forged in my name—men have been hired to murder me in my bed—mine enemies cannot be satisfied unless they suck my blood!" The Lord Chief Justice said he ought to explain his case to the Queen, who would do impartial justice. Some voices now cried out, "They abuse you, my Lord—they betray you—you are losing time!" The Lord Keeper, then putting on his hat, commanded the assembly, in the Queen's name, to lay down their arms and depart. Louder cries now broke out, "Kill them!—kill them!—keep them for hostages!—away with the great seal!" Essex immediately conducted them to an inner apartment, bolted the door, and placed a guard of musqueteers to watch it. Drawing his sword, he then rushed out, followed by most of the assembly. At St. Paul's Cross, to their surprise, they found no preaching—no congregation—the Queen having sent orders to that effect to the Lord Mayor and Aldermen. The Earl, addressing the citizens he met with, cried, "For the Queen, my mistress!—a plot is laid for my life!" and entreated them to arm. But they contented themselves with crying, "God bless your Honour!" and left him to his fate. Uncertain what to do, Essex went to the house of one of the sheriffs, and remained for some time. About two in the afternoon he again went forth, and passed to and fro through many streets, till, seeing that his followers were fast disappearing, he directed his footsteps towards Essex House. Barricades had been formed in the mean time, and at Ludgate he was attacked by a large body of armed men whom the Bishop of London had placed there. Several persons were wounded in the affray. Essex was twice shot through the hat, and his step-father, Sir Christopher Blount, was severely wounded and taken prisoner. The Earl retreated into Friday Street, where, being faint, drink was given him by the citizens. At Queenhithe he obtained a boat, and so got back to Essex House, where he found that his last hope, the hostages, were gone; his trusted friend and servant, Sir F. Gorge, having set them at liberty, hoping thereby to make his own peace with the Queen. He now fortified his house, determined to die rather than be taken, hoping still to receive assistance from the citizens. But a great force soon hemmed him in on all sides; several pieces of artillery were planted against the house, amongst the rest one on the tower of St. Clement's. A faithful follower, Captain Owen Salisbury, seeing all was lost, stood openly in a window, bareheaded, desiring there to meet his death. He was hit on the side of the head: "Oh that thou hadst been so much my friend as to have shot but a little lower!" he exclaimed. It was sufficient, however; for it saved him from the fate he dreaded—execution as a traitor: he died on the following morning. About ten at night Essex demanded a parley, and surrendered to the Lord Admiral upon a promise of a fair hearing and a speedy trial.

The two friends, Essex and Southampton, were sent to the Tower, the other prisoners to the various gaols. We need not follow the details of the sad history any farther, but pass at once to the conclusion. The two Earls were found guilty, and Essex was executed on Ash Wednesday, the 25th of February, about eight in the morning, in an inner court of the Tower—Sir Walter Raleigh looking on from the Armoury. It was said the execution was made thus private from the Queen's fear of what Essex might say touching her own virtue. Rash and criminal as this insurrection might be, it would be wrong to judge of Essex's character merely from that event. He was a brave soldier, an accomplished scholar, a true friend (what an expression was that of his in a letter to the Lord Keeper Egerton, "*I would I had in my heart the sorrow of all my friends!*"), and a generous and high-spirited man: circumstances alone, acting upon his one great fault, an unrestrained temper, prevented his having also the reputation of a loyal subject. Among his other claims to favourable remembrance, there is one for which he deserves especial honour and reverence—in a most intolerant age he was a most tolerant governor. Several of Essex's principal followers, including the instigator Cuffe, were executed. Southampton was saved from the block, but remained a close prisoner during the Queen's life—and that life it appears was embittered to a fearful degree by these melancholy transactions. Essex remained the darling of the people, whilst the ministers—his rivals, enemies, *and judges*—were insulted and hooted whenever they appeared abroad. Even she herself was looked on coldly. The particulars of the romantic story of the ring sent to the Queen by Essex after his condemnation, as collected by Dr. Birch,* and repeated in the 'Memoirs of the Peers of England during the reign of James I.,' are so interesting, and belong so peculiarly to the memories of the Strand (for the Countess died in the neighbouring Arundel House), that we cannot resist the temptation of transcribing them:—"The following curious story," says the compiler of this work, "was frequently told by Lady Elizabeth Spelman, great grand-daughter of Sir Robert Carey, brother of Lady Nottingham, and afterwards Earl of Monmouth, whose curious memoirs of himself were published a few years ago by Lord Corke:—When Catharine Countess of Nottingham was dying (as she did, according to his Lordship's own account, about a fortnight before Queen Elizabeth), she sent to her Majesty to desire that she might see her, in order to reveal something to her Majesty, without the discovery of which she could not die in peace. Upon the Queen's coming, Lady Nottingham told her that, while the Earl of Essex lay under sentence of death, he was desirous of asking her Majesty's mercy in the manner prescribed by herself during the height of his favour; the Queen having given him a ring, which, being sent to her as a token of his distress, might entitle him to her protection. But the Earl, jealous of those about him, and not caring to trust any of them with it, as he was looking out of his window one morning, saw a boy with whose appearance he was pleased; and, engaging him by money and promises, directed him to carry the ring, which he took from his finger and threw down, to Lady Scroope, a sister of the Countess of Nottingham, and a friend of his Lordship, who attended upon the Queen; and to beg of her that she would present it to her Majesty. The boy, by mistake, carried it to Lady Nottingham, who showed it to her husband, the admiral, an enemy of Lord Essex, in order to take his advice. The admiral forbid her to carry it, or return any answer to the message; but insisted upon her keeping the ring. The Countess of Nottingham, having made this discovery, begged the Queen's forgiveness; but her Majesty answered, '*God may forgive you, but I never can;*' and left the room with great emotion. Her mind was so struck with the story that she never went into bed nor took any sustenance from that instant; for Camden is of opinion that her chief reason for suffering the Earl to be executed was his supposed obstinacy in not applying to her for mercy." "In confirmation of the time of the Countess's death," continues the compiler, "it now appears from the parish register of Chelsea, extracted by Mr. Lysons (Environs of London, ii. 120), that she died at Arundel House, London, February 25th, and was buried the 28th, 1603. Her funeral was kept at Chelsea, March 21, and Queen Elizabeth died three days afterwards!" An additional confirmation is given by the recorded incidents of Elizabeth's conduct during her last illness. For ten days and nights together prior to her decease she refused to go to bed, but lay upon the carpet with cushions around her, buried in the profoundest melancholy. Let us pass on to the other and pleasanter memories which yet hold us to this interesting place. The author of the 'Fairy Queen,' who had been a visitor at the house during Leicester's life, and had received assistance from that nobleman, thus writes in his 'Prothalamion' (he has been speaking of the Temple):—

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* Negotiations, p. 206.

"Next whereunto there stands a stately place,
Where oft I gayned giftes and goodly grace
Of that great lord, which therein wont to dwell.
Whose want too well now feels my friendless case:
But, ah! here fits not well
Olde woes, but ioyes, to tell
Against the bridale daye, which is not long:
Sweet Themmes! runne softly till I end my song.

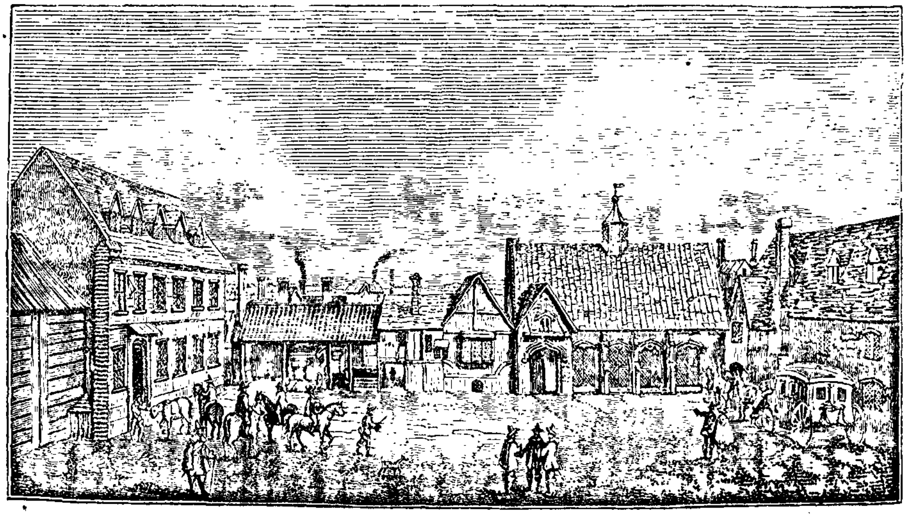
Yet therein now doth lodge a noble peer,
Great England's glory, and the world's wide wonder,
Whose dreadfull name late through all Spaine did thunder,
And Hercule's two pillars standing near
Did make to quake and feare:
Faire branch of honor, flower of chevalrie!
That fillest England with thy triumph's fame,
Joy have thou of thy noble victorie."

The hint in these verses was, as has been observed, rather broad, but in strict harmony with the feelings and habits of the great writers and patrons of the time. Essex no doubt appreciated it rightly: at all events it was he who buried the poet in Westminster Abbey. Essex's son, the Earl of Essex who commanded the parliamentary forces in the civil war, was born here. When he was got rid of by the Commons' famous self-denying ordinance, Lord Clarendon says the whole parliament, the day after he had resigned his commission, came to Essex House to return him thanks for his great services. The only existing remains of Essex House are a pair of very large and fine stone pillars, with Corinthian capitals, at the end of the street; probably the original supports of the water-gate of the mansion. In Devereux Court is the oldest and most famous of London coffee-houses, the Grecian; with a bust of the Earl of Essex on its front, which appears to be a fine work, although from its height it is difficult to judge. Cibber, we were told, was the sculptor.

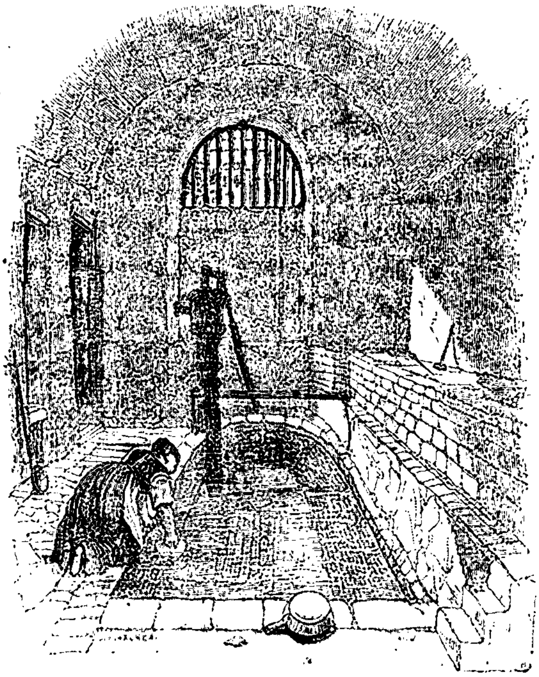
Between Essex Street and Milford Lane Stow says an ancient chapel formerly existed, called St. Spirit. Next to Milford Lane is Arundel Street, which, with Norfolk, Surrey, and Howard Streets, the latter crossing the others, mark the site of the once stately mansion and gardens of Arundel House, and derive their names from its latest possessors.

The earliest notices we possess of this mansion refer to it as the London residence of the Bishops of Bath and Wells, when it was called Bath's Inn, or Hampton Place. In the reign of Edward VI. it was in the King's hands, who sold it to his uncle, Lord Thomas Seymour, who, when Stow wrote, had lately "new builded the house," and given to it the appellation Seymour Place. During his time the house was the scene of some strange intrigues and dalliances, in which the Virgin Queen figures in a somewhat equivocal manner, and which had well-nigh ended in her marriage, and the addition of a King Thomas to the roll of British sovereigns. In 1547 Seymour, who held the post of Lord Admiral, married the Queen Dowager Catherine, Henry VIII.'s last wife, and buried her the year following, not without raising suspicions of foul play. The crime supposed was, however, never supported by any tangible evidence, and seems to have arisen more than anything else from the known intimacy between the Princess Elizabeth and him. He contrived to place the Princess at Seymour Place, evidently with the object of marrying her, and sharing in the succession to the throne. And there is little doubt that she liked him. His vaulting ambition, however, overleaped itself, and his trial and execution for "treasonable" practices speedily followed, and put an end to all his schemes. Reverting to the Crown, Seymour Place was sold by it to the Earl of Arundel, with several other messuages, for £41. 6*s.* 8*d.*, and another change of name took place: thenceforward it was called Arundel House. Clarendon gives an interesting but somewhat satirical account of the place and its master, the collector of the famous marbles, at this period. He says the Earl seemed to live, "as it were, in another nation, his house being a place to which all people resorted who resorted to no other place; strangers, or such as affected to look like strangers, and dressed themselves accordingly. He was willing to be thought a scholar, and to understand the most mysterious parts of antiquity, because he made a wonderful and costly purchase of excellent statues whilst in Italy and in Rome (some whereof he could never obtain permission to remove out of Rome, though he had paid for them), and had a rare collection of medals. As to all parts of learning, he was almost illiterate, and thought no other part of history so considerable as what related to his own family, in which, no doubt, there had been some very memorable persons. It cannot be denied that he had in his own person, in his aspect and countenance, the appearance of a great man, which he preserved in his gait and motion. He wore and affected a habit very different from that of the time, such as men had only beheld in pictures of the most considerable men; all which drew the eyes of most, and the reverence of many, towards him, as the image and representative of the ancient nobility and native gravity of the nobles, when they had been most venerable; but this was only his outside, his nature and true humour being much disposed to levity and delights which indeed were very despicable and childish."

The magnificent collection of marbles referred to in this passage of course adorned Arundel House at the time in question, when it was the common resort of many eminent artists. Among those also who more particularly enjoyed the Earl's favour and patronage were Inigo Jones, Vandyke, Hollar, Nicholas Stone, and Le Sœur. The Earl's treasures were thus arranged:—the principal statues and busts were ranged along the gallery, the others in the garden, where he had the inscribed marbles let into the wall. The collection comprised not less than 37 statues, 128 busts, and 250 inscribed marbles. When the mansion was about to be pulled down about 1678, the entire collection was offered for sale, but, no single purchaser appearing, it was divided into several portions, and dispersed. Enough, however, ultimately found their way to Oxford to give name to a collection which comprises many of the Earl's most valued relics. From the Earl of Arundel the house passed by marriage into the hands of the Howard family, and became the seat of the Dukes of Norfolk, when it received its latest designation of Norfolk House. The Countess of Nottingham, who plays so important a part in the romantic episode in the tragical history of the Earl of Essex, died here, as before mentioned, in 1603. Her husband was a Howard, so she was probably on a visit at the time. The next visitor of importance was the Duke de Sully, during the performance of his mission from Henry IV. of France to James I., immediately after the accession of the latter; Norfolk House having been temporarily appointed as his place of residence. The great French statesman speaks of it as one of the finest and most commodious mansions in London, having a great number of apartments on the same floor. From hence he appears to have removed to Crosby Place. After the Great Fire of London learning also found shelter within its walls. The Royal Society, being burnt out of Gresham College, were invited by the Duke to reside here; they did so, and remained for some years. On their removal the whole was pulled down, and the present Arundel, Norfolk, Surrey, and Howard Streets, rose on the site.



[Arundel House.]



[Roman Bath, Strand Lane.]

XXXVI.—THE STRAND.

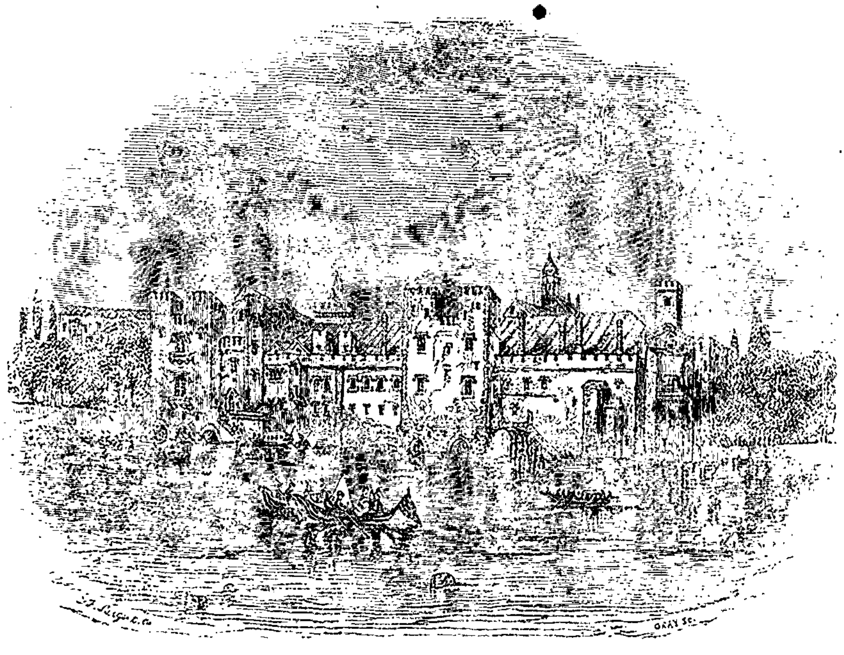
(Concluded from No. XXXV.)

Among those curious narrow lanes which extend from the Strand downwards to the Thames, there is one called Strand Lane, through which ran the watercourse from Strand Bridge, and which we have in our former article incidentally referred to as containing an important remain. It is a place which few persons besides the inhabitants are at all familiar with—a circumstance that may account for the little notice that has been paid to the announcement seen in front of No. 5 of the lane in question. We were roaming carelessly through these lanes, thinking there could be little or nothing in them to repay the curious visitor, when that announcement attracted our attention, and we read "The Old Roman Spring Bath!" With some surprise and a great deal of incredulity we desired to be shown this piece of antiquity, which the chief historians of the metropolis had said nothing about. Descending several steps we found ourselves in a lofty vaulted passage, evidently ancient; and its antiquity became still more apparent on walking to the end of the passage, where the ceiling of the opposite or terminal wall exhibits half of a great circular arch, the upper portion of the other half being occupied by a descending piece of masonry, supported by a beam, which appears to be at least two or three centuries old, possibly much more. The age of this beam speaks significantly as to the age of the arch, which it and the accompanying masonry have mutilated. On the left of the passage is a door, leading into a vaulted chamber, measuring we should suppose about twenty feet in length, the same in height, and in breadth about nine feet. In the massive wall between the chamber and the passage is a recess, passing which, and standing at the farther end of the room, we have the view seen in the above engraving. The Bath itself is about thirteen feet long, six broad, and four feet six inches deep. The spring is said to be connected with the neighbouring holy well, which gives name to Holywell Street, and their respective position makes the statement probable. Through the beautifully clear water, which is also as delightful to the taste as refreshing to the eye, appear the sides and bottom of the Bath, exhibiting, we were told, the undoubted evidences of the high origin ascribed to it. Minutely as the height and peculiar coldness of the water would permit, did we and the artist of the above drawing examine the structure of these supposed Roman walls and pavement. The former consisted, we found, of layers of brick of that peculiar flat and neat-looking aspect which certainly seemed to imply the impress of Roman hands, divided only by thin layers of stucco; and the latter of a layer of similar brick, covered with stucco, and resting upon a mass of stucco and rubble. The construction of the pavement is made visible by a deep hole at the end near the window, where the spring is continually flowing up; and in pursuing our inquiries among those persons best calculated to satisfy them, we were told by a gentleman connected with the management of the estate, who had had a portion of the pavement purposely removed, that the rubble was of that peculiar character well known among architects as Roman. The bricks are nine inches and a half long, four inches and a half broad, and an inch and three quarters thick. On this point it may be necessary to observe that Roman bricks are often, but most incorrectly, stated to have been invariably square. The evidences in disproof of the assertion are as numerous as they should be well known. In Woodward's account, for instance, of the Roman walls of London, the dimensions of the bricks or tiles are stated at about a foot wide by a foot and a half long. In Rickman's 'Life of Telford,'* the floor of the baths at Wroxeter is described as "paved with tiles sixteen inches long, twelve wide, and an inch and a half thick." The remainder of the passage might be applied, with the mere alteration of the proportions in depth of the different layers, to the Bath in Strand Lane:—"The tiles lie on a bed of mortar one foot thick, under which are rubble-stones to a considerable depth." These were the larger Roman bricks. We are told the Roman wall discovered in Lombard Street in 1786 was constructed "of the smaller sized;" but no dimensions are given. At the farther end of the Bath is a small projecting strip or ledge of white marble, and beneath it a hollow in the wall slanting towards one corner: these are the undoubted remains of a flight of steps leading down into the water. Immediately opposite the steps, we learn from the authority of the gentleman before referred to, was a door connected with a vaulted passage still existing below—and towards the back of—three houses in Surrey Street, and continuing from thence upwards in the direction of the Strand. These vaults have some remarkable features: among others, there is a low arch of a very peculiar form,

* Page 289.

the rounded top projecting gradually forward beyond the line of its sides, in the house immediately behind the Bath. But the history of the Bath—is there nothing known of it? All we can say in reply is—that the property can be traced back into the possession of a very ancient family, the Danvers (or D'Anvers), of Swithland, in Leicestershire, whose mansion stood on the spot;—that, although the existence of the Bath was evidently unknown to Stow, Maitland, Pennant, and Malcolm, or the later historians of London, from the absence of any mention of it in their pages, yet from time immemorial in the neighbourhood the fact of its being a Roman bath has been received with implicit credence;—and, lastly, that a kind of dim tradition seems to exist that it had been closed up for some long period, and then re-discovered. It will not be thought we have spent too much of our attention on this matter when it is considered how great an interest has always been felt on the subject of any remaining traces of the residences of the former masters of the world in our own island, and particularly in London; and that among those remains, consisting chiefly of fragments of walls, mosaic pavements, and articles of use or ornament, a bath, presenting to-day, probably, the precisely same aspect that it presented sixteen or seventeen centuries ago, when the Roman descended into its beautiful waters, must hold no mean place. The proprietors, we are happy to say, rightly estimate its value, and have long ago caused another bath to be built and supplied from it; and it is in the latter alone that persons are allowed to bathe.

Continuing our route, and passing King's College and Somerset House—subjects too large to be considered in the present paper—we descend another narrow lane, bearing a name suggestive of a long train of historical memories. We are now in the precincts of the ancient palace of the Savoy; and that rather low but



[Ancient Palace of the Savoy.]

long and antique-looking edifice, with its beautiful windows and curious little tower, is its chapel, the last remnant of its architectural glories. In front extends the burial-ground, a peculiarly neat one for London, with its well-gravelled walks, and fresh-looking evergreens. The founder of the Savoy was Peter de Savoy, brother to the Boniface Archbishop of Canterbury whom we have mentioned in our account of Lambeth Palace, and uncle to Eleanor, the queen of Henry III. This Peter, coming over to England on a visit to his niece, was created Earl of Savoy and Richmond, and solemnly knighted in Westminster Abbey. The date of 1245 is ascribed to the original erection. From the Earl of Savoy, the palace passed, most probably by gift, to the Friars of Mountjoy, and then again returned into the possession of the family by Eleanor's purchasing it for her son Edmund, afterwards Earl of Lancaster. His son Thomas Earl of Lancaster was beheaded during the reign of Edward II., and the Savoy then became the property of his brother Henry, who enlarged it, and made it so magnificent in 1328, at an expense of 52,000 marks, ("which money," says Stow, "he had gathered together at the town of Bridgerike,") that there was, according to Knighton, no mansion in the realm to be compared with it in beauty and stateliness. After the decease of the Earl's son, the first Duke of Lancaster, in 1351, one of the daughters of the latter married the famous John of Gaunt, who became in consequence the possessor of the Savoy. Six years later occurred an event which has bequeathed to the locality one of its most interesting memories, namely, the residence of the captive King John of France. The battle of Poictiers took place on the 19th of September, 1356, and on the 24th of April following the King with his illustrious conqueror, the Black Prince, the darling of our old historians, entered London. With the same touching delicacy of feeling which characterized all the proceedings of the Prince towards his prisoner, from their first supper after the battle, when he served the French monarch kneeling, and refused to sit at table with him; John was now mounted on a richly caparisoned cream-coloured charger, while the Prince rode by his side on a little black palfrey. The accompanying procession was most magnificent. The Savoy was appropriated to the use of the King during the period of his stay. "And thither," says Froissart, "came to see him the King and Queen oftentimes, and made him great feast and cheer." The negotiations as to John's ransom were long protracted, and it was not till October, 1360, that the terms were settled; when, all the parties being at Calais, the French King and twenty-four of his barons on the one side, and Edward with twenty-seven of his barons on the other, swore to observe the conditions, and John was liberated on the following day. We must rapidly follow his history to its conclusion. He returned to France; was unable to fulfil his portion of the treaty; and to add to his mortification, his son, the Duke of Anjou, entered Paris from Calais, where he had been permitted by the English, whose prisoner he was, to reside, and which he had only been enabled to leave by breaking his parole. These, and it is said various other (and more doubtful) circumstances, made him resolve upon a line of conduct which his courtiers vainly strove to drive him from by ridicule; and to the astonishment, no doubt, more or less, of all parties, he suddenly returned to London, where he was received with open arms by Edward, and took up his final residence at the Savoy. Under the date 1364, we find in Stow's Chronicles the following passage:—"The 9th day of

April, died John King of France, at the Savoy, beside Westminster; his corpse was honourably conveyed to St. Denis in France."

During the meeting which took place in St. Paul's, in pursuance of Wickliffe's citation to appear before the Bishop of London, the Duke, his patron, and Lord Percy, Marshal of England, grievously offended the citizens by their violent conduct towards the prelate, who expressed their resentment loudly, and the result was the breaking up of the court in the midst of the altercation, with a mere prohibition to Wickliffe against any further preaching or writing on the subject complained of. The Duke was so offended at the remarks of the citizens, that that very day, in his place as President of Parliament, he proposed the abolition of the office of Lord Mayor, and the substitution of a captain to execute his duties. Lord Fitzwalter, a standard-bearer of the city, joined the citizens, and advised them to look to their means of defence. They immediately armed and crowded in great numbers about the Savoy, evidently bent on mischief. A priest advanced to meet them, and inquired the cause of their coming; he was told they sought the persons of the Duke and the Lord Marshal, in order to compel them to surrender Sir Peter de la Mere, unjustly detained in prison. The priest was so imprudent as to reply that Sir Peter was a traitor, and deserved to be hanged; the words had scarcely issued from his lips before the cry was raised that he was a Percy in disguise, and he was barbarously murdered. But for the Bishop of London, who on hearing of the riot had hurried to the Savoy, the palace would no doubt have been destroyed, as it was a little later under very similar circumstances. The people, to show their opinion of the Duke, reversed his arms, traitor fashion. The civic authorities were obliged to exhibit a very different demeanour: one of the last audiences given by Edward III. was to the Lord Mayor and Aldermen at Sheen (Richmond), who came to crave pardon of the Duke, in his presence, for their grievous offence. Not the less, however, were they all ousted from office by the powerful Duke, and creatures of his own substituted. The danger that threatened the Savoy on this occasion was only temporarily averted; in 1381 the popular fury burst with terrible effect upon its stately halls and towers. In that year Wat Tyler's insurrection broke out, and soon after the dreaded leader of a hundred thousand desperate men appeared at Blackheath. On the 12th of June, whilst one body marched along the Surrey bank of the Thames and destroyed the furniture and books of Lambeth Palace, another directed their steps towards the Savoy. They there "set fire on it round about, and made proclamation that none, on pain to lose his head, should convert to his own use anything that there was, but that they should break such plate and vessel of gold and silver as was found in that house (which was in great plenty) into small pieces, and throw the same into the river of Thames. Precious stones they should bruise in mortars, that the same might be to no use, and so it was done by them. *One of their companions they burned in the fire, because he minded to have reserved one goodly piece of plate.** They found there certain barrels of gunpowder, which they thought had been gold or silver, and, throwing them into the fire more suddenly than they thought, the

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* Knighton says, when the discovery was made, they forthwith hurried him and the piece of plate into the fire saying, "We are zealous of truth and justice, and not thieves or robbers."

Hall was blown up, the houses destroyed, and themselves very hardly escaped away."*

The same writer mentions in his Chronicles an appalling incident of this affair:—"To the number of two-and-thirty of these rebels entered a cellar of the Savoy, where they drank so much of sweet wines, that they were not able to come out in time, but were shut in with wood and stones, that mured (walled) up the door, where they were heard crying and calling seven days after, but none came to help them out till they were dead."

From this period, during a century and a quarter, the Savoy remained a heap of ruins. About the expiration of that time Henry VII. began to erect an hospital on the site; and to ensure its completion, bequeathed 10,000 marks to the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's for that purpose.

The buildings do not appear to have been completed till the eighth year of Henry VIII., when a master and four chaplains were nominated. During the reign of Edward VI. the hospital, which had become, it is said, a harbour or receiving-place for loiterers, vagabonds, and strumpets, was suppressed, and the revenues given to the newly-erected hospital of Bridewell; but on the accession of Mary was soon re-established. One Jackson took possession of the place as a master, and, says Stow, "the ladies of the court and maidens of honour (a thing not to be forgotten) stored the same of new with beds, bedding, and other furniture, in very ample manner." Among the other historical incidents of the hospital may be mentioned the deprivation of the master, Thomas Thurland, in the reign of Elizabeth, for corruption and embezzlement, and the visits which have at two or three different periods been made to it by commissions to inquire into the disposal of the revenues, &c. The last of these, which sat about the commencement of Anne's reign, sealed the fate of the hospital. It was then found that the purposes of the institution were utterly neglected; and the commissioners entirely deprived the chaplains of their offices, and declared the hospital dissolved. Accounts of the property were immediately taken on the part of the Crown, to which from that time it belonged. The improved value of the rents was then estimated at 2497*l.* 5*s.* 6*d.*

The first of the two great religious meetings that have been held at the Savoy took place a little before Cromwell's death; when the Independents petitioned his Highness for liberty to hold a synod, in order to publish to the world a uniform confession of faith. They were now become a considerable body; their churches being increased both in city and country by the addition of great numbers of rich and substantial persons; but they were not agreed upon any standard of faith or discipline. The petition was opposed by some of the Court, as tending to a separation between the Independents and Presbyterians: "Nor," says Neal, "was the Protector himself fond of it; however, he gave way to their importunity; and, as Mr. Echard represents that matter, when he was moved upon his death-bed to discountenance their petition, he replied—'They must be satisfied, they must be satisfied, or we shall all run back into blood again.'" The meeting took place on the 12th of October, 1658, when ministers and messengers from above one hundred congregational churches met together, and, after eleven or twelve days' deliberation, agreed upon their well-known Declaration of Faith, consisting in all of thirty-three chapters and nearly two hundred distinct articles of belief and discipline. It proceeded essentially on the plan of the Westminster Assembly of 1643, omitting however, among other matters, the chapters relating to the powers of synods, councils, church censures, marriage and divorce, and the power of the civil magistrate in matters of religion. Three years later, on the same spot, was held the Savoy Conference, so famous in ecclesiastical history. On the 25th of March, 1661, royal letters patent were issued, appointing twelve bishops, with nine assisting clergymen, to meet an equal number of Presbyterian divines, at the lodgings of Dr. Sheldon, Bishop of London and master of the Savoy, "to advise upon and review the Book of Common Prayer," &c.; and, "if occasion be, to make such reasonable and necessary alterations, corrections, and amendments as shall be agreed upon to be needful and expedient for the giving satisfaction to tender consciences, and the restoring and continuing of peace and unity" in the Church. Among the eminent men present during the controversy, were Richard Baxter, and Dr. Wallis, the great mathematician. The former, not satisfied with the proceedings, set to work and drew up in a single fortnight an entirely new Liturgy, and offered it for the approval of the Conference. The act gave great offence to the bishops and other members of the Church of England, and they rejected it without examination. Ultimately, after a great number of discussions, carried on in the presence of a numerous audience, the two parties separated without coming to any agreement. A few years later the Savoy was used as an hospital for sailors and soldiers by Charles II., and subsequently as a garrison.

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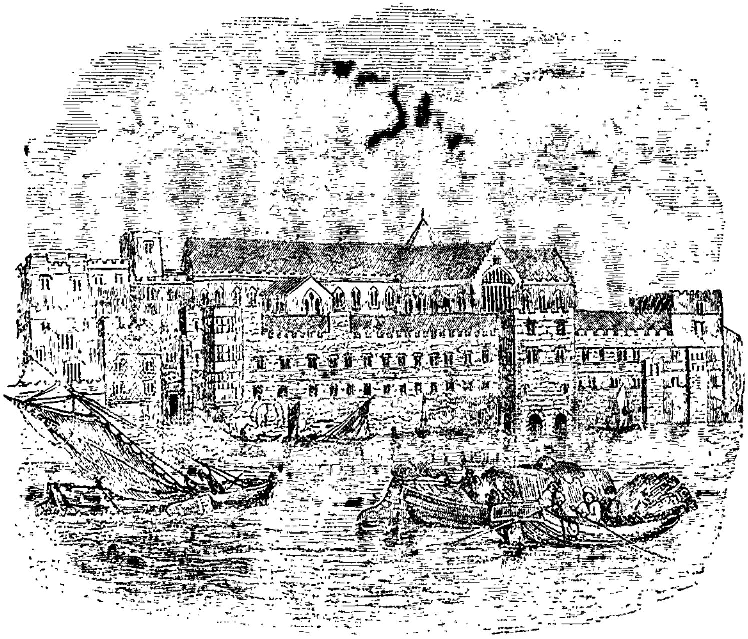
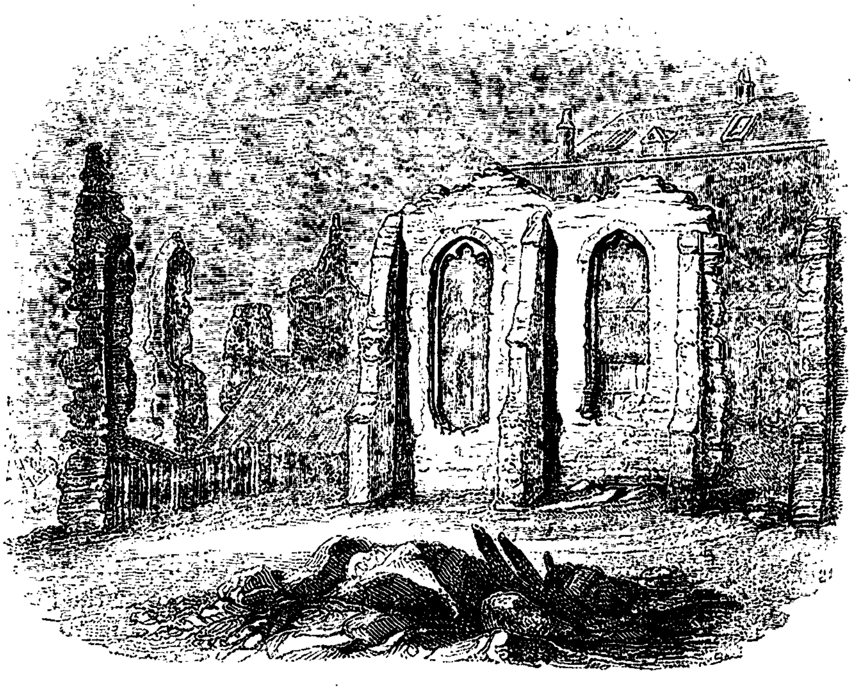
* *Stow's Survey, ed. 1633, p. 491.*



[The Savoy Palace in 1661. From Visscher's 'London.']

A considerable portion of the hospital was, it appears, in ruins as early as the commencement of the last century. It had been built in the form of a cross, with one front towards the Thames, having several projections, and a double row of angular mullioned windows, and another towards the Strand, facing the Friary, with large pointed windows, embattled parapets, and a strong buttressed gateway, bearing the arms and badge of Henry VII., and two Latin lines engraved in large characters, ascribing the foundation to that monarch. During the improvement of the neighbourhood consequent on the erection of Waterloo Bridge, all remains of the Savoy were swept away, with the exception of the Chapel. Let us now enter the "time-honoured" walls of this building. From the burial-ground there is a considerable descent to the floor of the Chapel, and, consequently, instead of the low appearance of the exterior, lofty and noble dimensions here meet the gaze. The roof is perhaps the most striking feature on a first glance. It is covered with minute-looking decorations, consisting of quatrefoils, with circular leaves, enclosing crowns of thorns, carved emblems, shields, &c., which were formerly gilded, and must then have made the roof one blaze of decoration. There are here the remains of an exceedingly beautiful altar-piece, which, as Malcolm has observed, may be from the design of Sir Reginald Bray, the distinguished architect of Henry VII.'s reign. Whoever its author, its intrinsic beauty should have preserved it from the disgraceful treatment it has undergone. On one side it has been almost entirely destroyed to make room for the immense monument of Sir Robert Douglas and his lady, and on the other the beautiful architecture is disfigured by a brass plate to one William Chaworth, and the kneeling effigies of Lady Dalhousie's monument let in (no doubt to the particular satisfaction of the parties concerned



[Ruins of the Savoy, 1711.]

at the ingenuity of the thing) the hollow of the niche, which there forms the most conspicuous object. On each side of the niche is a double panel, terminating originally at the top in delicate pinnacles, and over it is an elaborate canopy. The space between the sides of the altar-piece is occupied by a large piece of worthless daubing. The Douglas monument, before mentioned, exhibits the armed effigy of Sir Robert reclining on his right arm, a work of considerable merit; and a kneeling representation of his lady, in a great hood, behind him. On the western wall, near the altar-piece, is a beautiful ornamented recess, in the back of which have been effigies engraved on brass. Near this is a small tablet to Anne Killigrew, 1685, daughter of one of the masters of the Savoy, Dr. Killigrew, and niece to the well-known jester. This is the lady immortalised by Dryden as

> " A Grace for beauty, and a Muse for wit."

Whilst we are on the subject of the poetical reminiscences of the Savoy, we must not forget to mention that Gawin Douglas (son of the terrible Archibald, surnamed Bell-the-Cat), the translator of Virgil, and a poet himself of high original power, was a resident of the Savoy, and died there of the plague about 1521: he was buried in the chapel. The only other monument requiring notice is a very large and magnificent structure of the Elizabethan era, enriched with pillars, a niche, &c., and having the effigies of a lady extended along its table. Lastly there is the tablet to the memory of the enterprising but unfortunate traveller, Richard Lander. The inscription records briefly the melancholy circumstance of his death. He "died at Fernandez Po, on the 2nd of February, 1834. His death was produced by a gun-shot wound, received from the natives of Africa, by whom he was attacked and plundered whilst ascending the river Niger, for the purpose of introducing into that country the blessings of civilization and the arts of peace." This was indeed altogether a most disastrous expedition; of the crews of the two steam-vessels employed in the expedition under Lander's direction, consisting of forty persons, only nine returned alive. We conclude this notice of the Chapel with the remark that it was appropriated to the use of the inhabitants of the liberty of the Duchy of Lancaster by Queen Elizabeth. Before we quit the Savoy we must visit a tomb in the burial-ground, signifying to all who are interested in the last resting-place of a man of genius that there lies William Hilton, the late Keeper of the Royal Academy. It is not always that honours such as attended his funeral ceremonies are so fitly bestowed. A procession, consisting of a large body of the students of the Academy, followed by numerous mourning-coaches, containing many of the most eminent of the deceased artist's professional brethren, among the list of whose names we find those of De Wint, Blore, Shee, Westmacott, Wyon, Uwins, Eastlake, Chantrey, &c. &c., conveyed his remains to the grave.

The Strand at this part was till a very recent period peculiarly narrow and inconvenient. If the reader will refer to the "Restoration of the ancient thoroughfare from Westminster to London," (the view forming the Frontispiece to Volume I.) he will have a better idea than pages of description could give of the aspect of this part of the Strand in olden times. That view is supposed to be taken from a spot a little beyond the Savoy, the wall of which is there seen occupying so unreasonable a share of the roadway. Passing from ancient to modern periods, who, we may ask, does not remember Old Exeter 'Change, with its stall-like shops, its menagerie, and above all its man at the entrance in the beef-eater costume, stimulating the imagination of many a youthful passer-by, till it could believe anything of the wonders to be shown above? Then there were the paintings, in which the artist with laudable ingenuity succeeded in conveying a very fair idea of elephants, lions, tigers, &c., without running any risk of a violation of the Second Commandment. The elephant too; who does not remember the melancholy circumstance of the poor creature's being shot to death, and how his skeleton afterwards adorned the window of the exhibition, forming himself his own monument in the scene of his exhibitional triumphs? The place itself was not destitute of historical interest, to say nothing of the magnificent bed exhibited here in 1721 "by Mr. Normand Caney," and other matters of a similar kind. The first building on the site, of which we have any record, was erected by Sir Thomas Palmer, Knight, in the reign of Edward VI.; "but of later time," writes Stow, "it hath been far more beautifully increased by the late Sir William Cecil, Baron Burghley." From hence, he adds, there had been "a continual new building even up to the Earl of Bedford's house, lately builded nigh to the Ivy Bridge," from which the present Bedford and Southampton Streets, &c., derive their name. During Cecil's time the house was known by his name, and afterwards from his successors, the Earls of Exeter, as Exeter House; and thus gave name to the 'Change, which is said to have been built by Dr. Barbon, a speculator in houses, in the time of William and Mary. The removal of the 'Change, and the adjoining houses as far as Southampton Street, took place in 1830; and the present handsome building, including the Hall which still perpetuates the ancient name and the ancient recollections, soon rose on their site. The Hall, which is used for the meetings of various religious and political associations, and for interesting musical performances, was opened in 1831. Its great size, one hundred and thirty-eight feet in length, ninety in breadth, and forty-eight in height, enables it to accommodate at least three thousand persons. A magnificent organ of extraordinary size and power has been recently added.

A little beyond Exeter House and the Savoy, on the same side as the latter, was Worcester House, originally the seat of the Bishops of Carlisle; where Clarendon lived during the building of his splendid mansion in Piccadilly, and at that period of his life when the wily Chancellor succeeded in accomplishing an object dear, there is little doubt, to his heart—the marriage of his daughter to the Duke of York, afterwards James II.; though on the discovery of the marriage he professed to feel so shocked as to say to the King that, if the union *had* taken place, he would give a positive judgment that "the king should immediately cause the *woman* to be sent to the Tower, and to be cast into a dungeon, under so strict a guard that no person living should be permitted to come to her, and then that an Act of Parliament should immediately be passed for the cutting off her head, to which he would not only give his consent, but would very willingly be the first man to propose it." At this very time it is stated the Chancellor was labouring in secret to remove all difficulties, and that he overcame the chief one, the Queen Mother's dislike of the match, by engaging to get Parliament to pay her debts. At last all difficulties were removed, the marriage was publicly announced, and the nobility and gentry thronged to Worcester House, where the marriage had taken place, to pay their respects to the new duchess. Elated by this connexion with royalty, no wonder that Clarendon thought little of paying, as he did, the then enormous rent of 500*l.* a-year for Worcester House. The mansion was pulled down by the Duke of Beaufort, and the present buildings bearing his name erected on the site. At the corner house, now occupied by Messrs. Ackermann, lived Lillie the perfumer, whom Steele has commemorated in his 'Tatler;' a more important resident of Beaufort Buildings was Fielding, of whom an interesting anecdote is recorded in the 'Gentleman's Magazine' for 1786. Some parochial taxes for his house having long remained unpaid, in spite of repeated calls, the collector at last signified to the great novelist that it would be impossible to allow any longer delay. In this dilemma Fielding went to Jacob Tonson the bookseller, who also resided in the Strand, and obtained in advance some ten or twelve guineas for a work he had in hand. On his return he met with an old college chum, whom he had not seen for many years, and, finding he had been unfortunate in life, gave him all the money he had just received. On reaching home he was informed the collector had called twice for the taxes. "Fielding's reply was laconic, but memorable:—Friendship has called for the money, and had it; let the collector call again! The reader will be glad to hear that a second application to Jacob Tonson enabled him to satisfy the parish demands."

Between Worcester and Durham Houses stood other large mansions of noblemen; the principal being Rutland House and Cecil House; the latter standing on the site of the existing Cecil and Salisbury Streets. This was built by Robert Cecil, first Earl of Salisbury, a son of the great Burghley, and was a large and stately mansion. It was a part of Cecil House that was turned into the Middle Exchange, consisting of one large room, lined with shops on both sides, extending down to the river, where was a handsome flight of steps for the convenience of those who desired to take boat. It seems to have had a bad kind of reputation, and the popular idea of the purposes to which the place was applied soon found a popular but not very delicate mode of expression, and the nick-name bestowed on it had such an effect, that the Middle Exchange went to ruin, and was, with the other remains of Salisbury House, pulled down by the Earl of Salisbury, and Cecil Street erected in their room, about 1696. All the part now known as the Adelphi was formerly occupied by the buildings, gardens, &c., of Durham House, one of the most interesting of the old Strand palaces. Pennant says the original founder was Anthony de Beck, Patriarch of Jerusalem and Bishop of Durham in the reign of Edward I.; and that Bishop Hatfield, to whom Stow ascribes the foundation, merely rebuilt the place. The latter historian describes a great feast that was held here in the reign of Henry VIII., on the occasion of the "triumphant justing" holden at Westminster, 1540, when the challengers not only feasted the King, Queen, ladies, and all the Court at Durham House, but also "all the Knights and Burgesses of the Common House in the Parliament, and entertained the Mayor of London, with the Aldermen and their wives, at a dinner."

In the reign of Edward VI. the royal Mint was established here, under the direction of the Lord Admiral Seymour, who placed a creature of his own, Sir William Sharrington, in it as master. He calculated on thus obtaining great assistance in his ambitious projects. After his execution Durham House passed into the hands of the Duke of Northumberland, the uncle of the unfortunate Lady Jane Grey; and it was here that, in the beginning of May, 1553, the scheming noble beheld the first part of his plan, in connexion with the throne, accomplished, by the marriage of his son, Lord Guildford Dudley, to Lady Jane. To strengthen himself as much as possible by other powerful alliances, his daughter, Lady Catherine Dudley, at the same time married the eldest son of the Earl of Huntingdon, and a sister of Lady Jane the son of the Earl of Pembroke. The ceremony was, as we may well suppose, under such circumstances, celebrated with extraordinary magnificence. The end of all these arrangements was soon to be known. The King died on the 6th of July following; and Northumberland, after two days' delay (a circumstance of itself almost sufficient to ensure his failure), exhibited the will of the deceased monarch, declaring Lady Jane Grey his successor, to the Lord Mayor and Aldermen of London, and obtained their oaths of allegiance. After the lapse of two days more Lady Jane was conducted from Durham House to the Tower and openly received as queen, much, however, to the sorrow of the amiable victim herself, who felt no sympathy with the projects of her cold-hearted, calculating relative. Seldom indeed has a more pitiable sacrifice been offered up on the altar of ambition. Young, graceful, and pretty, if not beautiful, she at the same time possessed all the qualities that would have cheered, adorned, or elevated the domestic hearth. The partisans of Mary in the mean time were actively at work; they had gathered a numerous body of adherents together—they were bold and energetic. Collecting all his retinue at Durham House, his carts laden with ammunition, his artillery and field-pieces, the Earl set out, at the head of six thousand men, to attack them. In his absence the Council went over in a body to Mary; his troops deserted; and at last, to save his life, he endeavoured to make a virtue of necessity by proclaiming Queen Mary at Cambridge. The result is but too well known. The innocent and the guilty alike fell; the former, however, by whom we more particularly refer to Lady Jane and her youthful husband, were the last who suffered,—and might perhaps have been altogether spared, even by the vindictive and merciless Mary, but for Wyatt's ill-managed insurrection. To continue the history of Durham House :—its next eminent inhabitant was Sir Walter Raleigh, to whom it was granted by Elizabeth; but the grant appears to have been made without sufficient right in the maker, for Sir Walter was dispossessed of it by the Bishops of Durham. During the reign of James I. the stables of the mansion, fronting the Strand, which had become very ruinous and unsightly, were pulled down, and the New Exchange raised in their room. It was completed in 1608, and opened in the presence of the King (James), the Queen, and the Royal Family, and was splendidly decorated for the occasion. It then received the name from the former of Britain's Bursse. The shops generally were occupied by milliners and sempstresses, among whom the Duchess of Tyrconnel, wife of Richard Talbot, Lord Deputy of Ireland under James II., after the abdication of the one and the death of the other, is said to have supported herself for a short time by engaging in the usual trade of the place. She sat in a white mask and a white dress, a circumstance which caused her to be known as the "White Milliner." Almost from its first erection the *Middle* Exchange became a favourite place of resort. It was here that a Mr. Gerard was walking one day planning how he should best carry into execution the plot in which he was engaged,—the assassination of Cromwell,—when he was insulted by the Portuguese Ambassador, and resented it so warmly that the latter in revenge the next day sent a set of bravoes to murder him: his murderers mistook their victim, and killed another man. The dénouement is curious as well as tragical:—Don Pantaleon, the ambassador, was tried, found guilty, and executed. On the scaffold he met the very party he had intended to destroy, Mr. Gerard, whose plot in the interim had been discovered.

As we approach Charing Cross we are again reminded, by the magnificent pile of buildings on the northern side, that improvement has here too been busily at work of late years. Were not the alterations indeed so recent, one might almost fancy Malcolm had been dozing over his ponderous labours, and unconsciously written in that state the passage where he talks of the Strand facing Northumberland House being "perhaps more confined than in any other portion of that busy street." Who now, standing beside the mansion referred to, and looking along the Strand, can fancy such a state of things as existing but ten or twelve years ago?

Several important edifices have sprung up to the great adornment of the Strand in consequence of the recent improvements, in addition to the Hall before mentioned; such as the British Fire Office, a grand and characteristic edifice, designed by Mr. Cockerell; and the Lowther Arcade, one of those elegant nests of shops which it would be desirable to see more commonly in populous places, were it only for the shelter they afford from the variations of our uncertain climate, and from the noise, bustle, and confusion of the great thoroughfares: the latter was designed and executed by Mr. Herbert. We do not here refer, otherwise than by this passing notice, to the improvements connected with the two principal theatres of the Strand, or to those connected with Hungerford Market, as we shall have other and more favourable opportunities of so doing. With York House and Northumberland House then we shall now complete our notices of the more interesting features of this great thoroughfare.

At the corner of Villiers Street, in the house occupied by Messrs. Roake and Varty, is still preserved a portion of the old ceiling of the house where the great Bacon first saw the light. It was then occupied by his father, Sir Nicholas Bacon, as Keeper of the Great Seal. Originally the building had been the inn of the Bishops of Norwich; by exchange it passed first through the hands of the monks of St. Bennet Holme in Norfolk, and then, in 1535, to Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk. Having become vested in the Crown by the attainder of that nobleman, it was given by Queen Mary to the Archbishops of York, who, since Wolsey's loss of York Place (Whitehall), had possessed no metropolitan residence:—it then took the name of York House. It again reverted to the Crown in the time of James I., by exchange for certain manors, and was appropriated to the use of the Keepers of the Great Seal. Sir Nicholas Bacon resided here for many years during the period he held the office, and was succeeded by Egerton, who, when retiring into private life on account of his age and growing infirmities, recommended to James as his successor the son of Sir Nicholas, who had, as we have before mentioned, been born in this very house. Strange must have been the feelings of the man as he came back once more to the scene where the boy had spent so many happy hours! From hence he used to wander about with his favourite playmates, whom he would abruptly quit whenever the humour seized him, to inquire into some natural phenomena which he did not understand. On one occasion of this kind he was found in St. James's Street, investigating the cause of an echo he had there discovered. Here, too, many a flattering mark of royal favour had been lavished upon him—Elizabeth frequently calling him her young Lord Keeper, and applauding his address and ingenuity. Bacon indeed was as early a courtier as philosopher. When the Queen once asked him how old he was, the ready-witted boy replied, "I am just two years older than your Majesty's happy reign"—and Elizabeth desired no better system of chronology. Arduous had been his exertions since the time to which these memories belonged. On leaving the parental halls he had had to work his way upwards almost unassisted through the different phases of a career that, under the most favourable circumstances, is seldom rapid; barrister, bencher, counsel extraordinary, registrar of the Star Chamber, member of parliament, solicitor-general, attorney-general, keeper,—these were the steps of his advancement that he looked back upon as he entered York House, now at the summit of his ambition—Lord High Chancellor of England. Three years later the chambers of the magnificent mansion were thronged with troops of friends—it was the Chancellor's birthday; he was now in his sixtieth year. Among those present was Ben Jonson, who in some excellent verses has recorded his impressions of the scene and of the great and accomplished man who was the chief actor in it. All things, he says, seemed to smile about the old house, "the fire, the wine, the men;" and he speaks of Bacon as

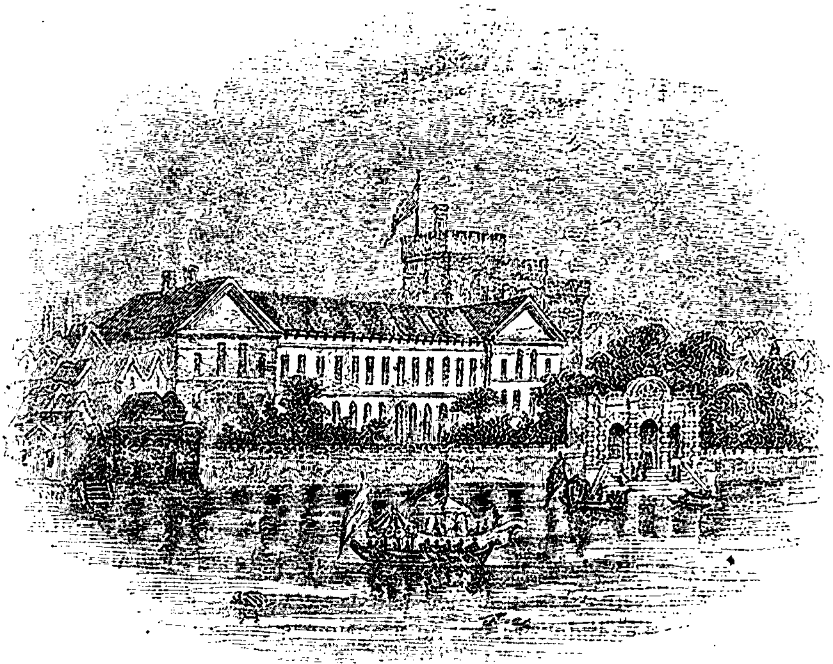
> "England's high Chancellor, the destin'd heir,
> In his soft cradle, to his father's chair,
> Whose even thread the Fates spin round and full,
> Out of their choicest and their whitest wool."

What must Jonson have thought a year later, when in the very same halls so different a scene was presented; when the Committee of the House of Lords waited upon the Chancellor, to know personally whether the confession of guilt he had sent them, involving the grossest corruption in his high office, was really his; and the unhappy man could only reply, "My Lords, it is my act, my hand, my heart; I beseech your Lordships to be merciful to a broken reed?"

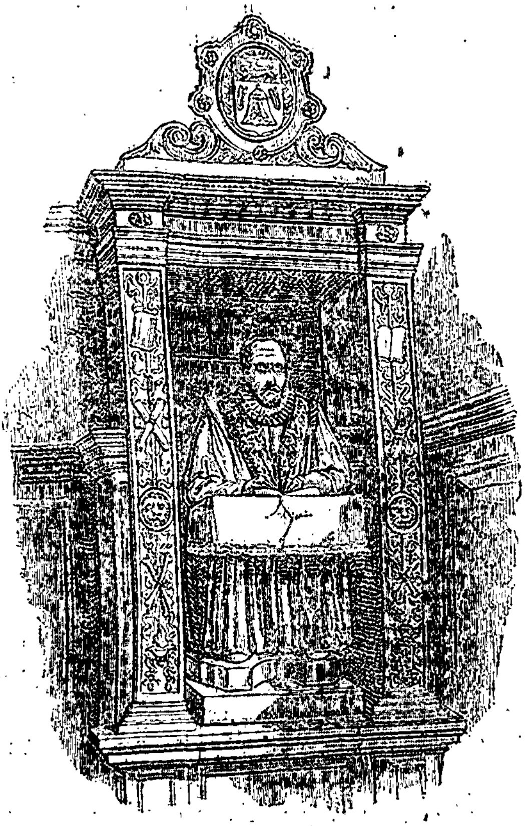
York House was now "assured" to the King by an act of parliament, who hastened to bestow it on his favourite "Steenie," Villiers, Duke of Buckingham. Great alterations and improvements in consequence took place, until the whole presented the appearance shown in the engraving at the end of our paper. It is to this period we owe the only existing remains of York House, (with the exception of the ceiling)—the beautiful water-gate at the end of Buckingham Street, and which stands a little eastward of the site of the mansion. This is one of Inigo Jones's finest works. The material is of Portland stone. On the pediment which adorns the river front are the arms of its founder. Buckingham did not long enjoy his new possessions. He was murdered in 1628, and his murderer died on the scaffold, not only himself satisfied of the justice of the act, but blessed by the people generally for it. Such a fact speaks volumes as to the character of this owner of York House. In 1649 the Parliament bestowed York House on their general, Fairfax, whose daughter married George Villiers, the second duke, and thus re-conveyed it into the Buckingham family. By this nobleman the estate was sold for building purposes, and the streets bearing his title were shortly afterwards built.

Northumberland House, the last remaining representative of the old palatial character of the Strand, stands on the site of an hospital or chapel of St. Mary, founded in the reign of Henry III. by William, Earl of Pembroke, on a piece of ground which he had given to the priory of Rouncivalle in Navarre. In the reign of Henry V. the hospital was suppressed, as belonging to an alien monastery, with all the other houses of that kind in the kingdom; but was again restored by Edward IV., to be finally dissolved at the Reformation. About the beginning of the seventeenth century the site passed into the possession of Henry Howard, Earl of Northampton, son of the poet Surrey, who erected a splendid mansion, and died here in 1614. Descending then to the Earl of Suffolk, the name was changed from Northampton to Suffolk House, and again to the present title, Northumberland House, on the marriage of the daughter of the second Earl of Suffolk with Algernon Percy, tenth Earl of Northumberland, in 1642. The edifice originally consisted of three sides of a spacious quadrangle, the fourth, facing the Thames, being open. Jansen is said to have been the architect, but the front is supposed to be from the designs of Christmas, who rebuilt Aldersgate in the same reign. A fourth side was added by Earl Algernon from the designs of Inigo Jones. Lastly, towards the close of the eighteenth century, two new wings were attached to the garden front, and all but the central division, including the gateway (the work of Christmas), of the front next the Strand was rebuilt. The existing edifice is in every way worthy of the representative character we have mentioned, as well as of the ancient family to which it belongs. Immediately behind that long front, with its conspicuous lion, the badge of the Percies, extends a spacious court-yard surrounded by the buildings before referred to. From the principal entrance, a magnificent staircase, lighted by a beautiful lantern, leads to the principal apartments; the stairs and landings of white marble finely contrasting with the rich carpets which partially cover them, and with the gilt bronzed balusters and chandeliers. The mansion is rich in works of art. In the dining-room is Titian's celebrated picture of the Cornaro family, one of the painter's masterpieces; a Sebastian Bound, by Guercino; a small Adoration of the Shepherds, by Giacomo Bassano; a Fox and Deer Hunt by Synders; a Holy Family by Jordaens; and a picture containing three portraits by Vandyke. This brief enumeration may give some idea of the artistical wealth of Northumberland House. In the long and lofty gallery, a most splendidly ornamented place, are copies of several great pictures by Raphael, Annibale Carracci, and Guido Reni, of more than ordinary excellence. The drawing-room is richly decorated with arabesques and paintings intermingled. A suite of three apartments, used for the reception of evening parties, are distinguished by the solid magnificence of their decorations. In one of them are vases of the finest Florentine mosaic, imitating plants, bunches of fruit, birds, animals, &c., in the most happy manner. From the windows are seen the beautiful gardens extending down to the Thames, forming a noble background to the picture. The memories of Northumberland

House deserve a few concluding words. It was here that in 1660 General Monk, and many other of the principal nobility and gentry who agreed in his views, met by invitation of Earl Algernon to concert measures for the restoration of Charles; and in all probability it was here also that Goldsmith, when waiting upon the Earl of Northumberland, at the latter's own request, mistook the Earl's gentleman for the Earl, and only discovered his error after the delivery of a carefully prepared address. The poet's mortification was so great, that he immediately left the house, and gave up whatever hopes he had founded on so promising an invitation.



[York House.]



[Stow's Monument, in the Church of St. Andrew Undershaft.]

XXXVII.—LONDON ANTIQUARIES.

Few words spoken among men have, or have ever had, so much significancy for the imagination as the word London. Rarely has a single name been so full of meaning to so many minds, or been gifted with the power of awakening so many various trains of reflection. Perhaps the first thought that is apt to be called up by the name is of the height of modern civilization and splendour—the newest of all that is new on earth, the busiest, hottest activity of the social elements now in action among living human beings; but the next direction in which it sets the meditative faculty a-spinning is the opposite of all this—away back to the old buried world—to the social life that was, and is no longer—to the dream and the mystery of the far past, which seems to every one of us like the previous part of a journey we have ourselves travelled—a scene we have known in some former state of existence, and yet so wholly different from the reality around us that we can with difficulty conceive the strange drama to have been played on this same globe, or by beings having like passions with ourselves. The dead who have been dust for it may be twenty centuries were then what we are now, the animating soul of the scene, the diversified crowd filling it with life and motion and all the struggle and turmoil of humanity. The imagination has scarcely a more affecting or arresting picture than this, in which life and death, the present and the past, the evanescent and the enduring, meet together, as it were, in a war embrace. Or if the former era to which we turn be comparatively recent, it is still the same; still the scene in which the men of that other time moved about remains, at the least the sure and firm-set earth on which they trode, and the everlasting heaven over it, but the men themselves are passed away for ever. Probably in this case even the works of their hands, for the most part, are yet all around us—the monuments which they reared, the streets which they paved and walked upon, the houses which they built and dwelt in, while they who once possessed them are all vanished. If any one of us were to come upon a great city, like that in the Arabian tale, not in ruins or decay, but presenting all the appearances of recent occupancy, yet with its streets silent and every house untenanted, how should we be excited and thrilled by so touching a sight! Yet is not every old town even such a spectacle? Full as it may be of inhabitants, its streets and dwellings are as completely deserted by those who once filled them as those of the absolutely depopulated city in the tale. We have but to forget the new generation that has taken their place, and the impressive picture is before us of a solitude amid standing temples and towers, and furnished tenements, as perfect as that of Pompeii itself.

London is probably the oldest great city now existing on this side the Alps. Its existence, as a capital, reaches back, even like that of Rome itself, to the days of what we call the ancient world, as if it were literally another world divided by some mighty gulf from ours, or as if the beings that then inhabited the earth were of another species; and over the whole of this extended space its history carries back the eye of contemplation in one continuous line of view, dimmer indeed in some places than in others, but nowhere absolutely broken, so that we behold as it were following each other in long procession, and combined into one many-coloured multitude, all the successive races and generations that have kept up the ferment of social existence on this spot of earth, from the half-wild Britons and the Roman colonists, passing away in the extreme distance, to the Popes and the Swifts, the Addisons and the Steeles, who are still individually and distinctly visible, and the Burkes and the Johnsons, whose very voices we seem to hear as they move about almost under our eyes.

> "Not rude nor barren are the winding ways
> Of hoar antiquity, but strewn with flowers,"

one has said who was himself both an antiquary and a poet; and doubtless there is at least in some departments of antiquarianism no want of excitement and gratification for the poetical temperament. No mere history or description revives the past, and makes it again present to us, so vividly as the sight of the actual spot to which the history relates; however this is to be explained, all have felt it who have ever looked upon a celebrated old building or ruin, or even found themselves on ground that has been illustrated by any great event, though nothing but the name remains to recall what once was. The very air seems to preserve something of the life of those who once breathed it, even if nothing of their handiwork be there; every natural sight and sound has to our fancies caught a portion of their spirit; or, what is equally good and more strictly true, these natural features and elemental influences, surviving the flight of hundreds or, it may be, thousands of years, were actually part of the being of the men of that by-gone time, had contributed to make them what they were, had nourished and formed their moral and intellectual nature, were among the things that supplied ideas and pictures to their imaginations, passions and affections to their hearts. Even thus, as still the blue Ægean tumbles among its sunny isles, did the Ocean, from childhood to blind old age, paint itself to the mind of Homer; even as at this day "the mountains look on Marathon, and Marathon looks on the sea," did that scenery send down its melancholy grandeur into the eyes and the souls of Miltiades and his little host encamped there three-and-twenty centuries ago. The works of men's hands, again, that have long outlasted their authors and the generations once familiar with them, are almost equally interesting whether they remain uninjured or have fallen into decay and ruin,—whether they surprise us by bringing the past back in all its entireness, or perplex us with the strange changes that the lapse of time has wrought. A great city, in particular, if it be of ancient foundation, will always furnish matter of this latter kind in abundance; and perhaps there is no richer storehouse of such metamorphoses than our own London, which, as the capital of the kingdom since the foundation of the monarchy, has been illustrated by so many famous events and has served as the head-quarters of most of the remarkable *dramatis personæ* of the national history, while it has also, from the pre-eminent opulence and commercial activity of which it has long been the centre, been subjected to perhaps as frequent and extensive renovation of all kinds as any other town, at least in modern Europe, that has any pretensions to be compared with it in point of extent. Forests as ancient as the creation rooted out—lakes and marshes drained—streams that originally diffused their water in permanent inundations bridled and taught to flow within artificial embankments—natural heights levelled and hollows filled up—here a passage partially excavated through the soil, there a channel covered over and concealed—fields and farms, where once was to be seen only the corn growing or the cattle browzing, converted into streets and squares, and resounding with the swarm of men;—and then, again, among the streets and buildings themselves, the sites of old renown obliterated and almost passed away from remembrance, the public monuments of other times to be found by the curious searcher only in their foundations under the earth, the palaces of kings and nobles become the workshops of mechanical industry or the warehouses of trade, the former high places of business or recreation abandoned to neglect and silence;—these mementos and visions of mutability, and such as these, disclose themselves in London to the inquiring and contemplative spirit at every turn. It is all over an exhibition of what Spenser has called

> " the ever-whirling wheel
> Of Change, the which all mortal things doth sway."

Among the earliest investigators of the antiquities of London, or of the class of inquirers and writers properly entitled to be called London Antiquaries, to some notices of the most remarkable of whom the present paper will be devoted, are the two chroniclers Fabian and Arnold. They afford an illustration of what has been said as to the natural alliance of antiquarianism and poetry; for both were poets as well as antiquaries and chroniclers. Both figure in the pages of the great historian of our English poetry, Warton, who introduces his account of Fabian by anticipating the surprise of his readers at finding "a mercer, a sheriff, and an alderman of London descending from his important occupations to write verses." Fabian was certainly rather an uncommon sort of alderman. "He was esteemed," Warton goes on to tell us, "not only the most facetious, but the most learned, of all the mercers, sheriffs, and aldermen of his time; and no layman of that age is said to have been better skilled in the Latin language." Undoubtedly, however high we might be disposed to rate the qualifications of their worships for the discharge of their more appropriate functions, such as presiding on criminal trials at the Old Bailey, or witching the world with noble horsemanship in a great civic procession, one would hardly think now-a-days of looking among their number for the greatest classical scholar of the time. Fabian's 'Chronicle, or Concordance of Histories,' comes down, in the first edition, to the year 1485; and it is in this work that his verses are found, narratives, soliloquies, and other pieces, introduced usually at the divisions between the Books. Warton is not laudatory in his account of the worthy alderman's metre:—"Our author's transitions from prose to verse," he remarks, "in the course of a prolix narrative, seem to be made with much ease; and when he begins to versify the historian disappears only by the addition of rhyme and stanza." Nor is he less severe upon poor Fabian's historical merits. "As an historian," says Warton, "our author is the dullest of compilers. He is equally attentive to the succession of the Mayors of London, and of the monarchs of England; and seems to have thought the dinners at Guildhall, and the pageantries of the City companies, more interesting transactions than our victories in France, and our struggles for public liberty at home. One of Fabian's historical anecdotes, under the important reign of Henry V., is, that a new weathercock was placed on the cross of St. Paul's steeple." But the truth is, these notices of little matters generally considered beneath the dignity of history, though more illustrative of the manners and spirit of the past than the greater part of what is found in ordinary histories, give its chief value and interest to Fabian's work. In descanting on the dinners at Guildhall and the pageantries of the City companies he talks to us at any rate of things that he really knew and understood and had a genuine feeling for, which is in all cases the best course that any writer can take: in tracing the course of the national "struggles for public liberty," he would not, we take it, have been quite so completely at home, and we are just as well pleased therefore that he has let that subject very much alone—even treating it and all its grandeur as subordinate in importance to the history of the weathercocks on St. Paul's. Warton, with all his love of old literature, had little of the London antiquary, or perhaps of the topographical antiquary at all, in him, else he would not have made such contemptuous mention of the information Fabian has preserved as to matters of this kind. Why should the chronology of the successive weathercocks on St. Paul's not be as faithfully recorded as that of many other things about which history is wont to busy itself? the succession, for instance, of prime ministers and cabinets, which, after all, are but the weathercocks that show how the winds of party blow?—nay, are hardly entitled to be classed so high among the indicators of the state of the times as weathercocks, for they are apt to be not only turned but sometimes turned out by the changes of weather to which they are obedient;—they are in fact made and unmade, as well as moved, by the currents and commotions of the political atmosphere, and may be better likened to straws and feathers caught up by the air than to weathercocks.

Fabian is supposed to have died in 1512. Arnold's 'Chronicle, or Customs of London,' appeared in 1521. To Arnold we owe, if not the authorship, at least the preservation of the beautiful old ballad of the 'Nut-brown Maid.' His curious volume "is perhaps," says Warton, "the most heterogeneous and multifarious miscellany that ever existed. The collector sets out with a catalogue of the mayors and sheriffs, the customs and charters of the City of London. Soon afterwards we have receipts to pickle sturgeon, to make vinegar, ink, and gunpowder; how to raise parsley in an hour; the arts of brewery and soap-making; an estimate of the livings in London; an account of the last visitation of St. Magnus's church; the weight of Essex cheese; and a letter to Cardinal Wolsey. The 'Nut-brown Maid' is introduced between an estimate of some subsidies paid into the exchequer, and directions for buying goods in Flanders. In a word, it seems to have been this compiler's plan, by way of making up a volume, to print together all the notices and papers, whether ancient or modern, which he could amass, of every sort and subject." But this omne-gatherum turn is one of the characteristics of your true antiquary—nor, were it but for the sake of the 'Nut-brown Maid' alone, ought either historian or lover of our early poetry to be scandalized at the compass and varied voracity of Arnold's literary appetite, though it does range from poetry to pickling, from sturgeons to Lord Mayors.

Fabian and Arnold, and after them Leland, Norden, Camden, and others, all broke ground in different parts of the great field of the antiquities of London: but the first trudger and trencher of the field in its whole extent was the excellent John Stow. His venerable tome lies as the foundation of all that has yet been written on the subject; indeed it has supplied the most valuable part of every work that has since appeared calling itself a history or survey of London. He and it therefore claim our particular notice here; and there is much curious matter both in Stow's biography and in his books. He was born in the year 1525, in the reign of Henry VIII., and died in 1605, a few years after the accession of James I., having thus in the beginning of his earthly pilgrimage of eighty summers and winters witnessed the substitution of a new religion in the Church, and at its close the establishment of a new family on the throne. Stow's antiquarian taste possibly did not greatly relish either of these changes, the first more especially; but his love of the past also drew him away from what was going on around him, and that and his moderate temper and good sense together got him out of any trouble into which his known or suspected opinions brought him. In the year 1568 his collection of manuscripts and other old volumes exposed him to some danger: "report," we are told by his biographer Strype, "was brought to the Queen's Council, as though he were a suspicious person, and had a great many dangerous books of superstition in his custody." The Council thereupon sent to Grindall, the Bishop of London, to cause the poor antiquary's study to be searched; and the bishop's chaplain and two other divines were accordingly despatched to his house, and overhauled all his literary treasures. To this curious proceeding, so expressive of the state and spirit of the time, we are indebted for an account of the contents of Stow's library, which is interesting. The three divines reported to the bishop that in the first place he had great collections of his own for the English chronicles; upon which, as the chaplain particularly remarked, he seemed to have bestowed much labour. They found also many printed old books, among which were some fabulous, such as 'Sir Degory Triamour,' &c.; "and a great parcel of old manuscript chronicles, both in parchment and paper." And then the report went on to state "that, besides, he had miscellaneous tracts, touching physic, surgery, and herbs, and medicinal recipes; and also fantastical old Popish books printed in old time; also others written in old English in parchment." "But," it is added, "another sort of books he had more modern; of which the said searchers thought fit to take an inventory, as likely most to touch him; and they were books lately set forth in the realm or beyond sea in defence of papistry. Which books, as the chaplain said, declared him a great fautor of that religion." A list of some of these papistical books is appended; among them are treatises by Bonner, Edgeworth, Pollard, and other Romish divines; but it is probable, after all, that our antiquary had been led to collect them and store them up rather as curiosities, as the relics of an order of things passed or fast passing away, than from any strong affection he felt for the doctrinal theology expounded in them. We believe he would not have been the man to disturb the fabric of the old religion, any more than he would have been inclined to pull down any other fabric venerable for its antiquity, however much it might stand in the way of modern notions of propriety or convenience; at any rate it was his business to preserve the memory of whatever was in danger of being forgotten and doomed to oblivion by the rest of the world. Like Spenser's Eumnestes,

> "This man of infinite remembrance was,
> And things foregone through many ages held,
> Which he recorded still as they did pass,
> Ne suffer'd them to perish through long eld."

Strype is inclined to think that he came at length "to have a good opinion of the Church of England;" "for," adds that grave narrator, whose dulness, however, is more amusing than the liveliness of most other writers, "in the reign of Queen Elizabeth he hath somewhere this expression, 'that doctrine is more pure now than it was in the monkish world;' but whether he spake it ironically or in earnest, I do not dispute." What or whether anything befell Stow in consequence of the chaplain's report is not recorded; and it may be hoped that he got out of the scrape without any more serious annoyance; at least we trust they did not plunder him of any of his beloved books, either printed or manuscript, on parchment or on common paper.

Stow, it seems, is an ancient London name; and our antiquary, who was born in the city whose history he has done so much to illustrate, although but of humble parentage, was not altogether a *novus homo*. "*Certain it is*," writes the solemn Strype, "that, as St. Paul made it his boast, as *to the flesh, that* he was an Hebrew of the Hebrews; so John Stow was a *citizen born of citizens of*

London; for both his father and his grandfather were citizens, and tradesmen of good substance and credit, dwelling in Cornhill, the chief place of trade and credit in the city; and both lying buried in St. Michael's Cornhill Church, under monuments: Thomas Stow, his grandfather, buried about the year 1526; and Thomas Stow, his father, in the year 1559; as himself writes in Cornhill ward." In this same church, by the by, was buried Stow's predecessor in his favourite pursuit, Robert Fabian, alderman, also under a monument, which however was gone when Stow wrote his Survey, although he has preserved some moral verses, not unlikely to have been of the alderman's own composition, which were inscribed on it. And here, it appears, in the same family burying-place, Stow's great-grandfather also lay; so that the family had been established in this parish for a long while. Strype, in his edition of the 'Survey of London,' has furnished, from the Register, the will of the first Thomas Stow, the chronicler's grandfather, which helps to show the condition of the family, and is also curious as a specimen of the time—the last hours of popery in England. The testator designates himself Citizen and Tallow-chandler; and, after bequeathing his soul to "Jesus Christ and our blessed Lady St. Mary the Virgin," and his body to be buried "in the little green churchyard of the parish church of St. Michael in Cornhill, between the cross and the church-wall, nigh the wall as may be," by his father and mother, sisters and brothers, and also his own children, he proceeds:—"Also I bequeath to the high altar of the aforesaid church, for my tithes forgotten, 12*d.* Item, to Jesu's Brotherhood, 12*d.* I give to our Lady and St. —— Brotherhood 12*d.* I give to St. Christopher and St. George 12*d.* Also, I give to the seven altars in the church aforesaid, in the worship of the seven sacraments, every year during three years, 20*d.* Item, 5*s.* to have on every altar a watching candle, burning from six of the clock till it be past seven, in worship of the seven sacraments; and this candle shall begin to burn and to be set upon the altar from All Hallowen-day till it be Candlemas-day following; and it shall be watching-candle, of eight in the pound. Also, I give to the brotherhood of Clerks to drink, 20*d.* Also, I give to them that shall bear me to church every man 4*d.* Also, I give to a poor man or woman, every Sunday in one year, 1*d.*, to say five Paternosters and Aves and a Creed for my soul. Also, I give to the reparations of Paul's 8*d.* Also, I will have six new torches, and two torches of St. Michael, and two of St. Anne, and two of St. Christopher, and two of Jesus, of the best torches." The notion that the old tallow-chandler had of the light of the Gospel seems to have been somewhat professional. Having thus settled the important matter of the watching-candles and the torches, he has little more to say; but in a few words he bequeaths to his son Thomas (probably the only one of his children that survived), "20*l.* in stuff of household," that is to say, as he goes on to explain, his great melting-pan, with all the instruments thereto belonging; and also 6*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* in plate; namely, "a nut," of silver gilt, of the value of 2*l.* 18*s.* 4*d.*; "a pounced piece," weighing above six ounces, of the value of 2*l.*; "a mass of a pint," valued at 1*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*; and a "little macer," of the value of 13*s.* 4*d.* (making in all, by the by, if the figures be rightly given by Strype, 5*s.* more than the sum first mentioned). And he concludes by naming his wife Elizabeth as his executrix.

Strype also gives us an abstract of the will of Stow's mother, Margaret Stow, made in June 1568, shortly before her death. In this there is no popery: she merely bequeaths 30*s*. to bury her decently; 10*s*. to her children and friends, "to drink withall after the funeral;" 5*s*. to the poor in bread; 6*s*. 8*d*. to the Company of Tallow-chandlers, to follow her corpse to the church; and legacies to her four sons and three daughters, but, of them all, to John, the eldest, the least, that is to say, only 5*l*. We should infer from all this that the antiquary's father was, like his grandfather, a tallow-chandler; but Strype chooses to conceive, though he gives neither authority nor reasons for his notion, that Stow followed "his father's trade and calling, whatever it were;" and then he proceeds to show that he was a tailor. He is called expressly "Stow, the tailor," in Grindall's report to the Privy Council of the search made among his books by the three divines, "which perhaps," observes his biographer, "might be more than barely relating to the Company of Merchant Tailors, whereof he was free. It might bespeak him a tailor by trade; since in former times in Cornhill men of that occupation lived and had their shops; who were then of more reputation and wealth than of later times those of that calling are. . . . These shopkeepers, as they sold cloth out of the piece, so they seemed also sometimes to make and fit it up for wearing. And in Birching Lane, and along thence in Cornhill, westward, lived upholders, or frippers, that is, such as sold apparel and old household stuff. These were not of equal credit with the drapers and tailors, but yet their trades came near."

However, it is pretty clear that Stow's trade was really that of a tailor. Strype assumes that he lived and carried on business originally in Cornhill; but of this we find no evidence. In 1549, it appears, he dwelt near the Pump in Aldgate. This we learn from a remarkable incident which he relates in his account of Aldgate ward in his 'Survey.' During the great insurrection of the commons in Norfolk, Suffolk, Essex, and other shires, which broke out in the above-mentioned year, the third of Edward VI., "strait orders," says Stow, "being taken for the suppression of rumours, divers persons were apprehended and executed by martial law, amongst the which the bailiff of Rumford in Essex was one, a man very well beloved. He was early in the morning of Mary Magdalen's day (then kept holiday) brought by the sheriffs of London and the knight marshal to the well within Aldgate, there to be executed upon a gibbet set up that morning; where, being on the ladder, he had words to this effect:—'Good people, I am come hither to die, but know not for what offence, except for words by me spoken yesternight to Sir Stephen, curate and preacher of this parish, which were these: He asked me, What news in the country? I answered, Heavy news. Why? quoth he. It is said, quoth I, that many men be up in Essex, but, thanks be to God, all is in good quiet about us. And this was all, as God be my judge,' &c. Upon these words of the prisoner, Sir Stephen, to avoid reproach of the people, left the city, and was never heard of since amongst them to my knowledge. I heard the words of the prisoner, for he was executed upon the pavement of my door, where I then kept house." This was the same Sir Stephen, the fanatic curate of St. Catherine Cree, whose sermon preached a short time before this at Paul's Cross occasioned the destruction of the ancient Maypole from which the church of St. Andrew Undershaft derived its name, as also related by Stow in a passage quoted in a preceding paper.*

We may here give another story which Stow tells, and which also has some bearing upon his family history. Where is now the hall of the Company of Drapers, on the north side of Throgmorton Street, stood formerly a sumptuous palace erected in the place of a number of old and small tenements by Sir Thomas Cromwell, afterwards Lord Cromwell and Earl of Essex, the famous minion of Henry VIII. "This house being finished," writes Stow, in his description of Broad Street ward, "and having some reasonable plot of ground left for a garden, he (Cromwell) caused the pales of the gardens adjoining to the north part thereof on a sudden to be taken down, twenty-two foot to be measured forth right into the north of every man's ground, a line there to be drawn, a trench to be cast, a foundation laid, and an high wall to be builded. My father had a garden there, and there was a house standing close to his south pale; this house they loosed from the ground, and bare upon rollers into my father's garden twenty-two foot ere my father heard thereof; no warning was given him, nor other answer, when he spake to the surveyors of that work, but that their master, Sir Thomas, commanded them so to do. No man durst go to argue the matter, but each man lost his land; and my father paid his whole rent, which was 6*s.* 8*d.* the year, for that half which was left." "This much," adds our antiquary, in the quiet, yet pungent, way in which he sometimes permits himself to give expression to a strong feeling, "of mine own knowledge have I thought good to note, that the sudden rising of some men causeth them to forget themselves." The house which was so summarily disposed of was no doubt of wood, like almost all the houses of moderate dimensions of that age. The cool impudence of the proceeding, affecting, as it were, to make the poor plundered citizens believe that their gardens remained as large as ever, and that the apparent curtailment was a mere fancy of their bewildered optics or dreaming imaginations, gives a touch of humour to a picture of flagrant insolence and oppression.

Stow had probably often played in this garden when a boy. Another spot with which he was familiar in his early years is commemorated in his account of the former condition of the district lying to the north-west of Tower Hill, now called Goodman's Fields, and of the origin of that name. Near adjoining to the nunnery of the Minories, "on the south side thereof," he writes, "was sometime a farm belonging to the said nunnery, at the which farm I myself, in my youth, have fetched many a halfpenny-worth of milk, and never had less than three ale-pints for a halfpenny in the summer, nor less than one ale-quart for a halfpenny in the winter, always hot from the kine, as the same was milked and strained. One Trolop, and afterwards Goodman, were the farmers there, and had thirty or forty kine to the pail. Goodman's son, being heir to his father's purchase, let out the ground, first for grazing of horses, and then for garden-plots, and lived like a gentleman thereby." Our antiquary probably intended this anecdote to be received as a proof of the greater plenty of former days; but it is in truth rather an illustration of the scarcity of halfpence than of the abundance of milk.

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* See vol. i. p. 174, 'The Old Spring Time in London.'

Afterwards, according to Strype, Stow removed to the parish of St. Andrew's in Lime Street ward, and there continued to live till his death, "following his beloved study of the history and antiquity of England more than his trade." His biographer determines that it was about the year 1560 that "he addressed all his cares and cogitations to these searches for the composing of a chronicle." His 'Chronicle,' in its first form of an abridgment, or, as he entitled it, a 'Summary of the Chronicles of England,' was first published in 1565, and was often reprinted during his life, and also several times after his death. The early editions are very minute volumes, manuals or vade-mecums, apparently intended for being carried in the pocket. It was not till some years later that he published his larger 'Chronicle,' entitled his 'Annals,' of which there were also several reprints during his life and afterwards. The various prefaces and dedications to these two works contain a good deal of matter which throws light upon the history and circumstances, and also upon the character, of the author. The earlier editions of the 'Summary' are dedicated to the Lord Mayor of London for the time, "the Right Worshipful Aldermen, his brethren, and the Commoners of the same city;" but in the edition of 1598 the inscription includes "the Master, Wardens, and Assistants of the Merchant Tailors," of which Company, as we have seen, Stow was a member. On this occasion he says, "It is now full thirty-six years since I, seeing the confused order of our late English chronicles, and the ignorant handling of ancient affairs, leaving mine own peculiar gains, consecrated myself to the search of our famous antiquities." This would give 1562 as the date at which he commenced his labours, or at least at which he began to make the study of English antiquities his sole or principal business. He would be then thirty-seven. In the edition of 1573 he speaks of eight years as the time during which he had dedicated himself to that study—counting, apparently, from the first publication of his book. But no doubt such inquiries had occupied many of his hours from a much earlier date. The 'Summary' had been originally drawn up at the request of the Lord Robert Dudley, who became before it was published Earl of Leicester, and the first edition was dedicated to that nobleman—in reward whereof, Stow states in his 'Annals,' he had always received his Lordship's hearty thanks, with commendations, but nothing more. In the Dedication of the second edition, which appeared in 1567, to the then Lord Mayor and Aldermen, the author says, "Although, Right Honourable and Worshipful, I was myself very ready to dedicate this my small travail of English Chronicles unto you . . . I thought good to begin with the Right Honourable the Earl of Leicester. For, speaking nothing of my own duty, the commodity of my own countrymen moved me hereunto, who, seeing they were deceived through his authority by the furnishing of a frivolous abridgment with his noble name in the fronture, I thought good . . . at vacant times to take me to my old delectable studies, and, after a summary of English Chronicles faithfully collected, to require his Lordship's authority to the defence of that wherein another had both abused his Lordship's name and deceived the expectation of the common people. But, now, at the request of the printer and other of my loving friends, having brought the same into a new form, such as may both ease the purse and the carriage, and yet nothing omitted convenient to be known; and, besides all this, having example before my face to change my patron (reserving still my printer, as careful of his advantage rather than mine own), I am bold to submit it unto your Honour and Worships' protection." The rival, or adversary, to whom Stow here alludes is Richard Grafton, whose smaller 'Chronicle' first appeared in 1563. Both it and his larger work on the same subject, printed in 1569, are poor performances; and Stow has many indignant complaints, scattered up and down in his various publications, both of the way in which his painful labours had been appropriated without acknowledgment by Grafton, and of the inaccurate and wretched work that compiler palmed upon the world even with the advantage of such assistance. Thus, in the Dedication to the edition of his 'Summary' which appeared in 1573, after noticing and accounting for some alleged mistakes in preceding editions, which, it appears, Grafton had animadverted upon, he adds, "This hath been laid to my charge, and very great words made of it, by him who with more honesty might have holden his peace, for that himself (since I began to write) hath always followed me in matter, but not in truth." And the Preface, or Address to the Reader, which follows, is chiefly devoted to a vindication of himself from Grafton's charges. The conduct of this plagiarist and plunderer, he intimates, had well nigh driven him in disgust from the further prosecution of his favourite study, or at least from giving the public any more of the benefit of his inquiries. "Calling to memory," he says, "gentle reader, with what diligence (to my great cost and charges) I have travailed in my late 'Summary of Chronicles;' as also the dishonest dealings of somebody towards me (whereof I have long since sufficiently written and exhibited to the learned and honourable), I persuaded with myself to have surceased from this kind of travail, wherein another hath used to reap the fruits of my labours—setting as it were [he notes on the margin] his mark on another man's vessel. But now, for divers causes thereto moving me, I have once again briefly run over this small abridgment," &c. And he recurs to the subject in his farewell to the reader at the end of the volume, when his sense of injury actually bursts out into song—*facit indignatio versus*:—"Take this," he writes, "and other my larger travails in good part, like as I have painfully (to my great cost and charges) out of many old hidden histories brought the same to light, and freely for thy great commodity bestowed them upon thee. I wish to be plain and true, and I wish the readers to try or they trust; then they shall see who of late hath abused me and deceived them with lies smoothly told:—

"Of smooth and flattering speech remember to take heed;
For truth in plain words may be told; of craft a lie hath need."

These little outbreaks, as we have said, display the character and temper of our good antiquary, who was evidently himself the soul of truth and honesty, but was also, as such natures are apt to be, somewhat tender-skinned to any apparent breach of these virtues in the treatment he received from others, and, having a proper sense of his own merits, was not disposed to compliment away the credit to which he felt himself to be entitled by any weak deference either to the pretension and impudence of inferior men, or even to their unfounded claims, however inoffensively urged. He knew the difference between real labour and ability, and mere quackery and assumption, and he had no notion of allowing the two things to be confounded or mistaken the one for the other. This humour, however, was likely to expose him to some rubs in his passage through life; besides that such a temperament is more easily fretted than one of less delicacy; the world does not like so jealous and unbending an honesty, which it considers a satire upon itself and nicknames narrow and pedantic, in revenge for the alarm it gives it. Stow, accordingly, we find, had other enemies and assailants, by whom he was sorely vexed, besides his rival chronicler, Grafton. We have mentioned the trouble in which he was involved in 1568, when he was subjected to the domiciliary visit of the officers of the newly established system of church and state, in consequence of being suspected of being, as Strype expresses it, "an admirer of antiquity in religion as well as in history." Two years after he was again brought before the ecclesiastical commissioners, "and that," says Strype, "by one that had been his servant, after he had defrauded him of his goods, and now sought to deprive him of his life too, by a false accusation, consisting of no less than seven score and odd articles!" So extended an indictment, one would think, must have comprehended nearly every material passage of the unfortunate antiquary's life; but it turned out not only that all the witnesses against him were deemed unworthy of credit, some of them having been previously convicted of perjury, others burned in the hand for felony, but that besides, if we rightly understand Strype's account, they could not or would not swear up to the mark. Stow, we are told, would have prosecuted some of his false accusers on this occasion, "but," says his reverend biographer, "he was answered by some that there was no remedy against them, by means of the statute made, which it seems favoured informers for the Queen." The worst feature of this affair is, that the dishonest and ungrateful servant with whom the accusation originated appears to have been Stow's own brother. He was indeed throughout his life exposed to this kind of danger and annoyance to a degree that would seem to betoken something very peculiar either in himself or the times. So early as the year 1544 we read of a false accusation made against him by a priest; "but the priest's perjury," says Strype, "either against him or some other, at length was discovered, and met with a due desert, the priest being adjudged in the Star Chamber to stand upon the pillory, and have his cheek marked with F. A. for False Accuser." But the attempt made to destroy him in this way by his own brother was what he naturally could least forget; and he often alludes to it in his various books. In his 'Annals,' under the year 1556, we find the following paragraph:—"The said 21 of November a man was brought from Westminster Hall, riding with his face to the horse-tail, and a paper on his head, to the Standard in Cheap, and there set on the pillory, and then burned with an hot iron on both his cheeks, with two letters F and A, for False Accusing one of the Court of Common Place in Westminster of treason. The like justice I once wished to the like accuser of his master and eldest brother, but it was answered, that in such case could be no remedy, though the accuser himself were in the same fact found the principal offender, wherethrough it followeth, the accuser never showed sign of shame (the way to repentance), but terribly curseth, and blasphemously sweareth he never committed any such act, though the same be registered before the honourable the Queen's Majesty's High Commissioners; and what horrible slanders by libelling and otherwise with threats of murder he daily bruiteth against me, the knower of all secrets (God I mean) knoweth, unto whom I refer my cause, being comforted with this sentence of the prophet David, 'Fret not thyself with these cursed harmful men, neither envy angrily these workers of wickedness, for like grass anon shall they be cut down, and like the green fresh bent of the flower shall they wither away,'" &c. And in a marginal note he thus directs attention to the incident, and makes the application of it:—"False accuser set on the pillory, and brent in both cheeks. Would to God all such false accusers were so well marked, whereby they mought be known for such as they are!" Again, in relating the death in 1576 of Anne Averies, widow, who, "forswearing herself for a little money that she should have paid for six pound of tow at a shop in Wood Street of London, fell immediately down speechless," and died in circumstances of great horror, he cannot refrain from adding, "A terrible example of God's just judgment upon such as make no conscience of falsely swearing against their brother"—though the only fraternal relationship between the parties in the case recorded appears to have been of the vaguest nature. So, in his 'Survey,' in his notice of the sedition of William Fitzosbert in 1196, he finishes the account of his being dragged by the heels to the Elms in Smithfield and there hanged, and the enumeration of his misdeeds, with the crowning charge that he was, "amongst other his detestable facts, a false accuser of his elder brother, who had in his youth brought him up in learning, and done many things for his preferment;" and he adds on the margin, "God amend, or shortly send such an end to, such false brethren." This is going pretty far, it must be admitted; but at any rate it is plain speaking; there is no hypocrisy here; if our exasperated antiquary was quite indifferent whether his brother should reform or go to the gallows, he does not affect any higher degree of fraternal regard than he actually entertained. The truth is, this sense of the baseness of his brother's behaviour had become a fixed idea, that is, a sort of disease, or madness, in his mind, and he is hardly accountable for what expressions he gives way to when that string is touched. But he seems to have been eminently unlucky in the number of thankless people he encountered. A complaint which he makes in the Dedication to his 'Summary' for 1598 can hardly apply either to his brother or his rival Grafton: after expatiating on the deserts of the writers of chronicles, who, he says, "deserve at the least thanks for their pains, and to be misreported of none, seeing they have laboured for all," he adds, "I write not this to complain of some men's ingratitude towards me (although justly I might)," &c.;—and then, the bitterness of his recollections overflowing on the margin, we have this emphatic admonition appended: "Note, that the ungrateful backbiter slayeth three at once, himself by his own malice, him that crediteth his false tales, and him that he backbiteth."

Poor Stow in truth could not but feel keenly that he had toiled long and hard, and done his work both conscientiously and ably in that antiquarian field of his, and that he had been after all but scurvily requited, in so far at least as either world's goods or world's honours were to be his reward. This one high thing at least is to be said of him, that literature never had a more single-hearted devotee, that no writer ever plied his task more out of pure love of his subject, or neglected and disregarded all other considerations more heroically. There is something touching enough in the brief allusions he makes on one or two occasions to the labours and hardships through which he has had to make his way. "It hath cost me," he says at the end of his 'Summary,' in the edition of 1598, "many a weary mile's travel, many a hard-earned penny and pound, and many a cold winter's night's study." All he asks is, that the means may be granted him of laying his works before his countrymen, for whose sake he has composed them. "I desire thee," he concludes his valedictory address to the reader at the end of his 'Annals,' "to take these my labours in good part, like as I have painfully, to my great cost and charges (and not for hire), out of many old hidden histories and true records of antiquity, brought the same to light, and freely for thy great commodity bestowed them upon thee; so shalt thou encourage me to publish a larger volume and history of this island, princes of the same, and accidents of their times, which I have gathered, and is ready to the press when God shall permit me." This larger history however was never printed, nor is it known what is become of it. Stow's lot in his old age was the extremity of poverty, and that aggravated by sickness and bodily infirmity. "He was afflicted near his end," says Strype, "very much with pain in his feet; which, perhaps, was the gout. In the year 1602, or 1603, he was fain to keep his bed four or five months with it. Where he observed how his affliction lay in that part that formerly he had made so much use of in walking many a mile to search after antiquities and ancient books and manuscripts. He was now within a year or two of a good old age, that is, fourscore years." (A singular attempt at precise definition.) It was in these circumstances that a measure of a very extraordinary character was resorted to for the poor old antiquary's relief. He received from the Crown what may be termed a patent of beggary, a royal letter authorising him to collect alms in certain districts of the kingdom, and recommending his case to the compassion of the charitable. The first brief to this effect, it appears, was granted to him in the first year of James I., for the term of twelve months, after the expiration of which it was renewed for another year. The paper was probably dispersed over the country, and one of the printed copies of the second that was issued still remains in the Harleian collection in the British Museum. It is addressed in his Majesty's name to "all and singular archbishops, bishops, archdeacons, deans, and their officials, parsons, vicars, curates, and to all spiritual persons; and also to all justices of peace, mayors, sheriffs, bailiffs, constables, churchwardens, and headboroughs; and to all officers of cities, boroughs, and towns corporate; and to all other our officers, ministers, and subjects whatsoever, as well within liberties as without, to whom these presents shall come:" and the preamble recites that Stow, who is designated a citizen of London, "having, for the good of the commonwealth and posterity to come, employed all his industry and labour to commit to the history of chronicle all such things worthy of remembrance as from time to time happened within this whole realm, for the space of five-and-forty years, until Christmas last past (as by divers large and brief chronicles of his writing may appear), besides his great pains and charge in making his book called his '*Survey of London*,' wherein he spent eight years in searching out of ancient records concerning antiquities both for London and Southwark," had made humble suit to his Majesty for a licence under the great seal to gather the benevolence of well-disposed people throughout England, "in recompence of his said labour and travail, and towards his relief now in his old age, having left his former means whereby he lived, only employing himself for the service and good of his country." Power, licence, and authority are then granted to Stow or his deputy "to ask, gather, receive, and take the alms and charitable benevolence" of all his Majesty's loving subjects in thirty-six several counties, comprehending the whole of England, except Cornwall and the three northern counties of Cumberland, Westmoreland, and Northumberland, parts of the kingdom which were probably thought too poor to bear the burthen of such an impost, or to yield anything worth collecting. "Wherefore," concludes the paper, "we will and command you, and every of you, that at such time and times as the said John Stow, or his deputy, the bearer hereof, shall come and repair to any of your churches, or other places, to ask and receive the gratuities and charitable benevolence of our said subjects, quietly to permit and suffer them so to do without any manner your let and contradiction. And you, the said parsons, vicars, and curates, for the better stirring up of a charitable devotion, deliberately to publish and declare the tenor of these our letters patent unto our said subjects; exhorting and persuading them to extend their liberal contributions in so good and charitable a deed." On the back of a copy of the King's letter accompanying the first brief, Strype found set down the amount, subscribed by the churchwardens, of what was collected from the parishioners of St. Mary Woolnoth, in the city of London, which was but seven shillings and sixpence. Thus they made a sort of King's bedesman of our great London antiquary. It has been said that truth is stranger than fiction—and this is as if the novelist had somehow or other contrived to mix up into one individuality the worthy Mr. Jonathan Oldbuck and his humble friend Edie Ochiltree. But Stow, who had long shown how secondary outward circumstances were in his regard, and who felt that his poverty did him no dishonour, probably kept up his heart, under the state of mendicancy to which he was reduced, as gallantly as did the shrewd, merry Scottish gaberlunzie man. Once, long before this, Ben Jonson told his friend, Drummond of Hawthornden, that he and Stow, walking together, met two lame beggars, when Stow, as if with some half-presentiment of how he was to end his days, gaily asked them "what they would have to take him to their order."

But we must leave those of our readers who would pursue more into its details the history of the good old man to gather from the ample pages of Strype all the particulars of how he vindicated the bounds of his ward of Lime Street when it had been encroached upon by that of Bishopsgate,—and how he was chosen one of the ward collectors for the great muster in 1585,—and how he was patronised and encouraged in his antiquarian investigations by Archbishop Parker and his successor, Whitgift,—and how Camden himself has quoted and commended him,—and how he studied the antiquities of London in the archives of the City chamber,—and how twenty-five years after he left his trade, "his fortune growing low, he thought fit to make means to the Mayor and Court of Aldermen, to set forth his deserts towards the City, and to assist him in his further designs with the grant of a couple of freedoms,"—and how, besides divers other literary labours which it has not fallen within our purpose to notice, he, as he has himself told us, "made many notes and corrections of the works of the ancient poet Chaucer" (inserted in Speght's edition of 1598), and how he transcribed with his own hand, among other manuscripts, the whole of Leland's six Books of 'Collectanea,' which he sold to Camden for an annuity of eight pounds a year,—and how it is clearly proved that he understood Latin (as indeed all decently educated people of that age did),—and how he was slandered and abused by one William Ditcher, alias Tetford, and his wife, who not only "called him pricklouse knave, beggarly knave, and rascal knave," and defamed the virtue of his wife, but asserted his 'Chronicle' to be a parcel of lies,—and how he "discovered fabulous reports historical," especially that touching the shankbone of a giant, twenty-five inches long, which used to be suspended in the church of St. Lawrence Jewry, which he proved to have belonged to an elephant, and that other of the supposed human tooth, weighing ten ounces troy, which turned out on examination to be nothing else but a stone, and that, the most famous of all, about the giant Gerard, who was said to have anciently inhabited Gerard's Hall in Basing Lane, whose supposed staff Stow showed to be merely an ancient fir Maypole, while, that the Hall could never have been the habitation of a giant, "he collected," says Strype, "from the arched doors that he had observed here, as not convenient at all for men of such monstrous proportion." In lieu of all this, and of much more, including a prolix column which the biographer expends upon Stow's singular aversion to "high turrets and buildings run up to a great height," which, he acknowledges, "perhaps may be looked upon as a fond thing in him, and not worthy troubling his head about," we will add only the short description of his person and character given by Edmund Howes in the augmented edition of his 'Annals' which was published by that compiler after Stow's death:—"He was tall of stature, lean of body and face, his eyes small and crystalline, of a pleasant and cheerful countenance, his sight and memory very good, very sober, mild, and courteous to all that required his instructions, and retained the true use of all his senses unto the day of his death, being of an excellent memory, but always protested never to have written anything either for malice, fear, or favour, nor to seek his own particular gain or vainglory, and that his only pains and care was to write truth. He could never ride, but he walked on foot into divers cathedral churches, and other chief places of the land, to search records. He was very careless of scoffers, backbiters, and detractors; he lived peaceably, and died of the stone colic, being fourscore years of age, and was buried the 8th of April, 1605, in his parish church of St. Andrew's Undershaft; whose mural monument near unto his grave was there set up at the charges of Elizabeth his wife." Stow's monument still exists, and bears an effigy of himself, sitting in a chair, with a book before him, reading, and books in shelves about him, together with a short Latin inscription. Strype says he had been informed by a person skilled in antiquities that the figure of Stow, which seems to be of stone, is only clay, burnt and painted over, such as were several others that existed in the London churches before the great fire. *Of any family that* Stow had nothing is known except that at the time of his quarrel with Ditcher he had "four daughters marriageable, and in service with right worshipful personages," whose success in life it was pleaded the attack of that calumniator upon their mother's reputation tended to hinder. But this was in the earlier part of his life, while he was still exercising his trade; for the story, which really gives us a curious picture of ancient manners, affirms "that William's wife before the stall of the said John railed against him more than a long hour, but that he, John Stow, kept himself above stairs, without any answer making; that one day the said William leaped in his face, and that he feared he would have digged out his eyes, foully scratched him by the face, drew blood of him, and was pulled off by the neighbours; that the said William threw tile-sherds and stones at Stow's apprentice, till he had driven him off the stall from his work; and then the said William came to John's stall, and said, if he could catch the said apprentice, he would cart him; and vowed he would accuse him to have killed the man on the Mile's End in Whitsun week," &c. &c. All this exhibits our antiquary in a new part, or at least in circumstances different from any in which we have yet seen him; but still bearing himself with his characteristic mildness and aversion to violence, and carrying with him also, as we might expect he would do, the sympathy of the generality of those among whom he lived—at least in so far as we may trust to his own representation of the matter, and it has all the simple and straightforward manner of a true statement.

The first person who made any additions to Stow's 'Survey of London' was Anthony Munday, by whom the third edition of the work was published in 1618;—"a man of remark," according to Strype's account of him; "some time the Pope's scholar in the seminary at Rome." Munday himself—who, by the bye, latterly renounced Popery—tells us in his Dedication that it was Stow's intention to bring out a greatly enlarged edition of his book, when he "grew weak and sickly, so that his willing endeavour was prevented by death." But "much of his good mind," continues Munday, "he had formerly imparted to me, and some of his best collections lovingly delivered me; prevailing with me so far by his importunate persuasion to correct what I found amiss, and to proceed in the perfecting of a work so worthy, that, being overcome by affection to him, but much more by respect and care of this royal city, being birthplace and breeder to us both, I undertook, so far as my ability would extend, to further a book of such needful use, and to supply it where I found anything wanting." The supplementary matter contributed by Munday, however, is of very little value, and what he intended for corrections are often ignorant depravations of Stow's text; so that this writer has very little claim to a place in the list of London Antiquaries. Nor is more to be said for Humfrey Dyson and the other unnamed associates who are stated on the title-page to have assisted Munday in bringing out the first folio edition of the work (the preceding three were all in quarto), which appeared in 1633. At last, "this year 1720," exclaims Strype, speaking of his own performance, "this book is arrived to a fifth edition, enlarged by some scores of sheets, set forth by J. S., also a citizen born and bred, as the former editors were, and the son of a freeman of London, and dedicated to the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and citizens of London." Strype was an extraordinary phenomenon; but we must rest satisfied with the samples that have already been incidentally presented of his odd manner of thinking and expressing himself. He must have been the most curious antiquity of his day; for that strange style of his, which reads like an exaggeration and caricature of the quaintest theological prose of the times of Elizabeth and James, is that of a writer who has been dead little more than a century, who lived till the year 1737, whose pen was in the height of its activity, and was one of the most productive then astir, in the bright Augustan age of the Steeles and the Addisons, the Popes and the Swifts, the Bolingbrokes and the Hoadleys, and the other great writers of the time of Anne and George I., the composition of nearly all of whom has still so perfectly familiar and modern an air. Strype indeed lived to a great age; although he did not die till towards the middle of the eighteenth century, he was born some years before the middle of the seventeenth (in 1643); he was an older man than most of those who were contemporary with him as writers; and this accidental circumstance of course helped to heighten the peculiarity of style by which he is distinguished from them. He was past middle life too before he began to write for the press at all, and he was an old man when the busiest part of his career of authorship commenced; he had published a sermon or two, and two or three of his shorter lives, from 1698 to 1708—between his fifty-fifth and his sixty-fifth years; but his principal works, his 'Annals of the Reformation,' in four volumes folio, his 'Ecclesiastical Memorials,' in three folios, his 'Lives' of Archbishops Grindall, Parker, and Whitgift, each making a large volume of the same size, and the two ponderous folios of his edition of Stow's 'Survey,' in which probably three-fourths of the matter is new, all appeared between 1709 and 1731, or after he had got two or three years beyond his grand climacteric. A dozen great folios in little more than twenty years may seem pretty well; but antiquarianism would appear to be rather a medicinal study for old age. It certainly did not, as Strype managed the matter, exact much waste of brain. Yet even such faculty as he found it necessary to exert was at last worn out; in the Preface to the third volume of his 'Annals,' published in 1728, he expresses his apprehensions that his great age and frequent infirmities would probably prevent him from continuing the work; and the concluding volume, which was published three years later, is merely a collection of papers, which by that time he was unable to digest even into such a drowsy form of narrative as he had given in the preceding volumes.

James Howel, the author of the well-known collection of 'Familiar Letters,' published in 1657 a thin folio volume entitled 'Londinopolis, or Perlustration of the City of London;' but it is for the most part a mere compilation from Stow, and hardly entitles its author to be enumerated as one of the London Antiquaries. The next distinguished original investigator in this field after Strype was Dr. William Stukely. We have already had occasion to notice his curious speculation about the camp of Julius Cæsar which he imagined he discovered in the neighbourhood of old St. Pancras Church.* He has also in the same work, his 'Itinerarium Curiosum,' a disquisition on the general topography of Roman London, illustrated by a plan of the streets and the great roads. It was principally

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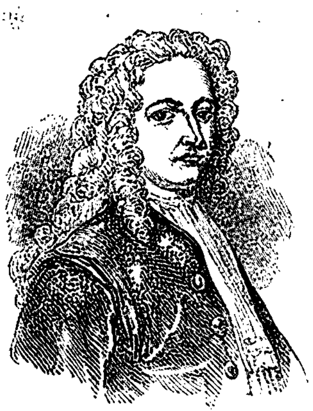
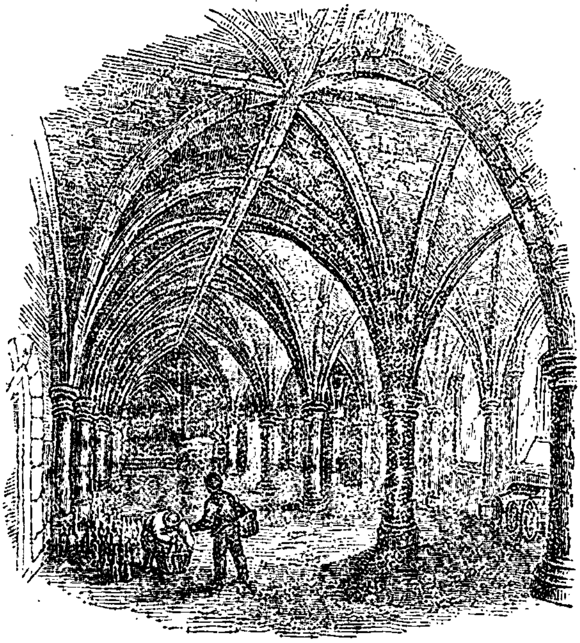
* See No. XVI., 'The Roman Remains.'



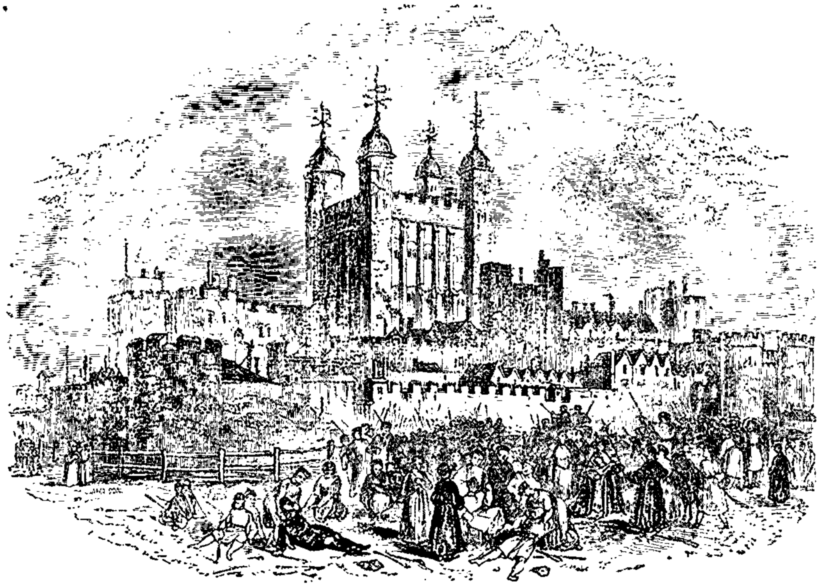
[Stukely.]

indeed our Roman and British antiquities about which he busied himself; the more distinct vestiges of more recent periods did not suit his turn for ingenious conjecture and fanciful speculation; he did not relish being controlled and checked in his inferences and elucidations by too many or too obdurate facts. The dimmer the traces of the perished past, the more Stukely could always make of them. Yet the learning of the modern Arch-Druid, as he used to be called in his own day, was very considerable, though it hardly sufficed for ballast to his imagination when in full sail, and there is curious and valuable matter in all his works. As a man too he appears to have had all the quiet virtues and gentle dispositions becoming an antiquarian—one living in the half-visionary world of the past, and withdrawn by his favourite studies from much of the irritation and turmoil of present interests in which most other men spend their days. His death was very characteristic and very beautiful, as it is told in a short sketch of his history by his friend Mr. Collinson. His usual residence in the last years of his life was in Queen Square, London, beside the church of St. George the Martyr, of which he was rector; and he had also a country house at Kentish Town to which he frequently retired—traversing on the way part of the ground which Cæsar and his Roman legions, as he imagined, had trodden eighteen hundred years before, and on which the encampments they had raised were still to his "undoubting mind" as visible almost as if the supposed mounds and circumvallations had been thrown up only the preceding summer. "Returning from thence," says his biographer, "on Wednesday the 27th of February, 1765, to his house in Queen Square, according to his usual custom, he lay down on his couch, where his housekeeper came and read to him; but, some occasion calling her away, on her return he with a cheerful look said, 'Sally, an accident has happened since you have been absent.' 'Pray, what is that, Sir?' 'No less than a stroke of the palsy.' She replied, 'I hope not, Sir;' and began to weep. 'Nay, do not trouble yourself,' said he, 'but get some help to carry me up stairs, for I never shall come down again but on men's shoulders.' Soon after his faculties failed him, but he continued quiet and composed, as in a sleep, until Sunday following, the 3rd of March, 1765;

and then departed, in his seventy-eighth year, which he attained by his remarkable temperance and regularity. By his particular directions he was conveyed in a private manner to East Ham in Essex, and was buried in the churchyard, ordering the turf to be laid smoothly over him, without any monument. This spot he particularly fixed on in a visit he paid some time before to the clergyman of that parish, when walking with him one day in the churchyard."



[Vault under Gerard's Hall.]



[The Tower. Time of Henry VI.]

XXXVIII.—THE TOWER.—No. 1.

THE PROGRESS OF THE EDIFICE.

THE earliest description of the Tower, that of Fitz-Stephen, who died in 1191, has something striking amidst its brevity. "It (London) hath on the east part a Tower Palatine, very large and very strong, whose court and walls rise up from a deep foundation. The mortar is tempered with the blood of beasts." A strange unmanageable thing is the imagination! There is no real connexion between the fabulous blood-tempered mortar of the old monkish writer and the subsequent history of the Tower of London. Yet, when we think of that history, how appropriate does it seem that the very foundations of those walls should be laid in blood! Fitz-Stephen was nearer than we are to the period when these foundations were laid, by almost seven centuries; and yet he tells us not *who* laid them. Tradition says, Julius Cæsar; and Poetry is the step-nurse of the children of Tradition:—

> "Ye towers of Julius, London's lasting shame."

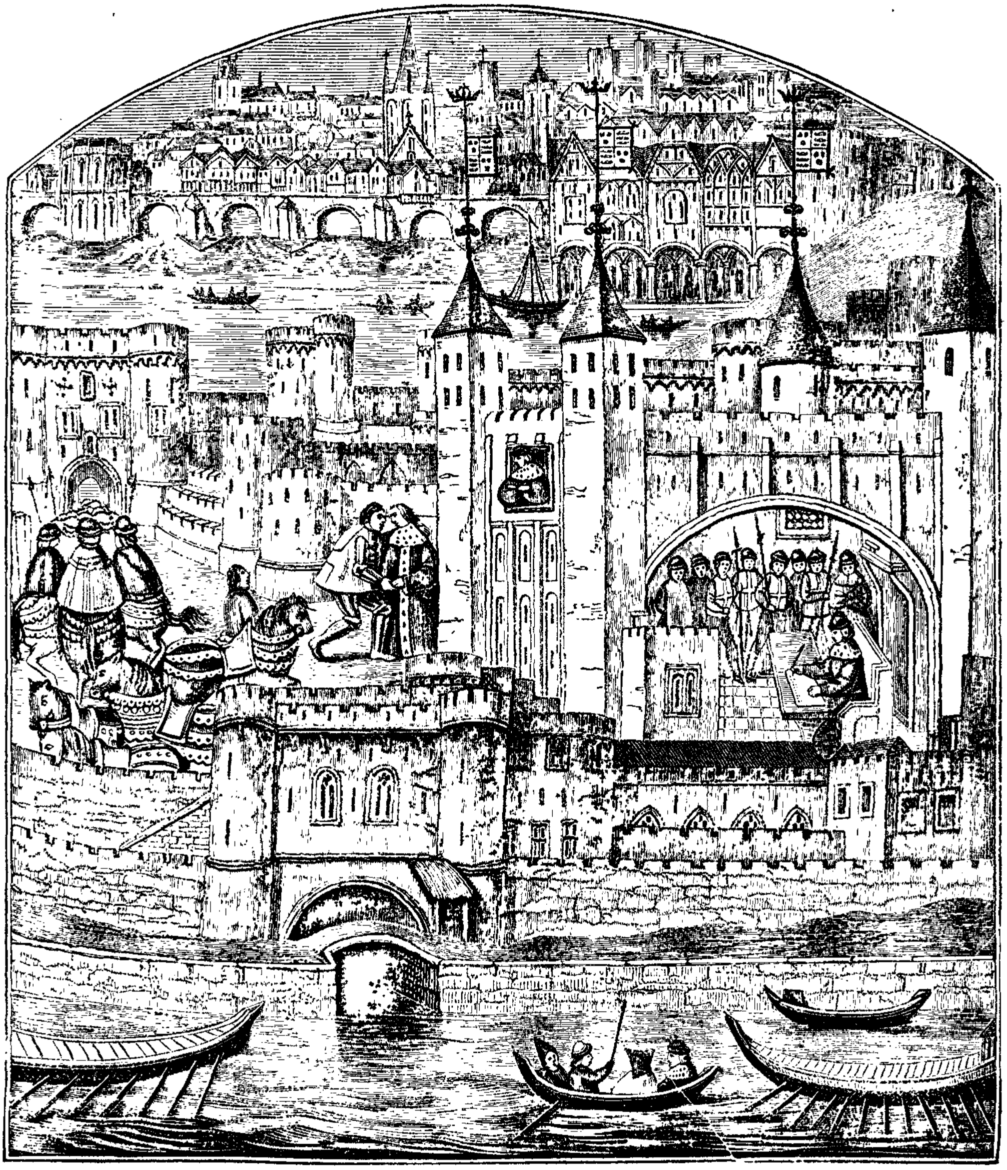
Why does the poet himself tell us, in a note upon his well-known line, that the oldest part of the Tower is *vulgarly* attributed to Julius Cæsar? He had authority enough for his apostrophe to the towers of Julius, even if the belief of the vulgar were not a sufficient basis. Stow tells us, "It hath been the common opinion, and some have written (but of none assured ground), that Julius Cæsar, the first conqueror of the Britons, was the original author as well thereof, as also of many other towers, castles, and great buildings within this realm." How does the good, painstaking antiquary disprove the common opinion? how does he show that the old writers who adopted the common opinion had "none assured ground?" "Cæsar remained not here so long, nor had he in his head any such matter; but only to despatch a conquest of this barbarous country, and to proceed to greater matters. Neither did the Roman writers make mention of any such buildings erected by him here." He knows what was in Julius Cæsar's head, and he knows what is not in the Roman writers, but he knows no more. And then come other antiquaries, who would give us something not quite so far off as Julius Cæsar to rest our faith upon. Dr. Stukeley would have a citadel raised here, about the time of Constantine the Great; and Dr. Miller *proves* that the Tower of London was the capital fortress of the Romans, their treasury, and their mint, from the circumstance that three coins of the Emperors Honorius and Arcadius were found within the Tower walls, in digging for the foundations of some modern building. When we talk of the beginnings of such a place as the Tower of London, we rejoice in these gropings and mystifications of the learned; for, unmolested by their facts, we desire to look into the depths of a fathomless antiquity. It is little to us that Stow the modern tells us, as if settling the matter, "I find in a fair register-book of the acts of the Bishops of Rochester, set down by Edmund of Hadenham, that William I., surnamed Conqueror, builded the Tower of London, to wit, the great white and square tower there, about the year of Christ 1078, appointing Gundulph, then Bishop of Rochester, to be principal surveyor and overseer of that work, who was for that time lodged in the house of Edmere, a burgess of London." But mark how the modern antiquary is presently lost in the dim morning of history; and how even he falls back upon tradition:—"Ye have heard before, that the wall of this city was all round about furnished with towers and bulwarks, in due distance every one from other; and also that the River of Thames, with its ebbing and flowing, on the south side had subverted the said wall and towers there. Wherefore, *it is supposed*, King William, for defence of this city, in place most dangerous and open to the enemy, having taken down the second bulwark in the east part of the wall from the Thames, builded this tower, which was the great square tower (now called the White Tower), and hath been since at divers times enlarged with other buildings adjoining, as shall be showed hereafter." Fitz-Stephen is Stow's authority for the fact of the Thames washing away the south wall; all the rest is conjecture. But since Stow's time—that is in 1720, and again in 1777—foundations of buildings long swept away were discovered near the White Tower. They were of stone, of the great width of three yards, and so strongly cemented that they were with difficulty removed. Who built these walls which correspond so remarkably with Fitz-Stephen's description? How are we sure that the White Tower was the building of which Gundulph was the architect? Can we be certain that the White Tower was the *Arx Palatina* described by Fitz-Stephen? These are questions which the antiquaries will not solve for us, even while they command us to believe in no vulgar traditions. Let them remain unsolved. We have got our foot upon tolerably firm ground. We see the busy Bishop (it was he who built the great keep at Rochester) coming daily from his lodgings at the honest burgess's to erect something stronger and mightier than the fortresses of the Saxons. What he found in ruins, and what he made ruinous, who can tell? There might have been walls and bulwarks thrown down by the ebbing and flowing of the tide. There might have been, dilapidated or entire, some citadel more ancient than the defences of the people whom the Norman conquered, belonging to the age when the great lords of the world left everywhere some marks upon the earth's surface of their pride and their power. That Gundulph did not create the fortress is tolerably clear. What he built, and what he destroyed, must still, to a certain extent, be a matter of conjecture.

Here then, about the middle of the eleventh century, was a Bishop of Rochester, with that practical mastery of science and art which so honourably distinguishes the ecclesiastics of that age, building some great work at the command of the King. The register referred to by Stow speaks of it as *the Great Tower*. But the chroniclers tell us that in the year 1090 the Tower of London was "sore shaken by the wind." There was a mighty tempest in that year, which they inform us blew down more than five hundred houses in London. These were houses of wood and mud,—huts not built to brave the elements. But the great White Tower to be sore shaken by the wind! The wind might as well attempt to shake Snowdon or Ben Nevis. This single fact is to us a pretty satisfactory proof that the Tower, in the reign of Rufus, was a collection of buildings of various dates, and of various degrees of strength. Rufus, it is said, repaired the damage, and he added to the erections by a mode which marked his progress very distinctly. Henry of Huntingdon says, "He pilled and shaved the people with tribute, especially to spend about the Tower of London and the great hall at Westminster." Stow, describing the additional buildings of Rufus and his successor Henry I., says, "They also caused a castle to be builded under the said tower, to wit, on the south side toward the Thames, and also encastelated the same round about." The castle under the Great Tower is held to be that anciently called St. Thomas's Tower, beneath which was Traitor's Gate. Here, again, the precise building erected is not very clearly defined. That the Tower gradually assumed the character of a regular fortress, by successive additions, there can be little doubt. At the period of which we are speaking its limits were not very exactly defined; and its liberties or juridical extent continued to be a matter of controversy for several centuries. The chroniclers tell us that the four first constables of the Tower of London after the Conquest made a vineyard of the site now known as East Smithfield, which they held by force from the Priory of the Holy Trinity, within Aldgate, to which it pertained. It was restored to the Church in the second year of King Stephen. In the reign of that monarch, during his contest with the Empress Maud, Geoffrey de Mandeville was authorized by the Empress to hold to his own use "the Tower of London, with the castle under it." This certainly gives the notion of a principal building such as the White Tower, with one of an inferior character. It cannot be exactly determined whether, previous to the reign of Stephen, the Tower was capacious enough for a royal residence; but as early as the reign of Henry I. it had been employed (as probably all places of strength were then occasionally employed) as a prison for state offenders. In the first year of that king Ralph Flambard, the belligerent Bishop of Durham, was here confined. He kept a sumptuous table, and his jovial character was agreeable enough to his keepers, amongst whom he circulated the wine-cup with a very unclerical intemperance. A rope was conveyed to him in a fresh tun of the generous liquor wherewith he made the hearts of his companions glad. Their wassail was prolonged to the point of the most helpless drunkenness; and the bishop escaped from the window by the aid of his good rope, whilst his warders were soundly sleeping. A century or so later, Griffin, the eldest son of Llewellyn Prince of Wales, tried a similar experiment with a rope, with no such happy result. The bishop got safe to Normandy; the Welsh prince broke his neck.

During the absence of Richard I. in the Holy Land, in 1190, Longchamp, Bishop of Ely, held the Tower against John and his partisans. He "enclosed," say the chroniclers, "the tower and castle with an outward wall of stone, and also caused a deep ditch to be cast about the same, thinking to have environed it with the River of Thames." Stow has looked upon this occurrence with the eye of one skilled in local boundmarks. He was the feed chronicler of the City, and, by a diligent hunting of records, could tell us of petty oppressions and spoliations with a minute exactness which amusingly contrasts with his brief dismissal of the mighty events by which the boundaries of empires were changed, or the ancient limits of authority subverted. The building of the outward wall of the Tower, and the making of the deep ditch, by William Longchamp, was a pretty sure indication that struggles for power were to take place in the heart of the great city, upon which the happiness and liberties of its inhabitants for centuries after might mainly depend. But the honest local historian tells us, with delightful simplicity, "by the making of this ditch in East Smithfield the church of the Holy Trinity in London lost half a mark rent by the year, and the mill was removed that belonged to the poor brethren of the Hospital of St. Catherine, and to the church of the Trinity aforesaid, which was no small loss and discommodity to either part. And the garden which the King had hired of the brethren for six marks the year for the most part was wasted and marred by the ditch." He complains, too, that the enclosure and ditch took away the ground of the City on Tower Hill, besides breaking down the city wall. The citizens, however, did not complain, because they thought all was done for "good of the city's defence." But in the reign of Henry III. their opinions underwent a material change. That King saw the weakness of the Tower as a fortress; and, whilst he made it his chief residence, adding to its internal comfort and beauty, he was careful to strengthen its bulwarks, especially towards the west. The work was probably hurried on, for the walls twice fell down, "shaken as it had been with an earthquake." Matthew Paris, who tells us this, adds, "For the which chance the citizens of London were nothing sorry, for they were threatened that the said wall and bulwarks were builded to the end that if any of them would contend for the liberties of the city they might be imprisoned; and, that many might be laid in divers prisons, many lodgings were made, that no one should speak with another." Henry III. had, however, other and fiercer prisoners within those new walls than the valiant citizens of London. They had many contests with him; they insulted his queen and pent her up within the bulwarks of the Tower; but the royal clemency was to be bought with money, and good round sums did the citizens pay for it. The prisoners that Henry III. chiefly kept here were three leopards; and their abode, and that of their successors, was for centuries in the gate called the Lion Tower. This tower also was built by Henry III. The leopards, which were presented to Henry III. by the Emperor Frederick, formed, no doubt, part of the royal state with which that King here surrounded himself. Although we have no very full traces of what he effected during his long reign in rendering the Tower a fitting palace for the English kings—the records of what he did leave no doubt that he accomplished many things of which there are no record. Mr. Bayley says, "To him the Tower owed much of the splendour and importance which it possessed in early ages; and to his time may be ascribed the erection of some of the most interesting of the buildings that are now extant. The records of that era, which abound with curious entries, evincing Henry's great and constant zeal for the promotion of the fine arts, contain many interesting orders which he gave for works of that kind to be executed in different parts of the Tower. The royal chapels there, as well as the great hall and the King's chamber of state, are subjects of frequent and curious mention." These fragmentary notices are more interesting to the antiquary than to the general reader; but, like every other such authentic record, they throw light not only upon the state of national industry, but of the manners of the period. The King, for example, orders the garner to be repaired: this was probably a storehouse of corn. The leaden gutters of the Great Tower, through which the rain-water must fall down from the top, are to be lengthened and brought even with the ground. This was a progress in domestic architecture which we should have scarcely expected, when we know that five centuries afterwards the roofs of the London houses were furnished with spouts which bestowed their torrents during every shower upon the unhappy passengers below. The Great Tower, and the old wall about it, are ordered to be whitened; and Stow holds that the Great Tower was thenceforward called the White Tower: this we doubt. The church of St. Peter within the Tower was also the object of the King's especial care. It was not only to be brushed and plastered with lime, but its images were to be coloured anew, and a new image of St. Christopher was to be made, and two fair tables to be made, painted of the best colours, concerning the stories of the blessed Nicolas and Catherine. The last direction of this letter mandatory (the original of which is in Latin) is very curious:—"And that ye cause to be made two fair cherubims, with a cheerful and joyful countenance, standing on the right and left of the great cross." Edward I. completed the ditch and bulwarks erected by his father, and he raised some additional fortifications to the west. Mr. Bayley, the historian of the Tower, considers the works of Edward I. to be the last additions to the fortress of any importance. Some of the works of this period were perishable enough, from the nature of their construction. It is recorded, for example, that in 1316 the citizens of London pulled down a *mud* wall between the Tower Ditch and the city, supposed to have been erected by Henry III.: they were compelled to restore the same, and were fined a thousand marks for their exploit.

In the reign of Edward III. a commission was issued for inquiring into the state of the Tower. The original return to that commission is at the Record Office; and has been printed by Mr. Bayley in his 'History of the Tower.' We have here a detailed estimate of the expense of repairing particular buildings, the several items amounting to 920*l.* 3*s.* 4*d.* It is not very easy to assign the various items to the buildings which now exist: for example, we have the "High Tower," and the "White Tower;" as well as the "Round Tower," the "Money Tower," and "Corande's Tower." Other items indicate the palatial character of the fortress, such as the King's hall and chapel; the Queen's kitchen, bakehouse, chamber, and chapel; the waiter's chamber; the wardrobe. In the year subsequent to this estimate, 1337, the attention of the King seems to have been more directed towards the strengthening of the fortress than the increase of its domestic comforts. The sheriffs of London were required to pay forty pounds out of the farm of the city, "to be spent about the Great Tower of the Tower of London;" and the sheriff of Kent was commanded to bring all the oak timber from Havering to be employed upon the fortress. In the reign of Edward's unhappy grandson we find the outer walls of mud already noticed still remaining. In a document of the fourth year of Richard II. it is stated that "the franchise of the Tower stretcheth from the water-side unto the end of Petty Wales, to the end of Tower Street, and so straight unto a mud wall, and from thence straight east unto the wall of the city; and from thence to the postern, south; and from thence straight to a great elm before the Abbot of Tower Hill's rents, and from thence to another elm standing upon Tower Ditch, and from that elm by a mud wall straight forth into Thames."

Charles Duke of Orleans, and his younger brother, John Count of Angoulême, who were taken prisoners at the battle of Agincourt, suffered a long captivity in the Tower of London. We mention this circumstance here, because in a copy of the poems of the Duke, now preserved in the Harleian collection in the British Museum, there is a most curious illumination representing the Tower and the adjacent parts of London at the period of the Duke's captivity. The copy on the opposite page will furnish a better idea of the condition of this fortress four centuries and a half ago than any description, even if the most full and correct existed. In a design of this nature the artist was more desirous of conveying the most complete notion of a building by something like the union of a picture and a plan, than of adhering to any rules of perspective, even if he had been familiar with them. His ingenious device for showing the interior as well as the exterior of the Great Tower will not pass unnoticed. He has opened the south side by an arch of immense span; and there he exhibits to us the Duke in a large chamber, assiduously wooing the Muse with the unusual accompaniment of a body of guards and attendants. We are to suppose that the Duke also possesses the property of ubiquity; and that, whilst he is writing his poems in the large room, he is looking out of his chamber window in the upper story, and walking within the bulwarks to welcome some faithful adherent who has recently arrived from his beloved France. Here, then, we have correctly enough represented the Great Tower, with the buildings and bulwarks between that and the Thames; the towers and walls on the west; and those behind the Great Tower on the north. The space within the walls, it will be seen, bears wholly the character of a palatial fortress; with no mean erections growing up beneath the massive walls, utterly unsuited to the character of the place, either as one of magnificence or strength. They were the parasitical growth of a later period.



[The Tower in the Fifteenth Century.]

In the reigns of Edward IV. and Richard III. some considerable repairs of the Tower appear to have taken place. In connexion with the fortress-prison, Edward IV. made a movement highly characteristic of the period. His officers set up a scaffold and gallows upon Tower Hill; but the City of London insisted upon their ancient right of dealing with offenders within their own precincts: so the King's scaffold and gallows were taken down with many apologies, and the sheriffs maintained their ancient privileges of superintending all heading and hanging beyond the Tower walls. In the time of Henry VIII. extensive repairs again took place; and the specifications furnish a pretty accurate notion of the character of the several buildings and of the extent of the royal apartments. Amongst other towers whose ancient names have now fallen into oblivion, such as "Broad Arrow Tower" and "Robin the Devil's Tower," we have "Julius Cæsar's Tower;" but this, be it remarked, is not the great White Tower, which in later times has been called Cæsar's—it is the "Salt Tower," at the south-eastern angle.

We are now arrived at a period—that of the reign of Elizabeth—in which we can ascertain with great exactness the condition of this fortress. In 1597 a survey was made of the Tower and its liberties under the direction of Sir John Peyton, then governor. A "true and exact draught" has been preserved; but before we proceed to exhibit this very curious plan we may transcribe the brief description of the Tower by an intelligent foreigner, Paul Hentzner, who visited England in 1598:—

"Upon entering the Tower of London we were obliged to leave our swords at the gate, and deliver them to the guard. When we were introduced we were shown above a hundred pieces of arras belonging to the Crown, made of gold, silver, and silk; several saddles covered with velvet of different colours; an immense quantity of bed-furniture, such as canopies and the like, some of them richly ornamented with pearl; some royal dresses, so extremely magnificent as to raise any one's admiration at the sums they must have cost. We were next led to the Armoury, in which are these particularities:—spears out of which you may shoot; shields that will give fire four times; a great many rich halberds, commonly called partisans, with which the guard defend the royal person in battle; some lances covered with red and green velvet, and the suit of armour of King Henry VIII.; many and very beautiful arms, as well for men as for horse-fights; the lance of Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, three spans thick; two pieces of cannon—the one fires three, the other seven balls at a time; two others made of wood, which the English had at the siege of Boulogne in France—and by this stratagem, without which they could not have succeeded, they struck a terror as at the appearance of artillery, and the town was surrendered upon articles; nineteen cannons of a thicker make than ordinary, and in a room apart thirty-six of a smaller; other cannons for chain-shot, and balls proper to bring down masts of ships; cross-bows, bows and arrows, of which to this day the English make use in their exercises. But who can relate all that is to be seen here? Eight or nine men employed by the year are scarce sufficient to keep all the arms bright.

"The mint for coining money is in the Tower. N.B. It is to be noted that, when any of the nobility are sent hither, on the charge of high crimes, punishable with death, such as murder, &c., they seldom or never recover their liberty. Here was beheaded Anna Bolen, wife of King Henry VIII., and lies buried in the chapel, but without any inscription; and Queen Elizabeth was kept prisoner here by her sister Queen Mary, at whose death she was enlarged, and by right called to the throne.

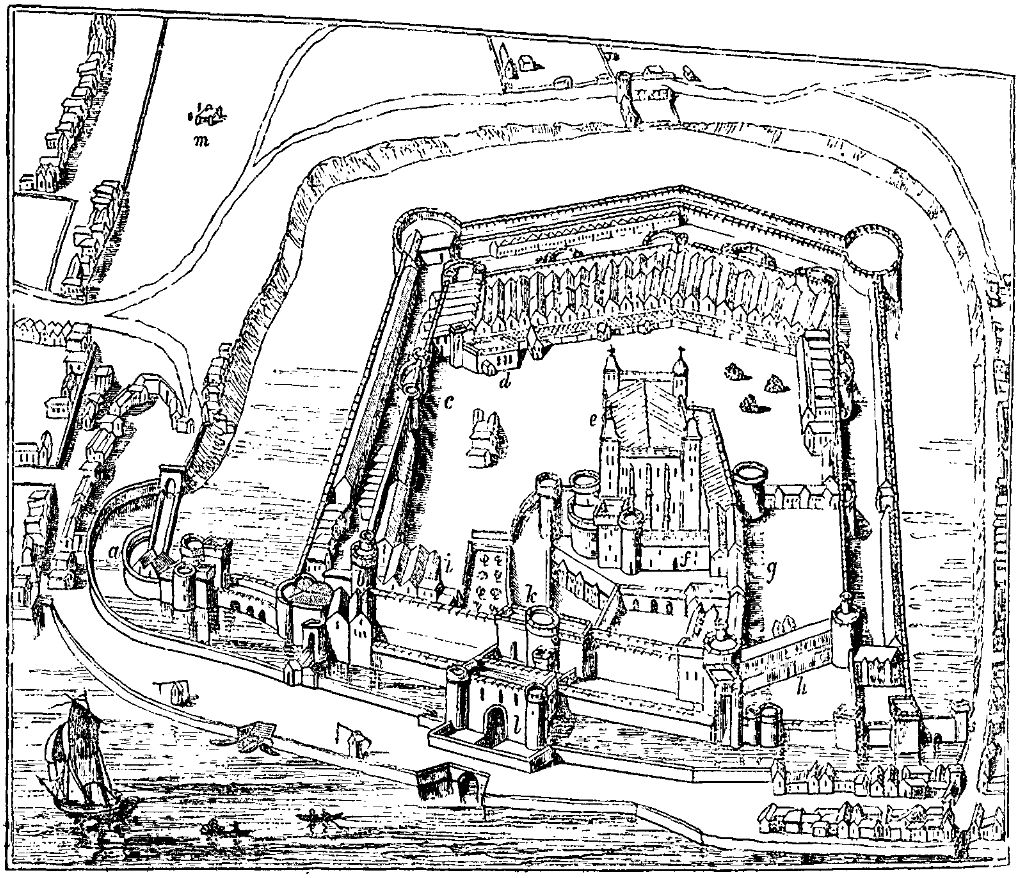
"On coming out of the Tower we were led to a small house close by, where are kept variety of creatures, viz. three lionesses, one lion of great size called Edward VI., from his having been born in that reign; a tiger, a lynx, a wolf exceedingly old; this is a very scarce animal in England, so that their sheep and cattle stray about in great numbers without any danger, though without anybody to keep them: there is, besides, a porcupine and an eagle: all these creatures are kept in a remote place, fitted up for the purpose with wooden lattices, at the Queen's expense.

"Near to this Tower is a large open space: on the highest part of it (Tower Hill) is erected a wooden scaffold for the execution of noble criminals; upon which they say three princes of England, the last of their families, have been beheaded for high treason. On the Thames close by are a great many cannon, such chiefly as are used at sea."

The plan which we subjoin, being of the exact period of Hentzner's description, gives an additional value to it.

The names which we have affixed to this plan are those which the respective portions of the fortress at present bear, with the exception of those parts here called "the Queen's lodgings" and "the Queen's gallery and garden." Those who are familiar with the Tower will feel little difficulty in tracing upon this plan the exact buildings which remain; but the casual visitor, to whom the Tower has conveyed a notion of a town within a fortress, will not so easily understand how this place could once have been, even in times of comparative comfort and splendour, a palace for the monarch, a treasury for the chief wealth of the Crown, a royal mint, an armoury, a menagerie, a state prison. Here, in the plan before us, are large areas, courts within courts, ranges of offices communicating with the chief buildings upon a common arrangement, unencumbered external walls and bulwarks, something altogether which gives a notion of power and splendour, such as befit the abode and the defence of a long line of warrior kings. At the date of this plan the Tower had ceased to be the residence of the sovereign. The chattels of the Crown were no longer moved about from the Tower to Westminster and Greenwich. Whitehall had become the centre of courtly splendour; but the Tower was still the seat of all the great attributes of royalty, and it was occasionally occupied by the monarch upon extraordinary solemnities. James I. came here in 1604, previous to his procession through the city to open his first parliament. In a Latin oration by William Hubbocke, which was subsequently published with a translation, the King is welcomed to the Tower, in a style inflated enough indeed, but which does not disregard those facts that afford us a very exact notion of the purposes to which the Tower was then applied, as well as a tolerable description of the place itself.

"At the post gates whereof there saluteth you by my words not only your faithful Lieutenant, a knight graced with ornaments of war and peace, and the whole troop of armed men (the wardens) that surround your princely person, your servants the guard in this place, but together also there welcomes you, as it



[The Tower of London.]

From a Print published by the Royal Antiquarian Society, and engraved from the Survey made in 1597, by W. Haiward and J. Gascoigne, by order of Sir J. Peyton, Governor of the Tower.—*a.* Lion's Tower; *b.* Bell Tower; *c.* Beauchamp Tower; *d.* The Chapel; *e.* Keep, called also Cæsar's, or the White Tower; *f.* Jewel-house; *g.* Queen's Lodgings; *h.* Queen's Gallery and Garden; *i.* Lieutenant's Lodgings; *k.* Bloody Tower; *l.* St. Thomas's Tower (now Traitor's Gate); *m.* Place of Execution on Tower Hill.

were with one obeisance, whole England, France, and Ireland, the sovereign authority of all which, by the possession of this one place, you do clasp and as it were gripe in your hand. For this Tower and Royal Castle is the pledge for them all, and not only the gate of good hope, but the haven of the whole scope. Here the stately and princely beasts the lions (couchant) of England do bow down to the lion (rampant) of Scotland; even to you, a true offspring of the Lion of Judah, and rightly descended of kings your great-great-grandfathers. Here is money coined, the joints and sinews of war, which now a good while since hath borne the image and superscription of your own Cæsar. There are the Records of Estate, the closet of the acts and patents of our princes, your renowned progenitors, out of which, I may boldly avouch it, a truer story of our nation by far may be compiled than any is yet extant. Here are, dispersed in the several quarters of this place, certain round turrets for the custody of offenders against the King. This which is next our elders termed the Bloody Tower, for the bloodshed, as they say, of those infant princes of Edward IV., whom Richard III., of cursed memory (I shudder to mention it), savagely killed two together at one time. Then there presenteth itself, looking dutifully from a great height upon you, but holding out brazen pieces of shot, threatening flashes of fire and thunderbolts to your enemies, a great and square tower for martial service, the strength of this place, a watchman for the city, a keeper of the peace, a commander of the country round about, wherein antiquity hath specially made memorable the Hall of the Roman Cæsar. Here is the Jewel-house and the wealth of the kingdom, containing implements of great value above number, and all the gold and silver plate, with a most rich princely wardrobe; all which have now long since poured themselves into your bosom, as the just owner and full heir to them all. Here are, that I may not name everything, mountains of bullets, and most large places above and below for receipt of armour, with ordnance, darts, pikes, bows, arrows, privy coats, helmets, gunpowder, finally with the whole furniture to chivalry, for service on horse, on foot, by land, by sea, exceedingly stored; and all these to subdue your enemies; to defend your friends, citizens, subjects, associates, and confederates; and to propulse danger, annoyance, violence, fear, from your own person, most puissant King, from your dearest spouse, our sovereign Queen, your progeny, estate, and whole train."

The preceding extract we give from the reprint of Hubbocke's scarce tract in Mr. Nicholls's 'Progresses of James I.' In the same valuable collection we have a tract entitled 'England's Farewell to the King of Denmark,' in which the writer gives an account of the festivals with which the royal brother of James was entertained, and the sights that he went to see, in 1606. At the Tower, says the writer, "our gracious sovereign, his dear esteemed brother, King James, met his Highness, and with kingly welcomes entertained him, and in his own person conducted him to the offices of the Jewel-house, Wardrobe, of the Ordnance, Mint, and other places, where to their kingly presence in the Jewel-house were presented the most rare and richest jewels and beautiful plate, so that he might well wonder thereat, but cannot truly praise or estimate the value thereof by many thousands of pounds."

How pleasant it is to imagine the fussy King gloating upon all these treasures with a royal rapture, wielding the sceptre, bearing the orb in his palm, putting on the crown, perhaps longing to pocket a jewel or two for his private use! Nor less would be his exaltation of mind at the next stage:—"The like in the Wardrobe; whereof, for robes beset with stones of great price, fair and precious pearl, and gold, were such as no king in the world might compare; besides the rich furniture of hangings, clothes of estate, cushions, chairs, and kingly furniture for his palaces as may cause much admiration and bring great content to the beholders." Carefully, however, would the peaceful King walk amidst the dangers of the next building:—"But passing then on to the office of the Ordnance, he well viewed the warlike provision of the great ordnance, which at an hour is ready for any service to be commanded. Over every piece the ladles and sponges hang to lade them withal: and the traces and collars for the horses to draw them away when they shall need to serve." We are not quite sure that the King of Denmark was not left to himself by his royal brother when muskets and daggers were to be seen:—"The Armoury and store of small shot so well maintained and kept, the numbers ready fitted of all sorts of muskets, calivers, petronels, dags, and other serviceable weapons, as pikes, halberds, targets, shields of sundry fashions, for variety, antiquity of the things, and the relating of their uses, did make him with great and honourable admiration to behold them all very well, and commend them."

But there was a place, after the party had viewed the Mint, in which James especially delighted. "From thence to the lions and other wild beasts there kept and maintained for his Highness's pleasures and pastimes." The King no doubt fancied that he exhibited a mighty valour when, perched up in a gallery, he could behold the combats of lions with mastiffs and bears. The only additions which this eccentric monarch made to the Tower were in connexion with his favourite amusements. "This spring of the year (1605) the King builded a wall, and filled up with earth all that part of the moat or ditch about the west side of the lions' den, and appointed a drawing partition to be made towards the south part thereof, the one part thereof to serve for the breeding lioness when she shall have whelps, and the other part thereof for a walk for other lions. The King caused also three trap-doors to be made in the wall of the lions' den, for the lions to go into their walk at the pleasure of the keeper, which walk shall be maintained and kept for especial place to bait the lions with dogs, bears, bulls, boars, &c."

In the reign of James I. the general condition of the Tower was inquired into by the Privy Council; and it was reported that, through successive encroachments, the splendour and magnificence of this royal castle was much defaced, and the place itself as it were besieged in the wharf, ditches, and liberties. Commissioners, in 1623, reported that on the side of Tower Hill and East Smithfield "the moat is much overgrown and filled up with earth for gardens; and round the counterscarp, and within the moat also there are placed many houses, sheds, timber-yards, coal-yards, wheelers' yards, &c." This is indeed a curious record of the steady encroachments of peaceful industry upon the outworks of a slumbering despotism. But the cause of these encroachments is pretty obvious. The report of 1620 talks of the "evil toleration of some lieutenants," and mentions the odious words "private profit." Mr. Bayley has preserved a curious paper which appears to have been drawn up by a yeoman warder in 1641, stating the appropriation of the various buildings at that date. It shows us little of the splendour, but a great deal of the melancholy gloom, of the then Tower. It appears to have been some time deserted by the Crown, and almost wholly appropriated to the detention of prisoners of state. The White Tower, according to this, belongs to the Office of the Ordnance, the Martin Tower to the porter of the Mint, the By-ward and Watergate Towers to the warders. But of eleven other towers each bears the fearful appellation of "*a prison lodging*."

In the latter part of the reign of Charles II. very considerable repairs were effected in the Tower, "for the safety and convenience thereof and the garrison therein." The survey which was previously made is accompanied with a plan. Compared with the previous plan of the reign of Elizabeth, we see that during the lapse of less than a century much of the ancient character of the old fortress had been obliterated, and that clusters of small buildings had grown up amidst its towers and courts. During the civil wars and the Commonwealth the place had been left pretty much under the control of its military officers; and after the Restoration Charles troubled himself but little about a gloomy fortress far away from the scenes of his voluptuousness. Pepys has a curious notice of one visit of the King to the Tower, under date of the 24th of November, 1662:—"Sir J. Minnes, Sir W. Batten, and I, going forth toward Whitehall, we hear that the King and Duke are come this morning to the Tower *to see the Dunkirk money.* So we by coach to them, and there went up and down all the magazines with them; but methought it was but poor discourse and frothy that the King's companions (young Killigrew among the rest) had with him. We saw none of the money." The notion of Charles going to the Tower to look upon the price of his shame is highly characteristic. In the same month Pepys was himself engaged in an adventure at the Tower which is also a singular illustration of the point of view in which the old fortress was regarded by the court. Some person, with a prodigious show of mystery, had affirmed that there was treasure concealed in the vaults of the Tower, and Pepys—the busy, prying Pepys—was to be the chief agent in bringing the riches to the light of day. The sum alleged to have been hidden was seven thousand pounds, of which the discoverer was to get two, Lord Sandwich two, and the King three. A warrant for the search was given by the King, and the Lieutenant of the Tower and the Lord Mayor were to aid and assist. "Sir H. Bennet and my Lord Mayor did give us full power to fall to work: so our guide demands a candle, and down into the cellars he goes, inquiring whether they were the same that Baxter always had. He went into several little cellars, and then went out-a-doors to view, and to the Cole Harbour; but none did answer so well to the marks which was given him to find it by, as one arched vault. Where, after a great deal of counsel whether to set upon it now or delay for better and more full advice, to digging we went till almost eight o'clock at night, but could find nothing." Again dived Pepys and his labourers into the Tower cellars, and again he says, "We went away the second time like fools." A third time they went, with a woman who knew all about the matter; but with the like success. A fourth time they applied themselves to work in the garden; and Pepys, somewhat cold and tired, betook himself to the fire in the governor's house, beguiling the time with reading one of Fletcher's plays. "We went to them at work, and, having wrought below the bottom of the foundation of the wall, I bid them give over, and so all our hopes ended.' Baxter's cellars tell a tale of private appropriation of public property.

In the reign of James II., was commenced the grand storehouse, on the north side of the inner ward. This building was completed in the reign of William III., and was utterly destroyed by fire in the reign of Queen Victoria. The principal buildings that were added to the Tower in the next century were houses for heads of departments, storehouses, and barracks. All these, as it may be supposed, are perfectly incongruous with the ancient character of the place.

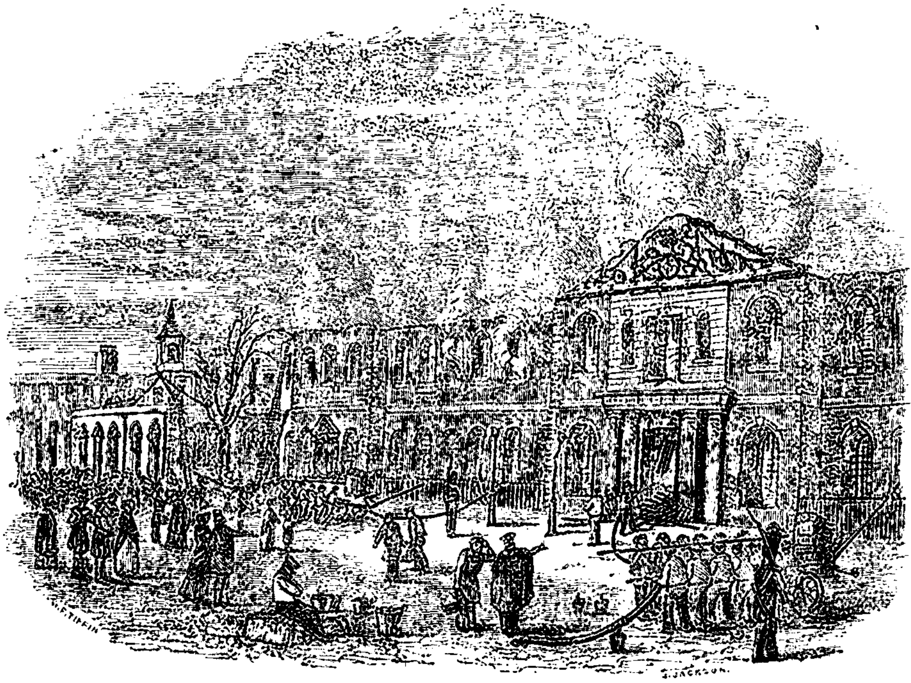
The great fire at the Tower on the 30th of October, 1841, has fixed the public attention, with an earnestness previously unknown, on this most interesting of all the monuments of our ancient history. It is not to meet the demand of a mere temporary excitement that we intend devoting a Series of Numbers to a view of the Tower under its most important aspects. Sooner or later we should have taken up this large subject, and have exhausted it, as far as was compatible with the plan of our work. But the recent destruction of "the Great Storehouse,"—which is sometimes also named "the Small Arms Armoury"—not only forces upon our attention the present state of the multifarious buildings which form what is called "the Tower;" but the historical associations of those buildings lead us to consider what the Tower ought to be as a great national monument. In detailing to the reader the course which we intend to pursue in the treatment of this subject, we shall also very slightly indicate our general views of what a government that rightly estimates the value of patriotic feelings ought to do in reference to any plan for the repair of the recent damage.

The brief history which we have given of the progressive increase of the Tower has purposely avoided any notice of the surpassing historical associations which belong to this fortress. We reserve those for two or three successive papers. They will group themselves somewhat as follows.—We shall first regard the Tower as the ancient PALACE of the English Kings. All the fortress buildings which remain once constituted a portion of that Palace; for in the days of arbitrary power the notions of a Palace and a Prison were by no means dissociated. But the White Tower, especially, was a chief part of the Palace, with its Hall, its Chapel, its Council Chamber. Here some of the greatest events in English history took place. Here, Richard II. resigned his crown to Bolingbroke; the Protector Gloucester bared his arm before the assembled Council, and, accusing Hastings of sorcery, sent him within the hour to the block in the adjoining Court. What is the White Tower now? Its walls remain; but modern doors and windows have taken the place of the old Gothic openings; and within, the fine ancient apartments are divided and subdivided into various offices. The Chapel—one of the most striking remains of our early architecture, is fitted up as a depository of Records;—and the vaulted rooms upon the basement are filled with military stores and gunpowder. To none of these places are the public admitted; nor, if they were, could they form any notion of the ancient uses of the building. It would be a wise thing in the Government to sweep away all that encumbers and destroys the interior of this edifice; and to restore it as far as possible to the condition in which it was at some given period of our history—in the time of Richard II. for example. And for what, it will be said,—to make a show-place? Unquestionably. There are buildings, or there ought to be, where Records could be better preserved, because more conveniently; but there is no building which can be shown to the people as so complete a monument of the feudal times, or which could be so easily restored to its former conditions. Let the people here see, as far as possible, what royal state was, three, four, or five centuries ago. Let one room be fitted up as in the days of Henry III.; another as in the times of the Wars of the Roses; and another as in the reigns of Mary and Elizabeth. During the last ten or fifteen years all the ancient armour of the Tower has been beautifully arranged, in a chronological series; and the visitor can understand better than by the best description what the warfare of our ancestors was,—and what were the appliances of their mimic war of tilts and tournaments. In the same way let them be instructed in the domestic history of their country, by walking under the same roof beneath which their old kings sate, surrounded with the same rude magnificence, the same mixture of grandeur and meanness, arras on the walls and dirty rushes on the floor. We would go beyond the restoration of the White Tower; and ask that "the Queen's Garden" of 1599 should be restored; and that the ancient courts, which have been destroyed that paltry houses may occupy their site, should again be formed, to show how power was obliged to hem itself round with defences, and how its commonest recreations were mingled with fears and jealousies which could never be removed till constitutional government was firmly established. In connexion with the palatial character of the Tower, the exhibition of the Crown Jewels should be regarded. They were formerly kept in a place more immediately appurtenant to the White Tower. Their history is united in the mind of every child in the kingdom with the daring attempt of Colonel Blood to steal them, in the days of Charles II. How easy would it be to restore the Jewel Office exactly to the condition in which it was in those days! Again, the Mint formed a part of the Tower as the chief ancient seat of royalty. The actual coining of money has been very properly removed to a more convenient building. But let one of the ancient towers be fitted up for the display of the former rude implements in the manufacture of money, and for the exhibition of the British coins and medals, from the Saxon penny to the coronation medal of Victoria. The "lions" departed from the Tower to die of the damps of the Zoological Gardens. But they were a part of the ancient regal magnificence, and we think they ought not to have been removed. We could wish again to see the living emblem of England in his ancient cell. The glory of the place seemed to us to have departed when the last old king of beasts left his massy stone dwelling in the Lion Tower, where his predecessors had dwelt for centuries with the kings of men—to take up with a wooden box, and to be fed by subscription.

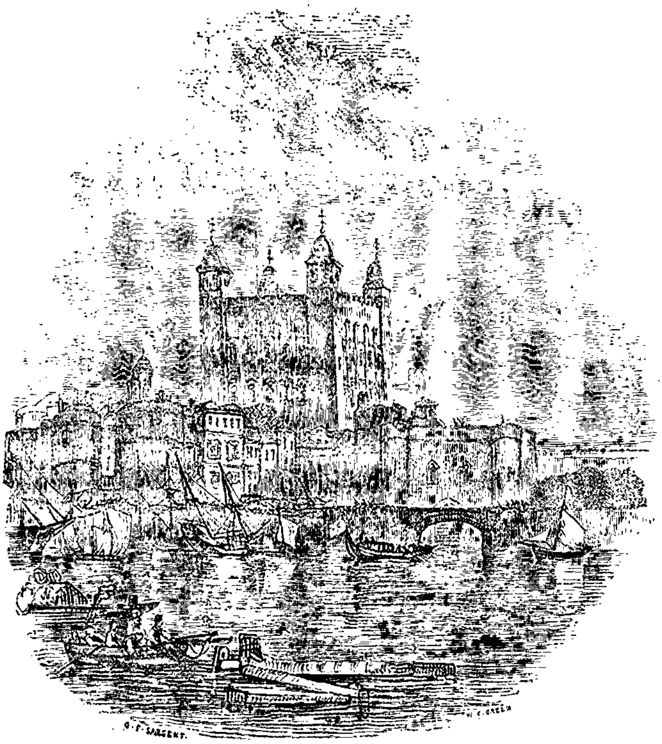
But there are more solemn lessons to be learnt at the Tower by people who go there for real instruction. It was the great State Prison of England; and here the most illustrious victims in the world have suffered and perished. With the exception of a room or two in what is now called "Queen Elizabeth's Armoury," the public see none of the interesting remains which are full to overflowing with these sublime associations. The room whose walls are covered with the pathetic inscriptions of those who here waited for death—where we may actually look upon the lines which the delicate fingers of Lady Jane Grey traced in her solitude—is a mess-room for the officers of the garrison. The Beauchamp Tower, a most important prison, is inaccessible. Again, the chapel or church of St. Peter—the little building to the west of the large storehouse recently destroyed—is the burial-place of the most renowned victims of their own ambition, the jealousies of power, or the sad necessities of state, that have fallen beneath the axe, from the days of "poor Edward Bohun" to those of Lord Lovat. This chapel—perhaps, altogether, the place in all England most interesting in its associations—is fitted up with modern pews; and not a stone is there to tell who lies in that blood-tempered dust. What a noble work it were for a great nation to consecrate this chapel anew as a Temple of Toleration—to erect monuments here to every illustrious sufferer, whether Protestant or Catholic, Republican or Jacobite! During the contests in which they perished was slowly built up the fabric of our liberties, and, like the old bulwarks we have described, it is not now to be shaken by any common storm. The more the people are conversant with our national antiquities, and have an abiding historical knowledge impressed upon them by associations which all can understand, the more will the foundations of this fabric be strengthened.

The last point of view in which we purpose to regard the Tower is that of an ARSENAL. A great deal has been very wisely done of late years to display and classify the many curious relics and spoils of war of the English army, from the days of Cressy to those of Waterloo. Some valuable things have been lost in the recent fire; but many of the most valuable have been preserved. We trust that, in any plans for repairing the destruction, the notion of making the Tower a depository for arms and stores for present use will be abandoned; but that in a few years may be here found the finest ancient Armoury in Europe.

[To be continued in No. XXXIX.]



[The Ruins of the Great Storehouse, November, 1841.]



[The Tower from the Thames.]

XXXIX.—THE TOWER.—No. 2.

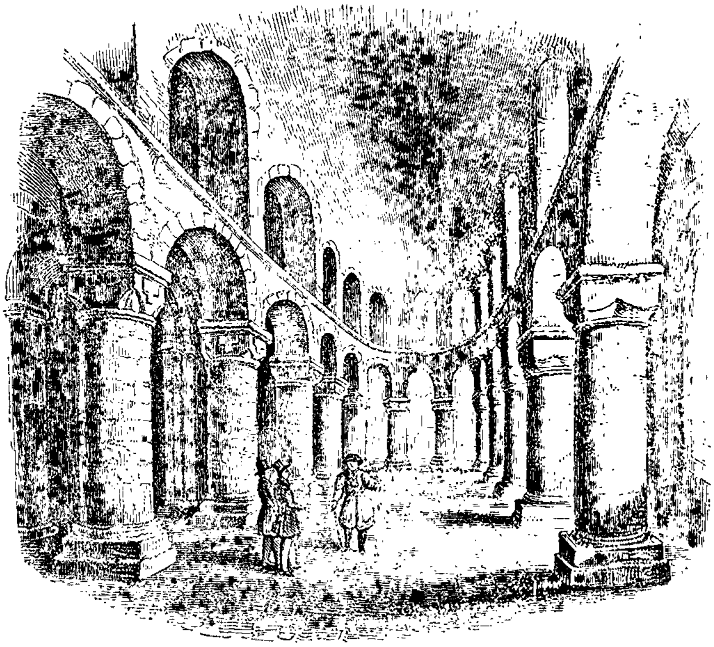
(Continued from No. XXXVIII.)

THE PALACE.

GREAT was the joy, magnificent the preparations at the Tower, that ushered in the morning of the 22nd of April, 1661—the day for the coronation procession of the restored Charles II. At an early hour the King came thither by water from Whitehall, attended by a crowd of nobles and gentlemen, among whom many a proud spirit dwelt with secret exultation in the realization of its long-cherished hopes of the " golden round," and many a youthful heart beat fast with expectation as he thought of the event, more important to him than the coronation itself, of which it was but one of the incidental splendours—his installation as a Knight of the Bath. And, we may conclude, the King must have satisfied all reasonable expectations of this nature raised by the event, for he created in honour of the occasion no less than eleven peers and sixty-eight Knights of the Bath! The City also had its preparations for the day. Four triumphal arches were erected in different parts—one representative of the King's landing at Dover, and the others of the consequences that were expected to flow therefrom, namely, Commerce, Concord, Plenty. As the hour for the procession drew nigh, the inhabitants of the houses from Tower Hill to the Abbey hung out their richest tapestry from the windows, and the livery companies lined the streets with their banners and bands of music. A cry of "They come!" is at last heard, and amidst a fresh burst of enthusiasm on the part of the bearers of those silken streamers waved so lustily to and fro, and of the musicians who din the ear with their countless instruments, the procession is beheld winding its slow length along. There are the law and other officers of the Crown, with the venerable-looking Judges; the newly created Knights of the Bath, clad in red mantles and surcoats, lined and edged with white silk, and trimmed with white silk strings, and buttons and tassels of red silk and gold;—these, with their ostrich plumes swaying gracefully to and fro at every motion of the wearers, make a gallant show;—then come the great officers of the royal household, the sons of peers, peers attended by gaily emblazoned heralds, and officers at arms, the Lord Chancellor (Clarendon), the Lord Chamberlain, Garter King of Arms, the Lord Mayor, &c. Shouts of "The King! the King!" now announce the approach of the chief actor in the ceremony, who is seen surrounded by his equerries and footmen, preceded at some little distance by his brother, the Duke of York, and followed by the man to whom Charles was indebted for the Crown he was about to receive, Monk, Duke of Albemarle. Gentlemen, pensioners, and soldiers, horse and foot, occupied the remainder of the procession, which astonished every one with its magnificence. "Indeed," writes a contemporary, and we presume eye-witness, "much wonder it created to outlandish persons, who were acquainted with our late troubles and confusions, how it was possible for the English to appear in so rich and stately a manner; for it is incredible to think what costly clothes were worn that day: the cloaks could hardly be seen what silk or satin they were made of, for the gold and silver laces and embroidery that were laid upon them; besides the inestimable value and treasures of diamonds, pearls, and other jewels worn upon their backs and in their hats: to omit the sumptuous and rich liveries of their pages and footmen; the numerousness of these liveries, and their orderly march; as also the stately equipage of the esquires attending each earl by his horse's side: so that all the world that saw it could not but confess that what they had seen before was but solemn mummery to the most august, noble, and true glories of this great day." If Master Heath, the chronicler, could have looked but a very little way forward into the future, he would have said less about "true glories;" but to his eyes, as to the eyes of a vast majority of the spectators, that future seemed a sunshine too dazzling to be curiously peered into, so they contented themselves with gazing upon the pageant as its visible type, and enjoyed the magnificence accordingly. And were it only from consideration of the old memories of the Tower, it was peculiarly fitting that the day should be thus solemnized with more than ordinary splendour, for it was the *last of the kind* the Tower was ever to see. With that day its palatial character may be said to have ceased.

For nearly five hundred years prior to this period had the Tower been a place of kingly residence, and for the best of reasons during a considerable portion of that time, namely, its safety. A motive of this kind it was that brought the first English monarch who made the Tower his palace within the walls of the then almost impregnable fortress. In 1140, we are told, Stephen, whilst his affairs were in a very unpromising state, came hither with a slender retinue, and during the feast of Whitsuntide held his Court in the Tower halls. John was also a frequent resident; and, after his death, Prince Lewis of France stayed some short time, prior to his renunciation of all right of sovereignty in England, and his return to his native country. The youthful king, Henry III., spent a considerable portion of the years of his minority in the Tower, and gave it a kind of celebrity for the performance with great pomp of religious festivals. These were, no doubt, expensive affairs; and perhaps rather severely taxed the kingly resources. When Henry kept his Court in the Tower during Lent in 1220, he had to borrow two hundred marks of Pandulph, the Pope's legate, and one hundred of "Henry of St. Alban's," for the necessary use of his household. In this, as in the preceding reign, the growing dissensions between the nobles and the monarch caused the Tower to be besieged; but such matters will be more appropriately noticed in our account of the Tower as a fortress and arsenal. During these troubles, Henry, in the year 1236, summoned a great council or parliament to meet him in May within the Tower; but such was the opinion his subjects had of his good faith, that the Barons unanimously refused to assemble in any such place; the King was accordingly compelled to return to Westminster and meet them there as usual. In the subsequent years of Henry's reign we find the King frequently retreating to the Tower for safety, till his son's success at the battle of Evesham annihilated the opposing party. It is in connexion with this reign that we find the first mention of the Chapel in the White Tower, forming at this day perhaps the most perfect Norman remain in the kingdom.

The White Tower is a large massive quadrangular edifice, occupying a central space in the great area of the Tower of about one hundred and sixteen feet north and south, and ninety-six east and west. Turret towers at the corners (that at the north-east formerly used by Flamsteed as an observatory), a circular projection rising to the summit of the building (ninety-two feet) on the southern part of the eastern wall, tall blank Norman arches, and low Norman windows, complete the essential features of the exterior; though, we must add, there are on the south and west sides low ranges of attached building, one forming the horse armoury, the other a guard-house. The interior is divided into four stories including the vaults, connected by stairs in the spacious circular turret at the north-eastern angle. The first floor consists of two large apartments, and one small, with a semicircular end, and a plain vaulted roof, which is interesting from its evident antiquity. These were formerly prisons, and in that view we shall have occasion again to return to them. On the second story are two other large rooms, used, like the first, as armouries, or for the deposit of ordnance stores, and the Chapel, which, rising to the roof of the Tower, contracts the third story to two apartments corresponding in size and position to those in each of the stories below. Perhaps the most remarkable feature of the Chapel to one who like ourselves has seen the Choir of St. Bartholomew's Priory, Smithfield (the present parish church), is its striking resemblance in shape and style to that fine edifice. It wants the size, and partially therefore the grandeur, of St. Bartholomew's; it wants also the



[Interior of the Chapel in the White Tower.]

peculiar beauty of form which some of the arches of the latter present; but there are the long-continued aisle and the circular altar end. On the other hand, whilst St. Bartholomew has undergone many and most injurious alterations, this is genuine, unaltered, and, it is pleasant to add, unalterable Norman in every part. From various rolls quoted by Mr. Bayley, it appears service was regularly performed here during the reign of Henry III. by a chaplain who received a yearly stipend of fifty shillings.

An interesting memory of Henry III.'s son and successor, Edward I., in connexion with the palace, has been preserved by the famous alchymist of that day, Raymond Lully, who visited England at Edward's express request. The alchymist states, in one of his works, that in the secret chamber of St. Katherine, in the Tower of London, he performed in the royal presence the experiment of transmuting some crystal into a mass of diamond, or adamant as he calls it, of which he says the King made little pillars for the tabernacle of God. The popular belief went so far as to credit the rumour that Lully had by means of his art furnished Edward with a large quantity of gold to defray the expense of a projected expedition to the Holy Land. What with his Welsh and Scottish expeditions, Edward had little time for rest anywhere, and the Tower appears to have enjoyed a small share of his presence. The effeminate Edward II. also seldom visited the Tower, except when he sought shelter within its walls; although his Queen there gave birth to her eldest daughter, called from that circumstance Jane of the Tower. On the deposition and murder of the King, his son, the third Edward, was here for some time kept carefully secluded from public affairs, by his mother, Isabel, and her coadjutor, Mortimer; but they soon found to their cost that the spirit of the conqueror of Wallace was alive again in the person of his grandson; Mortimer was suddenly arrested at Nottingham in 1330, and from thence conveyed to the Tower gallows, to taste the bitterness of the death he had dealt out to his late monarch. During the years 1337-8 Edward resided principally at the Tower, busying himself in the preparations for his intended expedition to France. Never did the day-dream of French sovereignty, which was so constantly before the eyes of our early Kings, seem more bright or full of promise than now; and certainly never was there a better chance of success had success been possible, for almost every man of that brilliant court, from Edward himself, and his son, the Black Prince, downwards, was a man of mark and likelihood, if not of positive reputation in the annals of war and chivalry. The long list of illustrious prisoners who during this reign were pouring continually into the Tower, including the Kings both of France and Scotland, is a sufficient attestation of their military excellence. Edward died at Richmond in 1377, and his grandson, Richard II., soon after removed from Westminster to the Tower to prepare for his coronation, which took place on the 16th of July in the same year. The procession, which now first began to be an essential part of every coronation, appears to have taken place the day before; when the Mayor, Sheriffs, and Aldermen, and a large body of citizens and others, assembled on Tower Hill, and the young sovereign, clad in white robes, rode forth, attended by a multitude of nobles, knights, and esquires. The streets were gaily decorated with floating draperies, the conduits flowed with wine, and at the principal thoroughfares the procession was delayed to witness the exhibition of pageants. A single specimen may suffice to give some idea of their character. In Cheapside was stationed a castle with four towers, from which, on two sides, "the wine ran forth abundantly, and at the top stood a golden angel, holding a crown, so contrived that, when the King came near, he bowed down and presented it to him. In each of the towers was a beautiful virgin, of stature and age like to the King, apparelled in white vestures, the which blew in the King's face leaves of gold and flowers of gold counterfeit."* On Richard's nearer approach the damsels took cups of gold, filled them with wine from the flowing spouts, and presented them to the King and the chief nobles. These interruptions, however agreeable in themselves, must have made the procession a slow, almost a tedious affair; which, with the coronation on the following day, so severely taxed the strength of the youthful Richard, that when all was over he was completely exhausted, and his attendants had to convey him in a litter to his apartment. Like most of his predecessors, Richard spent little of his time in the Tower, except in cases of necessity, which during his troubled reign occurred but too often, and left him little leisure for the gaieties and splendours of a court. But in 1389, Charles VI. of France having, on his marriage, given a magnificent fête, Richard ordered a tournament to be held in London, which was proclaimed through France and Germany—a challenge to all comers being offered by the English. Many foreigners of distinction accordingly came over, and became the King's guests in the Tower during the continuance of the festivities. On the day appointed, the first Sunday after Michaelmas 1390, the Tower gates flew open, and displayed to the eager eyes of the countless thousands assembled a cavalcade of peculiar character and extraordinary magnificence issuing forth. There came, "first," says Froissart, "threescore coursers apparelled for the jousts, and on every one an esquire of honour, riding a soft pace; and then issued out threescore ladies of honour, mounted on fair palfreys, riding on the one side, richly apparelled; and every lady led a knight with a chain of silver, which knights were apparelled to joust; and thus they came riding along the streets of London, with great number of trumpets and other minstrels, and so came to Smithfield, where the King and Queen and many ladies were ready in chambers, richly adorned, to see the jousts." The English challengers, twenty-four in number, had their armour and apparel garnished with white hearts and their necks with crowns of gold. On Richard's second marriage, in 1396, the young Queen Isabel also went in great pomp from the Tower to the Palace at Westminster prior to her coronation. Events of a very different nature now absorbed the unfortunate King's attention. We have said in our description of the White Tower that the third or upper story is occupied by two large apartments: their aspect is as remarkable as the events which have distinguished them. Let the reader imagine a room of the largest proportions—length, breadth, and height—supported by two rows of beams, the ceiling flat, of timber, the walls pierced with windows on the one side and arches on the other; the whole of the plainest, we might almost say rudest construction, yet grand-looking withal,—and he will have some idea of the Council Chamber of the White Tower, the room in which some of the most important events of our history have taken place. Here it was that on Monday, the 29th day of September, 1399, being the feast of St. Michael the Archangel, sat, in evident anticipation of some scene of more than ordinary moment, a deputation from each House of Parliament, including the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Earl of Northumberland, and many other distinguished persons. Scarcely four months had passed, and Bolingbroke, who had then landed at Ravenspur, was already looked upon as king, and a formal application made to Richard requiring his resignation. When such applications can be safely made they can seldom be safely refused. Richard did not refuse, but desired previously a conference with his aspiring rival and the Archbishop of Canterbury; that conference was now being held, and the assembled personages anxiously awaited its termination. At length Richard came forth, clad in his kingly robes, the sceptre in his hand, the crown upon his head, and said aloud, "I have been King of England, Duke of Aquitaine, and Lord of Ireland, about twenty-one years, which seigniory, royalty, sceptre, crown, and heritage I clearly resign here to my cousin Henry of Lancaster; and I desire him here in this open presence, in entering of the same possession, to take this sceptre:" "and so," says Froissart, who thus gives the King's address, "he delivered it to the Duke, who took it." Such is the historian's account; it may be worth while to look at the poet's also, and learn something more of what was passing beneath these outward forms and ceremonies:—

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* *Holinshed.*

"I give this heavy weight from off my head,
And this unwieldy sceptre from my hand,
The pride of kingly sway from out my heart;
With mine own tears I wash away my balm,

With mine own hands I give away my crown,
With mine own tongue deny my sacred state,
With mine own breath release all duteous oaths:
All pomp and majesty I do forswear;
My manors, rents, revenues, I forego;
My acts, decrees, and statutes I deny:
God pardon all oaths that are broke to me!
God keep all oaths unbroke are made to thee!
Make me, that nothing have, with nothing griev'd;
And thou with all pleas'd, that hast all achiev'd!
Long mayst thou live, in Richard's seat to sit,
And soon lie Richard in an earthen pit!
God save King Henry, unking'd Richard says,
And send him many years of sunshine days!"

Well may the unhappy monarch ask, in addition—

"What more remains?"

The Earl of Rutland's attempt soon after to replace the crown on Richard's head was followed by Richard's death at Pontefract Castle. In the mean time Henry had been crowned, and, as might have been expected from the circumstances, with all possible pomp. Forty-six Knights of the Bath were created, and the King, attended by Prince Henry his son (the hero of Agincourt), six Dukes, six Earls, eighteen Barons, and nine hundred Knights and Esquires, rode on a white courser, bare headed, all the way from the Tower to Westminster, wearing a short coat of cloth of gold, with the garter on his left leg, and the livery of France about his neck. There was one circumstance attending the coronation which must have greatly enhanced its gratification to Bolingbroke—it was the anniversary of the day on which Richard had sent him into exile.

During this and the subsequent reigns there is nothing requiring notice in connexion with the Tower as a palace; neither Henry IV. nor his son were often in it, and the coronation procession of the latter presented no peculiar features. With the reign of the sixth Henry its interest again revives. That monarch was often in the Tower, sometimes as king, sometimes as prisoner—such were the alternations of his fortune and the troublous character of the times. The end was to be in too complete accordance with the rest. The battle of Barnet, in 1471, finally annihilated his power; he returned to the Tower, Edward IV. entered London in triumph on the 21st of May, and the next day it was whispered abroad that Henry was dead! Shakspere's version of the affair is too well known to be repeated; it is in all probability the true one. During the preceding and following years of Edward's reign the Tower was more used as a kingly palace than perhaps it had ever before been. That monarch kept his court there with great splendour on more than one occasion, and in addition to his own coronation procession there was that of his Queen, Lady Elizabeth Gray. The death of Edward IV. and the accession of his youthful son bring us to events of such interest and importance, that the very mention of the Tower recals their mysterious history to our minds; though for that, as for many other historical reminiscences, we must attribute no small portion of the popular knowledge to the great popular Poet! Richard III.—the Princes—the Tower—have indeed become household words. Two or three weeks after his father's death the young Edward entered London, the Duke riding before him calling upon the people to behold their King; the coronation-day was also fixed, and fifty young gentlemen of family received letters requiring their attendance in the Tower, four days before the ceremony preparatory to their creation as Knights of the Bath. A few days pass on, and a council is sitting in that same memorable chamber before described—the Duke as Protector, the Duke of Buckingham, the Archbishop of York, the Bishop of Ely, Lords Stanley and Hastings being of the number. So agreeable is the tone of the meeting, that the Duke in the exuberance of his spirits relieves the dulness of the business by complimenting the Bishop of Ely on the excellent strawberries he has noticed in his garden, and even requests a mess of them. The gratified Bishop immediately sends a servant to Ely Place for some of the fruit. Suddenly a cry of "Treason!" is heard in the adjoining apartment; Gloucester rushes to the door, where he is met by a party of armed men, who at his command arrest all present except the Duke of Buckingham; and before the astonished nobles have well recovered from their surprise, they behold, from the windows of their prison, Lord Hastings beheaded on the green in front of St. Peter's Chapel; and when they are released, about three weeks later, it is to join in the coronation procession of Richard III., and, strange to say, the number of nobles and other persons of rank and distinction present on the occasion was so great as to give a marked character to it; and still stranger, there is proof on record that the young Edward himself was intended to have been present. In the wardrobe accounts for 1483 is an entry respecting "Lord Edward, son of the late King Edward IV., for his apparel and array," which includes "a short gown of crimson cloth of gold lined with black velvet, a long gown of similar material lined with green damask, a doublet and stomacher of black satin, a bonnet of purple velvet, nine horse-harnesses and nine saddle-housings of blue velvet, gilt spurs, with many other rich articles, and magnificent apparel for his henchmen and pages." It is not at all difficult to discover why the young "Lord Edward" did not share in the ceremony; his appearance would have excited too many speculations and remarks to be at all agreeable or even safe to his crafty uncle; the wonder is, that the idea should ever have been raised. Subsequent events in connexion with the fate of the Princes have been matter of much controversy; but really, after all, there appears no solid reason to distrust Sir Thomas More's statement, who wrote only five-and-twenty years after their occurrence, when a variety of sources, that he might not be able to acknowledge publicly, were open to him for the acquisition of materials: the Chancellor's character, at all events, ought to free him from any suspicion of giving currency to *mere rumours*. His account is as follows:—"King Richard, after his coronation, taking his way to Gloucester, to visit in his new honour the town of which he bore the name of old, devised as he rode to fulfil that thing which he had before intended. And forasmuch as his mind misgave him that, his nephews living, men would not reckon that he could have right to the realm, he thought therefore without delay to rid them; as though killing of his kinsmen might aid his cause and make him kindly King. Thereupon he sent John Greene, whom he specially trusted, unto Sir Robert Brakenbury, constable of the Tower, with a letter, and credence also, that the same Sir Robert in any wise should put the two children to death. This John Greene did his errand to Brakenbury, kneeling before our Lady in the Tower, who plainly answered that he would never put them to death to die therefore. With which answer Greene returned, recounting the same to King Richard at Warwick, yet on his journey; wherewith he took such displeasure and thought, that the same night he said to a secret page of his, 'Oh! whom shall a man trust? They that I have brought up myself, they that I thought would have mostly surely served me, even those fail, and at my commandment will do nothing for me.' 'Sir,' quoth the page, 'there lieth one in the pallet-chamber without that I dare well say to do your grace pleasure: the thing were right hard that he would refuse;' meaning by this Sir James Tyrell." This man was seen and tempted, and the result was that he "devised that they should be murdered in their beds, and no blood shed: to the execution whereof he appointed Miles Forest, one of the four that before kept them, a fellow flesh-bred in murder before time; and to him he joined one John Dighton, his own horse-keeper, a big, broad, square, and strong knave." "Then, all the other being removed from them, this Miles Forest and John Dighton, about midnight, came into the chamber and suddenly wrapped them up amongst the clothes, keeping down by force the feather-bed and pillows hard upon their mouths, that within a while they smothered and stifled them, and, their breaths failing, they gave up to God their innocent souls into the joys of heaven, leaving to their tormentors their bodies dead in bed; after which the wretches laid them out upon the bed, and fetched Tyrell to see them; and when he was satisfied of their death, he caused the murderers to bury them at the stair-foot, meetly deep in the ground, under a great heap of stones." We quit these melancholy but romantic details with the observation that the stranger who now visits the Chapel of the White Tower will see, at the end of the passage which leads from the outer door to the foot of the circular staircase winding upwards to the sacred edifice, the old trunk of a mulberry-tree reared against the wall in the corner. The passage is formed on one side by the outer wall of the Tower, and on the other by a modern erection; originally the stairs here were open to the air, and formed the outer entrance. Beneath these stairs, in 1674, were found bones of a proportion "answerable to the ages of the royal youths," which were accordingly, by Charles II.'s orders, honourably interred in Henry VII.'s Chapel at Westminster. The spot was marked by the erection of the mulberry-tree referred to, which was cut down a few years ago, when the present passage was enclosed.

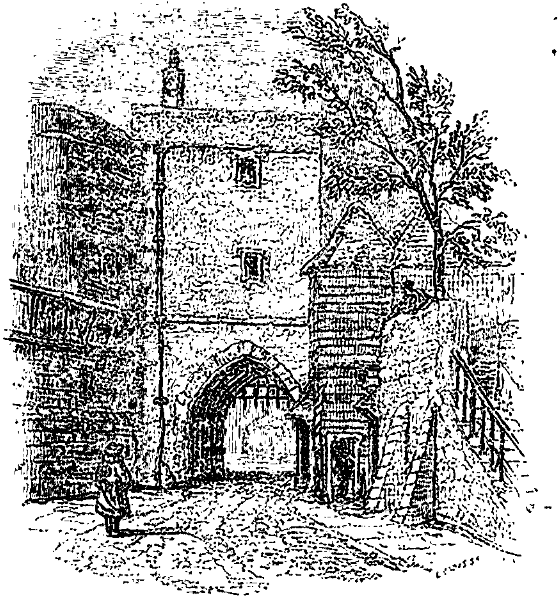
The battle of Bosworth Field and the death of Richard took place in August, 1485, and in October following Henry was crowned, with the usual procession and splendour. His union with Elizabeth, involving, as far as the nation was concerned, a much more important union, that of the rival houses which had so long deluged England with fratricidal blood, led to another queenly coronation, although Henry delayed that ceremony so long as to excite, in connexion with other evidences of his conduct towards her, a pretty general disgust among his subjects. Moved at last by considerations of this nature, he fixed for the day the 25th of November, 1487. Two days before, the Queen came by water from Greenwich, attended by the Mayor, Sheriffs, and Aldermen, and many citizens, chosen some from each craft, wearing their liveries, in barges "freshly furnished with banners and streamers of silk." One of the barges, called the Bachelor's, contained "many gentlemanly pageants well and curiously devised to do her highness sport and pleasure." Henry received her at the Tower, and conducted her to the royal apartments, where their majesties "kept open household and frank resort" for all the Court. On the morrow, after dinner, the Queen was "royally apparelled, having about her a kirtle of white cloth of gold of damask, and a mantle of the same suit furred with ermines, fastened before her breast with a great lace curiously wrought of gold and silk, and rich knobs of gold at the end tasselled; her fair yellow hair hanging down plain behind her back, with a caul (or net-work) of pipes over it, and a circlet of gold richly garnished with precious stones upon her head." This was indeed a figure worthy to be the central object of the rich picture presented by the pageant which conducted her to Westminster, in a litter hung with cloth of gold of damask, and having large pillows of down covered with the same material. The whole ceremony appears to have been conducted in a fine poetical spirit: thus, in many parts of the City, instead of the usual absurd conceits meeting her eye, she was welcomed by fair children arrayed in angelic costume, singing sweet songs as she passed. Another festive period marks the history of the Palace-Tower in this reign, on the occasion of the marriage of Henry's son, Prince Arthur, to Katherine, daughter of the King of Spain, when a splendid tournament was held here. Two years later, the Queen, who was a frequent but generally solitary resident, died in the Tower a few days after giving birth to a daughter, who did not long survive her.

The accession of a young king, and that king the tasteful, magnificent-minded Henry, for such he was in the first few years of his rule, gave the Tower a new period of splendour; and subsequent events, indeed, promised to make coronation processions become almost as frequent, and to be almost as much looked for, as those which still annually regale the eyes of the citizens of London. But after two ceremonies of the kind, the first being prior to his own and Katherine of Arragon's coronation, and the next prior to that of Anne Boleyn, Henry began to find such displays very expensive, and, having no doubt a prudent misgiving as to the limits of the number of opportunities that the future might afford, at once stopped short. Jane Seymour and her successors accordingly remained uncrowned, so far as the ceremony was concerned. With the exception of the visit of the French nobles after the conference of Guysnes and Arde, who were brought from Greenwich to the Tower in the royal barge, by the Earls of Essex and Derby, and there sumptuously feasted, we find little matter for observation during Henry's reign; who does not appear latterly to have been a very frequent visitor. Little susceptible to any sense of decency or remorse as he lived to show himself, the sight of the spot where Anne Boleyn, the mother of one of his children, had perished on the scaffold, innocent in all probability of any real crime, except that of standing betwixt him and the gratification of his reckless passions, could scarcely be agreeable even to the callous King. He died in 1547, and his son, Edward VI., was immediately conducted from Hatfield to the Tower, where he resided until the day preceding his coronation.

Lady Jane Grey's sovereignty, if sovereignty it may be called, was too brief even for the performance of the coronation ceremonies; so we pass on to those of Mary, the first Queen of England crowned in her own right. With pious and sisterly affection, Mary delayed that ceremony till her brother's funeral, who was buried in Henry VII.'s Chapel, Westminster, according to the forms of the Protestant Church, Mary contenting herself for the present by the very significant intimation of her religious views exhibited in the performance of *mass*, to celebrate the exequies of her brother, in the Tower Chapel. During this period, and whilst the preparations for her coronation were in progress, Mary held her court in the Tower, formed her council, and prepared her measures for the subversion of the new faith. The coronation procession took place on the 30th of September, 1553. The Queen rode in a chariot covered with cloth of gold, and after her, in another chariot, Henry's fourth wife, Anne of Cleves, who, not having enjoyed the luxury of a coronation in her own case, seemed by her smiling face quite contented to enjoy it now in another's. A circlet of gold beset with precious stones had been provided for the Queen, which during the ceremony proved so massy and ponderous, that she was fain to bear up her head with her hand; this same crown her sister Elizabeth carried in the procession, and complained to Noailles, as we have elsewhere noticed, of its weight. "Be patient," was the adroit answer; "it will seem lighter when on your own head." The Princess had little reason to be impatient, for five years only elapsed before she found herself again passing along through that line of crowded streets, herself the "cynosure of all eyes;" and, as she was sure to have remarked, the object of a more heartfelt welcome than had been accorded to her sister. All that ingenuity or wealth could do in the preparation of stately pageants, sumptuous shows, and cunning devices, was done; the figures of the Queen's ancestors, including, with a delightful forgetfulness of the past, Henry and Anne Boleyn (her mother) walking most affectionately together, were represented on stages at the street corners—prophecies and poems were showered upon her; here Time led forth his daughter Truth, who presented a Bible to her Majesty, which she took, reverently pressing it to her bosom; there Gog and Magog, having left Guildhall for Temple Bar, spread before her eyes a tablet of Latin verse, expounding the mysteries hidden beneath the recondite pageants she had beheld. But the day had its pleasanter, because more genuine, evidence of the popular joy, which for once proved to be well founded. Holinshed deserves our gratitude for recording the following charming passage:—"How many nosegays did her grace receive at poor women's hands!—how often stayed she her chariot when she saw any single body offer to speak to her grace! A bunch of rosemary given her grace, with a supplication by a poor woman about Fleet Bridge, was seen in her chariot till her grace came to Westminster." Better feelings, and higher thoughts too, than gratified vanity could originate, were evidently at work in Elizabeth's mind: "Be ye well assured," said she at one part of her progress, "I shall stand your good Queen;" nor did her reign on the whole belie this earnest and solemn promise.

With the solitary attempt at revival of the old custom on Charles II.'s accession, already described, the Palace History may be said to close with the reign of James I., who "passed triumphantly," we are told, from the Tower to Westminster, that he might not altogether disappoint the people; but no proper procession took place, on account of the plague. We have already alluded to the passion of this King for the royal lions; and we therefore at once proceed to describe the foundation and progress of the Tower Menagerie.

Henry III., receiving a present of three leopards from the Emperor Frederick, in allusion to his shield of arms, which bore three of these animals, placed them in the Tower, and subsequently added a white bear, for which the sheriffs of



[The Entrance Gate.]

London were ordered to provide a muzzle and an iron chain to secure him when out of the water, and a long and stout cord to hold him when *fishing in the Thames*. In the same reign, to the great wonder of the people, who actually came up from different parts of the country to see him, an elephant was added to the collection. In the time of Edward II. we find that there was also a lion in the Tower, for which the sheriffs of London had to provide daily a quarter of mutton. It has been well observed that, whilst about this time we find records of different orders being given to pay sixpence a day for the maintenance of this animal, several esquires, prisoners, were at the same time to be allowed just one penny per day each. By the reign of Henry VI. the office of Keeper had become one of consideration, and persons of family alone seem to have been nominated. It may be interesting to know the price of a lion three hundred years ago; we quote therefore the following item from Henry VIII.'s privy purse expenses, 1532:—"Paid to an almoner for bringing of a lion to the King's grace, £6. 13*s*. 4*d*." It was not merely to see the beasts that James I. so frequently visited them; a barbarous sport, attempted (happily in vain) to be revived in our own time,—the baiting of the lion with dogs,—was frequently got up for his recreation. In 1604, after a little preliminary amusement, such as watching the lion and lioness kill and suck the blood of a cock, two mastiffs were let loose upon a lion, and a terrible battle ensued. On another occasion three of the fiercest dogs in the bear-garden were put one after the other to a lion; but we have neither space nor desire for the repetition of the sickening details. In 1609, the King, Queen, and Prince Henry being present, a great bear, which had killed a child, negligently left in the bear-house, was put in succession to the fiercest lions in the Tower, but none of them would fight their grizzly antagonist. The spectators' appetite for blood was however to be in some way gratified; so a fortnight afterwards the King ordered the bear to be baited to death upon a stage, and the mother of the dead child received twenty pounds from the profits of the exhibition. At the beginning of the present century the Menagerie had dwindled away to a few straggling beasts and birds; but on the appointment of a new keeper, Mr. Cops, in 1822, the collection quickly grew again into repute. The beautiful work, called the 'Tower Menagerie,' is a happy evidence of the zeal and taste of this gentleman, as well as of the value of the Menagerie prior to its final removal a few years since to the Zoological Gardens.

One and one only visible evidence of the palatial splendours of the Tower in times past now remains within its walls,—the Regalia. The small tower in which the jewels have been kept for nearly the last two centuries stands at the north-eastern angle of the great area, close by the large pile of building recently destroyed by the fire; during which they were hastily removed to a safer part. The first express mention of the jewels being kept here occurs in the third Henry's reign, when, on that monarch's return from France, he commanded the Bishop of Carlisle to replace them in the Tower as they were before. Seldom, however, did they remain there for any length of time. Once they were pledged by Henry III. to certain merchants of Paris, another time by Edward III., to the merchants of Flanders, and again, soon after the accession of Richard II., to those of London, during which period they were deposited in the hands of the Bishop of London and the Earl of Arundel. Henry VI. also pledged to his rich uncle, Cardinal Beaufort, as security for 7000 marks, an immense quantity of such valuables, the mere enumeration of which occupies above three pages of Mr. Bayley's history; and which were all to become the absolute property of Beaufort if the borrowed money were not repaid by the feast of Easter, 1440. An inventory of the jewels in the Tower, made by order of James I., and given in the same work, is of still greater length; although Henry VIII., during the Lincolnshire rebellion in 1536, must have somewhat reduced the value and number of the contents; for he then ordered his minister Cromwell to go to the Jewel House and take therefrom as much plate as he thought could possibly be spared, and coin it immediately into money.

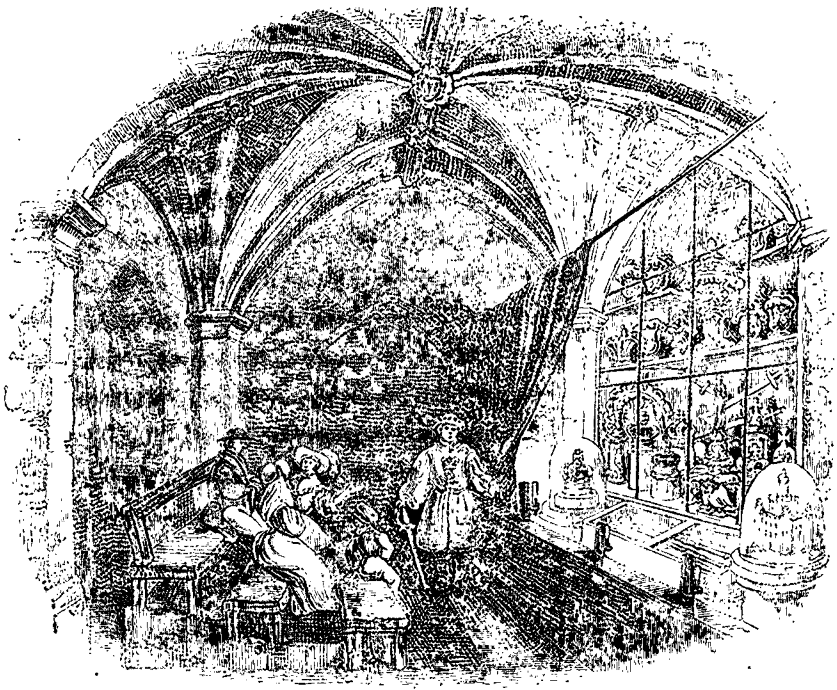
Of the present state of the Regalia our space will allow us only to give a short account. There are five crowns, known respectively as St. Edward's (so called from its having been made at Charles II.'s coronation to replace the previous crown, which the Confessor was supposed to have worn), the Crown of State, the Queen's circlet of gold, the Queen's crown, and the Queen's rich crown. Of these, the first and the fourth are the proper coronation crowns. The crown of state is remarkable for having three jewels, each of almost inestimable value, a ruby, a pearl, considered the finest in the world, and an emerald seven inches round. The other chief treasures are the Orb, an emblem of universal authority borrowed from the Roman Emperors, which is held by the monarch during the act of coronation; the Ampula, or Eagle of Gold, containing the anointing oil; the Curtana, or Sword of Mercy, borne naked before the sovereign during the coronation procession into the Abbey, between the two Swords of Justice, Spiritual and Temporal (what a significant type of ideas now happily fast disappearing from among us is that Spiritual Sword!); St. Edward's Staff, also carried before the sovereign in the procession,—a sceptre of gold four feet seven inches and a half long, with a small foot of steel, and a mound and cross at top; four other sceptres of gold and precious stones, one of which was discovered in 1814, behind some old wainscoting in the Jewel House; the Queen's Ivory Rod; another short sceptre of ivory and gold, made for James II.'s Queen; Bracelets, or armillæ, worn on the wrists during the coronation; royal spurs, salt-cellar, &c. It was not until the reign of Charles II. that the Regalia was allowed to be publicly exhibited. The office up to that time had been one of honour and emolument; thus, for instance, in the reign of Henry VIII., the great minister, Cromwell, was the "Master and Treasurer of the Jewel House." In Charles's reign, some reductions being made in the emoluments, on the appointment of Sir Gilbert Talbot as Master, the exhibition of the jewels was permitted in compensation; Sir Gilbert giving the receipts, by way of salary, to an old and confidential servant, who had the care of them, one Talbot Edwards—a name familiar to most readers in connexion with Colonel Blood's daring attempt to steal the crown in 1673. Although often told, the story will still bear repetition; and, indeed, cannot be well omitted from any account of the Tower, however brief.

Thomas Blood was a native of Ireland, and is supposed to have been born in 1628. In his twentieth year he married the daughter of a gentleman of Lancashire; then returned to his native country, and, having served there as lieutenant in the Parliamentary forces, received a grant of land instead of pay, and was by Henry Cromwell placed in the commission of the peace. On the Restoration, the Act of Settlement in Ireland, which affected Blood's fortune, made him at once discontented and desperate. He first signalized himself by his conduct during an insurrection set on foot to surprise Dublin Castle, and seize the Duke of Ormond, the Lord Lieutenant. This insurrection he joined and ultimately became the leader of; but it was discovered on the very eve of execution, and prevented. Blood escaped the fate of some of his chief associates, the gallows, by concealing himself for a time among the native Irish in the mountains, and ultimately by escaping to Holland, where he is said to have been favourably received by Admiral Ruyter. We next find him engaged with the Covenanters in the rebellion in Scotland in 1666, when, being once more on the side of the losing party, he saved his life only by similar means. Thenceforward Colonel Blood appears in the light of a mere adventurer, bold and capable enough to do anything his passions might instigate, and prepared to seize Fortune wherever he might find her, without the slightest scruple as to the means. The death of his friends in the insurrection we have mentioned seems to have left on Blood's mind a great thirst for personal vengeance on the Duke of Ormond; whom, accordingly, he actually seized on the night of the 6th of December, 1676, tied him on horseback to one of his associates, and, but for the timely aid of the Duke's servant, would have, no doubt, fulfilled his intention of hanging him at Tyburn. The plan failed, but so admirably had it been contrived that Blood remained totally unsuspected as its author, although a reward of one thousand pounds was offered for the discovery of the assassins. He now opened to those same associates an equally daring but much more profitable scheme, had it been successful; which was thus carried out:—Blood one day came to see the Regalia, dressed as a parson, and accompanied by a woman whom he called his wife; the latter, professing to be suddenly taken ill, was invited by the Keeper's wife into the adjoining domestic apartments. Thus an intimacy was formed, which was subsequently so well improved by Blood, that he arranged a match between a nephew of his and the Keeper's daughter, and a day was appointed for the young couple to meet. At the appointed hour came the pretended parson, the pretended nephew, and two others, armed with rapier-blades in their canes, daggers, and pocket-pistols. One of the number made some pretence for staying at the door as a watch, whilst the others passed into the Jewel House, the parson having expressed a desire that the Regalia should be shown to his friends, whilst they were waiting the approach of Mrs. Edwards and her daughter. No sooner was the door closed than a cloak was thrown over the old man and a gag forced into his mouth; and, thus secured, they told him their object, signifying he was safe if he submitted. The poor old man, however, faithful to the trust reposed in him, exerted himself to the utmost, in spite of the blows they dealt him, till he was stabbed and became senseless. Blood now slipped the crown under his cloak, another of his associates secreted the orb, and a third was busy filing the sceptre into two parts; when one of those extraordinary coincidences, which a novelist would scarcely dare to use, much less to invent, gave a new turn to the proceedings. The Keeper's son, who had been in Flanders, returned at this critical moment. At the door he was met by the accomplice stationed there as sentinel, who asked him with whom he would speak. Young Edwards replied he belonged to the house, and hurried up stairs, the sentinel, we suppose, not knowing how to prevent the catastrophe he must have feared otherwise than by a warning to his friends. A general flight ensued, amidst which the robbers heard the voice of the Keeper once more shouting "Treason! Murder!" which being heard by the young lady, who was waiting anxiously to see her lover, she ran out into the open air, reiterating the cries. The alarm became general, and outstripped the conspirators. A warder first attempted to stop them, but at the discharge of a pistol he fell, without waiting to know if he were hurt, and so they passed his post. At the next, one Sill, a sentinel, not to be outdone in prudence, offered no opposition, and they passed the drawbridge. At St. Catherine's Gate their horses were waiting for them; and as they ran along the Tower wharf they joined in the cry of "Stop the rogues!" and so passed on unsuspected, till Captain Beckman, a brother-in-law of young Edwards, overtook the party. Blood fired, but missed him, and was immediately made prisoner. The crown was found under his cloak, which, prisoner as he was, he would not yield without a struggle. "It was a gallant attempt, however unsuccessful," were the witty and ambitious rascal's first words; "it was for a crown!" Not the least extraordinary part of this altogether extraordinary affair was the subsequent treatment of Colonel Blood. Whether it was that he frightened Charles by his threats of being revenged by his associates, or captivated him by his conjoined audacity and flattery (he had been engaged to kill the King, he said, from among the reeds by the Thames side above Battersea, as he was bathing, but was deterred by an "awe of majesty"), it is difficult to say; the result, however, was, that, instead of being sent to the gallows, he was taken into such especial favour, that application to the throne through his medium became one of the favourite modes with suitors. Blood died in 1680. It was not to be supposed that this affair should pass without exciting a great deal of comment and scandal. Rochester, in his 'History of Insipids,' writes—

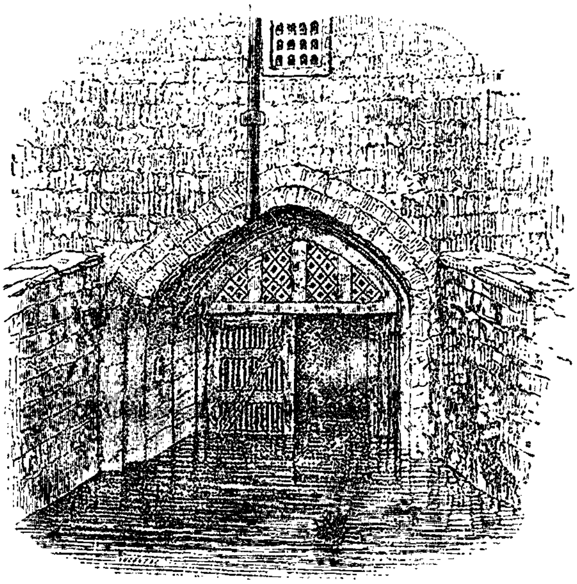
> "Blood, that wears treason in his face,
>   Villain complete in parson's gown,
> How much he is at court in grace
>   For stealing Ormond and the crown!
> Since loyalty does no man good,
> Let's steal the King, and outdo Blood."

Poor Edwards lived to manifest the truth of the last line but one of these verses. All the reward he obtained was 300*l.* for himself and son, and the money remained so long unpaid that the orders were previously disposed of at half their value.

[To be continued in No. XL.]



[The Jewel House.]



[Traitor's Gate.]

XL.—THE TOWER.—No. 3.

(Continued from No. XXXIX.)

THE PRISON.

DEEPLY interesting as the Tower appears from whatever point of view we look upon it, all other matters sink into comparative insignificance beside its pre-eminently distinctive feature—the State-Prison of England. Were it possible, indeed, to strip it of every other association, not the less would it remain one of the most interesting buildings in the world. It is useless to speak of single names, or single incidents. The Tower could spare a score of these, each of them important enough to immortalize any locality, without sensible diminution of its wealth. Kings, queens, statesmen, patriots, philosophers, poets, martyrs, form the almost unbroken line of illustrious captives for some five or six centuries. There is scarcely a single great event of our history wherein this terrible edifice does not appear looming in the distance. It would be hardly possible to find one ancient family of distinction to which the Tower has not bequeathed some fearful and ghastly memories.

But these remarks refer only to the known—the recorded history. If we could learn the unknown! When we reflect on the partial and occasional glimpses which have been afforded into the depths of those gloomy dungeons, which still meet the eye of the stranger, telling their fearful secrets in their lowering aspect,—when we read the plainest matter-of-fact descriptions of such places as the Little Hell, or the Rats' Dungeon, the imagination recoils in horror at the thought of what must have met the eye, at almost any period of the earlier history of the Tower, could the entire buildings have been suddenly unroofed, and its most secret recesses laid open to the broad day! No refinement of physical cruelty ever devised by fiction but has here had its prototype in reality ; no mode of mental suffering that has not here exhibited itself; and, we may add, no heights of human fortitude that have not been reached by the occupants of those earth-buried cells. It is not the greater inhabitants of the Tower only to whom these remarks apply. Inscriptions yet remain on the walls, like so many voices ascending from out the vast multitude of humbler prisoners, arousing our warmest sympathies and admiration for them too, whom we are but too apt to forget in the presence of their more distinguished fellows. How profoundly melancholy is this expression of grief, inscribed on the wall of the Beauchamp Tower !—" Since fortune hath chosen that my hope should go to the wind to complain, I wish the time were destroyed: my planet being ever sad and unpropitious. Wilim : Tyrrel, 1541."* Who was William Tyrrel? No one can tell. He is but one of thousands who have passed from the cheerful sunshine and great business of life into inscrutable darkness, and perhaps into the welcomed, because tortureless, and quiet grave. Dante's line, written over the infernal portals, *Renounce all hope who enter here,* would indeed have been a suitable inscription for the Tower gateway, and there would have been little cause to fear a recurrence of an incident that did once take place, the death of a prisoner, who had so given up all hope, from mere revulsion of feeling at being informed he was free. Such liberations were never dangerously frequent. Yet there were men who could look upon so dread a trial as this without despair,—who would even take it to their bosoms whilst they wrote upon their prison walls in letters that, to our eyes, still make the place luminous :—" *The most unhappy man is he that is not patient in adversities; for men are not killed with the adversities they have, but with the impatience they suffer.*"

The history of the Tower-Prison is necessarily, in a great measure, a reflex of the history of the monarchs of England, and, in every age, borrows its hues from their characters. So strikingly true is this, that there could be no doubt, for instance, as to the ambition of Edward I., or the weakness of Edward II., the lusts of Henry VIII., the bigotry of Mary, or the vanity of Elizabeth, if we possessed no other records than these walls could furnish.

Prior to the reign of the first of these sovereigns, the principal persons who had been confined in the Tower were Ralph Flambard, the minister of Rufus's extortion and tyranny, who escaped in the mode before described; his less successful imitator, Griffin, son of the Prince of North Wales; and Hubert de Burgh, the brave, single-minded, but unfortunate minister of John and Henry III. Edward kept the Tower in continual requisition. First, he fell upon the Jews, (in 1282,) who were seized without distinction in every part of England, on the pretence of clipping and adulterating coin, and six hundred of their number thrown into the Tower. The Welsh next furnished a supply of victims for these insatiable walls; then the Scotch, during the king's attempts to subjugate these countries. The battle of Dunbar, in 1296, placed in Edward's hands not only the Scottish king, Baliol, but a large portion of the most influential Scottish nobility, many of whom shared their sovereign's captivity in the Tower. But the great memory of the Tower in this reign is Wallace, who entered its gloomy walls in 1305, and, after undergoing a kind of trial, was dragged from thence through Cheapside to Smithfield, tied to horses' tails, and there executed with barbarities according but too well with the infamy of the deed. Lastly, the courts of law, and the monastic cloister, swelled the immense number of prisoners during this period, the Chief Justice of the King's Bench, and several other judges, having been committed for corruption, and the entire inmates of Westminster Abbey, abbot, monks, and servants, on suspicion of theft. This was a curious affair. Whilst Edward was in Scotland, in 1303, his treasury, then kept in the Abbey, was broken open, and robbed to the extent, it is said, of a hundred thousand pounds. No thief could be discovered, so Edward summarily packed off to the Tower the whole establishment, of eighty-one persons. They were tried, and acquitted. We have here a striking proof of Edward's determined character. The abbot, however, had perhaps as little of the spirit of Becket as the King of Henry II.

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* Translated from the old Italian original, as given in Mr. Bailey's History.

Edward II. troubled himself little with foreign acquisitions, but not the less did the Tower find a sufficiency of inhabitants. The Knights Templars were now dissolved, and all the knights south of the Trent committed to the great state-prison, where the Master died. The continued struggles of the Welsh to recover their independence again resulted in the imprisonment in the Tower of many of their bravest champions, some of whom died there, others were liberated after long confinement. But internal dissension was the chief feature of this reign, and, consequently, whichever of the two parties was uppermost, the weak King or his discontented barons, Englishmen still thronged the dungeons. Another escape marks this period. Elated by some little successes, the King all at once grew bold, and attacked the more powerful of his enemies on the borders of Wales, where he was little expected. Lord Mortimer and several other barons were seized, and committed to the Tower. Here he gained over his keeper, and having invited Stephen de Segrave, the constable, with the other chief officers of the Tower, to a banquet, he made them intoxicated, and got safely off to France. He then joined the Queen, and immediately set on foot the conspiracy which ended in Edward's imprisonment in his own palace here, and subsequent murder. A day of retribution was approaching. By the young King Edward III.'s order, Mortimer was, as we have before mentioned, suddenly arrested at Nottingham, and brought, with his two sons and others, to the Tower, loaded with chains, and there left in one of its darkest dungeons till the period of his trial and execution. This first act of the new monarch told his subjects that a new period was dawning upon them. France and Scotland were again the battle-fields on which English valour exhibited itself to the eyes of the world, and each country continued through this long and brilliant reign to pour their tribute of illustrious captives into our great fortress. John Earl of Murray, one of the great supports of the Scottish throne, was taken prisoner in 1336, and, being unable to raise the immense ransom demanded, lingered here for some years. The mode of his liberation is not the least remarkable part of his history. In 1340 he was granted to William Earl of Salisbury, like so much land or live stock, "to do with him as most for his advantage;" and, remarkably enough, ultimately was exchanged for his own keeper (on Salisbury's being made prisoner in France), through the intercession of the King of Scotland. In 1346 another terrible blow desolated the hearths of half the nobility and knighthood of Scotland; this was the battle of Neville's Cross, near Durham, in which David Bruce, the King, the Earls of Fife, Monteith, Wigtown, and Carrick, the Lord Douglas, and fifty other distinguished chiefs, fell into the hands of the English. The King was immediately conducted, with all honour and ceremony, under an escort of twenty thousand men, to London, through the streets of which he passed towards the Tower, mounted on a high black courser; the civic companies lining the whole way on the occasion, habited in their liveries. Eleven dreary years did the unhappy monarch spend in the Tower before he could obtain his liberation, even on the high condition of engaging to pay one hundred thousand marks, and delivering some of his principal nobility as hostages. Some of his nobility were still less fortunate. The Earl of Monteith, having previously done fealty to Edward, was hanged and quartered. Let us turn next to the evidences of the French campaigns. In 1346, Edward having taken Caen, "a goodly town, and full of drapery and other merchandise, and rich burgesses, and noble ladies and damsels, and fine churches, and one of the fairest castles in all Normandy," sent off to the Tower, as the fruits of his success, the Constable of France, with the Count de Tankerville, three hundred opulent citizens, and an immense amount of booty. In 1347 the Tower gates opened to admit thirteen prisoners, twelve of whom had been known only as peaceful citizens a few months before; yet even the grim warders themselves must have warmed with something like admiration, as they looked upon these same citizens now, and learned they were the men whose fame had spread far and wide, as the heroic defenders of Calais whilst it could be defended, and its saviours afterwards by their giving themselves up to the conqueror as an expiatory sacrifice for the crime of their fellow-citizens in refusing so long to yield their beloved town to foreigners. The Governor of Calais, John de Viennes, was at their head. The next important French prisoner was Charles de Blois, whose struggle for the dukedom of Brittany, against De Montford and his fair and gallant Countess, had cost both nations so much blood and treasure. He was not liberated till 1356, and then only after heavy ransom had been exacted. In 1357, news of a great battle that had taken place in France began to be bruited abroad, in which it was said the English had thrown all their other recent victories into the shade. Accordingly, on the 24th of May, the assembled multitudes of the metropolis beheld their favourite Black Prince enter at the head of a triumphal procession that surpassed even the wildest tales of rumour. The King of France, his son, four other princes of the blood, eight earls, and an innumerable train of lesser but still important personages, graced the pageant of the victor of Poictiers. The chief residence of John was the Savoy; the other illustrious prisoners were mostly confined in that prison whose terrible walls must by this time have become almost as much an object of awe in France and in Scotland as in our own country. Another eminent member of the bench, William de Thorp, Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, was in the present reign degraded for venality and corruption, and thrown into the Tower. The frequent occurrence of cases of this kind is a noticeable commentary on the state of things at home, whilst our monarchs were wasting their talents, energies, and revenues, to say nothing of their slaughtered subjects, in attempts at foreign subjugation. We shall only mention one other captive of Edward's reign. Valeran, Earl of St. Paul, a young French noble, as distinguished for his elegance of manners as for his bravery, was made prisoner in a skirmish near Lyques, and presented to the English King. The rugged Tower itself seems to have grown gracious to the light-hearted young foreigner whilst he stayed in it; and when he left it, it was for a confinement of a gentler description. At Windsor he met the Lady Maud, who was then residing at the castle with her mother, the Princess of Wales; both, it appears, had a taste for "dancing and carolling;" the result was that Earl St. Paul returned to his native country richer by a wife, "the fairest lady in all England," than he had left it. The remarkable similarity between the circumstances attending this match, and those attending the marriage of the poet-King of Scotland, will not escape the notice of the readers of a previous number—St. Mary Overies.

The weakness of the next sovereign, Richard II., produced again the lamentable results which had marked the reign of the second Edward,—internal warfare, jealousies, struggles of rival noblemen for power, &c. The closeness of the parallel indeed is extraordinary, for in the end, Richard, like his predecessor, was deposed, imprisoned in his own Palace-Tower—and only removed from thence to be mysteriously murdered. During this period many distinguished men were confined here; some but as a step to their execution. Sir Simon Burley, the companion of the present King, chosen by his father, the Black Prince, whilst Richard was yet a boy, and one of the bravest and most accomplished men of his time, was the chief of these victims to the spirit of faction. He was executed on Tower Hill, on the spot afterwards destined to be famous for scenes of a similar kind. Froissart, noticing this event, says:—"To write of his shameful death right sore displeaseth me; for when I was young I found him a noble knight, sage and wise." On the breaking up of the confederacy, at whose instance this savage deed had taken place, its chief members fell into Richard's hands; of whom the Duke of Gloucester perished, no one knows how, in the castle of Calais; and the Earls of Arundel and Warwick, Lord Cobham, and Sir John Cheyney, took their late victim's place in the Tower, and the first (Arundel) followed his footsteps still further, even to the gallows on the neighbouring hill. This improvement in the King's affairs was but temporary; the star of Bolingbroke was now in the ascendant. We need only add to the account of subsequent events given in the preceding paper, that Richard during his confinement had the anguish of beholding three of his adherents, who were supposed to have been implicated in the death of the Earl of Gloucester at Calais, brought under the very window of his room, tied to horses' tails, and dragged off towards Cheapside, where they were beheaded on a fishmonger's stall. One captive in the Tower during this reign yet remains to be mentioned, who has not been noticed by the historians of the edifice, though one of the most memorable of its unwilling visitants. The great poet Chaucer was confined in the Tower not less than three years, during which he wrote his prose work called 'The Testament of Love,' in imitation of the example of Boethius, who, under a similar calamity, produced his 'Consolations of Philosophy.' The work is in the form of a dialogue between the prisoner and Love, who visits him in his cell here, and listens to his account of his misfortunes, and their cause, namely, the politics of London, and his devotion to the Lady Marguerite, under which designation he fancifully refers to the spiritual comfort of the Church. Chaucer, like his great patron, John of Gaunt, was a firm Wickliffite, and took part in the struggle between the Court and the City concerning the re-election of John of Northampton, a follower of Wickliffe, and one of the Duke's partisans. A commotion ensued, some lives were lost, John of Northampton was sent to prison, and Chaucer, who was implicated in the affair, fled to Zealand for a time; then returned to England, was arrested, and thrown into the Tower. He appears to have been liberated about 1389, and at the price of certain disclosures, which have been too readily assumed as dishonourable, considering that he retained the friendship of his illustrious patron; and John of Northampton received the royal pardon: these apparently being the only two persons, if any, affected by his statements.

Among the prisoners in the Tower concerned in the conspiracy that broke out almost immediately after Bolingbroke's accession to the throne, was his own brother-in-law, the Earl of Huntingdon, who was beheaded without trial, and his head placed on London Bridge, till his wife (Bolingbroke's sister) obtained permission for its decent burial with the body in the college of Pleshy. Among the other distinguished captives of this reign were a kinsman and son of Owen Glendower; and James I. of Scotland, whom we have recently mentioned, who was confined here at several different periods. This reign is also characterised by the passing of an act against heretics, or Lollards, which soon began to fill the Tower dungeons with a new species of sufferers, and invest them with a more melancholy interest. The first leader of these founders of English Protestantism was a man in every way worthy of the high but fearful mission allotted to him—this was Sir John Oldcastle Lord Cobham, a man of talent and courage, who had been the intimate associate of Henry V. prior to his accession to the throne. In the first year of this King's reign Lord Cobham was accused of heresy; and Henry, having in vain endeavoured to convince his early friend of his errors, left him to the operation of the ecclesiastical law, by which he was ultimately sentenced to the flames. On hearing his fate pronounced, he fell on his knees in the Court and fervently prayed Heaven's mercy for his persecutors. Owing possibly in some way to the secret desire of the King that he should escape, Cobham managed to get out of the Tower, and in spite of the immense reward offered for his apprehension remained four years at liberty. In 1417 he unhappily again fell into the hands of his remorseless persecutors, and was drawn from the Tower to St. Giles's Fields, hanged by the middle with a chain, and burnt to death. Turning from this and other similarly unhappy recollections of the Tower during the reign of Henry V., the reverse of the bright picture which too often alone occupies our thoughts when we think of the conqueror of Agincourt, we again meet with a continual stream of French captives pouring into the Tower; some of whom, including the Duke of Bourbon and Marshal Boucicaut, died within its walls. The Duke of Orleans, taken also in the great battle we have mentioned, spent many years in the Tower, amusing himself, as already noticed, with poetical recreations.

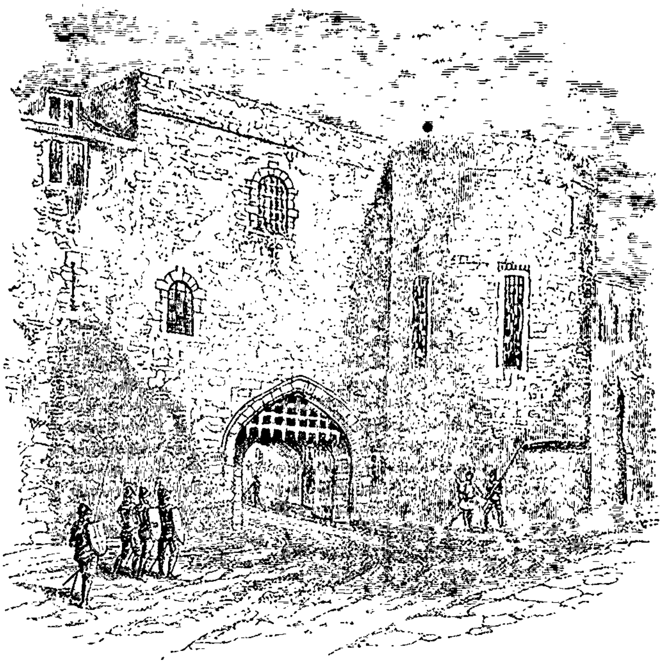
The young King of Scotland was all this time in captivity, though his marriage with Jane Beaufort had given a new colour to his residence in England. One of the earliest acts of the government on the accession of Henry VI. was his liberation; when the Tower received a brilliant troop of Scottish nobles, who were to be kept there as hostages for the payment of their King's ransom. Their confinement was of the pleasantest description; their relatives having free access to them, as well as their servants, with horses, hawks, and hounds. We must now pass over many events, interesting in themselves, but which our space will not allow us to dwell upon, such as the confinement of Owen Tudor, grandfather to Henry VII.; of the Duchess of Gloucester, who was charged with conspiring with one Margaret Jourdayn, the witch of Eye, to take away the life of the King by devising an image of wax representing his person, who would then consume and die away as the image should melt before a slow fire; and of the Duke of Suffolk, who, soon after leaving the Tower in pursuance of his sentence of banishment, was beheaded on the side of a boat at Dover, a sacrifice to popular vengeance. The Wars of the Roses now begin, and every page of the subsequent history of the Tower is recorded in blood. Among the victims of this terrible and long-protracted struggle whom the Tower at different times received within its walls, and sent forth again to the neighbouring scaffold, were the Earls of Oxford, Lord Aubrey de Vere and his son, Sir Thomas Tudenham, Sir William Tyrell, &c., &c. During this period the poor King was bandied to and fro between the contending parties, from the palace to the prison, from the prison to the palace, enjoying little more real respect or attention in the one case than in the other, till the battle of Tewkesbury at once sealed alike the fate of his crown and of his life. The intrepid Margaret, his Queen, was perhaps even more than himself to be pitied. From the neighbourhood of Tewkesbury, where her darling son, Prince Edward, had been so brutally murdered, she was brought to the Tower, where her husband, divided from her only by a few walls, experienced a similar fate. The impenetrable mystery in which this affair is wrapped extends to the death of Clarence, the brother of Edward IV., who was committed to the Tower on some frivolous charges, tried at the bar of the House of Lords,—where an advocate appeared against him that none dared to oppose, the King himself,—convicted, and sentenced to death. It will be remembered that the recent fire broke out in a tower on the northern side of the fortress, called the Bowyer Tower; its name,—derived from the residence in it of the master and provider of the King's bows,—bespeaking its antiquity. This consisted of two stories, but the original upper one having long disappeared, a modern erection was built in its place. This is the part destroyed by the fire. Beneath, the ancient building still exists, consisting of a large vaulted chamber with walls of immense thickness, and three large arched recesses. This, sayeth tradition, was the scene of the murder of Clarence; who, according to the same authority, was drowned in a butt of his favourite liquor, malmsey. And before the alterations which have been made, such as the widening the loop-holes in the recesses into windows, the spot must have had just the savage aspect that one would expect to find connected with such a story. A still more dreary vault extends beneath, opening from the basement chamber by a trap-door, where, if there be any truth in the tradition, we may imagine the murderers to have found the butt of malmsey, as they sought, in the words of Shakspere, "to hide the body in some hole." We must not omit to add, that there is also a secret passage leading from this cell to some unknown part of the fortress. The next event we have to mention calls our attention to a different part of the Tower. In the south-west angle of the great area, in front of the lowly-looking chapel of St. Peter, is a small space in the pavement, distinguished from the rest by a somewhat darker appearance of the stones. A strange feeling crept over us as we gazed upon that spot for the first time;—and, with a half anticipation of the answer, we inquired of a passing soldier the meaning of its peculiar aspect. That, he said, was the place of execution! Lady Jane Grey, and he knew not how many more, had there perished. In old times, he added, the space all around was covered with grass, but nothing would grow on *that* spot. This then was "the green beside the chapel, within the Tower," mentioned by Sir Thomas More as the place where Hastings was brought from the Council Chamber in the White Tower after the extraordinary scene mentioned in our account of the Palace, "and there, without time for confession or repentance, his head was struck off upon a log of timber" which happened to be lying on the grass: the first instance, apparently, of those private executions which give a still deeper hue to the sanguinary history of the Tower-Prison. The brief reign of the author of this deed furnishes us with another noticeable case. A gentleman of the name of Collingbourne wrote the following lines with reference to Richard (whose crest was a wild boar) and his chief advisers, Catesby, Ratcliffe, and Lovel:—

"The cat, the rat, and Lovel our dog,
Rule all England under a hog!"

Many a hearty laugh no doubt greeted the publication of these lines; but the unfortunate author had to repent of his wit upon the scaffold at Tower Hill. Passing over with the briefest mention the death of the poet Surrey, the imprisonment of Perkin Warbeck, the execution of the young Earl of Warwick (the descendant of the murdered Clarence, a victim to Henry VII.'s jealousy of his royal descent), and that also of Sir William Stanley, who had helped to crown Henry at Bosworth Field, in the present reign; and the execution of that monarch's ministers, Empson and Dudley, in the commencement of the reign of his successor; we reach a period when almost every great event in the Tower annals is marked by some existing memorial, occurring here in the shape of a name given to a particular tower, there in one of the numerous inscriptions yet visible on the walls, or by simple records and recollections attaching particular incidents to particular places.

The reign of Henry VIII. presents us with a long list of eminent prisoners. The chief crime of Edward Duke of Buckingham appears to have been his royal descent, which, coupled with some incautious expressions, led to his trial and conviction. As was usual, the Duke left the Tower for Westminster Hall in a barge, furnished with its carpets and cushions befitting the rank of the prisoner; but on his return, with a touching, and yet dignified humility, he refused to take again the same seat. "When I came to Westminster," said he, "I was Lord High Constable and Duke of Buckingham, but now, poor Edward Bohun!" Sir Thomas More next follows, a still more illustrious victim. The Tower seems to have had little horrors for him, unless, indeed, it were from seeing their effect upon others. From his first entrance, when, according to custom, the porter demanded his uppermost garment as his fee, meaning, no doubt, his cloak, or some such valuable article, and Sir Thomas, taking off his cap (with a kind of latent consciousness, perhaps, that he should have little further need of it), said, *that* was his uppermost garment, and that he wished it were of more value,—to his final departure for the scaffold, where he remarked to the executioner, as he laid his head on the block, "Prythee let me put my beard aside, for that hath never committed treason," the light-hearted and high-minded Chancellor still preserved all the delightful playfulness of manner which made him as much the beloved of his friends as his more important qualities made him the admiration of his contemporaries and of posterity. One bitter moment, however, no temperament or fortitude could ward off. As he returned to the Tower after condemnation, Margaret Roper, the most beloved of his daughters, who had placed herself in waiting at the gate, suddenly rushed from among the crowd as he approached, tore her way through the guards, and flung herself, bathed in tears, on his neck, imploring in broken expressions his blessing. The officers were obliged at last to take her away by force, but she broke from them, and again threw herself upon his breast, crying, "Oh my father, oh my father!" The very guards partook of the general anguish. With Sir Thomas, Bishop Fisher had also been committed to the Tower, and for the same reason, refusing to acknowledge the King's supremacy. This aged and distinguished prelate was nearly eighty years old when he was thus dragged from the quiet home he so much needed. Here was a case for a little more than ordinary attention to the prisoner's comfort, which, one would have supposed, even Henry VIII. would have noticed. But had the venerable prisoner been at the mercy of men who, by some freak of nature, had been born without hearts in their bosoms, it would have been just as reasonable to have expected any kind of sympathy. In a letter written to Cromwell, the Bishop says, "Furthermore I beseech you to be good master in my necessity; for I have neither shirt, nor suit, nor yet other clothes that are necessary for me to wear, but that be ragged and rent too shamefully. Notwithstanding I might easily suffer that, if they would keep my body warm. But my diet also, God knoweth how slender it is at many times. And now, in mine age, my stomach may not away but with a few kind of meats, which if I want, I decay forthwith." Bishop Fisher's residence was in the Bell Tower, a building of two stories, built in a circular shape, with the lower (or basement) curiously vaulted, and having deep recesses and narrow embrasures in the vast walls. The crimson tide rolls on with increased velocity. The executions of More and Fisher were followed in the same year by that of Anne Boleyn, whose barge now again retraced the way from Greenwich to the Tower, though this time it stopped at a different entrance. The unhappy lady, as she looked upon the dread Traitor's Gate, read her fate in its aspect, and as she passed beneath its lowering arch, fell on her knees, and prayed God to defend her, as she was unspotted by the crime of which she was accused. But even death itself was not the worst. Her unnatural husband, having obtained her condemnation for treason *as his wife*, now obtained a sentence of the spiritual court, declaring she was no such thing, and that their issue (*Elizabeth*) was illegitimate. She was beheaded on the Green, and having resolutely refused to cover her eyes, which, as her head lay on the block, were fixed on the executioner, the man had not courage to strike. At last he took off his shoes, caused another person to approach and draw her attention to the one side, whilst he on the other gave the fatal blow.

On the death of Henry's son, Edward VI., the Prince became almost immediately filled with the participators in the Duke of Northumberland's attempt to make Lady Jane Grey Queen; and the Duke himself became the victim of his own schemes. Wyatt's insurrection, almost as short-lived, followed; and the brave, but imprudent leader, with Cobham, Bret, and others, were also brought hither. As he came to the wicket of the Bloody Tower, Sir John Bridges took him by the collar, using many violent and abusive expressions, and saying, "But that the law must pass upon thee, I would stick thee through with my dagger." "To the which," says Holinshed, "Wyatt, holding his arms under his side, and looking grievously with a grim look upon the lieutenant, said, 'It is no mastery now,' and so passed on." The origin of the name of this Tower, with its immense circular bastion, its striking-looking low deep gateway and iron-toothed portcullis, is very uncertain. At all events it cannot refer to incidents older than the reign of Henry VIII., for it was then known as the Garden Tower. Mr. Bailey thinks it may possibly be so called from the death of the eighth Earl of Northumberland, who was said to have committed suicide, but under such mysterious circumstances, that we need not wonder the popular idea set it down as one of the "foul and midnight murders" that have but too often stained the Tower walls. Treason, in connexion with Mary Queen of Scots, was his alleged crime. Various memorials of persons engaged with Wyatt still remain in the White Tower and in the Beauchamp Tower, and more particularly, in the latter, of the illustrious victims his ill-contrived movement was the indirect means of sending there. The Beauchamp Tower derives its name, in all probability, from Thomas



[The Bloody Tower.]

de Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, who was confined in the state prison here prior to his banishment to the Isle of Man in 1397. It consists of two stories, ascended by a circular staircase; the lower story is now used as the officers' mess-room. In this apartment there are several pointed arched recesses originally admitting light into it from narrow embrasures, but these are now blocked up, and windows opened in another part. The walls of this exceedingly interesting place are almost covered with inscriptions, devices, coats of arms, and autographs; of which we proceed to notice a few of the more important.

The partakers in the insurrection in the north, produced by the religious policy of Henry VIII.'s government, have left here many records of the failure of their attempt. This was in 1357. In the following year, the Marquis of Exeter, Henry Pole Lord Montagu, and others, were convicted, chiefly on the evidence of Lord Montagu's brother, Sir Geoffrey Pole, of what was called treasonable correspondence with the famous Cardinal Pole, who had roused all the King's vindictive passions to the highest pitch by his eloquent denunciations of the murder of Sir T. More. The noblemen we have mentioned were executed on Tower Hill. The Marchioness of Salisbury, a sister of the Earl of Warwick mentioned in the preceding reign, was kept in confinement till 1541, when, on the rising of a new commotion in Yorkshire, she was executed, chiefly on the ground of holding communication with her son, Cardinal Pole. Her death was almost too shocking for relation. When she was brought to the scaffold erected on the fatal Green, she refused to lay her head on the block, steadfastly declaring she was no traitor, and the executioner actually killed her as he followed her round the platform. The miserable being who had thus been the means of shedding his brother's and mother's blood was doomed to perpetual imprisonment within the Tower, where he has recorded his own infamy in the following inscription on the walls of the Beauchamp Tower: "Geffrye Poole, 1562."

On the right of the southern recess is the melancholy inscription referred to in the commencement of the present paper, by W. Tyrrel. Over the fireplace is a pious memorial of the Earl of Arundel, whose memory was so venerated that a late Duchess of the Howard family, according to Pennant, procured his skull, and, having had it enchased in gold, kept it by her as a sacred relic. His chief crime was that of being a firm Papist. He lingered here in confinement till his death. This was indeed a most unfortunate family. Arundel himself told the Queen, that his great-grandfather, his grandfather, and his father, had all been attainted without being traitors; the last being the Duke of Norfolk, executed by Elizabeth for his connexion with Mary Queen of Scots. We now reach the memorials of Lady Jane Grey and her friends. Near the middle recess is a piece of sculpture, about thirteen inches square, representing a shield within an enriched border composed of roses, slips of oak, acorns, foliage, &c. The shield exhibits a lion, and a bear erect grasping a rugged staff, and beneath are the following lines:—

"You that these beasts do well behold and see
May deem with ease wherefore here made they be,
With borders eke wherein [there may be found *]
Brothers' names, who list to search the ground."

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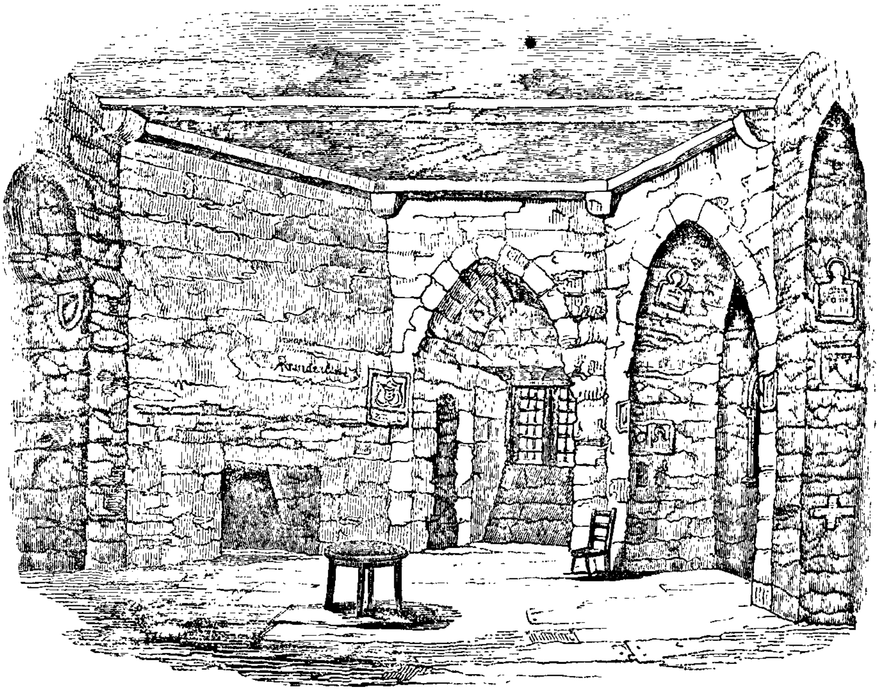
* The inscription being incomplete, the remainder has been thus supplied by Mr. Bailey.

The sculptor was John Dudley, Earl of Warwick, son of the Duke of Northumberland, Lady Jane Grey's uncle; and the brothers referred to, four in number, were all his fellow-prisoners, Ambrose, Robert, Henry, and Lady Jane's husband, Guilford. Mr. Bailey in part explains the enigma thus: the rose, for Ambrose; the oak-sprigs for *Robert*, from Robers. In another part of the room the letters I A N E appear upon the walls, which Mr. Bailey attributes to the hand of Lord Guilford; but in the changes of residence which may have taken place during the period of this unfortunate pair's confinement in the Tower, we see no improbability in the circumstance that the same apartment may have received both her and her relatives, though at different times, within its walls. These old traditions should be respected so long as no decisive proof of their want of foundation be given. At the time of Lord Guilford's execution, we know, from an affecting circumstance, that his lady was not in the Beauchamp Tower, but in "Master Partridge's house;" where, on his way to Tower Hill, he passed beneath her window and received her last tokens of remembrance. She then prepared herself for the scene in which she was to be chief performer. As she was about to pass forth to the Green, she beheld the headless corse of her husband carried in a cart to the Chapel; but she was armed against all that could happen to her. "O Guilford, Guilford," said she, "the ante-past is not so bitter that thou hast tasted, and which I shall soon taste, as to make my flesh tremble: it is nothing compared to the feast of which we shall partake this day in heaven:" and so she went onwards to the grim scaffold. When the executioner would have assisted to disrobe her, she desired him to let her alone, and turned to her two gentlewomen, who took off the necessary attire. He then desired her to stand on the straw, which she did, saying, "I pray you despatch me quickly." As she knelt, she inquired, "Will you take it off before I lay me down?" "No, madam," was the answer. "Then," says Holinshed, in describing one of the most affecting scenes ever witnessed, "she tied the handkerchief about her eyes, and, *feeling for the block*, she said, 'Where is it? where is it?' One of the standers by guided her thereunto, and she laid down her head upon the block, and stretched forth her body, and said, 'Lord, into thy hands I commend my spirit.'" Another inhabitant of the Beauchamp Tower, confined at the same period and for the same cause, was the man afterwards so well known as Elizabeth's unworthy favourite, the Earl of Leicester, who has left us, as a memorial of his presence, a sculptured oak-tree with acorns, and his initials "R. D.," Robert Dudley. There are several inscriptions here by the author of those golden sentences before transcribed in our preliminary remarks, C. Bailly, a Fleming, or Brabanter, who was imprisoned in the Tower for his devotion to the Queen of Scots. He was the medium of those dangerous communications which passed between Mary, the Bishop of Ross, and Ridolfi of Florence, the Pope's agent, respecting the attempts then making to induce foreign powers to take up arms against Elizabeth. He was racked once at least, without effect; and although he afterwards offered to disclose all he knew on Lord Burghley's promise that he should be liberated without stain of his honour and credit, it seems very doubtful whether the Bishop of Ross himself, the party in danger, might have not advised him to do so; for, as the ambassador of Mary, he knew Elizabeth dared not punish him as a traitor, and the event proved him right. After a two years' confinement in the Tower the Bishop was set at liberty. Bailly, in all probability, had been previously discharged. The religious prisoners who were so numerous in Henry's and Mary's reigns, and only a little less so in that of her successor, have left many memorials of their sufferings. Near Bailly's inscription is the following: "1570. IOHN. STORE. DOCTOR." This individual having offended the Protestants by his zeal during the period of Mary's rule, was, in the reign of Elizabeth, treacherously seized at Antwerp, brought over to England, and executed at Tower Hill, where he struggled with the executioner during the last and most revolting parts of his duty. In another place we perceive a great A upon a bell, the rebus of Dr. Abel, executed in 1540 for denying the King's supremacy. On the wall of the third recess we read—

> "Thomas Miagh, which lieth here alone,
> That faine would from hence begone,
> By torture strange my truth was tried,
> Yet of my liberty denied.
> "1581. THOMAS MIAGH."

Mr. Jardine refers to this case in his work on Criminal Torture. It appears Miagh was charged with treason, and the persons appointed to examine him secretly, stated, on the 10th of March, 1581, that they had forborne to put him in Skevington's irons, not merely because the presence of a gaoler would be required, but also because they found the man so resolute, as, in their opinion, little would be wrung out of him but by some *sharper* torture. The famous irons here mentioned were invented by Sir William Skevington, lieutenant of the Tower, during the reign of a congenial spirit, Henry VIII., and acted by compressing the limbs and body all up together. Both the irons and the rack were tried in Miagh's case, and probably other methods, for the word "strange" in the above inscription has a fearfully extensive meaning. In this very same year, Alexander Briant, a seminary priest, being thrown into the Tower, not only underwent the ordinary torture, but, according to Anthony Wood, was specially punished for two whole days and nights by famine, till he ate the clay out of the walls, and drank the droppings of the roof. The use of the Rats' Dungeon is often referred to the period of Elizabeth, by Catholic writers, in connexion with the sufferings of prisoners of that persuasion. This was a cell below high-water mark, and quite dark. When the tide flowed, innumerable rats poured into it for shelter from the muddy banks. Who can conceive even the extent of the horrors of such a place? We quit this room with the mention of the inscription signed by Edmunde Poole, and by A. Poole, 1564, which records the captivity of the last descendants of George Duke of Clarence, who both died here. They were tried in the fifth year of Elizabeth for conspiring to place the Queen of Scots on the throne of England, and to obtain for the elder brother, Arthur, the title of their eminent and unfortunate ancestor. The upper apartment, with its one grated window and rough oaken planked floor, is supposed to have been the prison of Anne Boleyn; but, in a letter from Sir William Kingston, the lieutenant, to Cromwell, it is expressly stated that he had told her she should be placed in the lodging that she lay in at her coronation. Well might the poor Queen cry out, half frenzied at such associations, "It is too good for me. Jesus have mercy upon me!" and kneel down, weeping apace, and in the same sorrow fall into a great laughing, as it is recorded she did. The most interesting memorial of this chamber of the Beauchamp Tower is a shield of arms within a circle, and various ornaments, sentences, &c., attached, which refer to Thomas Salmon, 1622, "close prisoner 8 months, 32 weeks, 224 days, 5376 hours." One person yet remains to be mentioned in connexion with Wyatt's attempt—the Princess Elizabeth; who, being suspected by Mary of participation, was brought to the Tower, and entered it by the same mode as Wyatt and her own mother, the Traitor's Gate. The proud heart of Elizabeth was sorely tried. At first she refused to land there, but seeing force would be used, she cried out indignantly, "Here landeth as true a subject, being a prisoner, as ever landed at these stairs; and before thee, O God, I speak it, having none other friend than thee." Proceeding up the steps, she suddenly seated herself, and being pressed by the lieutenant to rise, answered, "Better sit here than in a worse place; for God knoweth, and not I, whither you will bring me." Sovereigns have had proverbially short memories, otherwise one might have expected the terrors of that time would have been remembered when Elizabeth was queen.



[Interior of the Beauchamp Tower.]

Once more our narrowing space warns us that we must hurry over many matters of the deepest interest in the history of the Tower-Prison with a few passing words only. Such of these as we shall have no other opportunity of noticing, in connexion with some locality, we dismiss first. During the civil war, many eminent men, royalists, parliamentarians, and republicans, were confined in the Tower. We may instance Sir John Eliot, the two Hothams, executed for treason, the witty Henry Marten, Monk, and Strafford and Laud. The latter, in his Diary, gave many interesting particulars of the period. Amongst other matters he mentions his being searched by the well-known Prynne. He followed his fellow-captive to the scaffold on Tower Hill on the 10th of January, 1643. Other remarkable prisoners were Felton, the assassin of the Duke of Buckingham, in the reign of Charles I.; Algernon Sydney and Lord William Russell in the reign of Charles II.; the seven bishops in the reign of James II.; Lord George Gordon, Messrs. Horne Tooke, Thelwall, and Hardy; the Cato-street conspirators, &c., &c.

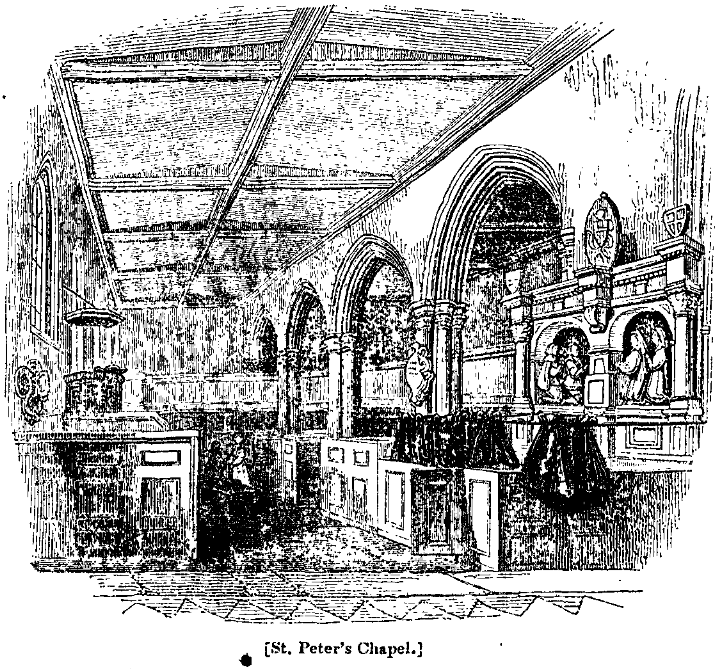
In our paper on the Palace we alluded to certain rooms in the White Tower. The smallest of these is a place of strange aspect. It is semicircular in form; and the roof, something like a horseshoe in shape, is of the most unique construction, appearing at first glance as if made of large stones placed longitudinally in the direction of the room, but in reality formed of flat stones fixed edgewise in a deep bed of cement. It was originally lighted by narrow loopholes. This was the cage of the bird that Prince Henry said none but his father, James I., could have kept in captivity, Sir Walter Raleigh. He was implicated in the plot set on foot to place the royally-descended Arabella Stuart on the throne—a lady who, like the unfortunate Jane Grey, seems to have been the victim not of her own ambition but of that of her partisans. After her secret marriage, and a variety of adventures as melancholy as they are romantic which deprived her of her senses, she died in the Tower in that state in 1615. Raleigh, after being sentenced to death, was left to pine away in this prison for thirteen years, during which time he wrote his famous 'History of the World,' studied chemistry, and in many ways added to his already rare amount of knowledge. His release, the failure of his Guiana expedition, and subsequent recommittal and execution on the *old sentence*, are well known. During the last night he spent in this room, or in the world, he wrote on a blank leaf of his Bible:—

> "Even such is Time, that takes on trust
> Our youth, our joys, our all we have,
> And pays us but with age and dust;
> Who in the dark and silent grave,
> When we have wandered all our ways,
> Shuts up the story of our days!"

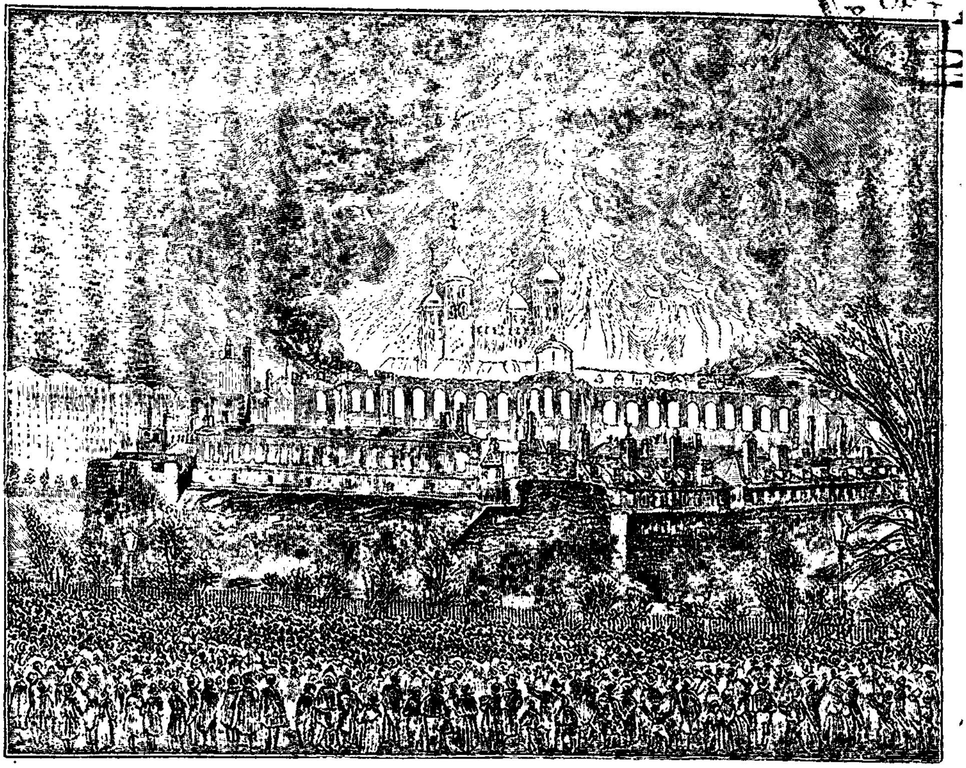
The chief memorial of the Lieutenant's Lodgings refers also to the reign of James. In a room on the second floor of that building are some rude paintings, a bust of the king, and a monumental record of the names of the remarkable body of men who were there examined, the Gunpowder Conspirators. The monument is of differently coloured marbles, and gives an account of the conspiracy, the names of the actors, and of the commissioners who examined them, &c. We pass now to the conclusion, the Chapel of St. Peter.

This most interesting building was, in old times, splendidly decorated by the pious liberality of the different monarchs, who frequently performed their orisons within its walls. In the reign of Henry III. there were stalls for the King and Queen, a chancel dedicated to St. Peter, and another to St. Mary. It was also adorned with a fine cross, images of saints, paintings on the walls, and stained glass in the windows; this may give some idea of the alterations the chapel has undergone. But it is not from such perishable sources the place derives its surpassing interest. Beneath that altar, unmarked by any visible memorial, lies the innocent Anne Boleyn, and her equally guiltless brother Lord Rochford, side by side with the guilty Catherine Howard, and her infamous pander, Lady Rochford. There too lie the venerable Countess of Salisbury, the last of the Plantagenets in whose veins ran their unmixed blood; and Cromwell, the great suggester and accomplisher of Henry's religious policy. The same spot contains the ashes of two brothers, both beheaded, and one by the warrant of the other; the two Seymours, the Admiral Thomas, and the Protector Edward. Near them we find the Duke of Norfolk, (whose royal mistress could never forgive the wooing of any one but herself, much less her beautiful cousin;) the Duke's son, the pious Earl of Arundel, who died in his long confinement; and Robert Devereux, Elizabeth's handsome favourite. Turning our eyes towards the Communion Table, we behold the last resting-place of the Duke of Monmouth. His courage was severely taxed during his latest hours. The King his uncle gave him audience, when the hopes that must have been thus raised ended in the unhappy prisoner's dismissal with insult; from that moment, however, Monmouth steeled his heart; and not even the frightful circumstances of his death could shake his fortitude. The executioner struck so feebly that the Duke looked him reproachfully in the face, when the horror-stricken man struck again and again without success, and at last threw down the axe in despair:—the sheriff was obliged to compel him to make a fifth and more successful attempt. Under the gallery, near the richly decorated altar-tomb of Sir Richard Cholmondeley, one of the heroes of Flodden Field, were buried the headless bodies of the Earls of Kilmarnock and Balmerino, and the treacherous and profligate Simon Lord Lovat, all of whom perished for their participation in the Scottish rebellion of 1745. Finally, Sir Thomas More and Bishop Fisher add two more names to this long list of the illustrious memories of St. Peter's Chapel in the Tower.

(To be continued in No. XLI.)



[St. Peter's Chapel.]



[The Burning of the Great Storehouse.]

XLI.—THE TOWER.—No. 4.

(Continued from No. XL.)

The Arsenal and Fortress.

Scarcely a hundred and fifty years have elapsed since that long and lofty range of buildings—which now presents to the eye of the spectator from Tower Hill such a melancholy picture of roofless walls and "window'd raggedness"—opened wide its doors to admit the brilliant assemblage which came thither to celebrate the final completion of the edifice. Amid the clang of martial music, and the people's shouts of welcome, the great defender of Protestantism, the able warrior and statesman who had so recently exchanged his principality and stadtholdership for the British monarchy, William III. and his Queen, Mary, passed up the spacious staircase to the magnificent banquet that awaited them in a still more magnificent room. This was a scene calculated to arouse a long train of associations in the King's mind. Whilst others looked only on the picturesque features of the festivity, the military decorations of the place, the splendid dresses of the guests, and the white gloves and aprons of the attending workmen and labourers, the badges of their masonic fraternity, he remembered that the man who was now wandering through Europe, seeking to recover by force the crown he had lost by his policy, had laid the foundation of the edifice in which he, the more fortunate, sat. Cold, too, as his temperament might be, it is hardly in nature to suppose that the memories of the entire locality swept across his mind without some quickening of the blood in his veins at finding himself, a foreigner, in that ancient palace of the sovereigns of England, surrounded by eminent Englishmen of all parties, whose presence he might justly have looked upon as representative of the national desire to honour him as the king of the national choice. But a still deeper emotion was no doubt awakened by the scene. The Tower, the Arsenal, and the cheerful faces around, were types that it required no poetical nature to feel of the warfare he had so long waged for the maintenance of the religion which it seemed the object of his life to promote, and the eventual success of which he must now have felt was assured to him, by the mighty increase of power and influence which he obtained when the British sceptre was placed in his hands. The scene, we repeat, here mentioned, took place but a century and a half ago. Well may the poet sing—

> "What great events from little causes spring!"

A workman overlooks a few live embers in a stove on leaving it for the night, or a spark ignites the soot in its flue, and suddenly not only is this banquetting-room changed into the dreary-looking ruin before mentioned, but the fate of the entire Tower, its chapel, its council-room, its prison memorials, its records, its regalia, are all placed in imminent jeopardy. The event of the night of Saturday the 30th day of October, 1841, was indeed of no ordinary moment. The sentinel's warning musket, the sudden sounding of bugles, the prolonged roll of drums, and the hurrying of the startled soldiers of the garrison into their respective ranks, which followed the first alarm of danger, never announced in the Tower the presence of a more dangerous enemy. Scarcely had the flames passed from the Tower where they were first seen, into the Armoury wherein William had been feasted, and began to appear through the windows opening upon the great area, endeavouring to snatch as it were into its embraces the White Tower immediately opposite, before it was remembered that immense quantities of gunpowder were stored in that tower. The scene at that moment presented were a subject for no common pencil. The dark night so terribly illuminated by the great central body of fire; the gushes of flames darting at intervals through the more distant windows; here the keepers of the priceless crowns, orbs, and sceptres of the Regalia, bearing them off, little heeding in what manner, to a more distant part of the Tower; there the train of soldiers hastening to throw into the moat the latent mischief, which needed but the touch of the smallest spark to sweep the Tower and all its inhabitants into indistinguishable ruin; lastly, the sea of human faces on the neighbouring hill; the anxious crowd at the entrance clamouring for admittance to their friends and relatives, and the solitary sentinel with his even tread marching to and fro, as though nothing but *that* could concern him, whatever might be passing around. A few days and how striking a contrast to this scene appears in the same place. All is cold, dark, and dreary: the walls still stand, but no longer shut out the November storm. The beautiful sculpture (the Royal Arms) placed by Gibbons over the main entrance is fortunately preserved uninjured. Within, one vast heap of charred cannons, muskets, swords, the wreck of the late beautiful Armoury, is seen, with here and there some well-known trophy—the huge mortar used by William soon after his visit here, at the siege of Namur, the famous Camperdown anchor, or a Waterloo field-piece—projecting from the mass, as if to satisfy the anxious inquirer that they at least were safe. On the whole, however, we have much reason to congratulate ourselves that, such a calamity having happened, so few of those historical memorials which constitute the great wealth of the Tower have been involved in it. It has also done what perhaps no other influence could have accomplished in its stead,—enhanced our appreciation of those memorials, and we may hope thus prepared the way for measures that shall insure their permanent safety. If so, the nation will hardly begrudge the loss its has experienced. Before we inquire what was the nature and extent of this loss, it may be useful to glance back at the history of the Arsenal, of which the great storehouse, lately destroyed, constituted the principal modern feature.

The use of the Tower as an arsenal would of course naturally follow its occupation as the chief place of kingly residence; and the same security which the Tower promised whenever necessary to the royal person, would be equally desired for that important part of the royal property in the middle ages, his military stores. The first mention of matters of this kind occurs in the reign of John, when Geoffrey de Mandeville, being commanded to surrender the Tower to the Archdeacon of Durham, special attention is directed to the "arms and other stores." The nature of such stores appears in the following reign, in a mandate issued to the Archdeacon of Durham, to transmit to the Tower "twenty-six suits of armour; five iron cuirasses, one iron collar, three pairs of iron fetters, and nine iron helmets," which had been left in his charge. In subsequent notices referring to this and the following century, we find mentioned coat-armours, great engines, supposed to be battering-rams, espringalls, quarrells, hauberks, lances, arblasts, bows, arrows, and bow-strings. There were painted and plain bows, the price of the former being eighteenpence, of the latter a shilling. The arrows were a shilling per sheaf. But the most interesting document we possess in connexion with the ancient Arsenal, is an inventory of the reign of Henry VI., from which we transcribe a few "items."

"First, eight swords, and a long blade of a sword made in wafters (that is, with the flat of the blade placed in the usual direction of the edge, so as to strike or waft the wind at every blow), some greater and some smaller, for to learn the King to play in his tender age.

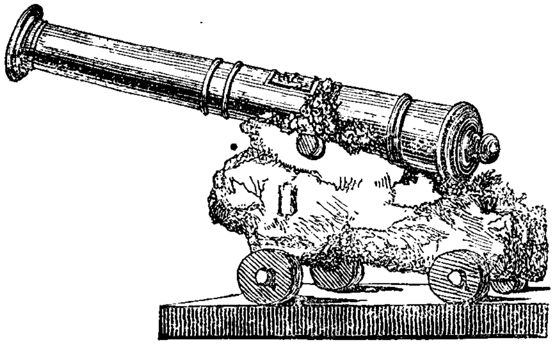
"Item; a little harness (or suit of armour) that the Earl of Warwick made for the King, or [before] that he went over the sea, garnished with gold," &c. A great number of banners of satin woven with the arms of England and France, or of St. George, banners of the Trinity, banners of Our Lady, with pennons and feathers, are mentioned, with the accompanying marginal memorandum that most of them had been used at the interment of the "three queens, that is to say, Queen Katherine, the Queen of France, and Queen Johan," and of "my lord of Bedford, and my lady his wife," and that the pennons were "set about the hearses of them, and where that it liked him that had the rule thereof."

"Item; three little coat-armours, which be the sergeant's fee of the armoury, and so delivered by the King's commandment to him because that they were so little, and will serve no man, for they were made for him when he was but seven years of age." Some fifty standards of worsted, with the arms of England and France, or France only (the latter no doubt trophies of many a "well-foughten field"), are next mentioned, with the accompanying curious observation, "the which standards be worn and spended in carrying of the King's harness in and out into his chamber for default of their stuffs." We have here an amusing exhibition of the *economy* of the King's household! Annexed to the list of certain quantities of coarse red silk, and red velvet, four gross of points, and six arming nails, is the observation, "all expended, and much more, to one of the King's harness." Among the other miscellaneous articles noticed in the inventory, are old jousting saddles painted of divers works; other saddles of different kinds, broken, and "old great coffers bound with iron, and lacking keys, which were cast out of an old house in the Tower of London," because "they would serve for nothing." The writer must have been some sly, satirical humourist, who having been called to account probably for things he looked upon as of little moment, or as stray waifs that should be left to his own proper use and advantage, revenged himself in the only safe way. He appears determined to enjoy his joke whatever becomes of the perquisite. The last item we shall quote seems to us peculiarly rich. It refers to "*one bow-staff, worm-eaten, delivered by the King's commandment to my lord of Gloucester, when he went over to Calais.*"

In the reign of Edward VI., an inventory was taken of the stores and habiliments of war in the different arsenals of the kingdom, the manuscript of which is in the possession of the Society of Antiquaries. We there find reference to brigandines, or military jackets, the sleeves of some of which were covered with cloth of gold, others with blue satin; targets, with small gun-barrels projecting from the centre instead of boss and spike; (in one case a single target having twenty of these "guns;") "a target of the shell of tortoise;" barbs of steel for horses, graven and enamelled blue; pole-axes with gun-barrels in the end; gilt pole-axes, with the handles or staves covered with crimson velvet, and fringed with "silk of gold;" great and little "holly-water sprincles;" which, according to Sir Samuel Meyrick, were staves with large cylindrical heads, and a spear point at the extremity, &c. We shall only add to these particulars that, in the time of Elizabeth, the Arsenal still included a large store of the popular old English weapons. There were, for instance, above eight thousand bows, with staves and bowstrings for six thousand more, fourteen thousand sheaves of arrows, also a considerable quantity of cross-bows, "slur-bows," and "long-bow arrows for fire-works."

The names of many of the former officers of the Tower, like those of the numerous old weapons we have mentioned, belong to a period, and a system which have entirely passed away. There was the Balistarius, or keeper and provider of cross-bows, whose income in the time of Henry III. was a shilling a day, to which were added yearly a doublet and surcoat furred with lambskin, and allowance for three servants. The Attiliator Balistarum had the duty imposed on him of providing harness and other accoutrements for the cross-bows. He received sevenpence halfpenny a day, and a robe once a year. The Bowyer was intrusted with the care and provision of the ordinary long-bow; and the Fletcher with all that pertained to the arrows required for them. Lastly, the Galeater attended to that important part of every complete suit of armour the helmet, or head-piece; whilst the Armourer took the remainder under his management. All these officers were, in the reign of Edward IV., subordinate to the Master of the King's Ordnance. A Master-General remains still at the head of the establishment, which we need scarcely say is the chief Arsenal of the empire, from which issue all orders of direction for the disposal of military stores. Beside the large building opposite the southern side of the White Tower and the Great Storehouse, or its site, the Ordnance Office occupies various places as store-rooms, including the large rooms extending below the Council Chamber, which require no further notice.

The Great Storehouse consisted of three stories, the lowest called the Train of Artillery, the second the Small Arms Armoury, the third the Tent Room. The building measured 345 feet in length and 60 in width. The Train of Artillery was so called from its having been at first used as the place of deposit for field-pieces intended for actual service; but many years ago these were all removed to Woolwich, and the place chiefly devoted to the collection and exhibition of such instruments or trophies of warfare as possessed some more than common interest. Wherever the visitor directed his eyes, he beheld pieces of ordnance, of all shapes, sizes, and periods, every one of which recalled to the mind some one or other of the great events of our naval or military history.. As he passed along towards the right he beheld a large iron gun on its carriage, both decayed, and covered with marine products. That was one of the cannons of the Royal George, which "went down" with brave Admiral Kempenfeldt, and was recovered from the wreck in 1834. Glancing as he passed at the singularly long and small brass Maltese cannon, measuring above seventeen feet in length, though only in technical language a seven-pounder, and another strange-looking piece of the reign of Charles II., his attention was next arrested by two very elegant and large brass pieces taken from the walls of Vigo about 1704. On the breeches were finely carved lions couchant, and near the muzzles of each an effigy of St. Barbara, to whom they had been dedicated. Among the other noticeable pieces were two beautiful brass lichornes, taken from a Turkish frigate, but manufactured in St. Petersburgh; two one-pounder brass guns mounted, and most elaborately

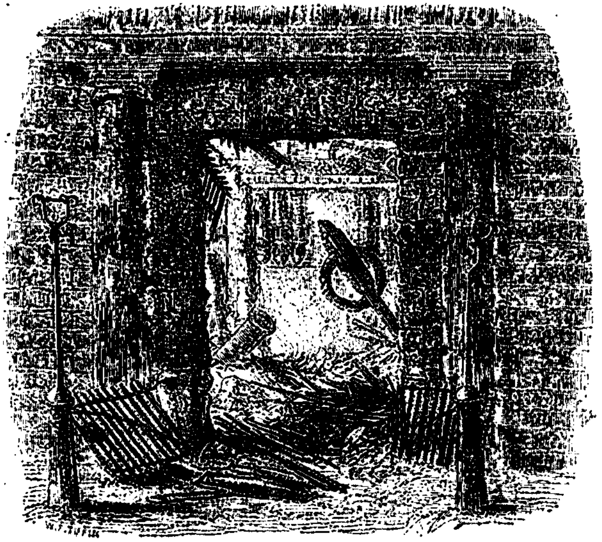


[Gun from the Royal George.]

carved and decorated, a present from the Earl of Gloucester to the short-lived son of Queen Anne; two brass mortars of immense weight taken at Cherbourg, in 1758, by Admiral Howe; a similar engine, constructed to throw nine shells at once, which was used at the great display of fireworks in 1748 to throw balloons up into the air; and a very interesting specimen of the casting of the first James's reign, consisting of ten small brass pieces mounted, which were presented to Prince Charles, then a boy, by the brass-founders of London, for the purpose of assisting him in his military studies. The range on the left of the entrance possessed attraction of a still higher character; consisting of pieces of ordnance not only interesting separately, but forming in the whole a kind of visible history of the manufacture of these destructive implements, commencing with a wrought-iron piece of the time of Henry V., with the date 1422, and ending with a magnificent-looking forty-two-pounder of the finest brass, sixteen feet long, which was brought from Java in 1811. An inscription on it in the Persian language was thus translated by the Earl of Munster: "The work of the Sultan Ranafa Achmet Medigem-ed-Deen, of the country of Palembang the Sacred, on which be peace; 1183 of the Hegira," (1769).—Among the remainder of the cannons which form this very interesting series we may notice an octagon-shaped brass piece, and a brass piece with seven bores, both of Henry VIII.'s time; an exquisitely decorated cannon, manufactured for James I.'s accomplished son, Prince Henry; and a brass five-pounder with three bores, taken by Marlborough at the battle of Ramillies. On a raised platform in another part of the place stood a richly carved and gilded carriage, called the Drum Major's Chariot of State, occasionally used in processions, &c.. A grate placed in a recess, for the heating of shot; a curious machine, something like a chevaux-de-frize, constructed at Lyon for the defence of narrow passes or breaches; and a curious wooden gun are the only other articles that our space will allow us to notice. The gun, appropriately named Policy, was one of those used at the siege of Boulogne, in 1544, by the Duke of Suffolk, to deceive the governor into the belief that the English army was fully prepared with artillery for the prosecution of the siege. Aided by the cowardice of the governor, the stratagem was successful, and Boulogne given up, contrary to the wishes of many of its gallant citizens.

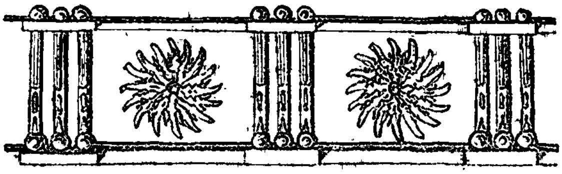
The stranger looking in at the principal entrance into the Tower now sees opposite to him the remains of the Grand Staircase, which was considered one of the finest in Europe. It formed in effect one magnificent trophy of English bravery and skill in almost every part of the world, consisting of an endless variety of weapons and arms both ancient and modern. The upright pieces of cannon from Waterloo, seen in the background of the following engraving, are, we believe, the only remains.

The Small Arms Armoury, the scene of the banquet before mentioned, was perhaps unique in its peculiar magnificence. The reader will remember the immense length of the room: as to its other features, let him picture to himself this great room, lighted on each side by a close range of windows,—having racks extending down also on each side, and others across, for the support of the 150,000 stand of arms kept ready for immediate service,—having, further, four columns about the centre, and a rich-looking cornice round the ceiling. Let him further imagine the entire walls, pillars, cornice, and ceiling decorated with pistols, cuirasses



[Entrance, Staircase, &c., of the Great Storehouse after the Fire.]

halberds, carbines, &c., arranged in manifold, curious, and generally beautiful forms, no two compartments being alike. Such would be a general idea of the impression made on the mind of the visitor by the first glimpse of the Small Arms Armoury. The columns were twenty-two feet high, and were formed chiefly with pikes of the reign of Charles II. Around them were pistols twining upwards in a serpentine direction. Upon the ceiling was a large carved and gilded ornament decorated in a similar manner. But the cornice was perhaps one of the most interesting and beautiful objects in the room. This was composed of drums, breastplates of old armour, pistols, and other weapons arranged in the manner here shown.



[Cornice of the Small Arms Armoury.]

The fire has spared one article in this room, and that not the least valuable of its contents, the Maltese gun which was placed in it. This was taken by Napoleon at Malta in 1798, and sent by him to the French Directory in the frigate La Sensible. The latter was captured on its way by Captain Foote, of the Sea-horse frigate, with the eight banners which recently hung over it in the Armoury. This beautiful piece is of mixed metal, resembling gold, and bears a representation, in bas-relief, of the head of a Grand Master of Malta, supported by two genii. It is also richly decorated all over with eagles and other ornamental figures. The carriage, of wood, has a very striking appearance, having carved figures of two Furies, one arm of each entwined together and grasping a snake, and the other a blazing torch. The nave of the wheel represents the sun, the spokes his rays. The date is 1773. Another representation of the sun occurred near the door, where on the one (the east) side he was exhibited in his rise, and on the other in his decline. Around were checquered frames of brass-handled hangers. Among the miscellaneous historical memorials were the arms taken from Sir William Perkins and his associates, executed for their intended assassination of the founder of this room; those taken from the Scotch adherents of the Pretender in 1715; and the two swords of Mercy and Justice carried before the Pretender himself, when he was proclaimed in Scotland in that year. The miscellaneous ornaments of the place are beyond enumeration. Among them were a pair of gates formed of halberds, attached to an arch composed of pistols; flounces and furbelows, such as our great-grandmothers wore, of carbines; and a figure of Jupiter riding in a fiery chariot, drawn by eagles, and holding his thunderbolt ready in his hand, decorated with ancient bayonets and military fans. A Medusa's head, with its snaky tresses, a figure of a Hydra with seven heads, an organ (of musquetoons with brass barrels), stars, church windows, &c. &c., also added to the picturesque character of the place.

As a fortress, the Tower, through all the changes of dynasties, or of the ministers who have so often made and marred dynasties, has ever been a place of the highest importance. To possess the Tower was to a great extent to possess London; and a thousand wiles of policy have been tried to that end in the many domestic broils and wars that characterise our history, even down to the period of Charles and the Commonwealth. Nor have bolder attempts been wanting, though certainly no very extraordinary exploits of this kind grace the Tower history. The first Constable of the Tower, as its chief governor is still called, was Geoffrey de Mandeville, who received the hereditary appointment from William the Conqueror in reward for his great services at the battle of Hastings. It was during the Constableship of a descendant of this brave warrior, of the same name, that we find the first notice of the Tower being besieged. The attacking party consisted of citizens of London, who endeavoured to seize it for Stephen, but without success. Mandeville's subsequent history is curious. He was taken prisoner at St. Albans in 1143, and compelled to surrender the Tower. From that time he supported himself by rapine and plunder, though on so large a scale, that, like other noble adventurers, he would perhaps have objected to the propriety of such epithets. Whilst attacking the royal castle at Burwell, his brain was pierced by an arrow. Having been excommunicated by the Pope, his followers were afraid to bury him in the usual manner. At last some Knights Templars removed the body to the Temple, London, and there suspended it in a leaden coffin from a tree in their garden; thus for the time avoiding direct opposition to the Vatican; whilst, with covert satire, which some of the less orthodox Knights no doubt relished amazingly, they made the proscribed of the Church appear only the nearer to Heaven. During the absence of the Lion Heart from England, Longchamp, Bishop of Ely, the builder of the ditch mentioned in a former paper, was left as chief guardian of the kingdom as well as of that small but not unimportant part of it, the Tower. He was a man of humble descent, who had made himself distinguished by the exercise of his great worldly wisdom and powerful energies; and as soon as Prince, afterwards King, John began that series of movements by which he gradually, as it were, felt his way towards the throne during his brother's captivity, he set himself in earnest to oppose his measures, and prove himself in every way equal to the trust reposed in him. But he was unsupported by those on whom he most relied, and at the approach of John towards London in 1191 the citizens refused to obey his orders. The Bishop immediately shut himself up in the Tower, and the Prince was admitted into the city. On the following day a meeting of the bishops, earls, and barons who were opposed to his regency, with the citizens of London, unanimously decreed that Longchamp should be deposed from his high office, and John proclaimed chief governor of the kingdom. When the former was informed of their decision, he fainted, and fell on the floor. By an early hour the next morning, as he looked forth from the Tower turrets, he beheld East Smithfield, then a large open grassy plain, covered with John's troops, whilst nearer still a mingled body of soldiers and citizens were closely blockading the Tower both by land and water. John, having objects of his own to serve, which rendered it unadvisable to proceed to extremities with so eminent a man, desired an audience. When Longchamp came, he offered to ratify his Bishopric of Ely, and give him the custody of three of the royal castles. Longchamp immediately replied with great dignity that he decidedly refused to commit any of the King's rights, or to surrender any of the powers intrusted to him by the King. "But," added he, "you are stronger than I; and, Chancellor and Justiciary as I am, I yield to force." He then handed the keys of the much-coveted Tower to John. A little time after, the tall figure of a woman, sitting on the sea-shore near Dover, with a web of cloth and a yard measure in her hand, attracted the attention of some fishermen's wives. Approaching nearer, the black face and new-shorn beard of a man appeared under the green hood. It was the famous Longchamp, thus driven to the unseemliest disguises to ensure his escape to Normandy. We must follow Longchamp's history a little further. As soon as the fact of Richard's imprisonment in the Tyrol became known through Europe, Longchamp was the first to show his unwavering fidelity by immediately joining him and assisting in the measures necessary for his liberation; and when the ransom was fixed, Longchamp was the man who came over to England to collect it. Longchamp died Chancellor of England, and, we believe, Constable of the Tower.

The fluctuating course of events in the reigns of John and Henry III. caused the Tower-fortress to frequently exchange hands between the King and the barons, but none of the incidents are sufficiently interesting for us to dwell upon them. The commencement of the second Richard's reign brings us to a new feature—the ransacking of the Tower by the populace, during Wat Tyler's insurrection in 1381. Whilst this affair was at its height, the young King threw himself into the Tower, accompanied by his cousin Henry of Bolingbroke (the future scene in the Council Chamber was then little dreamt of), Simon, Archbishop of Canterbury and Chancellor, and Sir Robert Hales, Treasurer. On the 12th of June Richard made an attempt at personal conciliation, but when he got to Rotherhithe the vast multitude, assembled under the banners of St. George and of their numerous pennons, when they perceived the King's barge, "set up," says Froissart, "shouts and cries as if all the devils from hell had come into their company." The royal party hurried quickly back. The riots and devastations at Lambeth Palace, the Savoy, the Temple, &c., followed. Tower Hill now began to be crowded with persons clamouring for the blood of the Chancellor and Treasurer, and provisions for the Tower inhabitants were stopped. Once more Richard went forth, first to Mile End, followed by a large proportion of the besiegers, and subsequently to Smithfield, where Wat Tyler fell, and with him the insurrection in which he had played so conspicuous a part. But all the besiegers did not follow Richard from the Tower; though, whatever object those who remained had in view, the inmates of the great fortress could have seen little cause for fear. The persons in question were miserably armed; "many," says Holinshed, "were weaponed only with sticks." In the Tower were six hundred men-at-arms, and as many archers. Yet scarcely was Richard out of sight before this mob were hurrying through every apartment of the palace, where, having obtained possession of the Chancellor and the Treasurer, who had vainly sought refuge in the Chapel, they cut off their heads, with those of several other persons. All kinds of licentiousness of course followed. Stow has noticed that many of them "went into the King's privy chamber, and played the wantons, in sitting, lying, and sporting them upon the King's bed." The Princess of Wales, the King's mother, was at the time in the Tower, and placed completely at their mercy.[*] She was allowed to depart, however, at the price of a few rude kisses. Still the horror of the scene completely overpowered her, and she was taken away by her ladies, in a boat, senseless, and rowed across to the other side of the Thames; where, at a house in Carter Lane, Richard rejoined her later in the day to hear the particulars of the horrid deeds which she had witnessed.

How these men could have got into the Tower so readily as they did, without the aid of the grossest negligence or treachery on the part of the garrison, is difficult to understand. That the Tower was not always guarded with the jealous care that one would expect is evident from a curious circumstance that happened some forty years before Wat Tyler's outbreak, and which is the more remarkable on account of the previous warning. When Edward III. was busy in the Tower preparing for his French expedition, about 1337, he issued a mandate that, "on account of certain news which had lately come to his ears, and which sat heavy at his heart, the gates, walls, and bulwarks should be kept with all diligence, lest they should be surprised by the cunning of his enemies." The news that was referred to in such terms by Edward III. must indeed have been important. It was most probably from France; whence, about this period, Edward received intelligence that the French King had given an asylum to David Bruce of Scotland, and was preparing to aid the Scottish patriots with men, arms, and money. Minute directions were now given respecting the safe custody of the Tower. Whether Edward received any secret intimation whilst abroad that led him to appear so suddenly and unexpectedly as he did at the Tower gates in 1340, when it was not even known to the garrison that he was in England, is uncertain; but, to the alarm of the negligent inmates, there he was, at midnight on the 13th of November, accompanied by the Earl of Northampton, Sir Walter Manny, and other eminent companions in arms, and discovered but too plainly the culpable looseness with which his chief palace, prison, fortress, and arsenal were guarded. No particulars of the scene seem to have been recorded, but the carelessness must have been of a very marked character, for Edward imprisoned the Governor and other officers, and treated them with great rigour.

The success of Wat Tyler's followers in surprising the Tower was in every way an unfortunate circumstance. It broke the spell that hung over its frowning walls, investing them to the popular eye with a thousand mysterious terrors. Its inmost recesses were no longer unknown: they became mixed up with licentious stories, with many a humorous prank that had been played in them by its wild, grotesque visitors. And whilst the people thus grew less and less afraid of the Tower, the Tower, on the contrary, seems to have imbibed a growing dread of them. The effect was but too evident when the next great popular insurrection, under Jack Cade, in 1450, frighted the isle from its propriety. Although, on the approach of the insurgents, Lord Saye, who was particularly obnoxious to them, with some other persons, were immediately placed in the Tower, which Lord Scales engaged to maintain for the King, yet the hapless peer seems to have been given up without any attempt at defence, hurried to Guildhall, and thence to the Standard in Cheapside, where he was beheaded.

We shall only notice one other period of the history of the fortress,—the period of Charles I. At that critical moment, when the famous Parliamentary Remonstrance of 1641 had passed the House by a considerable majority, and it became evident that the King must either bend to the storm or prepare for a violent resistance, and the nation was anxiously awaiting Charles's answer,—it was at this critical moment that it became noised abroad that the Lieutenant of the Tower, Sir William Balfour, a sturdy parliamentarian, was to be removed. Two days later the rumour was confirmed, and made still more alarming by the addition of the name of the new officer. This was Colonel Lunsford, a man, according to a petition immediately presented to Parliament by the common-councilmen and others of the city, "of a decayed and desperate fortune," and one "who might be tempted to undertake any ill design." The petition was presented to the Lords by the Commons in a conference demanded by the latter for the purpose, who desired their Lordships to concur in a remonstrance to the King. The Lords declined to interfere with the royal prerogative. Subsequent proceedings show the high importance attached to the matter. The Commons immediately passed a unanimous vote that they held "Colonel Lunsford unfit to be, or to continue, Lieutenant of the Tower, as being a person whom the Commons of England could not confide in." This done, a second conference was desired with the Peers, and Hollis, Pym, Strode, Martin, and other eminent men, were appointed as managers. It was now stated that merchants had already withdrawn their bullion from the Mint, and that strangers who had lately come up the Thames with great store of bullion forbore to bring it to the same place, because Colonel Lunsford held the Tower. The Lords still refusing to interfere, the Commons, that very Christmas-eve, sent two of their members to the Constable of the Tower, the Earl of Newport, desiring him to lodge and reside within the citadel, and take its entire care and custody into his hands. The Earl, however, could not be found. This was on the Friday. On Sunday the Lord Mayor waited upon Charles to say that the apprentices of London were actually preparing to rise and carry the Tower by storm, unless he should be pleased to remove Colonel Lunsford. Charles took back the keys that same evening. Still the affair was far from being ended. On Monday the Commons received intelligence that the Earl of Newport had been removed from the office of Constable; and, to add to the general confusion, Colonel Lunsford the same day made a public appearance in Westminster Hall, with a number of friends and attendants, and provoked a scuffle which ended in bloodshed. On the 12th of January information reached the House that Colonel Lunsford and Lord Digby were collecting troops. The Colonel was immediately arrested, and committed as prisoner to the scene of his short-lived honours; Lord Digby fled. The new Lieutenant, Sir John Biron, was summoned to attend the House, to be questioned concerning arms he had sent to Whitehall. He refused, showing a warrant from the King commanding him not to leave the Tower; but he ultimately felt himself compelled to succumb to the new and portentous power which, to ordinary eyes, seemed to have grown up so suddenly, to the wonder and dread of kings, as well as of their loyal adherents. The same day the sheriffs of London were directed to "place a sufficient guard by land and water about the Tower, under the command of Major-General Skippon, commander of the guards of Parliament, to hinder the carrying in of any provisions, and the sending out of any ordnance, arms, or ammunition." A petition was also presented to Charles, insisting upon Biron's removal, and the appointment of an officer recommended by themselves. The answer defended Sir John as "one of known fortune and unblemished reputation," and stated that, as the nomination of the Keeper of the Tower "was a principal and inseparable flower of his crown, vested in him and derived to him from his ancestors by the fundamental laws of the realm, he would reserve it to himself." But the merchants with the bullion were still obdurate; the Mint stood still; and Charles, no doubt with feelings of the deepest mortification, at last reluctantly accepted Sir John Coniers, the officer named by the Parliament. From that time the interest of the great struggle shifts to other and more exciting scenes; not, however, before the "coming events" had thrown their "shadows before" in the incidents we have narrated.

Among the eminent personages who have filled the office of Constable of the Tower we find, in addition to the names already mentioned, those of Langton, Archbishop of Canterbury; Hubert de Burgh, who was, as already noticed, also a prisoner in one of its deepest dungeons; Hugh le Bigod, a nobleman of such power, that when Henry III., exasperated at his refusal to head a foreign expedition, angrily exclaimed, "'Fore God, Sir Earl, you shall either go or hang!" he replied as angrily and uncourteously, "'Fore God, Sir King, I will neither go nor hang!" the good Sir Hugh le Despenser, killed with Montfort at the battle of Evesham; Tiptoft, Earl of Worcester; Fairfax, the Parliamentary general; Lord Cornwallis, &c., down to their living successor, the Duke of Wellington.

Beside the honours attached to the Constableship, the incidental powers and emoluments of the office have been by no means unworthy of consideration. From records of the date of Richard II.'s reign, and of other periods, it appears the Constable received, in addition to his salary of one hundred pounds per annum, of every Duke committed to the Tower, twenty pounds; of every Earl, for the suit of his irons, twenty marks; of every Baron, for the suit of his irons, ten pounds; of every Knight, for the suit of his irons, one hundred shillings;* and also weekly allowances for the table of himself and prisoners. His next source of profit was the merchandise newly brought up the river: from every wine-vessel he received two gallons; from every *rush boat*, as much as a man could hold between his arms; from every fisherman's smack laden with oysters, mussels, and cockles, a maund; and, in short, from one quarter and another, "of all manner of dainties a great quantity." Lastly comes a long enumeration of miscellaneous perquisites, such as the receipts arising from the sale of herbage growing on Tower Hill, and from persons who dried skins in East Smithfield, from boats fishing in the Thames, and from boats passing to and from the port with herrings, from persons going in pilgrimage to St. James's shrine, and from those who were fined for any of the multitudinous cases of trespass that were constantly occurring in connexion with the Tower precincts, both by water and land. If a ship was forsaken by the crew, the owners were obliged to compound with the Constable; if a lighter in bad weather was obliged to throw her lading overboard, it became the property of the Constable; if goods were brought ashore without the custom-dues having been previously paid, half of them were forfeited to the Constable; if a swan came through the bridge, or a horse, an ox, a cow, a pig, or a sheep fell from it, the Constable still was the ever-ready recipient. Even the prisoners' diet often became a matter of profit. Holinshed gives an amusing description of a quarrel between the Constable of the Tower and the attendants of the Princess, afterwards Queen Elizabeth, during her confinement. The attendants, it appears, were accustomed to bring her daily provision to the outer gate of the Tower, where they were compelled to deliver it to the care of the "common rascal soldiers." They endeavoured to obtain permission to take it personally to their young mistress, but the Constable decidedly refused, on the ground that she was a prisoner, and should be treated accordingly; and when they remonstrated with him, he told them, "If they did either frown or shrug at him, he would set them where they should see neither sun nor moon." The Lords of the Council were now appealed to, who decided against the Constable. The attendants were, however, for some time annoyed in various ways in passing to and fro. The reader may be curious to know the meaning of the Constable's anxiety for the maintenance of the first arrangement. Holinshed explains. "Good cause why," says he, "for he had good cheer, and fared of the best; *and her Grace paid for it*." Or, in other words, the Constable helped himself from the provisions that came for her use. The Lieutenant, or officer next in nominal rank, but virtually the acting Governor of the Tower, had also fees to receive "for the suit of his irons," as well as "roundlets of wine, and of dainties a certain quantity," from the ships in the Thames.

The Council Chamber and Chapel of the Royal Palace yet exist in all their essential features, but no sovereign is ever again likely to sit in high debate in the one, or to kneel at his devotions in the other; the prison lodgings are yet secure enough, though there is little probability of their safety ever again being tried; but the fortress, which is anything but a place of strength, remains still a fortress, with its garrison, and its artillery bristling from the different parts of the walls. In walking along the narrow edge of the rampart, which affords an almost uninterrupted communication round the Tower, it is difficult to repress a smile at the utter uselessness of those formidable engines which there meet the eye. It is evident that they could knock St. Catherine's Docks to pieces if they were so minded; and, what perhaps comes nearer to the possible exercise of their duties, they might sink any suspicious-looking cock-boat that had got into the moat; but it is difficult to see to what better use they can be put. The inmates of the Tower are evidently of the same opinion, for many of them have built their houses against the inner side of the rampart, not at all alarmed at the consideration that the first balls of a besieging force would send them toppling down on the heads of their neighbours below. The sole enemy, indeed, these fine old towers and walls have to fear is Time; and their best defence against him must be the peculiar care which every Englishman desires to see bestowed on them, as the visible memorial of many of the most illustrious men of his country, and of the events in which they have been the actors.

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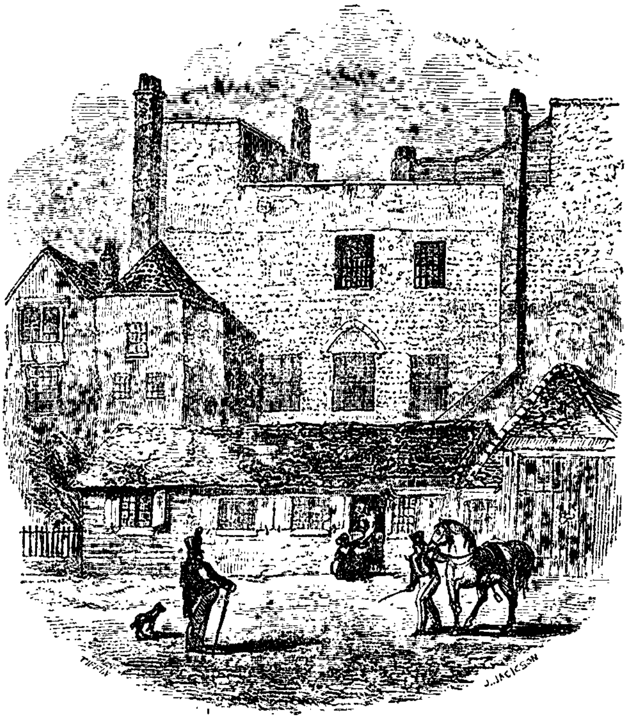
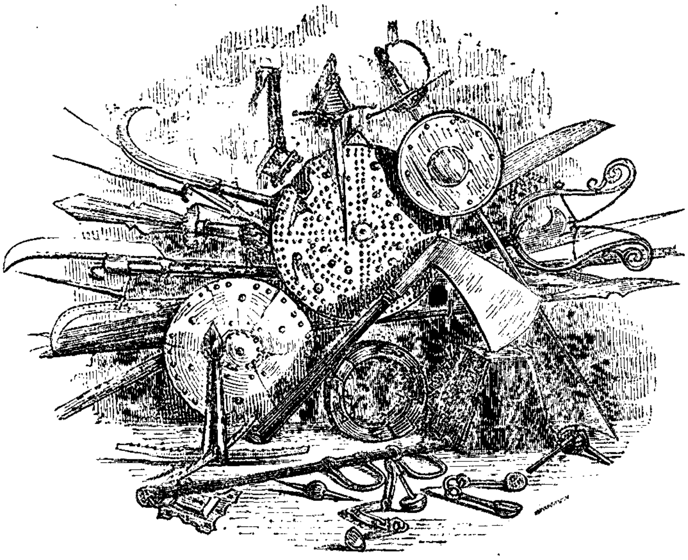
* As there is no mention of "the suit of his irons" for "every Duke," we presume they were not subjected to the indignity. The title was yet new, and only given to nobles of the royal blood.



[Exterior of Beauchamp Tower from the Parade.]

Five weeks after the fire, namely on the 5th of December, the public were again admitted to the Tower. The Horse Armoury, and Queen Elizabeth's Armoury, contained the most valuable objects which were shown to visitors, and these will remain a sufficient attraction until the other departments of the building are re-edified and re-arranged. From Queen Elizabeth's Armoury the visitor is conducted over the ruins of the Great Storehouse—a scene which for some time will prove almost as interesting as the building in its perfect state. Some of the most valuable relics which the fire has spared are still within the ruins, but the whole area, at the time we write (December 14th), has been nearly cleared from the mass of gun-barrels, swords, bayonets, and arms of all kinds with which it was covered; and being now piled into six or seven large stacks many feet square, and probably about fifteen feet in height, form striking monuments of the recent devastation. A room in the Arsenal which was used as a storehouse for gun-flints has been appropriated, by order of the Master-General and Board of Ordnance, as a sale-room for the relics of the fire, which, owing to this arrangement, will be distributed from one end of the kingdom to the other, and preserved as curiosities in themselves, from the manner in which they are frequently found acted upon by the fire, and also as interesting memorials of an event which strongly excited the English popular mind. The Board of Ordnance was induced to make the above arrangement in consequence of being requested by a great number of persons to be allowed to purchase these relics; but as such a favour would have operated very partially, and have deprived others equally curious in such matters of the opportunity of securing a relic of the event, the Board determined to allow of their being sold at moderate prices to any visitor who might choose to purchase them. They are, therefore, arranged in the room above mentioned, and sold at the affixed prices, which vary from sixpence to fifteen shillings. The room is roofless, and a rough temporary counter, sheltered by a canvas awning, displays flints calcined into whiteness, gun-barrels, bayonets, sword-blades, sword-handles, some fused by the heat into an almost undistinguishable mass, in which their original form can scarcely be traced. A police constable is stationed in the room, and the sale is conducted at the counter by two attendants. This novel bazaar owes nothing of its interest to the attractions usually connected with those temporary sales, at which youth, beauty, and rank so gracefully preside. The reader will indulge his own reflections upon the scene, and upon the diversion of these relics from the purposes for which they were originally intended. The handle of that sword might (but for the fire) have been grasped by some gallant spirit as he led a storming party into the breach. Those bayonets, in nervous hands animated by brave hearts, might have turned the tide of battle, and liberated a people from oppression. During the next twelve months the number of visitors at the Armoury will, probably, not be far short of a hundred thousand, and if only one in ten made a purchase, there would be ten thousand persons from all parts of the country possessed of relics of the fire. There is scarcely a single event which will, in this way, be so extensively recorded; for we have little doubt that a feeling, partly of curiosity and of an undefined reverence for a great emporium of the national power and strength, will render the purchasers as numerous as we have supposed, if the sale be continued so long as a twelvemonth. The feeling in which this originates is at once creditable, and more than might be expected, considering the manner in which the popular mind is usually closed against the influence of historical recollections. Since the admission-fee to the Armoury has been reduced from three shillings to sixpence (the former extravagant sum having been charged little more than three years ago), the poorest class of persons who now visit London, if they are animated by the least spark of curiosity or intelligence, had begun to regard the Armouries and Storehouse as one of the sights which they would feel ashamed of having left London without having seen.

(To be concluded in No. XLII.)



[Arms from the Tower Armoury.]

Containing Rapier and Buckler of the reign of Elizabeth; Glaive of the reign of Henry VIII.; Catchpole; English Blackbill (behind Catchpole); Glaive; Stiletto of the reign of James I.; Thumb Screw; Gisarme; Voulge; Lochaber Axe; Gisarme; Scotch Targets; Executioner's Axe; Collar of Torment; Bilboes (the long bar immediately below the collar). The remainder represent different kinds of Shot, *Saw shot—Spike shot; Chain shot; Bar shot; Star shot.*

XLII.—THE TOWER.—No. 5.

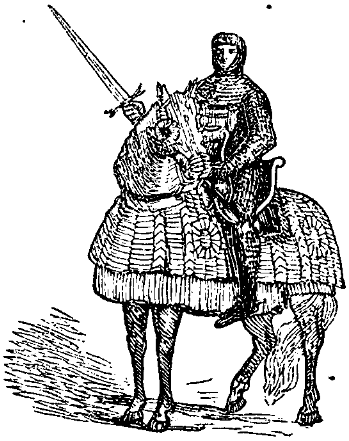
(Concluded from No. XLI.)

The Armoury.

It is an interesting occupation to stand in one of the two buildings which constitute the Tower Armoury, and watch the groups of persons continually pouring in, each party with the imposing-looking warder at its head. The warder himself is a study, with his crimson tunic so gaily emblazoned, and his round black velvet hat, and its party-coloured ribbons disposed so tastefully round the band. Not even the lapse of time since he first entered on the duties of wardership, and the continual iteration of the same facts, have at all dimmed his consciousness of the respect due to his oracular announcements.—"You are now in the Horse Armoury," sayeth he; the listeners look around with new curiosity and wonder: he is satisfied, and goes on. And many an eager face and earnestly upturned eye may be noticed among those listeners; and questions will be heard, to which courteous, if not entirely satisfactory answers will be given. But, gentle spectators, do not delay; the guide must go on; other parties are waiting at the gate. You have learned that this figure represents Edward I., and that Henry VIII.;

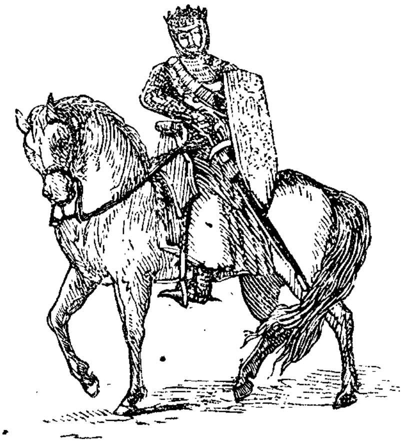
you have been shown the axe with which Anne Bullen was beheaded; and good Queen Bess herself, in her habit as she lived, has been duly submitted to your gaze. What more *can* you want? Some enthusiast or other will, perhaps, think that the *show* is of little value if we do not understand the substance; he may even fancy that the custom of exhibiting national memorials, without explanation of the circumstances which give to them their true value, or without affording opportunity of reflecting and appreciating that connexion on the spot when explanation is not required, is positively mischievous—as begetting a habit of looking on objects of the highest interest with a vague, unreasoning, and altogether fruitless feeling of wonder, instead of a rational desire to learn and understand, which can alone produce real or profitable enjoyment. But it would be as well to say nothing about such matters here. At the same time it must be observed, the warders have a tedious and fatiguing duty to perform, and may well be excused from wishing to make it more onerous; or, what must appear to them worse still, to encourage any arrangements which they might fear would ultimately dispense with their attendance. But it may be worth consideration with higher authorities, whether the method adopted with such signal success at Hampton Court might not be imitated at the Tower. No one would wish to get rid of the warders. They are to our eyes an indispensable part of the locality. The Armoury in their absence would certainly want one of its most picturesque features. But let them cease to be guides, just when they would be needed in their proper character as guardians. We think there is little to be apprehended from allowing the public to wander about in its own way in such places; but at the same time we are also prepared to acknowledge that the very existence of the privilege might be endangered by a single individual, and therefore full security is requisite. Let the living antiques, therefore, by all means still move about and lend warmth and animation to the effigies of the dead ones; but let those also who would study the history of English armour, or of the times of which the contents of the Armoury are frequently the most significant testimonials, be at liberty to do so *at their leisure*; and let them find in some shape or other, on the spot, accessible to all, systematic information respecting every object around. Then, and then only, will this noble Armoury be appropriated to equally noble uses.

In walking round the White Tower the Armoury is soon distinguished. That long low building, attached to its southern side, with two mortars bearing the word "Acre" guarding its principal entrance, must undoubtedly be the place. There are two other entrances, one near each end of the same front: we enter by that towards the west. A small vestibule with glass cases—in one of which the burganet of Will Somers, Henry VIII.'s jester, decorated with the frontal honours of a ram, stands conspicuous among a great number of other curious articles—first receives us; but the partial view of the Horse Armoury which it affords prevents us from staying to examine its contents. Few who have not actually seen the Horse Armoury can appreciate its strikingly picturesque character: that is certainly a pleasure which even the most hurried visitor cannot be deprived of. The long range of mounted warriors extending down the centre of the place—lance, sword, battle-axe or mace in hand, and banner flying overhead; the range of pointed arches, through which they appear to have just advanced; the men at arms facing them, spread at intervals along their front, near the one wall, and the ingenious devices in the aisle behind, which decorate the other; the chastely beautiful ceiling, constructed entirely of weapons; and the orange-coloured light diffused over the nearest figures by the stained glass—form altogether a picture on which not alone the artist engaged so busily in yonder corner by the door may gaze with a novel sense of delight. We cannot dwell on the miscellaneous treasures and curiosities scattered so profusely about;—the giant proportions of one of those men at arms on the pedestals, some seven feet two inches high—the brilliant stars in the aisle, and the two men at arms under those exquisitely delicate canopies formed of ramrods, can each have but a passing glance as we move on towards the raised recess in the aisle, where the centre is appropriated to the oldest, and therefore one of the most interesting suits of armour the collection possesses. This, like most of the other valuable suits in the Armoury, is mounted on a figure representative of the known or assumed original wearer, bestriding his steed, and is designated by his name or description. Here is



[The Norman Crusader.]

This came from Tonge Castle, Shropshire, a few years ago, where we are informed it had been an inhabitant for some three centuries. It is referred to the time of Stephen; and consists of what might be termed the ordinary dress of a knight of that period, namely, minute iron rings joined together into a network enveloping the entire body and limbs. In a less complete shape, armour of this kind, sometimes with the rings placed edgewise—a more secure, but also a heavier garment—seems to have been used as early as the eighth century by our Saxon forefathers; for representations of it still exist in illuminated manuscripts of that period. Another kind of armour, also common to both Saxons and Normans prior as well as subsequent to the Conquest (though, probably, the first derived it from the second) consisted of lozenge-shaped pieces of steel, called macles or mascles, covering the hood, tunic, long sleeves, and pantaloons or chausses. And by the time of our Norman Crusader, a third kind had become known under the name of tegulated armour, which consisted of little plates of steel covering each other like tiles, and which were sewn upon a hauberk without sleeves or hood. With or without the mailed hood was frequently now worn a cone-shaped defence for the head, called *chapel de fer*, resembling a Tartar's cap, and which, like the other Norman helmets, had generally a strip of metal projecting downwards over the nose. The shield was kite-shaped: an interesting specimen in wood yet remains in Queen Elizabeth's Armoury. The chief weapons of offence were, in addition to the sword and bow, the lance with its small streamer called the gonfalon (now again one of our military weapons), battle-axes, and various destructive instruments of the *Gisarme* kind, consisting of lances, with axes, scythes, hooks, or other peculiarly shaped cutting or tearing weapons at the side, and bearing at different times a variety of names, as bills, glaives, voulges, &c.: several of these weapons, of a later date, are represented in the group at the head of this paper. Such is a brief sketch of the armour and weapons in use in the twelfth century, and during the period of the Crusades. Pass we now on to that of

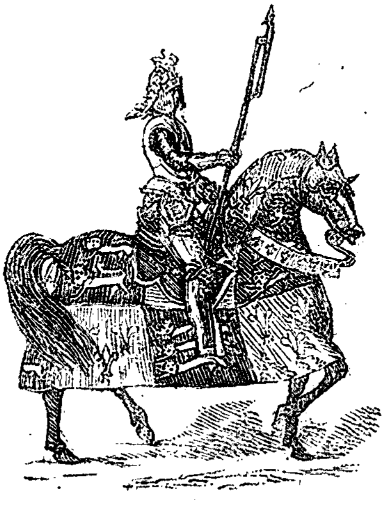


[Edward I.]

Among the more important additions here visible are the long surcoat and the blazoned arms. The surcoat is supposed to have originated with the Crusaders, who found it useful in keeping off the direct rays of the sun in the burning plains of Palestine, and also as a means of distinguishing the many different nations serving under the holy banner; just as the blazoned arms were first used in the same expedition, as marks by which the principal leaders might be known from each other during the shock and tumult of battle. Edward is here represented in an act not very usual with him, that of sheathing his sword. His dress, which has been entirely constructed of armour from different quarters, but of the right period, strikingly harmonizes with the character of the stern warrior-king, who being one day asked why he did not wear richer apparel, answered that it was absurd to suppose he could be more estimable in fine than in simple clothing. With the exception of the gilded coronet and the gilded arms, there is nothing of an ornamental appearance about the figure. It looks as Edward himself might have looked in one of his terrible expeditions into Wales or Scotland.

From this reign the progress of improvement in the construction of armour was very rapid, and consisted chiefly in the substitution of plate for the old mailed armour, the weight of which was so excessive that knights sometimes sunk under it. The change was first characterized by a mixture of the two styles, such as we find in the armour of the time of Edward II., where the hauberk and chausses are nearly covered with the different pieces of wrought iron, and the shoulders and elbows have also similar defences. Overlapping plates for the gauntlets, with small steel knobs or spikes, called gads, for the knuckles, appeared soon after; and by the reign of Richard II. the transformation was so far completed, that only the camail (corrupted probably from cap-mail), the part which hung from the head over the neck and shoulders, the gussets at the joints, and the bottom of the apron, could be seen of the entire suit of ringed mail worn at the beginning of the century. The splendour of the armour had also become as much a matter of attention as its construction; and hence a new danger resulted to the owner of any peculiarly fine suit. Froissart records the case of Raymond, nephew to Pope Clement, "who was taken prisoner, but afterwards put to death for his beautiful armour." Ailettes, or small wings, were attached to the back of the shoulders in one reign; the vizored bascinet was enriched with wreaths or bands in another; whilst in a third—that of Henry V., by which time the knight was frequently cased in complete steel from head to foot—the graceful appendage of the panache, or plume of feathers, is sometimes seen surmounting the bascinet, and giving a new air to the dress and to its wearer; whilst the crested helmet, now worn only at tournaments, grows more and more magnificent.

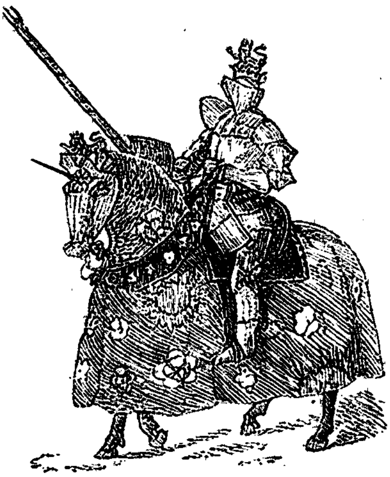
The next figure in the Armoury offers a splendid example of the changes that had taken place since the period of the first Edward. This is Henry VI., with whom commences an unbroken series of specimens of the armour of every reign, extending down to the period of James II.; and among which many of the suits



[Henry VI.]

are known to have been worn by the kings or nobles whose names are attached to them. The long surcoat has now again disappeared. In addition to the evident magnificence and security of this dress, there is one peculiar feature only perceptible on a close examination. The back and breast plates are composed of several pieces each, so as to make the whole flexible. It was for a long time a matter of difficulty to understand how the knight equipped himself, till Sir Samuel Meyrick, to whom the public are so much indebted for the admirable arrangement of the chief figures of the Horse Armoury, by the aid of an old document solved the enigma. His explanation, referring to a different period, is but partially applicable here. Supposing, however, Henry VI. to be about to put on the armour in which he is represented in the above engraving, the order of his procedure would probably be as follows :—The sleeves and shirt of mail would be first put on; then the long-pointed sollerets, or overlapping pieces of steel for the defence of the feet, with the formidable-looking spurs screwed into them; the greaves for the legs, and the cuisses for the thigh. The breastplate would next be adjusted to the body, to which the tuilettes, those overlapping pieces which hang from the waist over the hip, would be fastened by their straps. The vambraces, or defences for the fore part of the arm, and the rere-braces, for the remainder up to the shoulder, would follow when they were worn, which in the present case they are not. The neck, head, and hands now alone remain undefended. The camail is hung around the neck; the salade, or sallet, a new German head-piece, characterised by the peculiar projections behind, over which is the rich-looking knight's cap, and the kingly device, is put upon the head, and the beautifully wrought gauntlets upon the hands and wrists. The King now calls for his pole-axe, also of German origin, and his steed, so gloriously caparisoned, which he mounts; and though Henry VI. was not at heart much of a martial king, yet, if this might be taken as a fair representation of his appearance, one need not desire to see a more martial *looking* one. The armour which defends the horse's head, with the steel spike in front, is called the chanfron, and first appeared in the reign of Henry III.

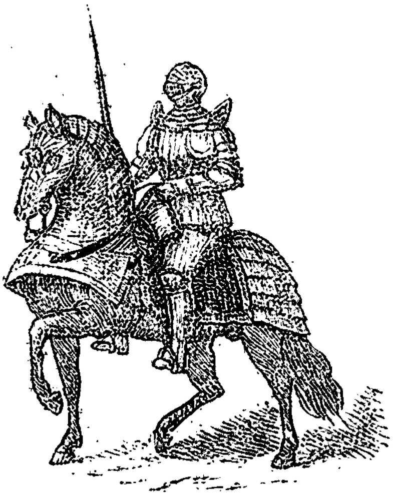
Next in the rank to Henry VI. is his rival and conqueror, Edward IV.,



[Edward IV.]

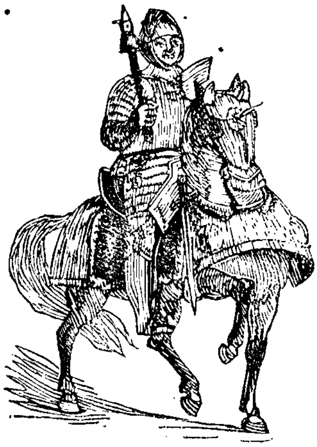
whose dress presents so many differences, that, at first glance, one would hardly suppose the two monarchs could be of the same century. The leg-pieces here end a little above the ankles, and instead of the sollerets appear slipper stirrups. Three entirely new pieces are added to the armour,—the *grande garde*, a large piece of steel fastened over the left side of the breastplate, a sort of substitute for a shield; the *garde-de-bras*, that peculiar-shaped piece of armour seen over the elbow; and, lastly, the *volant* piece, which gives such an extraordinary aspect to the head. Its angular shape presented so difficult a mark to the lance, that it was not uncommon in tournaments to agree that the volant should not be used. The lance in his hand is a modern imitation of the antique, with the exception of the very curious vam-plate, which is genuine, and of unusual size and shape. The elegant appearance of this figure reminds one of Philip de Comines' description of Edward as "the beautifullest prince of his time;" and with that remembrance comes another, connected with the wars of the Roses, which ended in giving Edward his crown. The same historian says, "Now you shall understand that the custom in England is, after the victory obtained, neither to kill nor to ransom any man, especially of the vulgar sort, knowing all men then to be ready to obey them because of their good success." Is this meant as a compliment to the humanity of the English leaders, or as a satire upon the want of steady principle in the English people? The historian concludes with a startling passage: "Notwithstanding, King Edward himself told me, that in all battles that he won, so soon as he had obtained the victory, he used to mount on horseback, and cry, 'Save the people, but kill the nobles!'"

Two suits lately worn at the Eglintoun Tournament, of the age of Richard III., both of the most beautiful manufacture, fluted, with rosettes at the shoulders, are exhibited next to Edward IV.: one in the figure of a mounted knight, the other dismounted by his side; but as their chief features are also shown in the next suit, that of

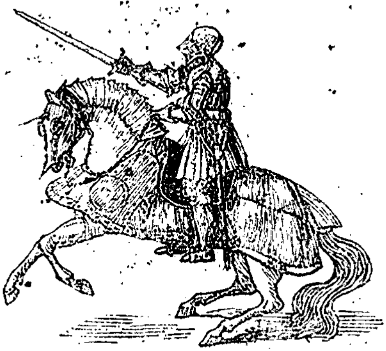


[Henry VII.]

the victor of Bosworth, we pass on to the latter. This belongs to the period when plate armour is considered to have attained its perfection of richness and completeness. The whole is fluted: the neck has the additional defence of the pass-guards—plates rising perpendicularly from the shoulders —and, besides the chanfron, the horse is now protected by the *manefaire*, which covers the stately arch of his neck, hiding the mane, by the poitrel over his breast, and by the croupiere over the crupper. The knight's head-piece has now assumed a natural shape, and is provided with moveable plates at the back, at once guarding the neck and allowing the head to move with freedom. It is placed on the head by lifting up the mentonnière, the part that covers the chin, and the visor, both of which turn on the screw that fastens them to the helmet. Among the peculiarities of the time are the globular breast-plate, bulging out somewhat ungracefully from the breast—the lamboys, like a short skirt divided, which are substituted for the tuilettes before mentioned—the wide-toed sollerets, which, in accordance with the fashion that prevailed in the civil costume of the period, have changed in a few years for the precisely opposite extreme, and the peculiar ornaments which decorate the armpits and the knees. We now reach one of the first of the suits of armour which are known to have belonged to the nominal wearers, and a most striking contrast is presented by its burly dimensions to the graceful outlines that distinguish the preceding monarch. But as the Armoury contains a much more important suit that also belonged to Henry VIII., we shall merely remark that this is richly inlaid with gold, and the stirrups are elaborately engraved. We have mentioned three entrances into the Horse Armoury that appear from the exterior; but one only of these is now used. The others are closed, and the vestibules within occupied by portions of the contents of the collection. In the centre or principal one stands the figure here shown, which represents one of the most magnificent suits perhaps in existence. It was presented to the King by the Emperor Maximilian I., on his marriage with Catherine of Arragon, and is precisely similar in shape to a suit preserved in the little Belvidere Palace at Vienna, that belonged to Maximilian himself. This

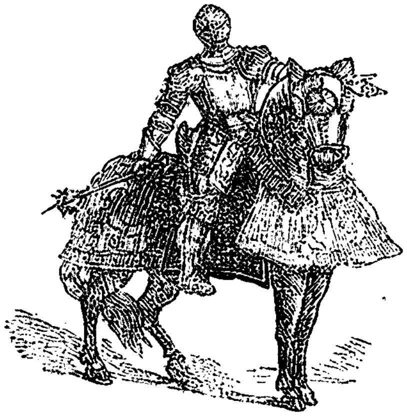


[Henry VIII.]



[Henry VIII.]

suit was no doubt worn by Henry at some of those pleasant May meetings at Greenwich when the white shield was hung upon a green tree in the park, for knights of good birth to subscribe their names as accepting the challenge offered by certain parties, who proposed to take the field against all comers. On one of these occasions, Henry himself, with the Duke of Suffolk, the Earl of Essex, and Sir George Carew, assumed this honourable but somewhat arduous post, challenging all knights to joust and tilt at the barriers. A striking proof of the King's estimation of Maximilian's present is given on his great seal, where he is represented wearing a suit exactly corresponding with it in form and style. The entire mass of armour, both for horse and rider, is washed with silver, and covered with engravings, most beautifully executed, of holy legends, devices, mottoes, arms, &c., specimens of which are given by Sir Samuel Meyrick in his elaborate account of the suit published in the 'Archæologia.' On the breastplate is represented a figure of St. George, just after his famous victory over the Dragon; and, with reference most probably to the marriage which occasioned the present to be made, the German word of congratulation, "Glück," meaning "Good luck," is engraved on one of the jambs. Two other suits of armour made for Henry VIII. stand one on each side of this vestibule or recess on dismounted figures. One is of bright steel, the other black, with raised and polished ornaments in different parts, the forerunner of the embossed armour. Before we quit the recess we may as well notice two very small and interesting figures which occupy the corners. One is of Charles Prince of Wales, afterwards Charles II., in his *fifth year, in a complete suit of steel plate armour;* the other of Prince Henry, the accomplished son of James I., not much older, wearing only the helmet and breastplate: both are genuine suits, and are known to have been worn by the youthful Princes. The figures of Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, and Edward Clinton, Earl of Lincoln, being also of Henry's reign, we pass on to Edward VI., whose armour presents a new feature, being of the kind denominated *russet.* This effect was produced by oxidizing the surface of the armour, and then smoothing it. When, as in the present instance, the metal was further enriched by being inlaid with gold, it presented a superb appearance. The only other remarkable peculiarity of the armour of this period

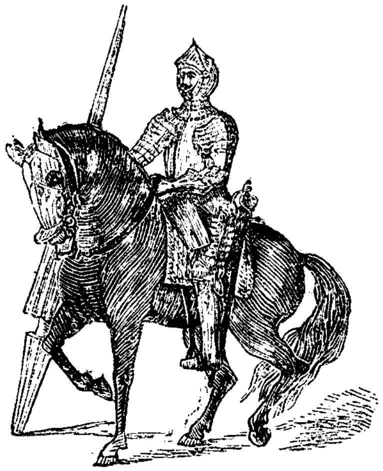


[Edward VI.]

is connected with the breastplate, which, in the latter part of Henry VIII.'s reign, added to its globose form a projecting edge down the centre, called the tapul; whilst, in the present period, the tapul gradually descended from the centre, till it entirely disappeared, as we see in the armour before us. That engraving also shows us the lengthening towards the waist, which the breastplate was now undergoing. The weapon called the Black-bill, shown in our group of weapons, was now used by the black-bill men or halberdiers, who formed part of our army. The next figure is that of Francis Hastings, Earl of Huntingdon, in a suit of richly gilt and slashed plate armour, which we notice for the sake of the announcement on the card attached to it in the Armoury. The weight of the armour for the rider alone is there stated at one hundred and four pounds! It is extraordinary how men could move with the grace, celerity, and vigour that characterised the Knight of the Tournament under such a heavy load! No wonder they found it impossible to rise if they were once thrown at full length upon the ground. Even Elizabeth's carpet knight, Leicester, who forms the next figure, is arrayed in armour of the weight of eighty-seven pounds. In this splendid suit, which was originally gilded, the sollerets have again changed: this time they are peaked. We now reach a figure which, arrayed though it be in a plain suit, must not be passed over without respectful notice. "The last of the knights" were a fitting designation for the fine chivalrous being in whom the spirit of the heroes of our earlier ages seems to have revived with additional lustre, prior to its final extinction in his grave. Elizabeth's famous champion, Sir Henry Lee, is before us. For a long time did Sir Henry, in spite of growing infirmities, keep the distinguished post which had been confided to him; and when he resigned the championship at last, in favour of a younger knight, George Earl of Cumberland, the aged veteran must have hardly known whether it was the saddest or proudest day of his life, so magnificent were the preparations made to do honour to his last appearance. But "Duty, faith, and love," to use his own words, have ever their appropriate spheres of action; so, quitting with a sigh the scene of many a triumph, he tells his royal mistress—

"My helmet now shall make an hive for bees,
And lovers' songs shall turn to holy psalms;
A man-at-arms must now sit on his knees,
And feed on prayers, that are old age's alms.
And so from court to cottage I depart;
My saint is sure of my unspotted heart."

Passing the figure of the Earl of Essex, with its richly engraved suit inlaid with gold, and its Maltese sword, we arrive at the man who, of all others, would be the most appropriately chosen as the moral antipodes of Sir Henry Lee,—James I.

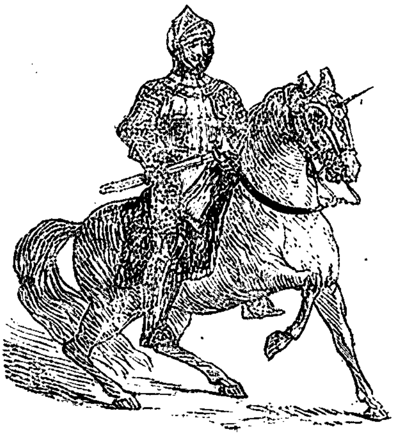


[James I.]

The humorists of the Armoury must have intended a joke at the expense of the royal pedant when they not only placed him here in full armour, but put also that enormous lance in his hand, which, in its thickest part, just above the hollow for the hand, is positively two feet three inches in circumference! James, who, to do him justice, had wit, if not courage, said once of armour, that "It was an excellent invention: for it not only saved the life of the wearer, but hindered him from doing hurt to anybody else." By way of corrective, perhaps, to the impunity indirectly promised to his own antagonists in the tournaments, if he ever had any, James used this formidable-looking lance: since he could not hurt, it was all the more necessary to alarm.

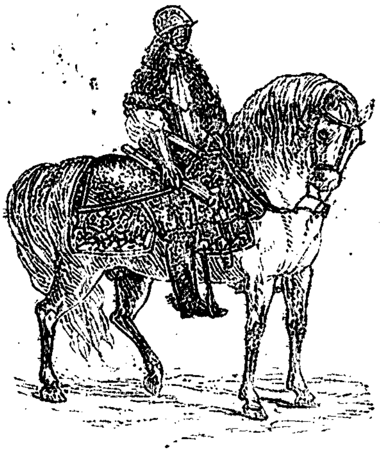
Next to James is *Sir Horace Vere,* in a suit of plain armour of the date of 1606, and then the fastidious nobleman whom James's manners kept from court, and his own honesty from employment,—the famous collector of the marbles, Thomas Howard, Earl of Arundel. Both these knights are armed with the mace. Another genuine suit, originally belonging to Prince Henry, richly gilt, and decorated with engravings of battles, sieges, and other military designs; a suit attributed to George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, where the great favourite is seen grasping an elegant wheel-lock petronel; a youthful figure of Charles I. when Prince of Wales; and the effigy of Charles's unfortunate minister, Wentworth, where the armour descends no lower than the knees, follow next in succession.

The history of the changes in armour runs in a circle. The pains taken for so many centuries to clothe the form in impenetrable defences had not long achieved their object before the use of gunpowder began just as regularly to strip off first one piece of armour, then another, on the ground that the very uncertain immunity from danger they promised was not commensurate with the loss of energy and activity produced by their wear. The greaves disappear in James's reign; and although his son, Charles I., strenuously endeavoured to check the current, (in the costly gilt suit presented to him by the City of London we behold him "armed at all points,") yet he had so little success, that, by the time of the Protectorate, the helmet and cuirass alone remained, and the military world found itself, in the matter of bodily armour, as nearly as possible in the same state that it was nine or ten centuries before.



[Charles I.]

In the reign of the second James the helmet was further discarded, and the loose flowing wig left to dangle over the steel cuirass and red coat: our readers may imagine the ludicrous effect of the mixture. The last figure in the great range of the Horse Armoury is that of the King himself just mentioned, who, however, wears a kind of helmet as well as the wig. The delicate lawn sleeves and cravat contrast no less oddly with the breastplate and the iron grating over the face. An amusing 'Guide Book' used to be sold at the Tower. It appears James did not originally stand where he now stands, in the line, but a little in advance. Referring to that circumstance, the imaginative author of the pages referred to says, "The circumstances of his present position somewhat appropriately correspond with his well-known abdication of the throne and flight from the kingdom: he has left the company of his brother sovereigns, and the enclosure assigned to them, and *appears to be stealing cautiously along close to the wall*, and in a corner of the building, with his horse's head close to the door!"

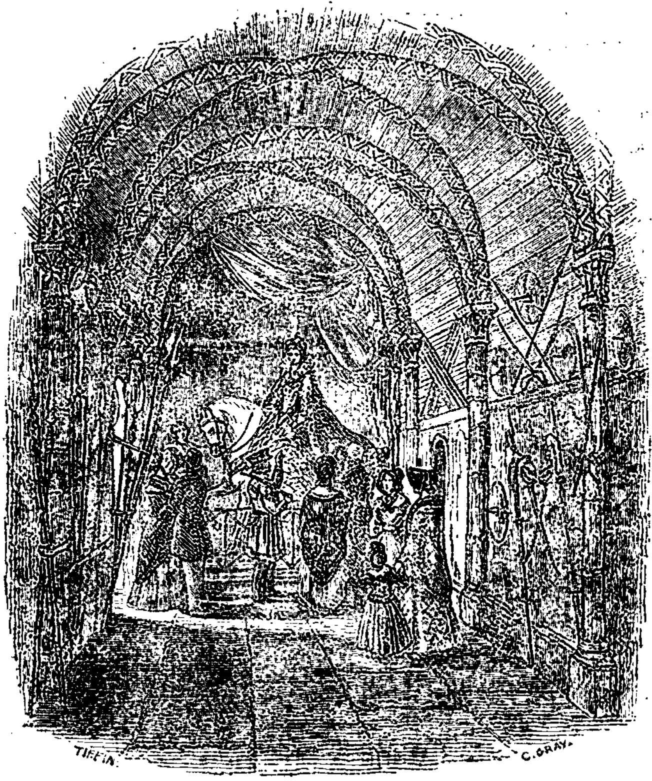


[James II.]

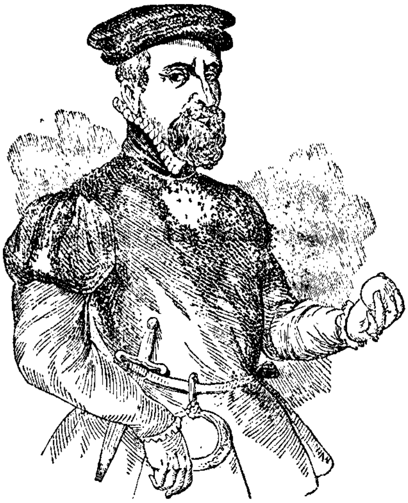
Queen Elizabeth's Armoury was formerly in a building opposite the south-western corner of the Horse Armoury: it is now removed into the White Tower, where it occupies the apartment made memorable by the long residence of Sir Walter Raleigh. As we walk down the aisle of the Horse Armoury the eye is attracted to an opening, by the rich stream of light which pours down upon it from the skylight above, bringing out into brilliant relief the armed forms which stand one on each side, and the other military decorations of the spot. This is the entrance to the staircase, which winds in a circuitous direction up into the apartment in question. At the top of the stairs is a kind of circular vestibule, or small corridor, where are two grotesque figures on pedestals, protruding their grinning faces forward, as if eager for admiration, and holding, the one a quartern of gin, the other a pot of beer. Sir Samuel Meyrick, in a letter addressed in 1829 to the Editor of the London Magazine, conceives "that they were originally over the door in the great hall of the palace at Greenwich which led to the buttery and larder—an usual custom in old buildings; and that they were brought with the armour from that royal residence on its destruction." From hence we pass into Queen Elizabeth's Armoury. No longer, however, does this place present the appearance described in our paper on the Prison, where we looked upon it as it was when Raleigh paced its floor to and fro. The strange-looking ceiling has been made fine with groins, and the plain walls with a range of small intermingling Norman arches, on that side of the wall which contains the two gloomy cells that were formerly used, no doubt, as sleeping places by the prisoners. We are happy to say that every care has been taken of the inscriptions yet existing on this wall. These were principally written by prisoners confined here during Mary's reign, for their share in Wyatt's conspiracy. "He that endureth to the end shall be saved," is the sentence in which "R. Rudston," 1553, has recorded the nature of the hope which alone preserved many an unhappy prisoner from sinking into despondency in the Tower prisons. A similar expression of pious confidence has been inscribed in the same place, by T. Fane, 1554,—"Be faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." T. Culpeper, concerned in the same affair, has merely left his signature. These persons, it is believed, were all pardoned. The other side of the room presents four wide openings in the immense walls, (sixteen feet thick,) admitting light from as many windows. Narrow slits or loopholes were all that formerly existed. Facing the coved end of the room, through which we enter, is a deeply recessed arch at the opposite extremity, where the presiding genius of the place appears in all her majesty, Queen Elizabeth herself, in costume similar to that which she is supposed to have worn when she went in procession to St. Paul's to celebrate the defeat of the Armada. The chief contents of this armoury, including many varieties of lances, long swords, pikes, musketoons, battle-axes, and the different sorts of shot seen in our group, were formerly supposed to be the spoils of that ill-fated expedition, and the collection was known as the Spanish Armoury. Down even to the times of our excellent great grandfathers and grandmothers, people used to go and look at the various instruments of torture here exhibited, and lift up their hands and eyes in amazement at the cruelty of the Spaniards, and the wonderful escape we had all had from those devilish instruments. Later researches have satisfactorily shown that most of these, if not all, however repugnant their use may appear to the feelings and ideas of Englishmen, are of genuine English manufacture, and have wrung the groan of unendurable anguish from many an English prisoner, long before the Armada swept across the visions of its projector, bridging over, as it were, the way from the Spanish to the English throne. One instrument alone of the different varieties here shown, the Collar of Torture, is now attributed to the Spaniards; and it is remarkable enough, that of all those monstrous inventions, the collar must have inflicted the mildest suffering. It weighs about fourteen pounds and a half, and is armed with small knobs or studs of a pointed form, but not sharp. Compare this with the rack, which, in some severe cases, added a hand-breadth to the stature; or with the gauntlets, which held the wrists, whilst the prisoner was suspended with outstretched arms in the air, till the blood seemed to flow from every part of the body into the arms, and burst out at the fingers' ends; or with the scavenger's daughter, still shown here, binding body and limbs up into an almost incredibly small compass! It is a pity that our indignation, like our charity, is not more frequently found at home.

To give any thing like a systematic view of the contents of this interesting room would occupy more pages than we have lines to spare: we shall therefore merely premise that the collection chiefly consists of a great variety of weapons of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, of which many are shown in our group at the commencement of this paper, and then proceed to notice two or three of the more interesting individual objects. Two very curious swords hang against the wall, covered with black rust, and one much eaten away. Both are supposed to have been used by crusaders in those holy wars which caused so much unholy shedding of blood. One was taken from the tomb of a Count of Treves; the other bears a Latin inscription, signifying that it is the sword of Autcarius, and has a silver imitation medal of the Emperor Domitian let into the handle. In another part of the room is reared against the wall a tremendous-looking weapon, which the popular idea has associated with a not unsuitable wielder, Henry VIII., although even he would have found it an inconvenient " walking-staff " during those supposed nocturnal wanderings in which, like the great Eastern caliph, he was continually astonishing the careless watch. The story goes that the King was met one night at the bridge-foot by some of the civic guardians, and not giving a good account of himself, carried off to the Poultry Compter, and shut up for the night without fire and candle. "Sweet are the uses of adversity." On his liberation, Henry VIII. made a grant of thirty chaldrons of coals and a quantity of bread for the solace of night prisoners in the Compter. He also gave an annual stipend to the parish of St. Magnus, where he had been taken prisoner, and rewarded the men who had captured him. The grants alluded to are, we believe, still paid. As to the " walking-staff," it is, in truth, one of the "holly water sprinckles,"—why so called we know not; and consists of a long massy stave, with three gun-barrels at the end, and a spike or dagger rising between them.

The last article of the multifarious contents of this Armoury that we shall mention, is in itself an important historical memorial, and suggestive of many melancholy thoughts. Upon a small block in this Armoury stands the axe shown in our group,— the axe with which the fair neck of the unfortunate Anne Bullen was severed, whilst in the prime of her beauty and womanhood. A few years later, that same axe was again brought from its hiding-place to execute the doom of a still more illustrious victim, Lady Jane Grey. The Earl of Essex closes the list of unfortunates whose history, according to tradition, has ended with—this! Among the spectators of the Earl's execution on that Ash Wednesday morning, 1601, was Sir Walter Raleigh, whose long residence in this chamber one cannot forget, even amidst all the interesting memorials which cover its walls. From one of these windows it was, that when he himself had been previously confined in the Tower for offending the haughty Elizabeth, hearing she was come in her barge to the Tower, on a visit to Sir George Carew, the Lieutenant, " he gazed and sighed a long time" (no Ordnance Office then obstructed the view), discerning "the barges and boats about the Blackfriars stairs," and "suddenly broke out into a great distemper, and swore that his enemies had on purpose brought her Majesty thither to break his gall in sunder with Tantalus' torment, that when she went away he might see death before his eyes; with many such like conceits." And it was in this room itself that the extraordinary scene took place immediately following. " As a man transported with passion he swore to Sir George Carew, that he would disguise himself, and get into a pair of oars to ease his mind but with a sight of the Queen, or else he protested his heart would break." Sir George, who had it is probable allowed Raleigh many little indulgences, for the latter had at that time influential friends at court, of course refused to comply with so wild a request; when " they fell flat to choleric outrageous words, *with straining and struggling at the doors*, and in the fury of the conflict, the jailer, he had his new periwig torn off his crown; and yet here the struggle ended not, for at last they had gotten out their daggers." The narrator and eye-witness, Sir Arthur Gorges, now thought it time to interfere, and, in doing so, "purchased such a rap on the knuckles, that he wished both their pates broken." How much of all this was real, and how much fictitious, it were hard to say: Sir Arthur *might* have written to describe this scene to the person above all others nearest to the Queen's counsels, Cecil, without any previous understanding with Raleigh, but it is certainly a suspicious as well as an amusing case. The last sentence of Sir Arthur's letter is also marvellously significant:—"I fear Sir Walter Raleigh will shortly grow to be Orlando Furioso, if the *bright Angelica* persevere against him." The reader of this brief notice of Queen Elizabeth's Armoury will not need to be told who was the "bright Angelica."



[Queen Elizabeth's Armoury.]



[Portrait of Sir Thomas Gresham.]

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XLIII.—THE OLD ROYAL EXCHANGE AND ITS FOUNDER.

ONE of Henry VII.'s ministers (Cardinal Morton) once told the Parliament that the King was but "a steward in effect for the public; and that what came from them was but as moisture drawn from the earth, which gathered into a cloud, and fell back upon the earth again." With the applicability of the poetical Cardinal's remark to the business in hand, *the obtaining more taxes*, we have nothing here to do; but the passage itself is a happy illustration of the character and influence of a class of men of whom England has especial reason to be proud, and more particularly London; of men whose business it has been to draw wealth from the public by a kind of magical process (peculiar to the agents of the great wonder-worker, Commerce), which leaves the public richer than it found them, and whose accumulations have, indeed, returned to their fellow-men, blessed with the fertilizing influences that belong to a higher intellectual atmosphere. It is needless to enumerate instances which will rise to the memory of every one: we merely therefore observe that the same generation that beheld the foundation of the Charter House by one merchant, had also witnessed, a few years before, the erection of the chief commercial building of the greatest commercial city of the world by another; and who, not content with that act of princely generosity—which, taken alone, might have been thought only an exhibition of the sympathy and pride of class—transformed his own residence into a College, and richly endowed it for the promotion of those arts and sciences which may add lustre and dignity to any and every calling. No wonder that London holds dear the memory of Sir Thomas Gresham.

But, in the Gresham family, the founder of the Royal Exchange stands not alone. The original project for the Exchange itself is due to his father, Sir Richard Gresham, who, in 1537, whilst Lord Mayor, drew the attention of the minister, Cromwell, to the subject, and laid before him a design for the erection, which he proposed to place in Lombard Street; whilst his uncle, Sir John Gresham, Sheriff in the same year that Richard was Mayor, obtained from Henry VIII. the original foundation of Bethlehem Hospital, and richly endowed with his own means Holt school, Norfolk, where was one of the family seats. He too became Mayor, and among other matters made his year of office memorable by the revival of the splendid ceremony of the Marching Watch, described in "Midsummer Eve." To this uncle was Thomas Gresham apprenticed.

The name of Gresham is derived from a little village in Norfolk, where the ancestors of the future civic worthies had resided, it is said, for generations. Thomas, the younger of two sons, is supposed to have been born in London about 1519. At the proper period he was sent to Gonville Hall, Cambridge, which, it is worthy of notice, his father thought only a fitting preparation for his son's future career. The mercantile life, apart from its ends, presented at the period in question many picturesque and exciting features, and was esteemed so honourable, that, in some of the greater speculations of the day, the leading names comprise those of the most influential nobility, and who by no means appear as mere nominal patrons. Gresham had evidently high notions of the power and influence as well as of the duties of the British merchant of the sixteenth century. Writing, some years after the expiration of his apprenticeship, to his patron the Duke of Northumberland, he says, "to the which *science* I myself was apprenticed eight years, to come by the experience and knowledge that I have:" he then goes on to praise his father's wisdom in so doing. We shall see presently to what excellent purpose Gresham turned these preparations. He was admitted into the Mercers' Company in 1543, being then in his twenty-fifth year; and prior to the expiration of the twelvemonth we find "young Thomas Gresham" engaged as a merchant in furnishing supplies for the siege of Boulogne. Soon after he married Anne, widow of a gentleman of Suffolk, and sister to the lady of Sir Nicholas Bacon, Lord Keeper. In one of his letters from the continent, written some years later, to the minister, Sir W. Cecil, he says, "I thank you for the gentle entertainment you gave to my poor wife, who I do know right well molests you daily for my coming home.—Such is the fondness of women!" In many others of his important business letters, Gresham recurs to his "poor wife;" and altogether it is very evident there was happiness by the domestic hearth. We now reach the most important period of Gresham's history; for from it may be dated all the consequences which have made his name memorable.

There were formerly but two recognised modes of obtaining funds for great national emergencies—subsidies, levied by the arbitrary will of the sovereign or the government, which was as odious as it was in every other respect objectionable—and loans from wealthy merchants, generally of Germany or the Low Countries. By the period in question the last had become the rule, the first only the exception. To negotiate the loans an agent became necessary, who was to reside abroad;—a person, of course, of distinguished talent and probity, and of agreeable, conciliatory manners. Prior to April, 1551, and during a period of considerable financial disorder, the post was held by a man who, in the opinion of the government, was unfitted for it; so, says Gresham, "I was sent for unto the Council, and brought by them before the King's Majesty, to know my opinion (as they had many other merchants) what way with the least charge his Majesty might grow out of debt." The opinion given was approved of, and Gresham immediately appointed Royal Agent. He set off with his family to Antwerp, the then great commercial emporium of the world. The nature of financial dealings in the sixteenth century, and of the difficulties which they presented to the man who had determined to revolutionise the system, may be gathered from the following extract from the youthful King's manuscript journal, April, 1551:—"25. A bargain made with the Fulcare (the Fuggers, eminent German merchants) for about 60,000*l.*, that in May and August should be paid,—for the deferring of it. First, that the Fulcare should put it off for ten in the hundred. Secondly, that I should buy 12,000 marks' weight, at six shillings the ounce, to be delivered at Antwerp, and so conveyed over. Thirdly, I should pay 100,000 crowns for a very fair jewel of his, four rubies marvellously big, one orient and great diamond, and one great pearl." Some readers will no doubt be surprised to find the tricks of the disreputable money-lenders of our own day traceable to such high and respectable origin. The zeal with which Gresham entered into the duties of his appointment must have been sorely tried in many ways; during the first two years, for instance, he was called over, frequently at the shortest notice, no less than forty times! As to what else was required from him in the pursuit of the objects he had set before him, and what he accomplished, we are glad to be able to allow him to speak for himself. "Before I was called to serve, there was no other way devised to bring the King out of debt but to transport the treasure out of the realm; or else by way of exchange, to the great abasing of the exchange; for a pound of our current money there was brought down in value to but sixteen shillings Flemish; and for lack of payment there at the days appointed, for to preserve his Majesty's credit withal, it was customary to prolong time also upon interest, which interest, besides the loss of the exchange, amounted unto 40,000*l.* by year. And in every such prolongation, his Majesty was enforced to take great part in jewels, or wares, to his extreme loss and damage; of which 40,000*l.* loss for interest, yearly, I have by my travail clearly discharged the said King every penny." The direct saving from this source alone he estimates at 400,000*l.* The means by which it was done are thus alluded to: "Whereas I found the exchange at sixteen shillings the pound, I found the means, nevertheless, without any charge to the King, or hindrance of any other, to discharge the King's whole debts, as they grew, at twenty shillings and twenty-two shillings the pound." He then points out the other advantages which have accrued in consequence of the raising of the exchange: "All foreign commodities be fallen, and sold after the same value, to the enriching of the subjects of the realm in their commodities, in small process of time, above 300,000*l.* or 400,000*l.*" The precious metals, it is pointed out, are, as a natural consequence, flowing into the country, and the credit of the sovereign is placed on a solid basis. And all this was done in despite of the "merchants, both strangers and English, who always lay in wait to prevent his devices." It would be difficult to explain the nature of these devices to the general reader; suffice it, therefore, to say that they present an extraordinary evidence of the far-sighted character of Gresham's mind, and of the claims which he has upon the gratitude of every English merchant, and of his countrymen generally. Gresham's chief opponents were the merchants of the Steel-yard, whose commercial privileges were a great cause of keeping down the exchange, and which produced besides great heart-burnings and jealousies among our native merchants.

The Esterlings, or Germans, were settled in England as early as the reign of Ethelred; when, says Pennant, "the Germans of the Steel-yard, coming with their ships, were accounted worthy of good laws." These men were undoubtedly our first instructors in the art of commerce. For several centuries they were the chief importers and exporters of England, and the profits derived from their trade, and their connexion with the great Hanseatic Confederation, induced our sovereigns to bestow on them peculiar privileges. On more than one occasion the London journeymen and apprentices resented the favour shown to them by riots and by attacks on the warehouses of the obnoxious foreigners. In 1552 it was decided by the Government that the Steel-yard merchants had forfeited their liberties, and should be placed for the future, with regard to the duties upon their exports and imports, on the same footing as other strangers. The merit of this abolition of "rights" which, to every one but themselves, had grown into serious wrongs, appears to have been never attributed to its true owner, Gresham; who states expressly, in his account of the "devices" by which he succeeded in raising the exchange, that he "practised with the King and my Lord of Northumberland to overthrow the Steel-yard;" and the dates of the two events show that he was successful. The Steel-yard, or, as it was occasionally called, the Steel-house, stood on the banks of the Thames, about the end of the little street still known as Steel-yard Street, a short distance eastwards from Dowgate Wharf. Here also was the very interesting Teutonic Guildhall, with its two famous pictures by Holbein, representing the triumphs of Riches and Poverty. What became of these pictures we know not; they are supposed by Pennant to have been carried into Flanders on the final shutting up of the warehouse by Elizabeth in 1597, and thence into France. Zucchero copied them at the Steel-yard in 1574, and engravings, probably from his paintings, were made in the last century. Pennant* thus describes the chief features of the designs: "In the triumph of Riches, Plutus is represented in a golden car, and Fortune sitting before him, flinging money into the laps of people holding up their garments to receive her favours: Ventidius is wrote under one, Gadareus under another, and Themistocles under a man kneeling beside the car. Crœsus, Midas, and Tantalus follow; Narcissus holds the horse of the first: over their heads, in the clouds, is Nemesis . . . . By the sides of the horses walk dropsical and other diseased figures, the too frequent attendants of Riches. Poverty appears in another car mean and shattered, half naked, squalid, and meagre. Behind her sits Misfortune; before her Memory, Experience, Industry, and Hope. The car is drawn by a pair of oxen and a pair of asses; Diligence drives the ass, and Solicitude, with a face of care, goads the ox. By the sides of the car walk

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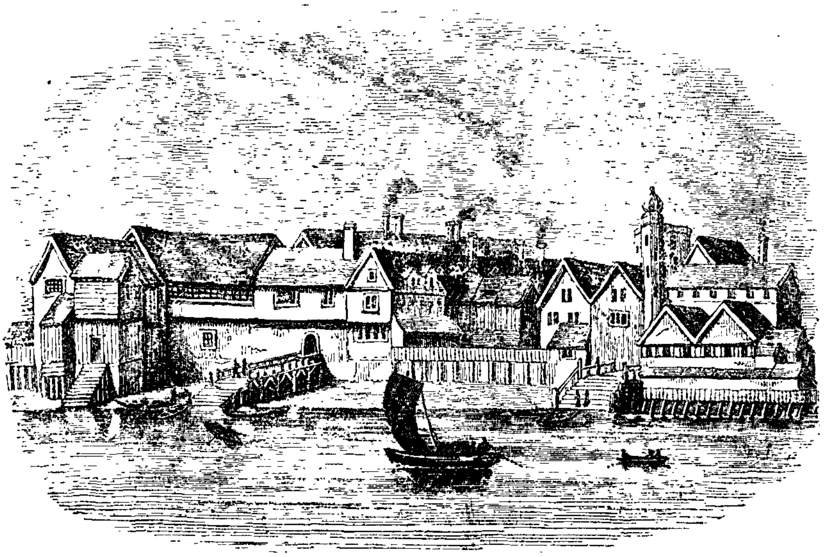
* *Edition of 1793, page 333.*

Labour, represented by lusty workmen with their tools, with cheerful looks; and behind them Misery and Beggary, in ragged weeds, with countenances replete with wretchedness and discontent."



[Wharf of the German Merchants of the Steel-yard in Thames Street.—From Hollar's print in 1641.]

The document from which we have transcribed the foregoing passages relating to Gresham's financial miracles, for such they then appeared to all parties, is a Memorial presented to Queen Mary soon after the execution of Gresham's patron, the Duke of Northumberland, on no less occasion than that of the former being removed from the office he had filled with so much ability and success. That removal may in some way or other, perhaps, be attributed to his friendship with the fallen earl; and Gresham, naturally alarmed, seems to have feared that the entire ruin of his prospects was about to take place. Having mentioned the late King's acknowledgment of his services,—"It pleased the King's Majesty to give unto me one hundred pounds, to me and my heirs for ever, three weeks before his death; and promised me with his own mouth that he would hereafter see me rewarded better; saying *I should know that I served a King*,"—he nexts laments the influence of his enemies, and a loss he had just heard of "by casualty of weather;" "and now," says he, "God help poor Gresham!" Whatever the cause of his momentary disgrace, the services of Gresham were precisely of the kind that the Government were unable to dispense with, so he was soon re-instated; and when Elizabeth came to the throne he was able to give a scarcely less satisfactory account of what he had done for Mary, and of the reward he had received, than is contained in the memorial above mentioned. He was present at the first council held by the Virgin Queen, at Hatfield, and was received with marked favour. Elizabeth, to dissipate his fears of what his enemies might say in his absence, told him she would keep one ear shut from his enemies, that should be ever open to him; and promised him, if he did her none other service than he had done to King Edward, her late brother, and Queen Mary, her late sister, she would give him as much land as ever they both did. The characteristic reply was an exposition of his financial views, ending with the following admirable advice:—"An it please your Majesty to restore this your realm into such estate as heretofore it hath been,—First, your Highness hath none other ways but, when time and opportunity serveth, to bring your base money into fine, of eleven ounces fine; and so gold after the rate. Secondly, not to restore the Steel-yard to their usurped privilege. Thirdly, to grant as few licences as you can. Fourthly, to come in as small debt as you can beyond seas. Fifthly, to keep your credit, and specially with your own merchants; for it is they who must stand by you at all events in your necessity." It is worth noting how implicitly the advice appears to have been followed, with the exception of the matter of the licences. In carrying out the first and greatest of the reforms proposed, the restoration of a debased coinage, Gresham himself was, if not a chief actor, evidently the main adviser, for he introduced the foreigners who executed the gigantic task proposed, and was one of their sureties during its performance. The Steel-yard not only did not recover "its usurped privilege," but was finally closed by the Queen. And as to the disuse of foreign loans, and the establishment of domestic credit, Gresham again appears not only as the author of the propositions, but as the man who carried them into execution. Elizabeth made a subsidy in 1570 throughout England, which produced no more than 35,477*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* More money was indispensable; so, the subsidy having failed, Gresham was empowered to negotiate with the great body of British merchants known as the Merchant Adventurers. It was no easy matter. The merchants and the Queen held very different opinions on the subject of loans; which need not excite surprise when we know what the Queen's opinions were, or at least her conduct, which may be taken as their best representative. Whenever she was in want of a small sum of money, her remedy was strikingly simple: one of the city companies were desired to furnish it. Nor was this all. On one occasion she required the ironmongers to send her 60*l.*; and if they were unprovided *they were to borrow it for her immediately, and pay the interest themselves.* The Merchant Adventurers were puzzled what to do with the application. At last, they referred the matter to a common hall, were the loan was refused by a show of hands. But if they had known the importance Gresham attached to the matter, they might have saved themselves much trouble. He was a man who could never understand failure in any scheme he undertook. He now met their refusal by a show of great surprise and indignation; he caused the Queen's Council to write expressing its displeasure; then, again going quietly, and in a conciliatory tone, to the individuals whom he had marked out for express favour, he soon obtained some 21,000*l.* for six months. The loan had to be renewed at the expiration of the six months; but in the mean time the merchants had become convinced that principal and interest were safe in the royal hands, and that Gresham had understood their interests, as well as those of the sovereign, better than either party had understood them for themselves. From that time we hear no more of foreign loans.

Among the less permanently valuable services of Gresham, but which, during his own lifetime, formed not the least of his claims to the respect and attention of the Government, was the peculiar and delicate office which he undertook, in addition to his other multifarious occupations, as Queen's agent for the negotiation of loans, and Queen's merchant for the supply of military and other stores,—namely, that of being the Government's chief continental correspondent. Antwerp was then "what London is now,—the centre of intelligence: so that, in addition to Flemish news, Gresham conveyed home the freshest intelligence respecting the Pope, derived from Rome, Naples, or Venice; respecting the Turk, derived from Constantinople or Tripoli; Spanish news, from Seville or Toledo; and not least often, tidings of what was passing, or rumoured, in Sweden, Denmark, Germany, and France."* The Flemish correspondence of the period, consisting of hundreds of letters, is almost entirely written by him; and the evidences are manifold of the great reliance Elizabeth and her ministers placed in his industry, talents, and judgment. Gresham, it appears, had a regular staff of spies, constantly running to and fro. Thus, when it was known, in 1560, that an army had encamped in Guelderland, Gresham immediately sent a servant with fifty crowns, who was to stay in the camp so long as the money lasted. Among the persons of this class whom he employed was one Hogan, of whom Elizabeth expressed her distrust, as the man was professedly in the pay of the King of Spain; but Gresham satisfied his royal mistress that he knew perfectly well what he was doing. He was himself indefatigable in the same pursuit, setting time and place at defiance whenever anything of high importance had to be done, and he could trust himself only to do it. His skill in some of the manœuvres that were then looked on, we presume, as quite proper to diplomacy, has been recorded by Strada, the historian of the Low Country wars. "The Emperor (Maximilian II.), by edict, prohibited and made it death for any German to bear arms against the King of Spain; which, among divers others, how deeply it was resented by the Prince of Orange (though otherwise subtle and close) he expressed at table, wine laying open the secrets of his heart. For, *being invited by Gresham* (agent for the Queen of England), after he had drunk soundly, the Prince began in a great fury to inveigh against the Emperor's edict; 'that the Emperor, and the King, and whosoever was of their opinion, deceived themselves; that not only the Germans would take arms, but a great sort of other nations bordering upon the empire; that the Danes, the Swedes, and many others, would not be wanting, which both would and could help the confederated Low-Countrymen.'" The importance of this revelation to Elizabeth will be appreciated when we remember the continual support she rendered through her reign to the Protestants of the continent, as well as the danger her own kingdom might be placed in if the measures of the King of Spain and the Emperor with regard to Germany were successful. Another of Gresham's duties involved considerable personal danger. Ammunition was continually wanted by the English Government from Antwerp; but this want could only be supplied in great secrecy, for the laws of the Low Countries attached their severest penalties to the exporters. All kinds of ingenious schemes were consequently employed. The ammunition was concealed, in comparatively small quantities, in almost every ship that left Antwerp for England; and in Gresham's correspondence on the subject velvet, silks, satins, and damasks represent the forbidden articles. The continual arrival of these stores at the Tower attracted attention; although even that danger had been pointed out by Gresham to the council at home, with a remedy which was perhaps thought unnecessary. Hence the catastrophe. In 1560 he writes to say he "is wholly at his wits' end." For on the 13th of June, "at six of the clock at night, the chief searcher (who is all my worker, and conveyer of all my *velvets*) gave me to understand that there had been an Englishman with the Costomer, and had informed him that of late I had many *velvets* arrived at London of all sorts; and that, if he made a general search now, he should find a great booty. Which matter the Costomer opened to the searcher my friend, and commanded him to be with him on the 15th day very early in the morning." But Gresham's liberality had not enlisted the searcher alone in his favour; a kind of council was held on the matter; and the result was, that they agreed among themselves that if they interfered Gresham would not take it in good part at their hands. Dogberry himself never arrived at a sager conclusion. And so the matter ended, to the Royal Merchant's great relief; who desired the proper parties at home, "on the reverence of God," to take better care for the future. Some of these transactions, it will be seen, are of a more than questionable character; but whilst the private and political honours of our own public men are so often acknowledged even by themselves to present distinctions *with* differences, it would be unjust not to give Gresham whatever benefit may belong to such a consideration. His private character, nay, his public even, where it refers simply to aught pertaining to self, is unspotted; and with respect to the violation of the laws of Antwerp whilst receiving its protection as an English official, his paid spies, his bribes, &c., they are but part of the widely-spreading system of artifice which the great statesmen of the sixteenth century thought necessary to the support of the social fabric. It is astonishing what little materials went to the formation of their great policy.

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* Life and Times of Sir Thomas Gresham, by John William Burgon, vol. i. p. 361; a work to which we must express our grateful acknowledgments.

With a few personal notices of Gresham we now conclude his history, with the exception of those prominent features of it which more particularly give to that history its interest, and which therefore require to be treated independently. Thomas Gresham became *Sir* Thomas on the occasion of his undertaking the duties of ambassador at the court of the Duchess of Parma. His principal English residences were in Lombard Street; Mayfield, in Sussex, previously a favourite old palace of the Archbishops of Canterbury; and Osterley, in Middlesex: he had other country houses, but of less importance. Lombard Street was, in Gresham's time, the busiest and most important street in London, for it was there that the merchants from all parts of the world congregated in the open air. In short it was as yet the only Exchange. Like all other bankers and merchants of the day, Gresham had his shop in this street, with his grasshopper over the door as his sign. Those who feel any interest in so doing may yet look upon the site of Gresham's house. It stood where now stands the banking-house of Messrs. Stone, Martin, and Co. Pennant saw the sign itself in the last century, which is understood to have remained on the spot till the erection of the present building. Mayfield and Osterley were magnificent places; the furniture of Mayfield was estimated at 7550*l.*; and in both Gresham had the honour of a visit from his royal mistress. One of the rooms yet existing among the beautiful ruins of Mayfield is called the Queen's chamber to this day. Of Osterley, Norden, the local historian, speaks as of "a fair and stately building of brick," and that the park was formerly "garnished with many fair ponds, which afforded not only fish, and fowls, and swans, and other water-fowl, but also of great use for mills, as *paper-mills*, oil-mills, and corn-mills. There was also a very fair heronry, for the increase and preservation whereof sundry allurements were devised and set up." The paper-mill is a new point in Gresham's history; it was one of the earliest, if not *the* earliest, established in this country. His protégé, the poet Churchyard, says—

> "Glass was at first as strange to make or view
> As paper now, that is devis'd of new.
> Of new I mean in England; save one man
> That hath great wealth, and might much treasure spare;
> Who with some charge a paper-mill began;
> And after built a stately work most rare—
> The Royal Exchange." *

Does the poet here give his patron a hint;—"and might much treasure spare?"—It looks very like it. This was written about the period of Elizabeth's visit to Osterley, perhaps a short time before. Among the other magnificent preparations made by Gresham was one that it is peculiarly agreeable to read of, as showing the latent love of literature, and everything connected with it, that so often breaks out in the life of the bustling merchant of the world. We refer to a play and a pageant by Thomas Churchyard, written and produced expressly for the occasion. Fuller adds another noticeable incident:—"Her Majesty found fault with the court of the house as too great; affirming that it would appear more handsome if divided with a wall in the middle. What doth Sir Thomas, but in the night-time send for workmen to London (money commands all things), who so speedily and silently apply their business, that the next morning discovered that court double, which the night had left single before." What the Queen said is unknown; no doubt Gresham received his reward in the delight and surprise visible on his royal mistress's face. The courtiers, thinking, perhaps, the merchant had outdone them even in their own way, "disported themselves with their several expressions; some avowing it was no wonder he could so soon change a building, who could build a change; others (reflecting on some known differences in this knight's family) affirmed that any house is easier divided than united." This visit took place in 1571. Eight years later, "on Saturday, the 21st of November, 1579," writes Holinshed, "between six and seven of the clock in the evening, coming from the Exchange to his house which he had sumptuously builded in Bishopsgate Street, he suddenly fell down in his kitchen; and, being taken up, was found speechless, and presently dead." He lies in the church of St. Helen's, Bishopsgate, near the tomb of Sir John Crosby, mentioned in 'Crosby Place,' beneath a costly, yet unambitious-looking memorial, constructed by his own orders during his lifetime. Two hundred poor men and women in black gowns followed his remains to the grave, in a procession of almost unequalled splendour. The tomb bears the simple inscription, "Sir Thomas Gresham, Knt., buried December the 15th, 1579;" and even this is only of the date of 1736, for it was thought, says Pennant, "so great a name needed not the proclamation of an epitaph."

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* In 'A Description and Discourse of Paper,' &c.

The motives or impulses which move men to the performance of great charitable actions are of course as various as their characters, and, where they have not themselves explained them to us, must be looked for in that direction. In Gresham's case many concurring circumstances probably aided the formation of his plan for an Exchange. His father had desired to see the merchants of England lodged as well as those of Antwerp, where he had seen and enjoyed the advantages of their new and magnificent Bourse. His own residence, in the very centre of the meeting-place, must have saved him personally from its inconveniences; but the same circumstance may have afforded him more leisurable opportunity for seeing how it affected others less favourably situated. His biographer seems to think a nearer motive may have been at work. His only son died in 1564; and with him, no doubt, a great portion of the magnificent fabric of future rank and power which should be his in the persons of his descendants. His father had died some years before. As the old faces disappeared, old objects would lose their attraction. Those only who have felt bereavement can appreciate the value of a new object at such a time; an object into which the energies—that, unemployed in their usual task, have become but so many instruments of self-torture, enhancing the grief which they ought to allay—can be forcibly directed, and there drawn into full occupation. Young Gresham died in 1564. In that same year we find, from the minutes of the Court of Aldermen, the proposal was made to the Court by Sir Thomas Gresham respecting the erection of the Exchange.

We may see how much the proposed building was needed from the picture Stow, in his Chronicle, has left us of Lombard Street. "The merchants and tradesmen, as well English as strangers, for their general making of bargains, contracts, and commerce . . . did usually meet twice every day," at noon and in the evening. "But these meetings were unpleasant and troublesome, by reason of walking and talking in an open narrow street . . . being there constrained either to endure all extremes of weather, viz. heat and cold, snow and rain; or else to shelter themselves in shops." Sir Thomas now offered to remedy this state of things, by erecting a Bourse or Exchange, provided a site was found. A subscription was immediately set on foot for the purchase of the chosen spot in Cornhill, and in the alleys at the back, which, with the houses thereon standing, were ultimately bought for 3532*l.* The ground was then made plain, and the whole conveyed over to Sir Thomas Gresham, by certain aldermen, in the name of the citizens generally. Sir Thomas, on his part, "being at the house of Mr. John Rivers, alderman, in company with Sir William Garrard, Sir William Chester, Thomas Rowe, Lionel Ducket, German Cioll, and Thomas Banister, most frankly and lovingly promised that, within a month after the Bourse should be fully finished, he would present it in equal moities to the City and the Mercers' Company. In token of his sincerity, he thereupon gave his hand to Sir William Garrard; and, in the presence of his assembled friends, drank a carouse to his kinsman, Thomas Rowe." Mr. Burgon adds to this passage the remark: "How rarely do ancient documents furnish us with such a picture of ancient manners." On the 7th of June, 1566, the founder laid the first stone of the foundation, accompanied by several aldermen, each of whom laid a piece of gold upon it for the workmen. By November, 1567, the entire building was completed. There is a curious tradition, not unsupported by facts, with respect to the formation of the frame-work of the Exchange. Gresham, in one of his letters, speaks of "my house at Rinxhall, where I make all my provision for my timber for the Bourse." Rinxhall, or Ringshall, is near Battisford, in Suffolk, from which it is divided by a great common, called Battisford Tye. This was formerly rich in wood ;—and in a certain part of it the remains of five or six saw-pits are still discernible. These, says tradition, are the same that were employed in the frame-work of the great Bourse, which, according to the same authority, was entirely constructed here. The architect was one Henrick, a Fleming, who, it appears, was in the habit of going to and fro between England and Flanders during the progress of the edifice, to obtain both materials and men. The stone, the slates, the iron, the wainscot, and the glass, all came from Antwerp. Hollinshed seems to intimate "he bargained for the whole mould and substance of his workmanship in Flanders." Gresham had evidently made it a matter of importance that he should be at liberty to employ Flemish artists and workmen, for the Court of Aldermen, in acceding to his proposal, agreed also that "strangers" might be employed. Many annoyances, however, were experienced from the English bricklayers, "both in words and deeds." The magnificent range of statues which distinguished the Exchange were also most probably made in Flanders; for Mr. Burgon, we think, entirely mistakes the meaning of the following passage in a letter from Clough, Gresham's factor, who says, "I have received the pictures you write of, whereof I will cause the Queen's Majesty to be made, and will send you the rest back again with that, so soon as it is done." Gresham's biographer supposes from this that some of the *statues* were sent over from England, where he consequently presumes they had been made, to show the Flemish artist the style in which he was to construct Queen Elizabeth's. Is it not much more likely that the "pictures" were really pictures, containing perhaps representations of the statues, if such were needed, and different portraits of her Majesty, to assist the sculptor in his task?

The general aspect of the new building presented striking evidence of its in every way Flemish character. As Flemish materials, Flemish workmen, and a Flemish architect were employed in the execution, so was the design itself a tolerably close imitation of a Flemish building—the great Bourse of Antwerp. Two prints have been preserved of an interesting character, which show very completely the interior and exterior aspects of the building. They were executed in 1569, and from the date, and the inscription upon them, it appears not improbable, as Mr. Burgon suggests, that they were engraved at Gresham's own order. The English inscription is as follows:—"Sir Thomas Gresham, knight, at his own costs and charges, to the ornament and public use of this royal city of London, caused this place from the foundation to be erected the 7th of June, anno 1566; and is full ended anno 1569." This inscription is repeated in the prints in French, Dutch, and Latin, implying a care for its being read in every part of the world, which may be attributed with greater probability to Sir Thomas Gresham than to any one else. The view shown by the print of the interior is seen in the engraving at the end of our paper, and need not therefore be described. We may observe, however, that the column there seen in front of the northern entrance, commanding a view of the court within, is shown in no other engravings of London; which is the more remarkable as, from its evident size, it must have been a conspicuous object from all sides. The principal feature of the exterior view is a lofty square tower with two balconied galleries, and a grasshopper surmounting the ball at its top, which stands on one side the entrance, and formed a bell-tower, from which issued at twelve at noon, and at six in the evening, the merchants' call to "'Change." The pillars of the court were of marble. All the four corners of the building were ornamented with the founder's crest, the grasshopper, in allusion to which and the Exchange, Bishop Hall, in his description of "the brain-sick youth," says—

> "And now he plies the news-full grasshopper
> Of voyages and ventures to inquire."

The building consisted essentially of two portions, an upper and a lower; the first being laid out in shops, one hundred in number, and the other into walks and rooms for the merchants, with shops on the exterior. For two or three years after the opening of the building the shops remained "in a manner empty," and, for the time, caused a considerable disappointment to the founder, who anticipated a handsome revenue from that source. But the persevering spirit of Gresham was as actively at work as ever; and a new "device" soon altered the cheerless-looking aspect of the place. It was noised abroad that the Queen was going to visit it, and Gresham's preparatory movements showed the importance he attached to the matter. "He went," says Stow, "twice in one day round about the upper Pawn,* and besought those few shopkeepers then present that they would furnish and adorn with wares and wax-lights as many shops as they either could or would, and they should have all those shops so furnished rent-free that year, which otherwise at that time was forty shillings a-shop by the year." All being prepared—amidst the ringing of the bells in every part of the city—"the Queen's Majesty, attended with her nobility, came from her house at the Strand, called Somerset House, and entered the city by Temple Bar, through Fleet Street, Cheap, and so by the north side of the Burse to Sir Thomas Gresham's house in Bishopsgate Street, where she dined. After dinner her Majesty, returning through Cornhill, entered the Burse on the south side, and after that she had viewed every part thereof above the ground, especially the Pawn, which was richly furnished with all sorts of the finest wares in the city, she caused the same Burse, by a herald and trumpet, to be proclaimed the *Royal Exchange*, and so to be called from thenceforth, and not otherwise." A bas-relief over the entrance through which Elizabeth had passed existed down to the fire, commemorative of this incident. A still more important memorial, however, is to be found in a play, divided into two parts, by T. Heywood (whom Charles Lamb finely calls a sort of *prose* Shakspere), under the voluminous titles of—'If you know not me, you know nobody; or the Troubles of Queen Elizabeth;' and 'The Second Part of Queen Elizabeth's Troubles; Doctor Parry's Treasons; the Building of the Royal Exchange; and the famous Victory in Anno 1588.' As it did not suit Heywood, nor perhaps his audiences, who looked upon Gresham as a miracle of wealth and generosity, to abide by the exact vulgar facts as above narrated, the poet gives us a new reading of the Egyptian story. At the banquet Gresham produces a pearl of such value that few could afford to buy it from him, and, having crushed it to powder, drinks it off in a cup of wine.

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* The bazaar part of the Exchange was so called; possibly a corrupted form of *Bahn*—the German word for a *path or walk*.

> "Here fifteen hundred pound at one clap goes!
> Instead of sugar, Gresham drinks the pearl
> Unto his queen and mistress; pledge it, lords!"

We may here mention that another play also exists to mark the interest taken by the public in the Royal Merchant during his lifetime. The one we now refer to is in Latin, and preserved in manuscript in the Bodleian Library, Oxford. There are twenty persons in the list of characters, the first, Rialto, being intended for Sir Thomas himself. The prologue and epilogue are delivered by Mercury, and the scene is the Royal Exchange. From the period of the Queen's visit the shops of the Pawn soon rose in value from forty shillings to four pounds ten, "and then," says Stow, "all shops were furnished according to that time: for then the milliners or haberdashers in that place sold mousetraps, bird-cages, shoeing-horns, lanthorns, and Jews' trumpets, &c. There was also at that time that kept shops in the upper Pawn of the Royal Exchange—armourers, that sold both new and old armour, apothecaries, booksellers, goldsmiths, and glass-sellers." But we have in this passage only an indication of the transition period of the Exchange; for a few years later still, and the shops were filled with the richest wares that the world of commerce could produce, till even princes, according to Stow's pleasant exaggeration, sent daily to be served of the best sort. Not the least interesting part of the history of the old Exchange are its literary memorials, though, for the most part, their authors are unknown to fame. One of these, the Rev. Samuel Rolle, a clergyman who wrote no less than one hundred and ten Discourses, Meditations, and Contemplations on the Great Fire, thus speaks of the Exchange: "How full of riches was that Royal Exchange! rich men in the midst of it, rich goods above and beneath! There men walked upon the top of a wealthy mine: considering what eastern treasures, costly spices, and such-like things were laid up in the bowels (I mean the cellars) of that place. As for the upper part of it, was it not the great storehouse whence the nobility and gentry of England were furnished with most of those costly things wherewith they did adorn either their closets or themselves? Here, if anywhere, might a man have seen the glory of the world in a moment." And in an equally picturesque strain he continues: "What artificial thing could entertain the senses, the fantasies of men, that was not there to be had? Such was the delight that many gallants took in that magazine of all curious varieties, that they could almost have dwelt there (going from shop to shop like bee from flower to flower), if they had but had a fountain of money that could not be drawn dry. I doubt not but a Mahomedan, who never expects other than sensual delights, would gladly have availed himself of that place, and the treasures of it, for his heaven, and have thought there was none like it." The Pawn, the part he principally referred to, was then, it must be remembered, very differently situated with regard to the fashionable parts of London from what it is now. During Gresham's time the Barbican, Aldersgate Street, &c., on the one side, and the Minories on the other, were to the rest of the Metropolis something like what Grosvenor Square, Park Lane, and parts of Piccadilly are at this day.

The lower part of the Exchange, including the great court, must have presented an animated and remarkable scene. Jostling each other among the crowd were men from almost every known nation of the world, habited in their respective national costumes, speaking in every variety of tone and language, exhibiting the most marked differences of manner and countenance. Interspersed with the more numerous English merchants, dressed in their large puffed breeches, long vests, short cloaks and ruffs, appeared here the half-naturalized Fleming, with his fur-trimmed coat and hat, and tight-fitting pantaloons; there the lordly Venetian, in his long robes and elegant cap, a fitting representative of the great and haughty republic. Mingling with the more sedate men of business too would occasionally be seen some courtier from the Palace in all his bravery, conning a new jest at the expense of the "Cits;" some lover of notoriety seeking to make the best of his small reputation—a "Tattelius," for instance,

> " ——— the new-come traveller,
> With his disguised coat and ringed ear,
> Trampling the Bourse's marble twice a day."

Or some idle needy-looking scapegrace, who, perhaps in a penitent or philosophizing mood, is wandering about to see if he cannot catch, as it were, the contagious air of the place,—grow prudent, industrious, rich! Many a shaft is directed by our old satirists at these poor castaways of Fortune, whose usual haunts were St. Paul's and the Exchange. Hayman, in his 'Quodlibets' (1628), thus addresses Sir Pierce Penniless:—

> "Though little coin thy purseless pockets line,
> Yet with great company thou 'rt taken up;
> For often with Duke Humphrey thou dost dine,
> And often with Sir Thomas Gresham sup."

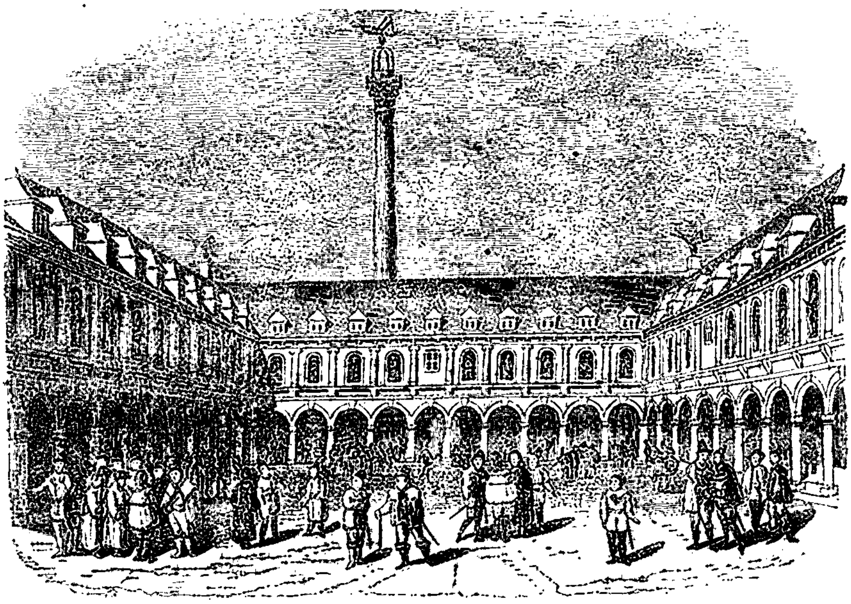
We need scarcely inform our readers that the Barmecide himself, in the 'Arabian Nights,' never enjoyed a lighter or more digestible diet than Duke Humphrey presented to the noonday walkers in St. Paul's, or Sir Thomas Gresham to the promenaders of the evening 'Change.

Another of these authors who have written on the Exchange in a style that gives intrinsic value to their compositions, apart from the subject, is Daniel Lupton, who published in 1632 a small work called 'London and Country Carbonadoed and Quartered into several Characters.' The passage referring to the merchants of the Exchange is so excellent, that we give it almost entire:— "The merchants are generally men of good habit; their words are generally better than their consciences; their discourse ordinarily begins in water, but ends in wine. The frequenting the walks twice a-day, and a careless laughter, argues they are sound: if they visit not once a-day, 'tis suspected they are cracking or broken. Their countenance is ordinarily shaped by their success at sea, either merry, sad, or desperate; they are like ships at sea, top and top-gallant this day, *to-morrow sinking*. The sea is a tennis-court, their states are balls, the wind is the racket, and doth strike many for lost under line, and many in the hazard. . . . . . . Conscience is sold here for nought, because it is as old sermons, a dead commodity. They will dissemble with and cozen one another, though all the kings that ever were since the Conquest overlooked them. Here are usually more coaches attendant than at church-doors. The merchants should keep their wives from visiting the upper rooms too often, lest they tire their purses by attiring themselves. Rough seas, rocks and pirates, treacherous factors, and leaking ships, affright them. They are strange politicians; for they bring Turkey and Spain into London, and carry London thither."

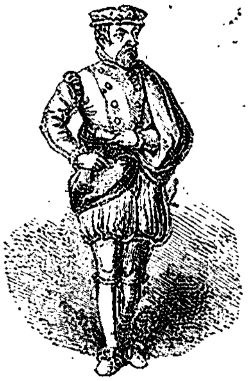
Numerous brief records of the Exchange exist in the 'Inquest Book of Cornhill,' referring chiefly to presentments of annoyances to which the merchants, visitors, and neighbours were subject; which, though not very remarkable or interesting in themselves, help to fill up the details of the picture. From its pages we learn that at one time the "honest citizens" who walked in the Exchange on Sundays and holidays "could neither quietly walk nor one hear another speak" for the great number of boys and children, and young rogues, who made such "shouting and hollowing;" that, at another, "certain women, maidens and others," who sold apples and oranges at the entrance in Cornhill, amused themselves "in cursing and swearing, to the great annoyance and grief of the passers-by;" that again, at a third, the same entrance was beset by "rat-catchers, sellers of dogs, birds, plants, trees, and other things, to the great annoyance and trouble of merchants, gents, ladies, and others," resorting thither; and lastly, to make the confusion worse confounded, and drive the quiet citizens mad, that the bearwards would bring their bears, dogs, and bulls before the Exchange, even at Exchange time, and make their proclamation as to the where and the when of the evening sport.

The last, and not least eloquent, of the literary memorials of the first Royal Exchange, that we shall transcribe, forms also the most fitting conclusion to its history. It is a leaf from the Book of the Great Fire:—"Now the flames break in upon Cornhill, that large and spacious street, and quickly cross the way by the train of wood that lay in the streets untaken away, which had been pulled down from the houses to prevent its spreading, and so they lick the whole street up as they go; they mount up to the top of the highest houses; they descend down to the bottom of the lowest vaults and cellars; and march along on both sides of the way, with such a roaring noise as never was heard in the City of London: no stately buildings so great as to resist their fury: the Royal Exchange itself, the glory of the merchants, is now invaded with much violence.

"When the fire was entered, how quickly did it run round the galleries, filling them with flames; then descending the stairs, compasseth the walks, giving forth flaming volleys, and filling the court with sheets of fire. By and by the Kings fell all down on their faces, and the greater part of the stone building after them (*the founder's statue alone remaining*), with such a noise as was dreadful and astonishing." The very interesting fact recorded in the words we have marked with italics is noticed by all the historians of the Fire; and the author of the 'Discourses' before mentioned devotes a whole chapter to its illustration. The incident, indeed, was really remarkable, and calculated to stimulate thought into poetry—to connect agreeable memories with the wildest scene of desolation. Some would remember the exactly parallel circumstance at St. Paul's at the same time, where the architrave alone remained entire, with its builder's name visible by the light of the flames that were destroying his work; others would behold, in the prostration of the effigies of the long line of sovereigns, whilst that of the Merchant—the Philanthropist—the Statesman—remained standing, a symbol of the permanence and natural elevation of the inherent and better qualities of human nature, as contrasted with the temporary rank often bestowed where they are utterly wanting; whilst, lastly, all would feel how impressively that solitary statue seemed to say—"My *work* is gone, but *I* am still here"—and feel the spirit of Gresham animate them to new exertions to replace the lost edifice.



[Sir Thomas Gresham's Exchange, from a Print in the Guildhall Library.]



[Statue of Sir Thomas Gresham.]

XLIV.—THE ROYAL EXCHANGE AND THE SOUTH-SEA HOUSE.

(Concluded from No. XLIII.)

The Great Fire, in which, as we have seen, Sir Thomas Gresham's Exchange was burned down, took place in the beginning of September, 1666; and almost before the flames were extinguished Wren's plan for the rebuilding of London was before the King. In that plan, the Exchange, rebuilt on its own site, was to "stand free in the middle of a piazza, and be as it were the nave or centre of the town, from whence the sixty-feet streets, as so many rays, should proceed to all principal parts of the city." Of all the grand features of the architect's magnificent scheme this was one of the grandest. London was now fast becoming the commercial centre of the world; and it was a fine thought that of placing the home of the merchants who made it so in a corresponding position in their own metropolis. Napoleon's famous directions on the outlets of Paris—"To Rome"—"To Madrid"—had not half the real significancy of Wren's sending his streets off from the Royal Exchange, in every direction of the compass, as so many visible channels of the mighty streams of commerce ever flowing between that Exchange and the remotest countries of the world. The building, it appears, was to be "after the form of the Roman Forum, with double porticoes." But the principal scheme being abandoned, these views for the Exchange also shared its fate. A month after the Fire, the three city surveyors were requested to prepare an estimate for rebuilding the Exchange; and in the early part of the following year the ground was cleared, and an order obtained from Charles II. for the Portland stone required. Sir John Denham, the poet of 'Cooper's Hill,' was on this occasion the successful prosecutor of their suit with the monarch. Denham was his Majesty's Surveyor of the Works, and in that office so exerted himself to serve the Committee appointed by the Corporation of the City and the Mercers' Company to superintend the rebuilding, that on one occasion, when they expected a visit from him, they made "provision of six or eight dishes of meat at the Sun Tavern to entertain him withal," and agreed "to present him with thirty pieces of gold as a token of their gratitude." Much delay, however, ensued, principally, it appears, from the difficulty of deciding which of the surveyors should be the architect, the chief one having "overmuch business." At last, after a show of some modest reluctance on the part of one of the others, Mr. Jernan, that gentleman was named, in April, 1667; and, in answer to an application for instructions, was told "that the new Exchange should be built on the old foundations;" that "the pillars, arches, and roof should be left for him to model according to the rules of art, for the best advantage of the whole structure." From this time the work was carried on with great rapidity. The gossiping Pepys, ever on the watch for materials for his 'Diary,' writes, on the 23rd of October in the same year—"Sir W. Pen and I back into London, and there saw the King, with his kettle-drums and trumpets, going to the Exchange; which, the gates being shut, I could not get in to see. So, with Sir W. Pen to Captain Cockes, and thence again toward Westminster; but in my way stopped at the Exchange and got in, the King being newly gone, and there find the bottom of the first pillar laid (that on the west side of the north entrance). And here was a shed set up, and hung with tapestry and a canopy of state, and some good victuals and wine for the King, who it seems did it." The "good victuals" comprised, we are elsewhere informed, a chine of beef, grand dishes of fowl, gammons of bacon, dried tongues, anchovies, caviare, &c., and several sorts of wine. Charles gave twenty pounds to the workmen. Similar ceremonies commemorated the laying of the first stone of the eastern column a few days later, by the Duke of York, and of the first stone of one of the pillars of the south entrance, in November, by Prince Rupert. These ceremonies appear to have been thought such very agreeable things that there could not be too many of them. The edifice was completed in 1669, at an expense of nearly 59,000*l.*, besides an expenditure for additional site of about 7000*l.*, or twice the cost of the entire original site; such had been the advance in the value of property here in the course of a century. The Exchange was re-opened to the merchants on the 28th of September, 1669.

The new building in its essential features greatly resembled the old, but was larger and more magnificent. A general view of it is shown in a subsequent page. It had, like the old, its ranges of statues, sculptured on this occasion principally by Cibber, with their painting and gilding; its shops above and below, now increased in number to two hundred; its bell-tower; and its uncovered quadrangle in the centre for the merchants, where was placed a statue of Charles II., "by," says Maitland, "the ingenious hand of Mr. Gibbons," with an inscription to the 'British Cæsar, the father of his country,' &c. The grand entrance from Cornhill was also decorated on each side by statues of the same King and of his father. We may observe, by the way, that the statue of Charles I., which stood in the old Exchange, was, immediately after his execution, removed from thence, in pursuance of a Parliamentary vote proposed by the famous Harry Marten, and the following inscription set up in its place: "*Exit Tyrannus, Regum ultimus, Anno Libertatis Angliæ restitutæ primo,*" with the date. The ascent to the shops was by spacious staircases of black marble, the colonnade beneath was paved with white and black marble, and the open area with Turkey stones of a small size, the gift, according to tradition, of a merchant trading to that country, whose heart perhaps was opened by some unusually fortunate venture, which he thus fitly recorded.

The long cessation of the business of the shops appears to have wrought no permanent injury to their occupiers, for but a very short time after the rebuilding we find them in full activity, and paying continually increasing rents, in spite of the great addition to their number. Some of these shops were at one period let for as much as sixty pounds a-year. The old characteristics were also revived in full force. In the satirical ballad of "Robin Conscience, or Conscionable Robin, in his progress through Court, City, and Country' (1683), the hero walks into the Exchange, but the merchants tell him—

> "For we have traffic without thee,
> And thrive best if thou absent be."

"Now, I," continues Robin,—

> —— "being thus abus'd below,
> Did walk up stairs, where in a row
> Brave shops of ware did make a show
> Most sumptuous.
>
> But when the shop-folk did me spy,
> *They drew their dark light instantly,*
> And said, in coming there, was I
> Presumptuous."

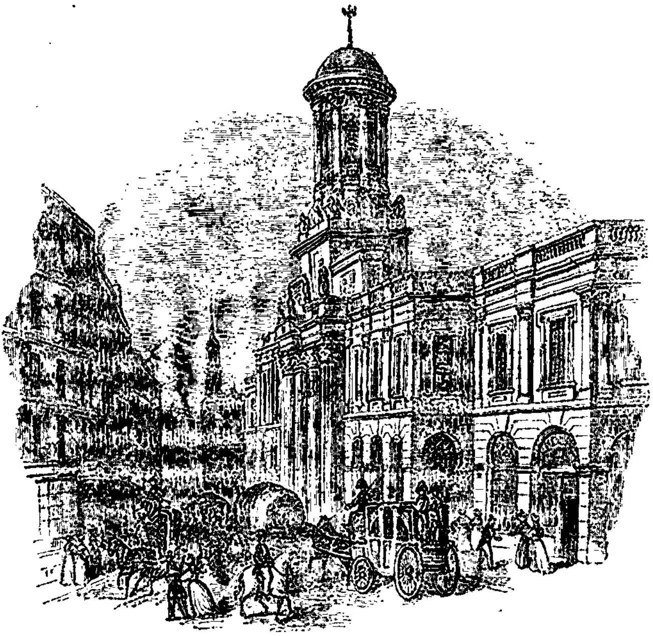
It is remarkable enough to notice in connection with the line printed in italics, that above seventy years before the authorities of the Old Exchange had ordered "That none of the shopkeepers in the Exchange be hereafter permitted to draw or hang any curtains or cloths before the windows or lights of their shops, to diminish, obscure, or shadow their lights, whereby such as have come to buy their wares have been much wronged and deceived." Down to the time of Sir Richard Steele, and 'The Spectator,' the attractions of this part continued undiminished, for in his day's ramble, described in No. 454 of that work, he makes a point of calling in at the Exchange, where, he says, "It was not the least of my satisfaction in my survey to go up stairs, and pass the shops of agreeable females. To observe so many pretty hands busy in the folding of ribbons, and the utmost eagerness of agreeable faces in the sale of patches, pins, and wires, on each side of the counters, was an amusement in which I could longer have indulged myself, had not the dear creatures called to me, to ask what I wanted, when I could not answer, 'Only to look at you.'" "I went," continues the genial and light-hearted philosopher, "to one of the windows which opened to the area below, where all the several voices lost their distinction, and rose up in a confused humming; which created in me a reflection that could not come into the mind of any but of one a little too studious: for I said to myself, with a kind of pun in thought, 'What nonsense is all the hurry of this world to those who are above it!'" But the scene commanded by the spot on which the writer now stood was calculated to arouse reflections of a higher nature in his mind than he has here recorded.

Putting aside the merely picturesque, he could not have viewed so many merchants of so many different nations, bound together in one common pursuit, without thinking of the moral grandeur exhibited in that potential assemblage to those who could penetrate beneath its superficial aspect, who could understand what was going on for the general good of mankind beneath that incessant all-pervading struggle for self-interest and self-aggrandisement. Why Steele contented himself with the brief but pleasant notice we have transcribed is easy of explanation: he had been anticipated. His friend and fellow-essayist Addison, who has not only recorded his frequent visits to the Exchange, but also says there was no place in town which he so much loved to frequent, had previously published in 'The Spectator' one of his most delightful papers. Literary memories of this kind appear to us to give to old buildings one of their greatest charms, and belong, indeed, as much to them as the very stones of their foundation. Before we transcribe the passage in question, let us first see what the satirist has to say on the subject: the contrast will be neither unamusing nor uninstructive. In a clever poem, entitled 'The Wealthy Shopkeeper,' published in 1700, we read—

"For half an hour he feeds; and when he 's done,
In 's elbow-chair he takes a nap till one;
From thence to 'Change he hurries in a heat
(Where knaves and fools in mighty numbers meet,
And kindly mix the bubble with the cheat);
There barters, buys and sells, receives and pays,
And turns the pence a hundred several ways.
In that great hive, where markets rise and fall,
And swarms of muckworms round its pillars crawl,
He, like the rest, as busy as a bee,
Remains among the hen-peck'd herd till three;
Thence to Lloyd's coffee-house," &c.

How much more there is in heaven and earth than is dreamt of in the philosophy of such writers is finely illustrated by Addison's reflections on the same scene: "There is no place in the town," says he, "which I so much love to frequent as the Royal Exchange. It gives me a secret satisfaction, and in some measure gratifies my vanity, as I am an Englishman, to see so rich an assembly of countrymen and foreigners consulting together upon the private business of mankind, and making this metropolis a kind of emporium for the whole earth. I must confess I look upon high-'change to be a great council, in which all considerable nations have their representatives. Factors in the trading world are what ambassadors are in the politic world: they negotiate affairs, conclude treaties, and maintain a good correspondence between those wealthy societies of men that are divided from one another by seas and oceans, or live on the different extremities of a continent. I have often been pleased to hear disputes adjusted between an inhabitant of Japan and an alderman of London; or to see a subject of the Great Mogul entering into a league with one of the Czar of Muscovy. I am infinitely delighted in mixing with these several ministers of commerce, as they are distinguished by their different walks and different languages. Sometimes I am jostled among a body of Armenians; sometimes I am lost in a crowd of Jews; and sometimes make one in a group of Dutchmen. I am a Dane, Swede, or Frenchman at different times; or rather fancy myself like the old philosopher, who, upon being asked what countryman he was, replied that he was a citizen of the world. . . . . . This grand scene of business gives me an infinite variety of solid and substantial entertainment. As I am a great lover of mankind, my heart naturally overflows with pleasure at the sight of a prosperous and happy multitude, insomuch that at many public solemnities I cannot forbear expressing my joy with tears that have stolen down my cheeks. For this reason I am wonderfully delighted to see such a body of men thriving in their own private fortunes, and at the same time promoting the public stock. . . .

"If we consider our own country in its natural prospect, without any of the benefits and advantages of commerce, what a barren and uncomfortable spot of earth falls to our share! Natural historians tell us that no fruit grows originally among us besides hips and haws, acorns and pig-nuts, with other delicacies of the like nature; that our climate, of itself, and without the assistance of art, can make no further advance towards a plum than to a sloe, and carries an apple to no greater perfection than a crab; that our melons, our peaches, our figs, our apricots, and cherries are strangers among us, imported in different ages, and naturalized in our English gardens; and that they would all degenerate and fall away into the trash of our own country, if they were wholly neglected by the planter, and left to the mercy of the sun and soil. Nor has traffic more enriched our vegetable world than it has improved the whole face of Nature among us. Our ships are laden with the harvest of every climate; our tables are stored with spices, and oils, and wines; our rooms are filled with pyramids of china, and adorned with the workmanship of Japan; our morning draught comes to us from the remotest corners of the earth; we repair our bodies by the drugs of America, and repose ourselves under Indian canopies. My friend Sir Andrew calls the vineyard of France our gardens; the Spice Islands our hot-beds; the Persians our silk-weavers; and the Chinese our potters. Nature indeed furnishes us with the bare necessaries of life, but traffic gives us a great variety of what is useful, and at the same time supplies us with everything that is convenient and ornamental. Nor is it the least part of this our happiness that, whilst we enjoy the remotest products of the North and South, we are free from those extremities of weather which gave them birth; that our eyes are refreshed with the green fields of Britain, at the same time that our palates are feasted with fruits that rise between the tropics. For these reasons there are not more useful members in a commonwealth than merchants. They knit mankind together in a mutual intercourse of good offices, distribute the gifts of Nature, find work for the poor, and wealth to the rich, and magnificence to the great. Our English merchant converts the tin of his own country into gold, and exchanges his wool for rubies. The Mahometans are clothed in our British manufacture, and the inhabitants of the Frozen Zone warmed with the fleeces of our sheep. When I have been upon the 'Change," he concludes, "I have often fancied one of our old kings standing in person where he is represented in effigy, and looking down upon the wealthy concourse of people with which that place is every day filled. In this case how would he be surprised to hear all the languages of Europe spoken in this little spot of his former dominion, and to see so many private men, who, in his time would have been the vassals of some powerful baron, negotiating, like princes, for greater sums of money than were formerly to be met with in the royal treasury. Trade, without enlarging the British territories, has given us a kind of additional empire. It has multiplied the number of the rich, made our landed estates infinitely more valuable than they were formerly, and added to them an accession of other estates as valuable as the land themselves."* Writing like this gives so much interest to a locality as to deserve commemoration in a marked manner.



[The late Royal Exchange.]

Soon after the time of the two great essayists a decay in the prosperity of the shops in the upper part of the Exchange took place, caused, probably, by the gradual removal of their wealthier and more fashionable customers towards the west end. That decay too must have been very rapid; for Maitland, writing in 1739, spoke of the shops having, "till of late," been "stored with the richest and choicest sorts of merchandise; but the same being now forsaken, it 'appears like a wilderness." Still busier tenants however began to occupy the vacant place. The Royal Exchange Assurance and other offices, the Gresham Lecture Room, and, above all, "Lloyd's" extensive and famous establishment, were all to be found here down to the period of the destruction of the edifice on the night of Wednesday, the 10th of January, 1838. It was from the windows of Lloyd's coffee-room that the flames first became visible to the watchmen of the neighbouring Bank, and to the astonished merchants and others, who quickly came hurrying to the spot, only in time to behold the edifice perish by the same agency as its predecessor. We need not say the spectacle was, as usual with such large edifices, of the most magnificent character; but there was one little circumstance of an interesting nature connected with it, not undeserving mention. Amidst the tumult of the populace, the shouts of the firemen, and the crash of the falling masonry, the bells in the tower began to play their popular air and then to fall one after the other into the common ruin beneath.* The damage done by the fire was immense, apart from the loss of the building; as may be well supposed when we consider how closely the Exchange was surrounded by wealthy shops and warehouses, and the vast quantity of papers, deeds, securities, &c., included in its own chambers and vaults.

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* Spectator, No. 69.

A second time burned out, the merchants had once more to seek a new, though temporary, home. This matter was soon accomplished. The South Sea House received the members of "Lloyd's;" whilst the court of the Excise Office, formerly the court of Sir Thomas Gresham's house, and subsequently of Gresham College, accommodated the general mercantile body, as it had done before, on the occasion of the similar calamity. In this long quadrangle, with its temporary wooden roof down the centre, and its time-stained surrounding walls, one even feels more strongly the natural magnitude of the transactions of the merchants who at the hour of four come pouring daily into it and filling it to overflowing, than when we beheld them surrounded by the architectural magnificence of their proper habitation. Overlooking the character and influence of the ordinary business of the place which Addison has so finely described, few can stand among such a throng without reflecting on the mighty power that lies in the hands of some of these men, perhaps in the very individual leaning by the pillar here at our side,—men who by their loans stop or promote a war, raise or sink a dynasty. The plain walls too have metal more attractive for those who principally look upon them than any the architect or sculptor can afford; as you may see by marking the attention with which those clusters of bills which line the walls are read every now and then. Let us glance over them. They comprise announcements of the departure of "good ships" to almost every noticeable place on the globe that one can well manage to think of; announcements of Bank dividends, new arrangements of the Post Office or Trinity House, mingled with most flattering accounts of new inventions or new speculations—a Glasgow Tontine, for instance, or a Jamaica sugar-estate. No doubt these are all interesting matters to the merchants, and must be treated with respect, but we may be excused dwelling on them; so, amusing ourselves as we take a last walk round the sides of the quadrangle with the thoughts raised by the inscriptions on the boards scattered at intervals upon the face of the walls above our heads, explaining that beneath this one is the "Scotch Walk," beneath that the "Hambro'"; and then, successively, the "Irish," "East Country," "Swedish," "Norway," "American," "Jamaica," "Spanish," "Portugal," "French," "Greek," and "Dutch and Jewellers'" Walks—we pass on towards that building which remains to us as the monument of the excesses into which a sedate nation like ourselves can be betrayed by an unnatural development of the principle—speculation—which is the heart of all commerce, and which in its healthy action gives life, vigour, and prosperity to the social body.

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* The chimes played at 3, 6, 9, and 12 o'clock—on Sunday, the 154th Psalm; Monday, 'God save the King;' Tuesday, 'Waterloo March;' Wednesday, 'There's nae luck about the House;' Thursday, 'See the Conquering Hero comes;' Friday, 'Life let us cherish;' Saturday, 'Foot-Guards' March.'

"Reader," commences the late Charles Lamb, in one of those charming combinations of wit, philosophy, and quaint individualism, the 'Essays of Elia,' "in thy passage from the Bank, where thou hast been receiving thy half-yearly dividends, (supposing thou art a lean annuitant like myself,) to the Flower Pot, to secure a place for Dalston, or Shacklewell, or some other thy suburban retreat northerly, didst thou never observe a melancholy-looking, handsome brick and stone edifice, to the left, where Threadneedle Street abuts upon Bishopsgate? I dare say thou hast often admired its magnificent portals, ever gaping wide, and disclosing to view a grave court, with cloisters and pillars, with few or no traces of goers-in or comers-out, a desolation something like Balclutha's.* This was once a house of trade, a centre of busy interests. The throng of merchants was here, the quick pulse of gain, and here some forms of business are still kept up, though the soul be long since fled. Here are still to be seen stately porticoes, imposing staircases, offices roomy as the state apartments in palaces, deserted or thinly peopled with a few straggling clerks; the still more sacred interiors of court and committee rooms, with venerable faces of beadles, doorkeepers; directors seated in form on solemn days, (to proclaim a dead dividend,) at long worm-eaten tables that have been mahogany, with tarnished gilt-leather coverings, supporting massy silver inkstands long since dry; the oaken wainscots hung with pictures of deceased governors and sub-governors, of Queen Anne and the two first monarchs of the Brunswick dynasty; huge charts, which subsequent discoveries have antiquated; dusty maps of Mexico, dim as dreams, and soundings of the Bay of Panama! The long passages hung with buckets, appended in idle row to walls whose substance might defy any short of the last conflagration; with vast ranges of cellarage under all, where dollars and pieces of eight once lay, an 'unsummed heap' for Mammon to have solaced his solitary heart withal,—long since dissipated or scattered into air at the blast of the breaking of that famous Bubble."

It is remarkable with what felicitous accuracy and expressiveness the public will occasionally coin a designation; and never was that power more felicitously exhibited than in the present instance. It was, indeed, and from the first, a bubble; but of such vast dimensions that men were unable to perceive its true character. The glorious play of its colours dazzled their eyes; its magnificent vistas, opening on every side, and all leading to the same conclusion,—

"Gold—yellow, glittering, precious gold,"—

attracted them into its vortex; as it rose and whirled upwards into that airy region distinguished from time immemorial for the ease with which castles and a variety of other structures are there reared, the soberest individuals grew giddy in the contemplation of the future that awaited them,—one man determined to feed his horses on gold,—when, lo! the gigantic insubstantiality bursts, and in their fall the credulous learn for the first time the nature of the thing on which they have been so long buoyed up. Were it not in its consequences so full of the materials that make tragedy, the South Sea bubble might have been represented on the stage as an admirable farce; satirising more broadly than Comedy would have thought befitting her dignity, or the common sense of probability, the eternal passion for wealth. But, alas! there can be no mirth provoked by the jest that takes the bread from many a family: we can have no pleasure in witnessing the humour that may be drawn from what has made a nation miserable and degraded in its own eyes.

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* *"I passed by the walls of Balclutha, and they were desolate."*—Ossian.

The origin of the South Sea Company may be traced to Harley, Earl of Oxford, who, to restore the public credit, which had suffered from the removal of the Whigs from power, brought forward his "masterpiece." This was the forming the creditors, to whom was owing the floating debt of the nation, into a company, which should have six per cent. interest insured to them on their debts (in all ten millions), by rendering permanent various duties, such as those on wines, vinegar, tobacco. As a still greater allurement, the South Sea trade, from which great things were at that time expected, was to be secured to them only. The idea was marvellously well received, and the Company incorporated as the "Governor and Company of Merchants of Great Britain trading to the South Seas and other parts of America." But the King of Spain had his own views of this matter of admitting British merchants into his Transatlantic ports; and the result was, the Company obtained only such advantages as were to be derived from the infamous *Assiento*, or contract, empowering them to supply Spanish America with negroes from the African continent, and from the permission to send one ship annually with a cargo of goods for sale. Even these advantages, such as they were, had scarcely been granted before they were recalled by the war with Spain, which broke out in 1718, or the year after the first annual ship had sailed. Still there seems to have been an indefinable sort of confidence that something great would yet result from the South Seas; the merchants could not cease to look upon its islands as their Promised Land; consequently the Company's stock still kept up its value, the Company still enjoyed the public confidence—their next movement was to show how worthily. The ministers had conceived the idea that means might still be devised for the formation of a great South Sea trade, which should be so profitable as to pay off all the national incumbrances. Their prompter, it is highly probable, was Sir John Blunt, a leading Director of the Company, who is known to have taken great pains to show ministers the advantage that would result from consolidating all the funds into one, and to have particularly pointed out the effective assistance which his Company might render. An offer even was made by Sir John, on the part of the latter, to liquidate the entire national debt in twenty-six years, if the different funds were formed into one as proposed, if certain commercial privileges were granted, and, lastly, if they were empowered to take in by purchase or subscription both the redeemable and irredeemable national debt, on such terms as might be agreed on between the Company and the proprietors. Ministers laid the scheme before Parliament. A competition was proposed and agreed to. The Bank of England sent in a proposal; which so alarmed the Directors of the South Sea Company that they reconsidered theirs, and prepared one still more favourable than either their own previous one or that of the Bank. The latter, on its part, imitated the Company's example, and ultimately four plans lay upon the table of the House of Commons for consideration. The Directors of the Company had said they would obtain the preference, *cost what it would*, and they made good their word. Leave was given to bring in a bill founded on their proposals. It may now be worth while to inquire what the Directors really intended; and perhaps the best answer is to be found in their private proceedings at this moment, which are known to us by means of the subsequent Parliamentary inquiry. The books now presented a total sum of above a million and a quarter of money, upon account of stock to the amount of 574,500*l.*, which was there stated to have been sold on various occasions, and at prices varying from 150 to 325 per cent. Of this professed 574,500*l.* worth of stock, only about 30,000*l.* was real, all the remainder was assigned, without value received of any kind, to the Directors, or the members of Government, whom it was desirable to bribe. Thus 50,000*l.* stood against the Earl of Sunderland's name; 10,000*l.* against the Duchess of Kendal, the King's ill-favoured German mistress; 10,000*l.* to the Countess of Platen, a lady enjoying a similar position, and a like sum to her two nieces; 30,000*l.* to Mr. Secretary (of State) Craggs; 10,000*l.* to Mr. Charles Stanhope, one of the Secretaries of the Treasury; and some large sums by a more circuitous mode to Aislabie, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who introduced the propositions to Parliament. Some of our readers may not readily perceive the immediate effect of this arrangement; we offer, therefore, a slight illustration. The day before the Parliament gave leave for the bringing in of the bill referred to, the Company's stock stood at 130; almost immediately after it rose by great leaps to 300. Supposing Mr. Secretary Craggs, for instance, to be satisfied with the profit now within his reach, the cashier perhaps of the Company sold out his stock at the rate of 300 per cent., kept 130 per cent. for the Company (thus, for the first time, making its nominal subscriptions real), and handed over the difference, 170 per cent. on 10,000*l.*, to Mr. Secretary Craggs. On the other hand, had the stock, instead of rising from 130, fallen, what then? Why, then Mr. Secretary Craggs would have consoled himself with the reflection that it could not sink below its cost to him, which was simply—nothing. During the progress of the bill, the stock continuing to rise, the Directors made two more subscriptions, or, in other words, repeated the manœuvre above described. On the last of these occasions Mr. Aislabie's name was down for 70,000*l.*, Mr. Craggs, senior, for 659,000*l.*, the Earl of Sunderland for 160,000*l.*, and Mr. Stanhope for 47,000*l.* The bill passed, and some time after the stock rose in value to above 1000 per cent. The unheard-of profits that it was in the power of the prime movers in this affair to make, under such circumstances, are very evident; though it is highly probable that some even of them were carried away by their own schemes, and, venturing too long, shared in the general loss at the last. To produce the continual rise in the value of their stock, means as infamous as the ends which some at least of the Directors had in view were adopted. Markets of inestimable value were every day being discovered in those wonderful South Seas, mines of incalculable depth full of the precious metals. Fifty per cent. dividends, in short, were the least that the holders of the stock were to expect. Landlords sold their estates, merchants neglected their establishments, and tradesmen their shops,—to flock to the Exchange and vest their all in the Company's stock; and to find there a promiscuous crowd of noblemen and parsons, brokers and jobbers, country squires and ladies, as eager as themselves in the same pursuit.

Swift, likening 'Change Alley to a South Sea gulf, says—

"Subscribers here by thousands float,
  And jostle one another down,
Each paddling in his leaky boat,
  And here they fish for gold, and drown.

Now buried in the depths below,
  Now mounted up to heaven again,
They reel and stagger to and fro,
  At their wits' end, like drunken men.

Meantime secure on Garraway cliffs,
  A savage race,* by shipwrecks fed,
Lie waiting for the founder'd skiffs,
  And strip the bodies of the dead."

The original speculation became at last insufficient to the demands of the public to lose its money. Associations of every conceivable kind, and many which it may be safely asserted none of us could now conceive of were not the facts before us, started up in imitation of their great parent. Brought forward under more favourable circumstances, some of these would have deserved the encouragement they now, undeserving, met with; such, for instance, as some of the great fisheries proposed, the fire-assurance companies, silk and cotton manufactories, &c. &c. But of the major part we may say they were as extravagant as the period in which they were proposed, and of some that they were as ludicrously absurd as the heated imaginations of those for whose especial benefit they were intended. In the list of bubbles declared illegal, when the evil became too imminent for the Government to leave it alone, we find those for trading in human hair, for furnishing funerals to any part of Great Britain, and for a wheel for the perpetual motion. Maitland also mentions, among his general list of one hundred and fifty-six bubbles, those for an Arcadian colony, for feeding hogs, for curing the gout and stone, for furnishing merchants with watches, for making butter from beech-trees, for an engine to remove the South-Sea House into Moorfields, for making deal boards of saw-dust, for a scheme to teach wise men to cast nativities; and above all was one with a gloriously expressive title, *to extract silver from lead*, for the knaves and the fools could each read it in their own way, and be equally pleased with it.

During the King's absence, even the Prince of Wales, the heir to the throne, joined in the general scramble that was going on, and put down his name as governor of some Welsh-copper company, although warned that he was subjecting himself to a prosecution in so doing. He soon made 40,000*l.*, and then withdrew in time to avoid the evil that had been pointed out. These prosecutions were carried on at the instigation of the South Sea Company, who, as it has been observed, "desiring to monopolise all the folly and all the money of the nation," obtained writs of *scire facias* against the managers of the minor bubbles, and thus destroyed most of them. Their very proceedings, however, it is probable, caused attention to be paid to the basis of *all* these speculations, and most alarming was the result. Many began now to see very clearly that the value of the South Sea stock really rested on nothing but the delusion of its supporters. At the beginning of August the price was quoted at a thousand. The bubble had now reached its highest point, and began to descend. Suspicion first became raised apparently by the means adopted in making out the share-lists for the different subscriptions, with what reason we have already shown. The next circumstance was of a much more startling nature: it was generally reported that Sir John Blunt, the chairman, and some others, had sold out. By the 2nd of September the stock had fallen to seven hundred. The Directors, to allay the alarm, called a meeting at Merchant Tailors' Hall on the 8th. The room was filled to suffocation. Sir John Fellowes, the sub-governor, was made Chairman. Many Directors spoke, inculcating union, and others in praise of the Directors' conduct. A Mr. Hungerford, a member of parliament, with thoughtful kindness, observed, "They had enriched the whole nation, and he hoped they had not forgotten themselves." The Duke of Portland wondered how anybody could be dissatisfied; and, in short, the Directors had it all their own way. That same evening, however, the stock fell to six hundred and forty, and the next day to five hundred and forty. Bankers, brokers, and merchants began to break daily, and many, in utter despair of redeeming anything, even character, fled the country, each involving hundreds of lesser houses with him. Gay, the poet, was a sufferer, under peculiar circumstances. The younger Craggs had at an early period made him a present of some stock, which, as the bubble expanded, became nominally worth 20,000*l.* He was then begged to sell it, or even a portion of it large enough to secure him, in Fenton's words, "a clean shirt and a shoulder of mutton every day." But the true gambling spirit had infected the poet as well as everybody else: it should be all or nothing; so it was—nothing. For some time afterward Gay's life was in danger, so deeply did he take to heart his loss; and perhaps his folly. The aspect of affairs was now so dangerous, that the King was sent for from Hanover; and Walpole, who from the first, be it said to his credit, had in the most earnest and impressive manner prophesied the result, was desired to come up from his country seat to London, and use his influence with the Bank of England to assist the falling Company by circulating a number of their bonds. The Bank at first consented; but afterwards, seeing more clearly the desperate condition of the Company, drew back, and gave a decided refusal. It was a curious coincidence that, whilst at that moment a Director was scarcely safe in the streets from the vengeance of the populace, Law, the projector of the great Mississippi scheme in France, was flying for his life from the people whom he had beggared. But error and knavery, however similar in their results, must not be confounded together: Law gave the most decided proofs that the miserable love of lucre had not been the instigating motive with him. The refusal of the Bank of England to risk their property in the vain endeavour to save the Company was a last and finishing blow. It burst the bubble. The stock soon fell to one hundred and thirty-five.

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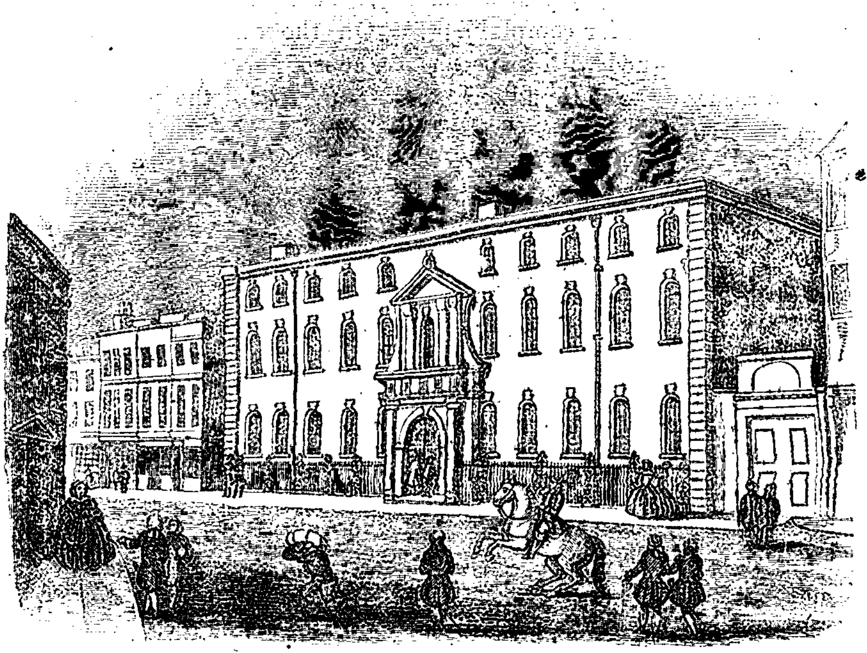
* Swift is referring to the brokers, &c., of the famous meeting-place known as "Garraway's."

It would be impossible to describe the extent of the confusion, the misery, the utter loosening of all the bonds of confidence, which more than any laws keep up the harmonious movements of the social machinery,—or the universal desire for vengeance that pervaded all classes, now that the delusion had passed from before their eyes. Gibbon, the historian, whose grandfather was one of the Directors, has led the way in describing the injustice of the people and the parliament at this time, who, he says, and with truth, put aside the ordinary forms of justice in the punishment of the criminals. But was this an ordinary case? Could any statesman or lawgiver have anticipated such conduct as was proved against such men? A gigantic system of fraud, which shakes the nation to its centre, is not to be looked upon as a petty larceny. It would be as reasonable to ask a commander in time of civil war to wait for the decision of the County Assizes before he determined on the fate of his prisoners. We can, accordingly, well understand the feeling of Lord Molesworth, even whilst we condemn the vindictive length to which he carried it. That noble lord is reported to have said, in his place in parliament, that it was stated "by some that there was no law to punish the Directors of the South Sea Company, who were justly looked upon as the authors of the present misfortune of the state. In his opinion they ought, upon this occasion, to follow the example of the ancient Romans, who, having no law against parricide, because their law supposed no son could be so unnaturally wicked as to imbrue his hands in his father's blood, made a law to punish this heinous crime as soon as it was committed. They adjudged the guilty wretch to be sewn in a sack, and thrown alive into the Tiber. He looked upon the contrivers and executors of the villanous South Sea scheme as the parricides of their country, and should be satisfied to see them tied, in like manner, in sacks, and thrown into the Thames." This may serve also as a specimen of the feeling of the House and the country. Two objects now engaged attention: one, the re-establishment of the public credit in the best possible manner,—the other, the punishment of the men who had brought that credit to its low state. The first Walpole undertook. His ultimate measures consisted essentially of the grafting upon the Bank of England stocks, and the stocks of the East India Company, large portions of the stock held by the South Sea Company, and remitting the bonus of seven millions which the latter had engaged to pay. The second—the punishment of the criminal authors of all the mischief—needed no leader: there were but too many ready to proceed like Lord Molesworth to undue lengths in that matter. After some hot disputes, the following measures were adopted: A bill was passed restraining the Directors from leaving the kingdom, and obliging them upon oath to deliver in a strict account of their estates. Next, a Commitee of Secrecy was appointed to examine the Company's accounts and other papers. Immediately after this, intelligence reached the House that Knight, the cashier, had absconded, taking with him a register called the 'Green Book.' The excitement was now greater than ever. The Commons ordered the doors of the House to be locked, and the keys laid upon the table, when General Ross, one of the Committee of Secrecy, acquainted them that they had already discovered a train of the deepest villainy and fraud that Hell had ever contrived to ruin a nation. Two thousand pounds reward was offered that night for the apprehension of the cashier, and some of the Directors were arrested, including Gibbon's grandfather and Sir John Blunt.

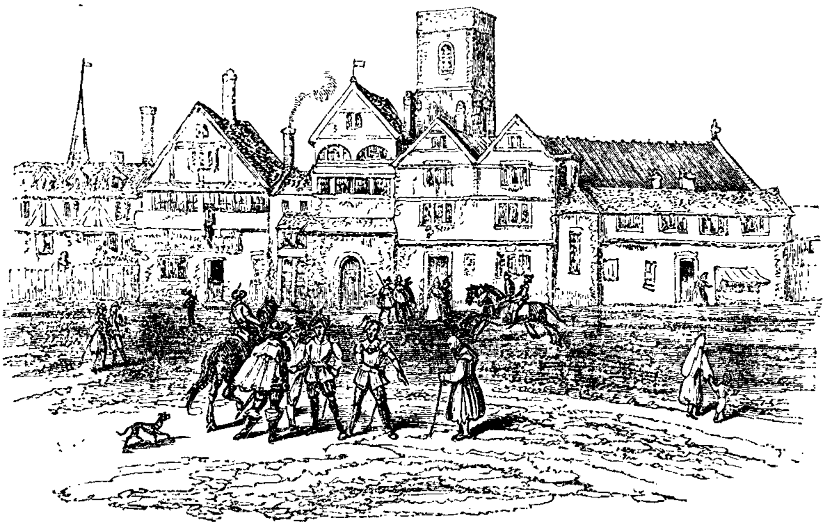
Our space will only allow us to give a summary of the astounding discoveries made by this committee. They stated at the outset that the Company's books they had seen were full of false entries, blanks, erasures, and alterations, and others were missing or destroyed. They had, however, been able to detect the sale of fictitious stock (in the mode before pointed out) to the amount of at least 1,200,000*l.*; they had found that Charles Stanhope, Esq., the Secretary of the Treasury, had received a real profit on his assignment of fictitious stock of 250,000*l.*, through the medium of Sir George Caswall and Co., but that his name had been altered to *Stangape*; that Mr. Aislabie, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, had accounts of profits evidently derived in a similar manner, with different brokers and merchants, to the enormous amount of 794,451*l.*! James Craggs, the Secretary of State, died, professedly of the small-pox, at the very time of the publication of the report. Stanhope was first proceeded against, who escaped by a majority of three, on account of his relationship to the much-esteemed Earl of Stanhope, who had been killed just before by this altogether melancholy business. In a discussion in the Lords the blood rushed to his head, and the next day he was a corpse. Aislabie's case followed Stanhope's, whose case was so bad that scarcely any defence was offered. He was expelled the House, sent a prisoner from thence to the Tower, and ordered to make out a statement of his estate for the benefit of the stockholders of the company. No sooner was this result known than London presented one universal blaze of bonfires. Sir George Caswall was next expelled the House, and ordered to refund the 250,000*l.* paid to Stanhope. The Earl of Sunderland was acquitted by a majority of 233 to 172, and demonstrations of a very opposite kind marked the dissatisfaction of the people. The same day the elder Craggs, whose case was coming before the House on the morrow, took poison. We need not further follow the consideration of the Directors' cases individually: all were gone through, and at the conclusion their entire estates confiscated, amounting to above two millions, for the benefit of their victims, with the exception of a small allowance left to each. Sir John Blunt, for instance, had 5000*l.* out of 183,000*l*; Sir John Fellowes 10,000*l.* out of 243,000*l.* Now we ask, reverting to what has been before stated, was not this *substantial* justice? It has been urged that no consideration was paid to the fact that some of the Directors left off poorer than they began; we do not think the circumstance deserved any consideration. Is the character of fraud lessened by the common fact that those who live by it often end in defrauding themselves? The real point to be observed is, Were any of these Directors *innocent* of the essential parts of the fraud in question? The contrary is known to have been the case. Upon the whole, it appears to us, considering that no one was injured during the popular frenzy in life or limb, that no one was left to the beggary he had been the means of inflicting upon countless families, and that no one suffered the more degrading penalties daily visited upon crimes infinitely less infamous, the result, as far as the Directors of the South-Sea Company were concerned, is creditable rather than otherwise to the national character. The loss of the stock-holders was mitigated in several ways. A computation being made of the stock of the Company it was found to amount to 37,800,000*l.*, of which the part belonging to individual proprietors was 24,500,000*l.*; the remainder being in the Company's own possession, and forming the profit they had made during the mania. Eight millions of the latter were taken from the Company and divided among the individual proprietors, making a dividend of about 33*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* We have already said that above two millions from the confiscated estates were also added to the proprietors' stock, and still further helped to alleviate their loss. Money borrowed from the Company on the pledge of South Sea stock, during the high prices, was now allowed to be paid back at the rate of ten pounds only for each hundred.

Of course, no measures within the scope of possibility could *satisfy* the losers; who, whilst Walpole was carrying his plans through the House, thronged the lobbies, exhibiting their excitement in violent outcries and gestures. On the day of the second reading, the proprietors of the short annuities and other redeemable debts completely filled the place, demanding justice of the members as they passed, and putting written and printed papers into their hands, with the view of showing that they ought not to lose any portion of their money; which, to say the least of it, had been most imprudently expended. The tumult became so great that the House could not proceed to business. The Justices of the Peace for Westminster were called in, and the Riot Act was read, in order to disperse the assemblage; many of whom called out, "You first pick our pockets, and then send us to gaol for complaining." On the conclusion of the business, Parliament was prorogued with a speech of a consolatory tone, but not very well calculated to assuage the national anger. In our list of the persons about the Court who received assignments of stock we have before seen the names of the King's mistresses included. We have also noticed the Prince of Wales's profitable, however brief, connexion with one of the bubbles. What, then, must the nation have thought, when, seeing this, and suspecting much more, they read the following passage?—" The common calamity," said the King, " occasioned by the wicked execution of the South Sea scheme, was become so very great before your meeting, that the providing proper remedies for it was very difficult; but it is a great comfort to me to observe that the public credit begins to recover. . . . . . . I have great compassion for the sufferings of the innocent, and a just indignation against the guilty; and have readily given my assent to such bills as you have presented to me for punishing the authors of our late misfortunes, and for obtaining the restitution and satisfaction due to those who have been injured by them." The Duchess of Kendal, however, remained a Duchess; and, with the other foreign favourites, still appeared at the English Court, to excite the not unnatural jealousy of the English people.

It is pleasant to turn from the narration of events like these, so full of wild excitement, yet, at the same time, so destitute of everything in the shape of high principles or great passions, to such recollections of the building itself—the South Sea House—as Charles Lamb has left us; when as yet "Lloyd's" had not intruded upon its silence, and made the great hall wonder whether a new South Sea Company was getting up for the edification of the nineteenth century. Still one might fancy that even underwriters respect the melancholy reflective solitude of the place, gliding in and out as they do from the small alley at the side, whilst the great entrance gapes as wide, and apparently as needlessly, as ever. They remember, no doubt, they are but tenants of the hour. The new Exchange will again rise from its ashes,—already the notes of preparation are sounding,—and probably once more the South Sea House will assume its old aspect—"a desolation, something like Balclutha's." The wind that has for the moment resuscitated the face of the sleeping waters will have subsided. The moths will again batten upon the obsolete ledgers and day-books. The idle or merely contemplative will once more feel the charm of its quiet—the coolness—the cessation from business—the indolence, almost cloistral, which Elia found so delightful; or seek to "unveil some of the mysteries of the tremendous hoax, whose extent the petty speculators of our day look back upon with the same expression of incredulous admiration, and hopeless ambition of rivalry, as would become the puny face of modern Conspiracy, contemplating the Titan size of Vaux's superhuman plot. Peace to the manes of the Bubble!"



[The South-Sea House.]



[Smithfield, 1554.]

XLV.—SMITHFIELD.

Smithfield, where the great and only cattle-market of the metropolis is held, is not a place with which the inhabitants of London are very familiar, excepting as a thoroughfare. The grazier from Essex, Northamptonshire, Leicestershire, or Lincolnshire, is better acquainted with the spot. The inns and shops in its vicinity are for his accommodation, and exist almost independent of the surrounding population. Smithfield and its immediate precincts may in fact be regarded in the same light as a market-town, thriving upon the industry of a class of customers who resort to it from the country. Some of the shops in the neighbourhood have been used for the same kind of business for above a century; and the customers who now frequent them go there partly because the generation before them did so, and because the experience of years has given the shopkeepers an intimate knowledge of the wants of that portion of the community with which they deal. Smithfield has its banking-house too; and when we know that property to the amount of 5,000,000*l.* a-year changes hands in the market, we may easily conceive that such an establishment, isolated as it is, is quite essential. Take away the market, and the industry which it has called into existence would be under the necessity of transferring itself elsewhere. But we will glance at the past rather than anticipate the future.

Situated at a little distance from the city walls, Smithfield, in the twelfth century, was a spot to which the citizens resorted to practise the sports peculiar to the age, or to enjoy the pleasures of a country walk. Two centuries afterwards it was a place adapted for large assemblages of the people—as much so as Hyde Park in the present day. Wat Tyler was killed in Smithfield in 1381 by Sir William Walworth, the Lord Mayor of London; from which circumstance, it is said, the dagger was first quartered in the City arms. This insurrection shows the metal of which the "poor commons" were composed in this age. Richard II. had made so many applications to the Parliament for money, that at length they required a statement of the *whole* of what he wanted, on which lists were made out to the amount of 160,000*l.* The Commons declared the sum to be "moult outrageous and importable," but at length it was agreed to raise the amount by a capitation tax—unmarried persons of the age of sixteen and upwards paying fourpence each. A year or two afterwards, more money being wanted, the tax was increased; but as it produced less, more rigorous means were adopted for collecting it, and the conduct of the tax-gatherers towards young women who claimed to be exempt on account of their age soon excited the flame of popular indignation. The "commons" of Kent met to consider how the oppression might be remedied, but "found no beginning hand." At Fobbing, in Essex, a baker directly exhorted the people to rise; and Kent and Essex were soon in commotion. A man at Dartford, called Wat Tyler,* had signalised himself by attacking one of the tax-gatherers, and the people made him their leader. The country people of Essex quickly mustered five thousand strong, armed with sticks, rusty swords, axes, and worn-out bows; and their numbers were soon increased. The men of Kent assembled in still greater force; and when the rebels reached Blackheath, and were joined by malcontents from other southern and eastern counties, their numbers are said to have exceeded one hundred thousand. On reaching London Bridge the Mayor and Aldermen were for closing the city gate, but the populace within opened it and admitted the insurgents. Though an undisciplined mob ("shoeless ribalds," as the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Chancellor, called them), they at first paid fairly for all they took, and some, who were guilty of stealing, were beheaded. The King and his court were at the Tower, and Richard, to save some of his friends, whose lives were in jeopardy, agreed to meet the insurgents at Mile End, where the King gave them a charter, declaring that every one in England should be free, and discharged from all servitude and villenage. While the King was engaged in this interview, the insurgents who had remained on Tower Hill broke into the fortress and beheaded the Archbishop of Canterbury, Leg, the tax-commissioner, and several others. The moderation which they had at first shown was now at an end, and they next proceeded to the Savoy, to attack the palace of the Duke of Lancaster; and for seven days they continued in a state of riot and drunkenness, destroying property, pillaging and murdering the citizens, and at length attacking each other. Three times the King had given them charters, but they became dissatisfied with all of them; and were then required to meet him in Smithfield to make known their further demands. Wat Tyler, among other things, required that all lawyers should be beheaded! At the meeting, he took offence because the King sent a knight to him, who approached the rebel leader on horseback, instead of a more obsequious attitude. Tyler drew his dagger and threatened the royal messenger, who had already unsheathed his weapon, when the King ordered him to give it up to Tyler. The latter now addressed the King in an insolent manner, throwing up his dagger and catching it in his hand while thus engaged. He demanded that all the warrens, streams, parks, and woods should be common to every one, and that the right of pursuing game should be equally free. While the King was pausing on the subject, Tyler seized the bridle of his horse, on which Walworth, the mayor of London, plunged a dagger into the rebel's throat, and he was stabbed at the same moment by one of the King's attendants. The King, who was then only in his fifteenth year, averted the danger and tumult which this event threatened with an excellent spirit. He rode in front of the rebel ranks, exclaiming, "Why this clamour, my liege men? What are ye doing? Will you kill your King? Be not displeased for the death of a traitor and a scoundrel. I will be your captain and your leader: follow me to the fields, and I will grant you all you ask." The insurgents followed the King into the fields; and while he was holding a parley with them the citizens collected an armed force; which coming suddenly upon them, the insurgents were seized with a panic and dispersed.

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* Stow calls him John Tyler, but his name in the Parliamentary Records is given as Walter.

This spot, where drovers, salesmen, graziers, and butchers, droves of bullocks, and flocks of sheep, now form the living mass which crowd its area, witnessed, in times gone by, scenes of a far different character. Edward III., with his mistress Alice Piers, was present at a tournament in Smithfield, which lasted for several days. His son Richard II. evinced his taste for these chivalric festivals at the same place. In 1396, on his marriage with Isabella, daughter of Charles VI. of France, he ordered a grand tournament to be proclaimed, to be held at London, where sixty knights, who were to be accompanied by as many ladies, were to tilt for two days at the ensuing Michaelmas. Heralds were sent to announce the arrangements through England, Scotland, Hainault, Germany, Flanders, and France. Froissart has given a description of this display of royal chivalry:—"At three o'clock on the Sunday after Michaelmas-day the ceremony began: sixty horses in rich trappings, and each mounted by an esquire of honour, were seen advancing in a stately pace from the Tower of London; sixty ladies of rank, dressed in the richest elegance of the day, followed on their palfreys* one after another, and each leading by a silver chain a knight completely armed for tilting. Minstrels and trumpets accompanied them to Smithfield amid the shouting population. There the Queen and her fair train received them. The ladies dismounted, and withdrew to their allotted seats, while the knights mounted their steeds, laced their helmets, and prepared for the encounter. They tilted at each other till dark. They all then adjourned to a sumptuous banquet, and dancing consumed the night, till fatigue compelled every one to seek repose. The next day the warlike sport recommenced. Many were unhorsed, many lost their helmets, but they all persevered with eager courage and emulation, till night again summoned them to their supper, dancing, and concluding rest. The festivities were again repeated on the third day." They were afterwards adjourned to Windsor, and the King concluded his hospitalities by liberal presents to his foreign guests.

The whimsical combat in Smithfield between Horner and Peter, in the second part of King Henry VI., is an incident founded on fact, which the poet found thus briefly told by Holinshed:—"In the same year, also, a certain armourer was appeached of treason by a servant of his own. For proof thereof a day was given them to fight in Smithfield, insomuch that in conflict the said armourer was overcome and slain; but yet by misgoverning of himself: for, on the morrow, when he should come to the field fresh and fasting, his neighbours came to him and gave him wine and strong drink, in such excessive sort, that he was therewith distempered, and reeled as he went, and so was slain without guilt. As for the false servant, he lived not long unpunished; for, being convict of felony in court of assize, he was judged to be hanged, and so was at Tyburn." The scene in the drama presents an accurate representation of the forms which attended a trial of battle:—"On the day of battle the parties met in the presence of the judges, armed with certain prescribed weapons, and each took a preliminary oath, of which the effect was that he had resorted to no unfair means for securing the assistance of the Devil in the approaching contest. If the defendant was vanquished, sentence was passed upon him, and he was forthwith hanged. But if he was victorious, or was able to persist in the combat till starlight, or if the appellant yielded, or cried *craven*, then the defendant was acquitted of the charge, and the appellant was not only compelled to pay damages to the accused, but was further subjected to very heavy civil penalties and disabilities." * In the case quoted from Holinshed, and dramatised in Henry VI., the barriers, it appears (from the precept to the sheriff and the expenses on the occasion preserved in the Exchequer), were brought to Smithfield from Westminster; a large quantity of sand and gravel was laid down, and the place of battle was strewed with rushes. The return of expenses contains the following item:—"Also paid to officers for watchyng of ye ded man in Smythe felde ye same day and ye nyghte after yt ye bataill was doon, and for hors hyre for ye officers at ye execucion doyng, and for ye hangman's labor, xj^{s}. vi^{d}." The "hangman's labor" was subsequent to the battle. The trial of battle was only abolished in 1819; and in the previous year some such scene as that here detailed might have again been witnessed in Smithfield. Besides being the spot where these deadly appeals were settled, Smithfield was also a place of execution. In the drama already quoted, King Henry, in passing sentence on several persons, says—

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* Richard's first wife, a princess of Bohemia, who died in 1394, introduced the custom of ladies riding on the side-saddle.

> "The witch in Smithfield shall be burn'd to ashes."

The contrasts which its history presents are sufficiently striking, if we advert to Smithfield as the site where Bartholomew Fair has been held since the right to hold a fair was granted to the prior and abbey of St. Bartholomew; and as the spot which witnessed the fate of martyrs to religious bigotry and intolerance.

At what period Smithfield became a cattle-market is not exactly known, but it was used for this purpose seven centuries ago, for Fitzstephen, writing in 1150, notices horses and cattle being sold there. An act of the Common Council of the City recognises a cattle-market at Smithfield previous to 1345; and the Corporation made statutes for its regulation, which are to be found in the City records, and are called the 'Statutes of Smithfield.' In 1356 these statutes were again enacted. The City, however, does not derive its authority to hold the market from any specific charter, but from prescription; and this ancient privilege is confirmed by a charter of Charles I. That part of the charter which refers to our present subject is as follows:—"We will also, and by these presents, for us, our heirs and successors, declare and grant, that the said Mayor and commonalty and citizens, and their successors for ever, may have, hold, and enjoy all those fields called or known by the name of the Inward Moor and Outward Moor, in the parish of St. Giles-without-Cripplegate, London; St. Stephen, in Coleman Street, London; and St. Botolph-without-Bishopsgate, London; or in some or any of them; and also all that field called West Smithfield, in the parish of St. Sepulchre, St. Bartholomew the Great, St. Bartholomew the Less, in the suburbs of London, or in some of them, to the uses, intents, and purposes after expressed. And that the same Mayor, and commonalty and citizens, and their successors, may be able to hold, in the said field called Smithfield, fairs and markets, there to be held, and to take, receive, and have pickage, stallage, tolls, and profits appertaining, happening, belonging, arising out of the fairs and markets there, to such uses as the same Mayor and commonalty and citizens, or their predesors, had, held, or enjoyed, and now have, hold and enjoy, or ought to have, hold, and enjoy, the said premises last mentioned, and to no other uses, intents, or purposes whatsoever: and that we, our heirs or successors, will not erect or cause to be erected, nor will permit or give leave to any person or persons to erect or build a new one, or any messuages, houses, structures, or edifices, in or upon the said field called Inner Moor, or the field called Outward Moor, or the said field called West Smithfield; but that the said separate fields and places be reserved, disposed, and continued to such-like common and public uses as the same fields heretofore and now are used, disposed, or converted to." And then it goes on to say,—"To hold and enjoy the said messuages, houses, edifices, court-yards, and all and singular the premises granted or confirmed, or mentioned to be granted or confirmed, with all their appurtenances (except before excepted) to the said Mayor and commonalty and citizens of the said city, and their successors for ever, to hold in free and common burgage, and not *in capite* or by knight's service."

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* Art. 'Appeal,' Penny Cyclopædia.

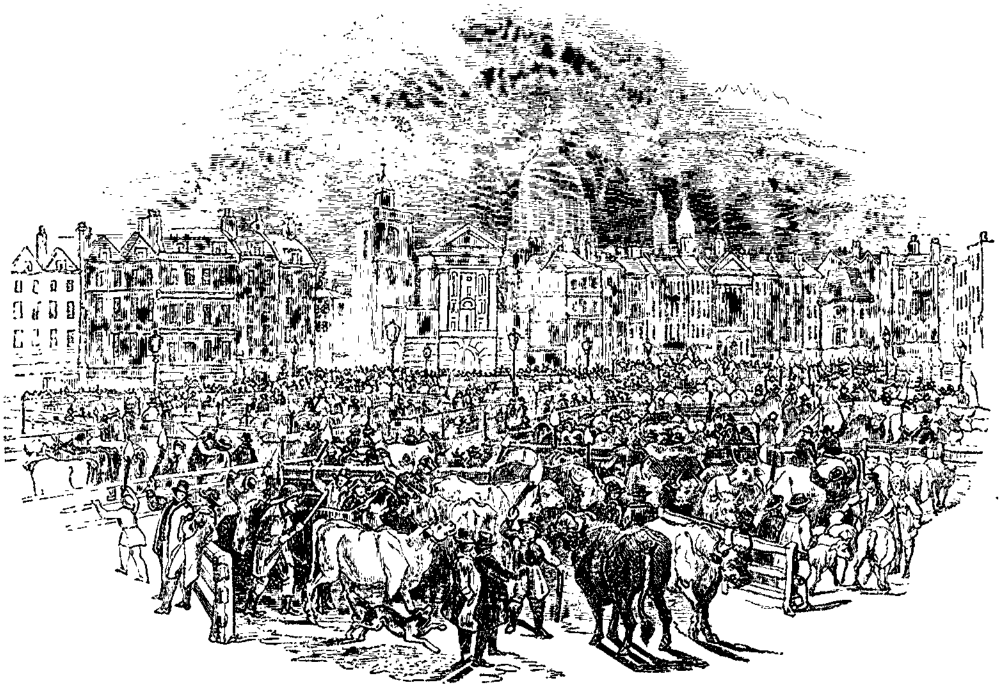
The rights and privileges which the above charter confirmed were taken away by a decision of the Judges in the reign of Charles II., but the City authorities of the present day contend that this judgment was illegal; and an act was passed in the reign of William and Mary, which restored to the City the ancient rights, founded on constant and uniform usage for so many hundred years. Before leaving this part of the subject we must advert to a charter granted to the City in 1327 (1st Edward III.), whch provides "that no market from henceforth shall be granted by us or our heirs to any within seven miles in circuit of the said city." Here, then, many centuries ago, we have the sole cattle-market for the metropolis established on the site where it is at present held, and the City invested with authority to prohibit any rival market within a distance of seven miles. At this remote period a more suitable spot than the one in question could not have been selected. It was a large uninclosed space outside the city walls, and cattle could be driven there without annoyance to the inhabitants of crowded thoroughfares. The number of cattle sold in the market was then inconsiderable compared to what it has since become, and they were of much less size than the improved breeds of the present day. The days of abstinence enjoined by the Church in those times rendered the consumption of meat much less for a given amount of population than it would otherwise have been, and the market for salt fish furnished at certain seasons (excluding Lent) nearly as large a supply of food as the butcher's shop; for after the pastures had ceased to be productive, and cattle could no longer be sent fat to the market, and while the inhabitants were chiefly dependent upon their stores of salt meat until spring and summer had renewed the verdure of the fields—that is, for nearly one-half the year—a market-day at Smithfield would necessarily be nearly a blank. There was, in fact, so little demand for space for the purposes of the market, that the field in which it was held began to be surrounded by a dense population. Houses and other buildings were erected, and the area of the market was encroached upon on every side.

We must now contemplate Smithfield as a market-place embedded in the heart of London, and observe some of the effects produced by the contracted area in which the market was held, while the number of cattle driven to it for sale was rapidly increasing with the growth of the metropolis. In John Erswick's 'Brief Note of the Benefits that grow to this Realm by the Observation of Fish Days,' published in 1593, we find an estimate of the number of cattle sold yearly in Smithfield at that period. There were, he says, sixty butchers, freemen of the city, who each killed 5 oxen weekly, or 300 per week; the non-freemen, or "foreigners," as they were called, killed altogether four times as many as the freemen, or 1200 weekly. Excluding the days on which abstinence from flesh interfered with the demand for butcher's meat, Erswick states the number of cattle slaughtered annually in London at 67,500. In 1732 the number of cattle sold in Smithfield Market was 76,210, and of sheep 514,700; but both were of small size, and Davenant states that the gross weight of the cattle did not exceed 370 lbs., and that of the sheep and lambs averaged together 28 lbs. This estimate of the average weight is probably rather too low. In some instructions for managing the household of Prince Henry, son of James I., the purveyor is directed to observe that an ox should weigh 600 lbs., and a sheep 44 lbs., or 46 lbs.; and though there might be few of this weight in the market, yet an average of 370 lbs. does certainly appear low. From 1740 to 1750 the population of the metropolis being about 670,000, there were sold at an average, during these ten years, about 74,000 cattle, and about 570,000 sheep. Between this period and 1831 the population increased about 218 per cent., and taking an average of three years ending with 1831, 156,000 cattle and 1,238,000 sheep were sold annually in Smithfield; being an increase of 110 per cent. on the cattle, and of 117 per cent. on the sheep, as compared with the numbers sold in 1740-50. But the average weight of cattle is now about 640 lbs., and of sheep about 96 lbs.: so that, while in number the sales at Smithfield have not kept pace with the population, the excess of weight in the animals sold in 1831 over those in 1740-50 shows that the consumption of butchers' meat is greater in proportion to the population than it was eighty years before—and this without reckoning the very large supplies of killed meat conveyed by railways and steamboats to Newgate and Leadenhall Markets. The following table shows the number of cattle and sheep annually sold in Smithfield during the following periods of five years each :—

	Cattle.	Sheep.
1820-4	143,453	1,180,004
1825-9	149,017	1,252,940
1830-4	156,258	1,227,688
1835-9	174,250	1,338,742

In addition to the above, about 21,000 calves and a quarter of a million pigs are annually sold. The cattle-market is on Mondays and Fridays, but the great market-day for cattle and sheep is Monday, or rather Monday morning; and we shall ask the reader to accompany us to this scene of bustle, confusion, and uproar. We will suppose the period of the year to be near Christmas, when the number of cattle brought to the market is probably above 5000 head, and the number of sheep above 26,000. At other periods of the year there have been nearly 40,000 sheep in the market, but the number of cattle is proportionally smaller.

There are two great thoroughfares by which the cattle are brought to London—from the north by Highgate Archway, and from the eastern counties by the Whitechapel Road, and large quantities are also brought by the Birmingham Railway. They reach the outskirts of London on Sunday, and about nine o'clock are driven into the city, and continue arriving in Smithfield from that hour until the morning. In this large irregular area, comprising about three and a half acres enclosed by houses, the scene on a foggy, wet, and wintry morning is one of which few persons not living in the immediate neigh-



[Torchlight View of Smithfield.]

bourhood, or whose business does not require their attendance in the market, have an accurate conception. The drovers are furnished with torches to enable them to distinguish the marks on the cattle—to put the sheep into pens, and to form the beasts into "droves." There is not room to tie up much more than one-half of the cattle sent for sale, and the remainder are formed into groups of about twenty each, called "rings" or "off-droves," each beast with its head to the centre of the drove. This is not accomplished without the greatest exertion; and about two o'clock in the morning the scene is one of terrific confusion. To get the "beasts" into a ring, to enable purchasers to examine them more readily, the drovers aim blows at the heads of the animals, in endeavouring to avoid which they keep their heads towards the ground. Should they attempt to run backwards, a shower of blows forces them to remain in their position. The process of forming these "rings" or "off-droves" has, however, been described before a parliamentary committee by a competent witness:—"Supposing a salesman to have twenty beasts (which could not be tied up), he will have them all with their heads in and their tails out; they form a ring; and, in order to discipline them to stand in that manner, the drovers are obliged to goad them behind and knock them upon the nose. They strike them with great force upon the nose, and goad them cruelly behind, by which means they form themselves into a ring. At length the cattle will stand in that manner so perfectly disciplined that at breakfast-time there shall be twenty or thirty 'rings' of this kind standing in the middle of the market. If the 'ring' is broken by any means, they are all in the greatest anxiety to get in again; and when the drovers are obliged to separate these 'rings,' and drive the cattle away, they have a great deal of trouble, and the labour of the men is excessive to get one single beast out. Indeed, if you can conceive first getting the cattle into a ring, as I have stated, and if one is sold out of the ring at eleven in the day, the beast is ordered to be driven through fifteen hundred cattle, whichever way he goes out of the market, and the man is goading that beast all the way—if you can conceive men compelled to exercise this cruelty, they will not be very delicate as to the manner in which they make use of it after a time." And another witness examined before the same committee details the difficulty of getting a beast out of the market when it has been sold out of one of the "rings." He says:—"Perhaps more than an hour's violence has been exercised towards the cattle to get them to stand about twenty in each circle. * * * The great cause of the inhumanity described arises from this circumstance, that when a bullock is driven, perhaps from the centre of the market, by the butchers' drovers, that bullock will run into five, six, seven, eight, or nine of the droves before he gets out of the market. Perhaps in every one of the droves that bullock is beat about the head for ten minutes before he can be got out of it again, and then he runs to another drove, from the circumstance of having been so beat about in the early part of the morning. Consequently, perhaps, this bullock is beat out of ten droves before he gets out of the market." The deterioration of the meat from this barbarity has been calculated at no less a sum than 100,000*l.* per annum—all this would be avoided if there were room to tie up the beasts. The exertions to prevent different flocks of sheep from mixing with each other are not so great, but here the drovers' dogs are useful. The lowing of the oxen, the tremulous cries of the sheep, the barking of dogs, the rattling of sticks on the heads and bodies of the animals, the shouts of the drovers, and the flashing about of torches, present altogether a wild and terrific combination; and few, either of those who reside in the metropolis, or who visit it, have the resolution to witness the strange scene.

The nuisance of holding a market for cattle in the heart of London is not confined to Smithfield. There it is endured for the sake of the profit which it brings to the shops, coffee-houses, inns, and other places of accommodation; and yet a person who resided in Smithfield stated before the parliamentary committee that he had lived there for fourteen years, and found it impossible to sleep in the front of his house on the Sunday night. But the evil extends to all the thoroughfares leading to the market; and there is danger as well as inconvenience in driving bullocks and sheep through crowded streets, exposing passengers to accident, and keeping the neighbourhood in a state of confusion once a-week during the entire year. The attempt to remove the market to the outskirts of London, which was made a few years ago, signally failed, although the experiment was made on a scale which it might have been expected would have ensured its success. The opulent projector of the new undertaking expended 100,000*l.*; and the proposed cattle-market was calculated to contain nearly double the number of cattle usually exhibited in Smithfield. It occupied an area of twenty-two acres, situated in the Lower Road, Islington, on the high road for the northern and eastern parts of the country, whence the principal supplies of cattle come to the London market. The accommodations were in every respect judicious, and combined advantages which are altogether impracticable in Smithfield. The immense space was enclosed by high walls, surrounding which was a continuous range of slated sheds, extending eight hundred and thirty yards in length, and supported by two hundred and forty-four Doric pillars. The sheds were subdivided into numerous compartments, with lairs enclosed in front by oak-paling; and the beasts might either be fastened or left at liberty, being in either case equally convenient for persons who wished to examine them. Wells were sunk on the premises, and water was conveyed by pipes into troughs in each lair. The sheep-pens were calculated to hold forty thousand of these animals; and there were pens for calves and pigs in a separate part of the market. Everything which could simplify the arrangements, and prevent confusion and irregularity, was an object of attention. The offices for salesmen and clerks of the market were not less conveniently arranged. It was also proposed to erect abattoirs adjoining the market for slaughtering cattle, in which persons might either be accommodated with private slaughter-houses, or have their cattle slaughtered under inspectors at the usual rates. Nor was this all. Persons having business here would have found a market-tavern, with stable-yard, stables, and sheds; and shops were to have been opened for the supply of all the most ordinary wants. But, as we have before stated, this vigorous and even magnificent experiment signally failed. Mere attachment to old habits, or the mere power of monopoly on the part of the corporation of the City of London, could not of themselves have prevented the removal of Smithfield Market. It must possess many real advantages to enable it to resist the powerful attempts which have at different times been made to remove it to a less populous site. Even the City has been foiled in the attempt. Between

1802 and 1810 the City twice attempted to remove the market; they made six applications to Parliament for power to enlarge it; and three applications were made for acts for its better regulation. The bill for removing the market was opposed by the Trustees of the Rugby Charity, the Butchers' Company, the Foundling Hospital, the Trustees of the Highgate Roads, Bartholomew's Hospital, the inhabitants of Smithfield, and the cattle salesmen. The site to which it was proposed to remove the market was a field near Sadler's Wells. Another time, when a bill was brought in for the purpose, the site intended was near the north end of Gray's Inn Lane. Many of the objections which apply to Smithfield might now be equally urged against the two sites above mentioned, as they are both surrounded by houses. The gross revenue which the City derives from the present market is about 6000*l.* a-year, and the expenses amount to 3000*l.*, leaving only a net revenue of about 3000*l.* The risk of splitting one great market into several smaller and inferior ones is not to be overlooked. In the great market all the purchasers, be they large or small, have equal advantages; and the man who has a few pounds in his pocket can suit himself as well as he who comes to lay out hundreds, or even thousands. At present the nearest cattle-market to Smithfield is the one at Southall, a few miles west of London.

The smaller retail butchers do not buy in Smithfield, unless it may be now and then a few sheep. They prefer purchasing from the carcass butchers, who kill to a large extent. The carcass butchers are to be found principally in Warwick Lane, Newgate Market, Leadenhall Market, and in Whitechapel. Some of them are slaughtermen, and kill on their own premises; but the business of killing is also carried on as a separate occupation. There are slaughtermen who kill above a thousand sheep and several hundred beasts in a week. Many of the places in which they perform their operations are the most horrible dens which can be conceived, being literally underground cellars, down which the sheep are precipitated and immediately butchered. There are slaughtermen who kill sheep only. It is stated that the London slaughtermen perform their work with a knack and handiness which the country slaughterers cannot attain; and the charge for killing, skinning, and preparing an ox for the wholesale butcher, and delivering the carcass, is not more than four shillings. The London Jews have a different system of slaughtering from the other butchers: instead of knocking down the animal with an axe, they kill it with a knife, and a seal is put upon the carcass by a Jewish inspector, in proof of its having been slaughtered according to the mode prescribed by the Jewish religion.

In addition to the supplies obtained at Smithfield, large quantities of "country-killed meat" are sent up by steam-boats and railways to London, principally to the carcass butchers of Newgate and Leadenhall Markets. It is packed in dry straw and cloth, and in cold weather is equal to the meat killed in the metropolis; but in the summer season this trade is almost entirely suspended. The railways have not as yet had much effect in increasing the supply of country-killed meat, but they have had some influence on the trade. A flock of sheep, instead of being driven to some town twenty or thirty miles from the grazier's farm, and then slaughtered and sent by waggon fifty, sixty, or seventy miles, are killed at the homestead, properly packed, and taken in the owner's waggon to the nearest railway station. But this does not affect the total supply of killed meat; and any increase will not so much arise from the facility of reaching London in a shorter space of time as from the diminished cost of conveyance—a desideratum which has not yet been attained. A grazier living one hundred and fifty miles from London has the choice of neighbouring markets as well as the London market; and prices are so nearly equalised in the present day, for different parts of the country, and the London market is always so abundantly and regularly supplied, as to offer little or no inducement for him to turn his attention to London in preference to the neighbouring country markets. Unless the demand of London be very much extended, or the markets of the manufacturing districts decline while the London market remains unaffected, it is not likely that we shall very soon see any great increase in the supply of country-killed meat. The railways might be put in requisition for the conveyance of a greater quantity of killed meat if a proportionate diminution took place in the arrivals of live stock at Smithfield; but this is not likely to occur, as in the one case the supply must be disposed of, however disadvantageous the state of prices may be, while the live animals, if not disposed of with a profit in the Monday's market, may be held over until Friday, when the demand may be more active. At Mr. Laycock's cattle lairs at Islington every facility is offered for arrangements of this kind, and many hundred cattle may be comfortably accommodated for a moderate sum. Some of the London butchers have fields, into which the cattle which they purchase at Smithfield are turned before being slaughtered.

If a man were to speculate over his dessert on the extensive chain of interests of which the demand for his "chop" or "steak" was the last link, he would find himself engaged in a far more extensive inquiry than he might at first have supposed. It would lead him from a London hotel, and the cook and waiter who prepared and laid before him the principal item of his repast, to the mountains of Sutherlandshire and its plaided shepherds; but what a variety of stages have to be passed between these extreme points! Taking the average age at which oxen are brought to the market to be about four years, and of sheep about two, there are always in existence about 700,000 or 800,000 of the former, and about 3,000,000 of the latter, which are destined for the Smithfield market; and perhaps we might put down the number of cattle at 1,000,000, and of sheep at 4,000,000—that is, about an eighth of all the cattle and sheep bred in Great Britain. This immense demand enables land to pay a rent which would otherwise be a mere waste, dedicated only to the wildness of nature, instead of figuring in the rent-roll. On land of this character neither cattle nor sheep can be fattened, and after the herds and flocks have obtained a scanty livelihood for a year or so, they are driven to the great trysts or fairs, where they are purchased in immense numbers by dealers, who drive them farther south, and again sell them at fairs, where they are bought by farmers for the purpose of being made profitable consumers of the produce of their land; and after being fed in the straw-yard during the winter, or improved in condition by turnips or other nourishing food, they are again disposed of, and are, perhaps, next to be found on the pastures of Lincolnshire, the salt marshes of Essex, or on Romney Marsh, or other similar places, where they are finally fattened for the market. Others are fattened on turnips and other artificial food instead of the natural grasses of the pasture. The poor farmer, whose means do not enable him to fatten cattle for the butcher, has a share of the profit attending these successive transfers of the animal from its birth to its final destination. The following is an estimate of the number of cattle arriving in one year at Smithfield from different districts at different seasons of the year:—"In February, March, and April, there arrived 16,000 Norfolks, nearly all stall-fed cattle; while from the North, including chiefly Leicester and Northampton, there came but 600. In May, June, and July, the Norfolk cattle had increased to 17,800, and those from the North had risen from 600 to 3675. In July, August, and September, the grass-fed cattle begin to pour in. The earliest are from the marshes of Essex, and therefore the beasts from the centre and midland districts rise to 5350, while those from Norfolk decrease to 850. Some Leicesters, however, soon become ripe, and quickly follow; long droves from Northamptonshire and Lincolnshire are not far behind; and the northern cattle, in the preceding quarter 3675, rise to 16,340. In October, November, and the early part of December, the grass-fed beasts still continue to occupy the market, and no less than 33,000 arrive from Leicestershire, Northamptonshire, &c.; while the supplies from the marshes and the midland counties are still partially kept up, and are calculated at 6,400, and the Norfolks at 2,380. The grass season is now past, and dependence begins to be placed on stall-feeding; and therefore, as we observed at the outset, the northern cattle suddenly fall to 600, and the Norfolks rise to 16,000.*

The grazier need never set foot in Smithfield. The country drovers collect the beasts and drive them up to London under consignment to a salesman: there are beast salesmen and sheep salesmen. The salesmen's drovers meet the cattle at the outskirts of London, and drive them into the market; and here it is the duty of the salesman to attend to the interests of the grazier, which he can always do better than the grazier himself. He is quick in detecting the state of the market, and how prices are likely to "rule;" he is acquainted with the butchers and dealers, and knows their customary demands; and under these circumstances he can obtain a better price than the owner of the cattle, whose experience is not sharpened by years of practice in the open market. The salesman disposes of the stock committed to his charge, his remuneration consisting of the moderate sum of 2*s.* 4*d.* for each beast. The purchase-money is immediately remitted into the country. To be saved from constant visits to Smithfield and attendance from Sunday night to Monday noon, to avoid the expenses of travelling and the interruption of ordinary pursuits, is a result of the division of employments on which the grazier must surely congratulate himself. When a beast is sold, he is committed to a third class of drovers,—namely, the butchers' drovers, and his course from the market to the dining-table is not delayed many days.

The consumption of butcher's meat is nowhere so great, both absolutely and in proportion to the population, as in London; but there are no means of estimating the total quantity very exactly with reference to the population supplied, the radius being so extensive and undefined, comprising places as far south as Croydon, and others equally distant on each side of the metropolis. The butchers at these places find that they can be more conveniently supplied from Smithfield, Newgate, or Leadenhall markets than from country markets in their own vicinity. The population which obtains a supply of butcher's meat from the three sources above mentioned amounts to 2,000,000, on the lowest estimation. Now, taking the number of cattle and sheep sold in Smithfield in 1839, with the number of pigs and calves from the average of a previous year, and averaging the dead weight of each, according to the judgment of an intelligent carcass-butcher of Warwick Lane, we shall find the gross amount of animal food which is furnished by the Smithfield market:—

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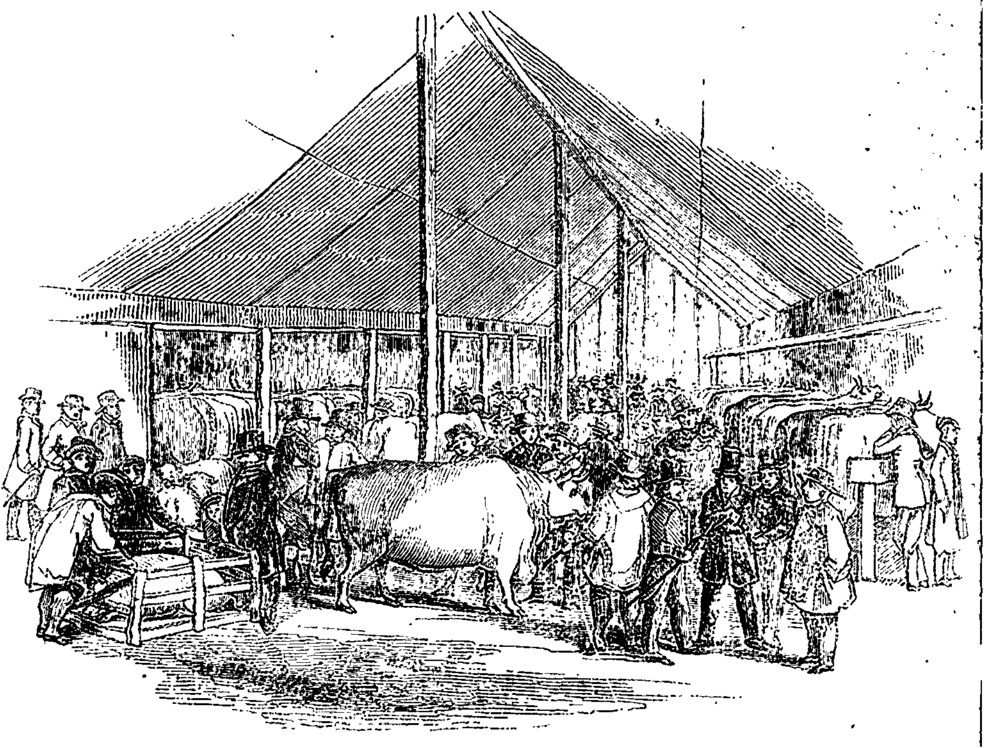
* 'Cattle.'—Library of Useful Knowledge.

		Average weight.	No. of lbs. consumed.
Cattle	180,780	640	115,699,200
Sheep and lambs . . .	1,360,250	96	130,584,000
Pigs	254,672	96	24,448,512
Calves	22,500	140	3,150,000
Number of lbs. of meat consumed . .			273,881,712

At the average price of 6*d.* per lb. the above quantity would amount to 6,847,042*l.*; at 7*d.* it would be 7,988,340*l.*; at 8*d.* it would produce 9,129,390*l.* This is exclusive of bacon and all salted provisions imported from Ireland and other parts. The quantity of killed meat sent to Newgate and Leadenhall markets cannot be ascertained, but it is very great; and though this trade is at its height in the winter months, yet during the greater part of the year the arrivals are very considerable, and are never entirely suspended. But dividing only the quantity derived from Smithfield amongst a population of 2,000,000, the consumption of each individual will average 136lbs. of meat in the year. The consumption of Paris is estimated at 80lbs. per annum for each person, and at Brussels the annual consumption of each head of the population is estimated at 89lbs. The consumption of meat amongst the higher and middle classes is but little affected by price, a trifling increase or decrease, occasioning neither a diminished nor an extra demand; but, amongst the working classes, the very first pressure of a diminished income operates in reducing the consumption of meat. From forming a portion of their daily diet, it is only consumed twice or thrice a week; and, lastly, when the pressure continues, even the Sunday dinner, which, to the working classes of London, is one of the greatest spurs to their industry—even this must be given up for more frugal fare. From some recent statistical inquiries in the manufacturing districts of the north, it has been found, on a comparison of a period of prosperity with one of stagnation and embarrassment, that the consumption of meat fell off one-fourth, and even one-half. The oxen, sheep and lambs, calves, and pigs slaughtered in the borough of Leeds, declined from 2450 in 1835-6, to 1800 in 1841; and in Rochdale the number of oxen killed weekly in 1836 was 180, while in 1841 only 65 or 70 were killed. These statements show how extensively the cattle-breeder, the grazier, the butcher, and all connected with these avocations, are dependent on the well-being of the great masses of the non-agricultural population.

Closely connected with the interests of Smithfield Market is the annual competition of fat cattle for the prizes awarded by the Smithfield Club. This club, which consists of noblemen and gentlemen of extensive landed possessions, was established at the close of the last century, when the improvement of the rural arts was looked upon as a patriotic duty. The annual show of the prize-cattle, sheep, pigs, &c., is one of the "sights" of London. For the last two or three



[Cattle Show.]

years the exhibition has taken place at the Horse Bazaar, King-street, Portman-square, which, though not quite so eligible as could be wished, is superior to the former exhibition-yard in Aldersgate-street. The show always takes place in December, about a week or ten days before Christmas-day, and after the prizes have been adjudged the public are admitted, on payment of one shilling, during the remainder of the week. In December, 1841, there were exhibited fifty-seven oxen, nineteen cows, fifty-four sheep, and nineteen pigs, the animals of each species being the most perfect specimens of their kind which the united judgment and experience of breeders and graziers can produce. The Scotch oxen had, in some cases, been brought by steam-boats a distance exceeding five hundred miles; and in nearly every case the railways were made use of for the conveyance of both cattle and sheep from all parts of England. Formerly the animals were brought to London in vans, at a great expense, as the rate of travelling was necessarily slow.

The interest of the show is, as may be expected, chiefly confined to certain classes. On entering the place of exhibition the visitor at once perceives that the company consists chiefly of country gentlemen, cattle-breeders, graziers, cattle-salesmen, and butchers, with a sprinkling of townsmen, who have a relish, imbibed in early life, for country pursuits. But the sight is one of rational interest to any man. Here he sees the result of exertions, principally carried on during the last eighty years, to unite and bring to perfection the most desirable points in the various breeds of domestic animals which were once peculiar to different parts of Great Britain, but are now spread, in their improved form, over every part of the country. In the gallery, a portion of which overlooks the show-yard, are to be seen agricultural implements and machinery of the latest and most improved construction; roots and plants adapted to our climate, but which are as yet comparatively unknown; samples of artificial manures; and specimens of the soil of districts differing from each other in their geological formation. In spite of all the advances which agriculture has made during the present century, how slowly do improvements extend beyond the intelligent circle in which they are first adopted! And it is one of the great advantages of institutions such as the Smithfield Club to spread them more rapidly and over a wider surface, by drawing the agriculturist from the secluded scenes amid which he carries on his occupations, and bringing them before him in the manner best calculated to demonstrate their utility.

The prize oxen or sheep which we see at this exhibition are fatter than is required for the ordinary market; and hence it is often supposed that the stimulus of prizes for bringing an animal into a state of unnecessary fatness is altogether a work of supererogation. But the power of reaching this point is simply a test, showing the capacity of the breed for acquiring, at the least expense of food and at the earliest age, such a useful marketable condition as the public demand requires. This course has been perfectly successful; and to show that it has been so, we need only advert to the period when improved breeds of cattle were less common than they are now. Culley, who was himself a great improver of cattle, and wrote a work on the subject at the commencement of the century, speaks of a kind of oxen which had not then become extinct, that were "more like an ill-made black horse than an ox or a cow;" and the flesh (for he says it did not deserve to be called beef) was "as black and coarse-grained as horse-flesh;" and yet such an animal was less profitable than an ox of the present improved breeds. After feeding on the best pastures for a whole summer, it was scarcely fatter or in better condition than at the commencement, as the food which it consumed went to the support of "offal." There were breeds of sheep which equally stood in need of improvement. But what is the case now? A sheep can be fattened for the market in two years, which formerly required three years, or even a longer period, the saving to the consumer from this cause alone being above thirty per cent.; and in cattle, the small-boned, true-proportioned animal of the improved breeds has in the same way been rendered above twenty-five per cent. more profitable. The meat thus obtained at a less expense of food, and in a shorter space of time, is far superior in quantity and quality to the carcass of the old breeds. When Davenant stated that the average weight of cattle sold in Smithfield was 370 lbs., and sheep and lambs, averaged together, only weighed 28 lbs., we can show, as will have been seen from a previous estimate, that the former average 640 lbs., while the average weight of the Teeswater sheep is 28 lbs. per quarter; of the Leicester, 22 lbs. per quarter; and of the Southdown, 18 lbs. per quarter. Culley states (and the work of improvement has been carried to a higher point, as well as very widely diffused, since his time) that the difference between the coarse and fine, or between the best and worst parts of beef, when cut up, was formerly not less than one hundred per cent.; but in the improved breeds the quality of the coarse parts has been made very much better, and the quantity of bone is also diminished. These are no trifling advantages to the poorest class of consumers. In mutton, the difference between one part and another has also gradually become less and less. In this useful object of agricultural zeal the Smithfield Club has rendered great services; and the London butchers, who purchase the prize cattle and sheep as a means of enhancing the reputation of their shops, have equally promoted the same end; and by combination of purpose and competition between cattle-breeders, graziers, and others, the average standard of quality in meat has been raised to an extent which may be compared with the still more important step of converting a whole population into consumers of wheaten bread instead of that made from oats, barley, or other inferior grain. The cattle-breeder looks no farther for his reward than to the grazier; the grazier expects encouragement from the butcher; and the butcher calculates upon the support of a "discerning public," who must in all cases either communicate the stimulus to improvement, or support it when once its career has commenced.

There is a horse-market held in Smithfield on the afternoon of Fridays. It commences in the summer season at three in the afternoon, and closes at seven; and in winter is held from two o'clock until dusk. This market had much the same reputation in Shakspere's time,* and most probably for centuries before, which it now bears. The number of horses is usually three hundred or four hundred, and from fifty to a hundred asses. Here low jockeys attempt to display their broken-down animals to the best advantage, and costermongers "chaffer" over the buying and selling of their asses; and scenes of drollery and coarse and boisterous mirth may be witnessed which at least illustrate low life in London. The inspector of police for Smithfield stated in 1828 that there was not "half the trouble with the people that sell the asses as with the dealers in horses." It is the horse-market which has the credit, according to the same testimony, of bringing together "all the rogues and thieves within ten miles of London;" and he described it as the most abominable scene that can be imagined. "I had," he says, "rather be there ten Mondays than one Friday." It is not so bad now, being under better police regulation.

Smithfield is also one of the metropolitan hay and straw markets. This market is held on Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Saturdays. A payment of sixpence per load (unless the property of freemen), and a penny for each entry of sale, has produced above 400*l.* a-year. The supplies arrive from places within a circle of forty miles round London.

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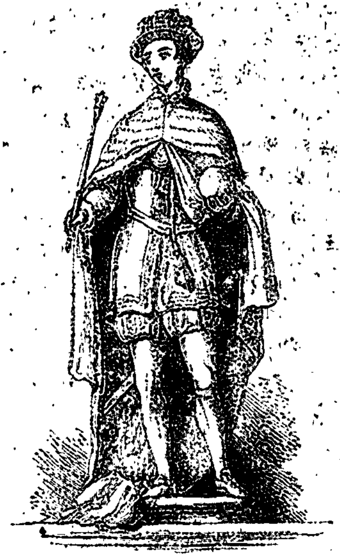
* Henry IV., Part 2, Act I., Scene 2.



[Statue of Edward VI.]

XLVI.—CHRIST'S HOSPITAL.

THE origin of this, "the noblest institution in the world," as the late estimable and distinguished *Bishop of Calcutta*, Conyers Middleton, designated the chief place of his own nurture and education, is of a more than commonly interesting character, not only from the associations connected with the early and lamented death of its founder, Edward VI., but from the circumstances which were the immediate cause of the foundation. "Mr. Doctor Ridley, then Bishop of London, came and preached before the King's Majesty at Westminster; in which sermon he made a fruitful and goodly exhortation to the rich to be merciful unto the poor; and also to move such as were in authority to travail by some charitable way and means to comfort and relieve them." The youthful King appears to have been so much impressed by the nature and extent of the evils pointed out, that he could not rest till some remedy were devised. So he "suddenly and of himself" sent for the famous Bishop immediately after the close of the service, when the following scene, so admirably and almost dramatically described by Stow, "on the very report of the said Bishop Ridley," took place. "So soon as the King's Majesty was at leisure, he called for him, and caused him to come unto him in a great gallery at Westminster, where ...... there were present no more persons than they two, and therefore made him sit down in one chair, and he himself in another, which, as it seemed, were before the coming of the Bishop there purposely set, and caused the Bishop, *maugre his teeth*, to be covered, and then entered communication with him in this manner:—First, giving him hearty thanks for his sermon and good exhortation, he therein rehearsed such special things as he had noted, and that so many, that the Bishop said, 'Truly, truly, (for that commonly was his oath,) I could never have thought that excellency to have been in his Grace, but that I beheld and heard it in him.' At last, his King's Majesty much commended him for his exhortation for the relief of the poor; 'but, my Lord,' quoth he, 'you willed such as are in authority to be careful thereof, and to devise some good order for their relief: wherein, I think, you mean me; for I am in highest place, and therefore am the first that must make answer unto God for my negligence, if I should not be careful therein; knowing it to be the express commandment of Almighty God to have compassion of his poor and needy members, for whom we must make an account unto him. And truly, my Lord, I am, before all things else, most willing to travail that way; and doubting nothing of your long and approved wisdom and learning, who have such good zeal, as wisheth help unto them; but also that you have had some conference with others, what ways are best to be taken therein, the which I am desirous to understand: I pray you therefore to say your mind.' The Bishop thinking least of that matter, and being amazed to hear the wisdom and earnest zeal of the King, was, as he said himself, so astonished, that he could not well tell what to say; but, after some pause, said, 'that he thought at this present, for some entrance to be had, it were good to practise with the City of London, because the number of poor there were very great, and the citizens also were many and wise; and he doubted not but they were also both pitiful and merciful.'" Edward accordingly gave the good Bishop a letter, there and then, signed by his own hand, and sealed with his own signet, desiring him to deliver it personally, and to let him know, so soon as he conveniently might, how he had proceeded therein. The Bishop was "so joyous of having the said letter," and so "marvellous zealous," that he had an interview that same evening with the Lord Mayor, Sir Richard Dobbs, who on its receipt exhibited a like pleasure and eagerness to carry into effect the King's wishes. The Bishop dined the next day with Sir Richard by appointment, when two aldermen and six others of the City were present, and the matter was earnestly talked over. The citizens did not shame the character Ridley had given them for wisdom and humanity. A very comprehensive and business-like plan was soon laid before the King. The poor were divided into three classes:—1. The poor by impotency, consisting principally of orphans, the aged, blind and lame, and lepers; 2. The poor by casualty, comprising "the wounded soldier, the decayed housekeeper," and diseased persons; 3. The thriftless poor, including "the rioter that consumeth all," "the vagabond that will abide in no place," and "the idle person, as strumpets and others." Such were the people for whom provision was now to be made. Bridewell was prepared for the last-mentioned class; the Hospitals of St. Bartholomew and St. Thomas for the second (the decayed housekeeper being relieved at home); whilst as to the first—the leper having been comfortably housed in proper places, so as to "keep him out of the city," and "from clapping of dishes and ringing of bells," (the mode in which these unhappy creatures were accustomed to call attention to their wants,) and the poor having been accommodated in an Almonry, belonging originally to the Priory of St. Mary Overies,—there remained only the destitute children to provide for: the largest, however, and in every way most important class. For these they set apart the most memorable of the old religious houses of London, the Grey Friars.

These religious mendicants appeared for the first time in England, we may say in Europe, at a critical period in the history of the Roman Catholic Church. The wealth, the "high-blown pride," the idleness and sensuality of the indolent, and the frequently mischievous activity of the energetic monks, had well nigh made their name a by-word of scorn among no inconsiderable portion of the people. Enthusiastic minds became deeply impressed with the evil, and pondered and wept over it in the depths of their solitude and desolation, till suddenly a mighty light, perhaps, seemed to burst upon their dazzled eyes, or thrilling and mysterious voices to whisper in their ears, calling them to the regeneration of the world. About the same time appeared in Spain and in Italy two of these men, who, renouncing not merely the spiritual haughtiness and personal luxuries of the monks, but even the commonest comforts of life, soon established the Orders known respectively as the Dominicans and Franciscans, or, from the colour of their habits, Black and Grey Friars. The first settled in England in 1221, building one house at Oxford, and another in Holborn, London; and the second soon followed. The founder of this Order, St. Francis—or, as his disciples loved to called him, the "Seraphic Father"—was born at Assisi, in Umbria, in 1182. With him, as with many other great enthusiastic natures, the extreme severity of his religion may be partially attributed to the reaction of a generous mind suddenly turned from dissolute courses. He became a solitary, and was thought mad. His father threw him into prison, hoping thus to reclaim him, but without effect. He then took him before the Bishop of Assisi, in order to make him renounce all claim to the paternal possessions. Francis's answer was as brief as it was significant—he stripped himself, even to his shirt, before the Bishop. Soon after this the "madness" assumed "method"—followers flocked around—rules were drawn up and sanctioned by the reigning pontiff—the potent Order, which was eventually to exercise such influence upon the affairs of the civilized world—the Order of the Franciscans—was formally established. Francis died in 1226, and was canonized in 1230. Among his latest acts was an endeavour to convert the Sultan Meledin, to whom he is said to have made the offer of throwing himself into the flames to testify his own faith in what he taught, and the sending of deputations to different countries, and among the rest one to England, to introduce the new discipline. The nine persons sent to this country came first to Canterbury, where some stayed to build a house and establish themselves; others hastened up to London, where they were received with open arms by the Dominicans, who had so shortly before preceded them, and who now hospitably entertained them for fifteen days. This little incident may show, from the entire absence of any jealous feeling of rivalry, how true and earnest were both Orders as yet in their desire to fulfil the high mission allotted to them. A sheriff of London next received them into his house in Cornhill, where they made themselves cells; but the place not having been consecrated, they were unable to perform divine offices in it. Their numbers, too, now increased so rapidly, that a more important habitation became in every way necessary. John Ewin, mercer, accordingly purchased a void plot of ground near to St. Nicholas's Shambles (part of the site of the present hospital), and there commenced the charitable and pious work. Nor did he rest here. "Very beautiful buildings" were soon seen to rise on the once void plot of ground, principally at Ewin's cost; and when the whole was finished, the good citizen set the seal to his exertions by entering the Order himself in the humble position of a lay-brother. Other citizens also stepped forward to complete what had been so well begun. William Joyner, Lord Mayor in 1239, built the brethren a chapel, the sumptuous character of which may be judged by the expense—two hundred pounds of the money of the thirteenth century; Henry Wallis, another Lord Mayor, raised the Nave; Mr. Walter Porter, an alderman, built the Chapter House, and gave divers vessels of brass for the kitchen; Thomas Felcham built the Vestry; George Rokesly, a third mayor, the Dormitory, to which he added beds; Mr. Bartholomew, of the Castle, the Refectory, in which he always feasted the friars on St. Bartholomew's Day; Mr. Peter De Heliland the Infirmary; and Mr. Bevis Bond, the herald and King-at-arms, the "Studies," or Library. Can any better evidence be desired of the state of the religious feelings of society at the period in question—the "hungering and thirsting" for spiritual refreshment—for a practical example of the "righteousness" which men yearned after, but felt themselves inadequate to—or at least without much encouragement—than is here afforded? It should seem that the difficulty of the good friars must have been, not to inquire who *would* erect them a habitation, but to whom that high privilege should be allotted. The still growing reputation of the house attracted the attention of more distinguished personages than those we have mentioned. A new church must now be erected worthy of such benefactors. Accordingly the second wife of Edward I., Margaret, began to build them a magnificent choir; John Britain, Earl of Richmond, built the nave, and gave, in addition, hangings, vestments, and a golden chalice for the altar; Gilbert de Clare bestowed twenty large beams out of his forest of Tunbridge; the excellent Philippa, wife to the young Edward III., gave sixty-two pounds; and lastly, Edward's mother, Isabel, gave seventy pounds: other gifts were also received; "and so," says Stow, "the work was done within the space of twenty-one years, 1337." This splendid church, when finished, was three hundred feet long, eighty-nine broad, and seventy-four high. From that time even Westminster Abbey itself appears to have been almost thrown into comparative shade as a place of assemblage for divine worship for persons of wealth and rank during life, and for their burial when deceased. Weever, in his 'Funeral Monuments,' writes—"This Abbey-church hath been honoured with the sepulture of four queens, four duchesses, four countesses, one duke, two earls, eight barons, and some thirty-five knights . . . . and in all, from the first foundation unto the dissolution, six hundred and sixty-three persons of quality were here interred." The most memorable of these is the

> "She-wolf of France, with unrelenting fangs,
> Who tore the bowels of her mangled mate;"—

Queen Isabella, wife of the second Edward. The poet might have given an additional trait to the terrible portrait: he was not aware, probably, that the same affectionate lady directed that the heart of her husband should be placed upon her breast when she was dead, which was accordingly done. Among the other great personages who took up their last resting-place in the house of the Grey Friars were the foundress of the second church, Queen Margaret; the Queen of Scots, wife of David Bruce; Baron Fitzwarren, and his wife Isabel, sometime Queen of the Isle of Man; Sir Robert Tresilian, Chief Justice of England, who was executed at Tyburn in 1308; Roger Mortimer, Earl of March, beheaded in 1329; the enterprising John Philpot, Mayor of London; John, Duke of Bourbon, taken prisoner at Agincourt, and buried here after a dreary captivity of eighteen years; Sir Nicholas Brember; and Thomas Burdett, who was beheaded in 1477 for the mere utterance of an angry wish. He had a favourite buck, which the King (Edward IV.) happened to kill. The unfortunate owner, on hearing of the circumstance, said he wished the horns were in the body of the man who had urged the King to shoot his poor animal. The saying reached the King's ears, and Burdett was immediately sent to execution!

Another memory of the old Grey Friars is connected with its library, which must have been of no ordinary extent or value; and was founded by the famous Whittington, who laid the first stone in 1421. It was a noble room, one hundred and twenty-nine feet long by thirty-one broad, wainscoted throughout, with carved shelves, desks, and settles. The books for the new library were furnished at a cost of 556*l*. 10*s*.; 400*l*. of which were defrayed by Sir Richard Whittington, and the rest by Dr. Thomas Whinchelsen, a friar of the house. Stow has in particular informed us that one hundred marks were paid for "writing out of D. Nicholas de Lyra, his works, in two volumes, to be chained there." The historian of Christ's Hospital * has justly observed, "the library was not a mere useless appendage to the establishment." As the friars began by surpassing the monks in self-mortification, comparing together the early periods of the respective orders, so did they at a later period far outstrip them in learning and intellectual power. The most illustrious name of the period is that of Bacon: he was a friar. And of the different orders (for others besides the two great ones rose subsequently from time to time) the Franciscans, or Friars Minor as they sometimes in their humility delighted to call themselves, were the most distinguished. Popes, cardinals, patriarchs, and legates—archbishops, bishops, and the most eminent writers in divinity or science—were proud to say they had been Franciscans. Institutions, like individuals, are frequently more severely tried by prosperity than by adversity. The Friars, as the Monks had done before them, stood the one nobly; but also, as with them, their strength wasted like wax before the fire when the other was applied. A short century may be said to comprise all that is essential of their history,—their rise—their power—their decay. What Friars had become in the fourteenth century may be seen in Chaucer's 'Canterbury Tales.'

The Grey Friars of course shared the common fate of the monastic establishments at the dissolution; although, as the inmates seem to have been more than commonly obsequious, they perhaps were also somewhat better treated than usual. The two documents preserved in connexion with this event are quite models in their way: one is a letter from the Warden to Cromwell, before the suppression of the House; the other the deed of surrender, signed by the Warden and the brethren. One passage of the former runs thus: "Also that it is not unknown to them that be learned in God's law, how God gave to the children of Israel, and to the clergy of Israel also, both cities and towns; but when they used themselves with idolatry and sin, then did the same God that gave the gifts move the Chaldees and Babylonians: yea, as Scripture saith, he called the

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* Rev. W. Trollope.

Babylonians and Chaldees to take away that he afore gave." Such reasoning and such illustration on the part of the men whose homes he was breaking up for his own especial benefit must have been very agreeable to Henry, and have somewhat sweetened the mortification he could not but have felt at the heroic conduct that characterised some of these establishments,—the Charter House, for instance, described in a former Number.

A few years after, the King's brother-in-law, Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, died; and Fuller says, "such was the sympathy of tempers, intimacy of converse, and no great disparity of age betwixt them, that he (Henry) thought it high time to bethink himself of his end, and to do some good work in order thereunto." So remembering the representations of Sir Richard Gresham, father to the Royal Merchant, the King made over the Grey Friars to the City of London, in trust for "the relief of the poor." The King's death, however, prevented any further proceedings in the matter. Such was the place chosen by the young Edward for the purposes of the new Hospital.

The work was commenced by a repair of the old conventual buildings, which had become greatly dilapidated, and the natural effects of time had been assisted by the carelessness of the tenants who occupied them after the dissolution. The church, for instance, was then converted into a store-house for the reception of prizes taken from the French, the consecrated utensils having been previously sold for the benefit of the crown, and the beautiful and costly monuments torn away, comprising nine of alabaster and marble, with some seven rare marble grave-stones, "all sold for fifty pounds or thereabouts, by Sir Martin Bowes, goldsmith and alderman of London." It was a bold thing of "Sir Martin Bowes, goldsmith and alderman," after this to cause himself to be buried where he had set so bad a precedent, but perhaps he had as little respect for his own remains as he had previously exhibited for the remains of others. As it happened, all this wilful and barbarous destruction proved of little ultimate consequence: had they been preserved then, they must have afterwards perished with the building in the Great Fire. To return: the citizens, animated by Edward's zeal, soon restored the place to a fit state, and in six months' time three hundred and forty children were admitted into the old monastic walls. They were then clothed in a livery of russet cotton, which was soon changed for the garb that, with some trifling alterations, they still wear. In June, 1553, the children, with the Corporation at their head, were received in that same palace wherein but a few months before Edward and Ridley had held their memorable conversation, and the charter of incorporation of the different hospitals before mentioned was delivered by the gratified King. An admirable description of that scene has been preserved by one who was no doubt an eye-witness—the great painter, Holbein, whose work, commemorative of the event, yet hangs in the Hospital hall. The young monarch, in an easy, natural, and dignified position, sits on an elevated throne, in a scarlet and ermined robe, holding the sceptre in his left hand, and presenting with the other the charter to the kneeling Lord Mayor. By his side stands the Chancellor, holding the seals, and other officers of state. Bishop Ridley, deservedly a prominent figure, kneels before him, with uplifted hands, as if supplicating a blessing on the event: whilst the aldermen, &c., with the Lord Mayor, kneel on both sides, occupying the middle ground of the picture; citizens stand behind them; and lastly, in front, are a double row of boys on one side, and of girls on the other,—

"Small by degrees, and beautifully less,"

from the master and matron down to the boy and the girl who have stepped forward from their respective rows, and kneel with raised hands before the King. The old-fashioned square windows, with rude niches between (two having statues), and the chequered floor, bear every mark of being real representations of the chief features of the old palace at Westminster. Stow describes, in his usually graphic manner, a scene which appears to have been a kind of supplement to that just referred to. He says, "And, for a further relief, a petition being made to the King's Majesty for a licence to take in mortmain, or otherwise without licence, lands to a certain yearly value, and a space left in the patent for his Grace to put in what sum would please him, he, looking on the void place, called for pen and ink, and with his own hand wrote this sum in these words:—'four thousand marks by the year;' and then said, in the hearing of his council, 'Lord, I yield thee most hearty thanks that thou hast given me life thus long to finish this work, to the glory of thy name.' After which foundation established, he lived not above two days, whose life would have been wished equal to the patriarchs, if it had pleased God so to have prolonged it." And thus died, in his sixteenth year, the King of whom one who was about his person speaks in a tone of deep and touching affection that of itself bespeaks the extraordinary qualities and attainments so early lost to the nation and to the world:—"If ye knew the towardness of that young prince, your hearts would melt to hear him named: the beautifullest creature that liveth under the sun—the wittiest, the most amiable, and the gentlest thing of all the world."

Benefactions flowed in from different quarters to the support of the infant establishment; one of these in particular deserves especial mention:—"There was one Richard Castell, alias Casteller, shoemaker, dwelling in Westminster, a man of great travail and labour in his faculty with his own hands, and such a one as was named the *Cock of Westminster*; because, both winter and summer, he was at his work before four o'clock in the morning. This man, thus truly and painfully labouring for his living, God blessed and increased his labour so abundantly, that he purchased lands and tenements in Westminster, to the yearly value of forty and four pounds. And having no child, with the consent of his wife (who survived him, and was a virtuous good woman), gave the same lands wholly to Christ's Hospital aforesaid, to the relief of the innocent and fatherless children, and for the succour of the miserable sore and sick, harboured in the other hospitals about London."* The benevolent shoemaker's estate is now of considerable value. Another great benefactor was Sir Richard Dobbs, the first President, and the man who had so praiseworthily exerted himself, in the year of his mayoralty, in carrying out the King's wishes, and whose memory is preserved in the Hospital by a portrait, with an inscription beneath, which says much for the gratitude of his fellow-citizens, if it does not show their poetical tastes in a very flattering light:—

"Christ's Hospital erected was a passing deed of pity,
What time Sir Richard Dobbs was Mayor of this most famous city,

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* *Stow.*

> Who careful was in government, and furthered much the same,
> Also a benefactor good, and joyed to see it frame;
> Whose portraiture here his friends have set, to put each wight in mind
> To imitate his virtuous deeds, as God hath us assign'd."

Since the period of the foundation, the income of the institution has known much fluctuation, and consequently also the number of the inmates. The three hundred and forty children, with which the Hospital opened, had dwindled down, in 1580, to one hundred and fifty; at the present time there are above twelve hundred boys on the foundation in London and Hertford, and seventy girls. The object of the institution has also, in the lapse of time, become materially changed; which may, in a great measure, be attributed to the influence of the Governors or Benefactors, who have now long been the chief supporters of Christ's Hospital.

There are few places in London where visitors may be more frequently observed to stand and enjoy the scene before them than by those large gates which span the opening in Newgate Street, revealing the magnificent Hall to every passer by; with the countless throngs of hatless, blue-gowned, and yellow-stockinged boys, who are making the area before it resound again with their boisterous mirth. Such a scene, indeed, in the very heart of London, may well excite notice; but there is something about a blue-coat boy, or his school, that makes him always an object of interest, whether you meet him in some remote street of London, with his little ticket of leave attached to his button-hole, showing he has a few hours' holiday only,—or on the top of a stage-coach during Christmas time, looking as blooming, and uncovered, and apparently as unconcerned as ever at the severities of the season, whilst every one else is shivering beneath the completest panoply of caps, shawls, and great coats,—or, lastly, in some remote country village, hundreds of miles from the school, where the annual visit of the blue-coat boy, in his strange costume, makes as much sensation among the more youthful inhabitants of the place, as the novel appearance of the conjurer from the neighbouring fair, and no doubt the attainments of the boy are supposed to be scarcely less wonderful. Many circumstances combine to create this interest: the dress, the history of the foundation already narrated, associations connected with the eminent men who have been there educated, and remembrances of our boyhood, when some dim vision perhaps long floated before our eyes, beguiling us with the notion of ourselves becoming, in technical language, "a Blue," or the hopes of mature age, to obtain admittance for our own children;—these are all influences common enough to some or other of the individuals in every knot of spectators that may be found gazing upon the cheerful sights and sounds of the playground of Christ's Hospital. Among those persons too, no doubt, often mingles some old inmate of the place, a genuine "Blue." He is old now, perhaps, and the changes visible in all he sees make him unwilling to go beyond the threshold. He knows not that Hall: it is very splendid, but it is not the one in which he ate, and drank, and prayed, and sang; and beheld, on days of high festival, magnificent processions wind along—furred and chained Lord Mayors, starred and gartered nobles, beautiful and magnificently arrayed ladies. He has heard that it is the same with the school in which he was educated, with the Dormitory in which he slept, with the Infirmary in which he was so carefully tended when ill:—all are changed. He asks a question or two at the handsome lodge, but cannot learn that a single name familiar to him yet remains connected with the Hospital. Why should he go in? Another wistful look, as if still unconsciously expecting to see some well-known face of a playmate among the boys, and he hurries on. Lastly, there is a more general feeling of interest aroused by that striking and picturesque scene; one, indeed, in which few spectators can avoid occasionally participating. Its position must frequently cause it to bring suddenly, and therefore with all the greater force, before the eyes of men, whom the occupations of life have so completely absorbed that they have almost forgot that such a thing as simple, innocent enjoyment exists, the living evidences of what they themselves were; and thus sometimes perhaps arouse trains of thought or emotion, of a more than ordinarily refreshing and beneficial nature.

Let us enter the gates and pass through the play-ground. We find to the right an entrance (beneath a new building containing dormitories) to the cloisters, forming a large square, enclosing a space called the Garden, where the monks are said to have been once accustomed to solace themselves, and which was at no very distant period covered with grass, and had a fine large tree in the centre. All this part is consecrated, and many burials have taken place both in the cloisters and the quadrangle within. The general burial-ground of the hospital is between the south cloister and the houses in Newgate Street which conceal it from public view. This place used to possess a kind of melancholy attraction, from the exceedingly interesting character of its funeral ceremonies. Here is a picture of one of them:—"On the evening appointed for the funeral, the boys of the ward to which the deceased belonged assembled in the quadrangle of the infirmary, for the purpose of attending the remains of their departed school-fellow to the grave. When the melancholy procession began to move, six of the choir, at a short distance in advance, commenced the first notes of the burial anthem selected from the 39th Psalm, the whole train gradually joining in the solemn chaunt as they entered, two by two, the narrow vaulted passage or creek, which terminated in the cloisters. The appearance of the youthful mourners, moving with measured steps by torchlight, and pealing their sepulchral dirge along the sombre cloisters of the ancient priory, was irresistibly affecting; and the impressive burial service succeeding to the notes of the anthem, as it sunk sorrowfully upon the lips of the children, riveted the spectators insensibly into a mood of serious and edifying reflection. There was something of a mournful grandeur in these observances, peculiarly adapted to the monastic territory in which they were conducted*." We are sorry to add that the impressive features of the ceremonial have, like the cloisters of the old priory here referred to, disappeared. Burials now take place by daylight.

From the burial-ground we step into the well-known Christ Church Passage, which forms the entrance to the church and the east cloister, over which is the statue of the youthful founder, shown in our first page. This, with the adjoining south front of the hospital, was erected soon after the destruction of the old front, with the church, &c., in the great fire, by Sir Robert Clayton, alderman, and sometime Lord Mayor; one of those men who

"Did good by stealth, and blush'd to find it fame."

It was not known till the whole was finished to whom the public were indebted

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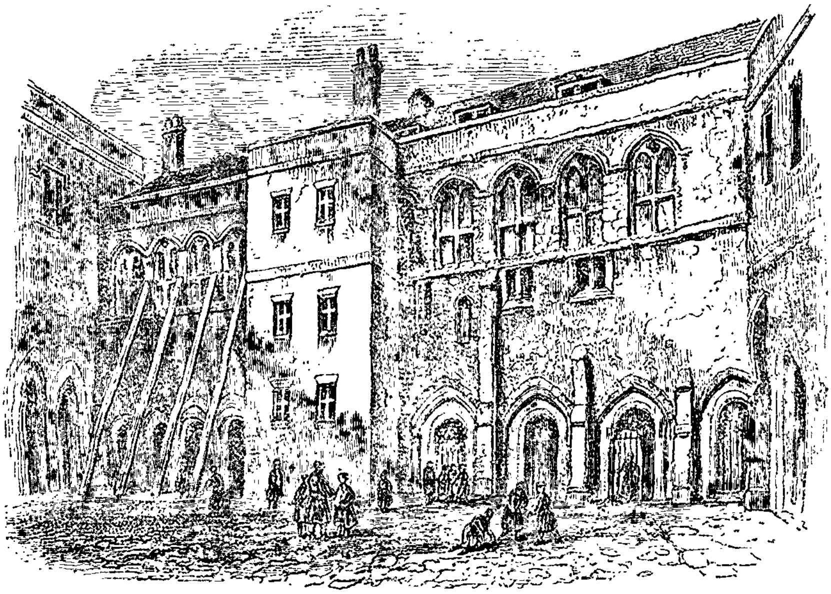
* *History of Christ's Hospital*, p. 162.



[North side of the Priory Cloisters.]

for the work; and then the name appears to have been only promulgated by a friend, in consequence of the worthy Knight's having been ejected from the government of the very institution for which he had done so much, during the political excitement of the reign of the second James. The church was built by Sir Christopher Wren, on the site of the choir of the conventual edifice, and is a large and handsome structure. But the Blue-coat boys are here also the chief feature, filling the gallery on both sides of the organ with an almost interminable expanse of faces, and where the order and silence prevailing among so dense a multitude are equally noticeable. Behind the church, and parallel with the East Cloister, is a kind of street opening from Butcher-hall Lane, in which are various houses for the Masters, and the Counting House with the Court Room above, where the financial and other business of the institution is carried on, including the nomination of Governors, and the admittance of children to the benefits of the Hospital. A brief outline of the general management of the Hospital may be here fitly introduced. The Governors consist, first, of the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and twelve Common Council men, chosen by the other members of the Council; and, secondly, of noblemen and gentlemen of all ranks, who become benefactors to the amount of not less than 400*l.*—these elect, for life, an Alderman as President, in whom is vested the chief direction of affairs. The rights of presentation are thus exercised—the Lord Mayor annually nominates two children, and the President three (which includes their rights as Aldermen), each Alderman one, the Treasurer two, besides his occasional one as Governor; lastly, the Governors fill up the remaining vacancies by rotation. The principal qualifications required on the part of the children are,—that they be not less than seven, nor more than ten years of age; that they be neither foundlings nor maintained at the parish charge; that they have been born in wedlock; that they are free from any infectious distemper or incurable disease; and that their parents have no adequate means of maintaining and educating them. The other officers of the house comprise four classical masters, two writing-masters, and two ushers, mathematical, drawing, and singing masters, in the schools; chief and assistant clerks, steward and matron, nurses, beadles, &c. &c. The admission of children and the ordinary routine of the affairs of the Hospital are managed by a numerous Committee of Governors, meeting once a month in the Court Room before mentioned, or in the Treasurer's room adjoining. Here also the Governors and Officers dine together on certain days in every year. It is a handsome, stately-looking place, with a vaulted ceiling, crossed near each end by a carved oak beam supported on a pillar. At the farther end, behind the President's chair, is the famous picture of Edward VI. by Holbein, one of the most masterly of the great artist's works. Two other portraits of the King, one on each side, testify the grateful remembrance in which he is here held. One of these is a comparatively recent acquisition, and was presented by T. Nixson, Esq. It belonged, it appears, to Sir Anthony Mildmay, Queen Elizabeth's Chancellor,—is looked upon as a genuine Holbein, and, says its former owner, "The late Sir Thomas Lawrence told me that he thought it was an admirable painting, and the best portrait of the King he had ever seen." A portrait of Charles II., by Lely, also graces the Court Room. There are various other portraits hung around the walls of this room, and that of the chief clerk's below; among the rest one of Dame Mary Ramsey, who made a most magnificent bequest to the Hospital, now producing above 4000*l.* yearly. A curious anecdote is told of this lady. She intended to have bequeathed some 500*l.* a-year to St. Peter's College, Cambridge, on the condition of the College taking the name of "Peter and Mary." Dr. Soames, the master, drily remarked that "Peter, who so long lived single, was now too old to have a feminine partner;" and so refused the offer. Fuller may well call this "a dear jest."

At the termination of Counting House Yard we find the old play-ground nearly facing Little Britain. This extensive area is called the Ditch, from the circumstance that the great water-course which environed the ancient city wall ran through it, as, indeed, in the form of a drain, it still does. On the northern side of the ditch are the Grammar and Mathematical Schools, on the western the Writing School, and on the southern the beautiful architectural gateway over the cloister, which at once, as it were, divides and connects the two quadrangles of the Ditch and the Garden. The Writing School was built by one of the Presidents of the Hospital, Sir John Moore, the architect being Wren. The founder's statue very appropriately stands in front of the building. The elegant structure comprising the Grammar and Mathematical Schools was built in 1832, from the designs of the architect of the Hospital, the late Mr. Shaw. The statues are those of Charles II., the original founder of the Mathematical School, and Edward VI. The interior consists chiefly of two large apartments, with studies, &c., for the masters. Though the buildings have disappeared with which most of the interesting school-memories of the Hospital are connected, yet even the site has a certain interest. One still seems to breathe the same air with the master-minds whose first weak and aimless attempts were here guided and strengthened. Coleridge was here; and a memorable record of his presence, and of the benefits he owed to the Hospital, and its then master, the Rev. James Boyer, has been left to us in the poet's own words:—"*He (the master),*" writes Coleridge, "*early moulded my taste to the preference of Demosthenes to Cicero, of Homer and*

Theocritus to Virgil, and again of Virgil to Ovid. He habituated me to compare Lucretius, Terence, and, above all, the chaster poems of Catullus, not only with the Roman poets of the (so-called) silver and brazen ages, but with even those of the Augustan era; and on grounds of plain sense and universal logic to see and assert the superiority of the former, in the truth and nativeness both of their thoughts and diction. At the same time that we were studying the Greek tragic poets, he made us read Shakspere and Milton as lessons; and they were the lessons, too, which required most time and trouble *to bring up*, so as to escape his censure. I learned from him that poetry, even that of the loftiest, and seemingly that of the wildest odes, had a logic of its own, as severe as that of science, and more difficult, because more subtle, more complex, and dependent upon more fugitive causes. In our English compositions (at least for the last three years of our school education) he showed no mercy to phrase, metaphor, or image, unsupported by a sound sense, or where the same sense might have been conveyed with equal force and dignity in plainer words. Lute, harp, and lyre—muse, muses, and inspirations—Pegasus, Parnassus, and Hippocrene, were all an abomination to him. In fancy I can almost hear him now exclaiming,—'Harp? Harp? Lyre? Pen and ink, boy, you mean! Muse, boy? Muse! Your nurse's daughter, you mean! Pierian spring? Oh! ay! the cloister-pump, I suppose!'" It is only right to observe, that Mr. Leigh Hunt has given, in his 'Recollections of his Life,' and 'from his own experience,' a terrible reverse to the picture. There is no doubt that Mr. Boyer carried his severity, if not worse qualities, to an undue length. Coleridge himself observed, when he heard of his death, "It was lucky that the cherubim who took him to heaven were nothing but faces and wings, or he would infallibly have flogged them by the way." Here also was educated Charles Lamb, who has left us two pleasant papers on the Hospital; but, with that love of subtle mystification common to him, has made them of so precisely opposite a character, that one might almost suppose the Hospital to be the best or the worst managed institution in the world, just as we happened to read the one or the other only. Lamb would, however, be read to little purpose by those who should look upon the mystification we have spoken of as any thing more than the superficial medium in which the writer chose to work. In these very papers, for instance, he has given us one of the great essentials of all philosophical inquiry—he has shown us both sides of the question. Going regularly back from the present period into the history of the School, we find among its names, Barnes, the late Editor of the 'Times,' "than whom," says Mr. Leigh Hunt, "no man, if he had cared for it, could have been more certain of attaining celebrity for wit and literature;" Mitchell, the translator of 'Aristophanes;' Lamb, Coleridge, Bishop Middleton, Jeremiah Markland, esteemed the best scholar and critic of the last century, Richardson, the great novelist, Joshua Barnes, another famous scholiast, whose pretensions, however, have been thought at least equal to his qualifications, Bishop Stillingfleet, Camden, the most illustrious of British antiquarians, and Campion the Jesuit, whose talents, learning, and melancholy fate excited so much notice during the reign of Elizabeth, and, with a portion at least of society, so much sympathy. This is the unfortunate man who was so atrociously racked in the Tower, that a hand-breadth was added to his stature. Such were some of the men of whom, with a slight alteration of the lines of Bishop Middleton, written whilst he was a boy in the school, and still preserved with other school exercises in the Hospital, it might be said:—

> "Within this cloistered calm retreat,
> Where sacred Science loves to fix her seat,
> How did their moments tranquil wing their flight
> In elegant delight!
> Here now they smil'd o'er Terence' comic page,
> Or held high converse with th' Athenian sage,
> Now listen'd to the buskin'd hero's strain,
> With tender Ovid loved, or wept o'er Hector slain."

With notices of the infirmary, the dormitory, and the hall we shall conclude. Although there is little general need of the large building, erected in 1822, for the purposes of the infirmary, the average number of patients being about *twenty only*, yet it was wisely anticipated that some prevailing epidemic might suddenly appear in the hospital, and, without such provision, might be attended with alarming consequences. It stands behind the hall. The principal dormitories are erected one on each of the east and west sides of the cloister; and present, of course, very similar interior arrangements. The one through which we passed had a row of pillars down the centre, with a range of beds projecting from the line of their base, on each side, and similar ranges from each wall; and very convenient, comfortable-looking little beds they are—each numbered, and each having at the extremity the little box for the books, playthings, &c., of the young owner. Dim lamps, having a very cloistral sort of appearance, are suspended from the ceiling. At the end are the nurse's apartments, with their curtained windows, looking like a little interior house. But the most noticeable feature of the spot was the corner against the nurse's apartments, where stood a bed of a more distinguished-looking character than the rest, and by its side a glazed door with the light shining through:—the lamp of the solitary student, one of the intellectual aristocracy of the Hospital, a Deputy Grecian. We may know what he is thinking and what he is doing, as well as if both mind and place were opened to us. He has mastered the difficulties attending the attainment of the first honour, why should he not do the same with the second, and become one of the awful triumvirate of *Grecians?*—And then what a vista opens! University, its honours; the church, its wealth, leisure, and influence!—Before we quit the dormitory, let us in few words trace the history of a Blue-coat boy's day. A bell rings at seven (six in summer), that is the signal to rise; at a quarter past, the boys proceed to the lavatory (a model of convenient arrangement), to wash; at eight, they breakfast in the hall. School begins at nine, and lasts till twelve; the boys again wash, play for half an hour, when they hurry into the hall to dinner. From half-past one to four the schools are again open; another half hour's play, then supper at five in the hall, washing at six; prayers read by the monitor in the dormitory afterwards complete the day's proceedings. Several small intervals of spare time of course occur, which the boys find no difficulty in disposing of.

The first stone of the new Hall was laid in 1825, by the Duke of York, in the presence of an imposing array of distinguished persons, and was opened in 1829, with ceremonials of a still more important character. The exterior of this beautiful building is too well known to need description: we merely therefore observe that it is built in the purest style of Gothic architecture, with embattled and pinnacled summit, octagonal towers at the ends, very lofty pointed windows, and low arches in the basement, opening upon an arcade, where the boys find shelter during their sports in bad weather. A bust of Edward decorates the space over the centre arch. The Hall stands on an interesting spot; being erected partly over the foundations of the Refectory of the Grey Friars, and partly on the site of the old City wall. The interior forms, next to Westminster Hall, the noblest room in the metropolis. It measures one hundred and eighty-seven feet in length, fifty-one wide, and forty-six and a half high, and it is in every respect as architecturally beautiful as it is gigantic in dimensions.

The shades of twilight were beginning to gather as we passed up the broad staircase, and entered into the solemn-looking Hall, and we could scarcely believe that we looked upon an erection of the present century. All is in harmony with the associations of the place; the stately range of beautiful windows, with their stained glass arms and devices, the flat ribbed ceiling, the galleries, the great pictures extending midway between the floor and the roof along the wall, the deep-toned organ, and the two small casements, one on each side of it, with their gorgeous-looking figures of Faith, Hope, Truth, and Justice. In the gallery at the opposite end is Holbein's great picture which we have already described, hanging, we regret to say, where there is seldom or ever a sufficiency of light to allow of its careful inspection: we have been told too that the damp is making sad ravages with it. Surely something will be done in time to remedy the one evil, if not the other. On the long line of wall facing the windows is another portrait of Charles II. by Lely; also an interesting painting, well known from engravings, descriptive of Brooke Watson's escape from a shark with the loss of a leg, whilst bathing, and who, afterwards becoming Lord Mayor of London, presented this memorial of the incident to the Hospital. Lastly, there is the great picture (great in size, whatever it be in quality) by Verrio, whom Walpole has characterised as "an excellent painter for the sort of subject on which he was employed; that is, without much invention, and with less taste, his exuberant pencil was ready at pouring out Gods, Goddesses, Kings, Emperors, and Triumphs, over those public surfaces on which the eye never rests long enough to criticise, and where we should be sorry to see placed the works of a better master,—I mean ceilings and staircases. The New Testament and the Roman History cost him nothing but ultra-marine; that and marble columns and marble steps he never spared." In the picture before us, Charles II. is giving audience to a deputation from the Hospital, including the Lord Mayor and Aldermen, Governors and children. The King sits on a throne of crimson damask, beneath a canopy of figured white cloth of gold: he holds a scroll in his hand. The Lord Mayor is pointing to an extended map and a globe, as if exulting in the progress of the boys in Charles's own school—the mathematical. A great number of youthful figures are present, boys and girls: the faces of the latter generally handsome, and their figures graceful. Verrio very characteristically has placed himself in one corner, and appears, as Malcolm has observed, to be inquiring the spectator's opinion of his performance. The "public suppers" of Christ's Hospital have long been celebrated, and deservedly, for their interesting character. In this magnificent Hall they derive new attractions. They are held on every Sunday evening, from the commencement of February until Easter. At the appointed time the double row of chandeliers are lighted, and shed their brilliant illumination through the extensive space; the "trade boys," whose turn it is to officiate (a party to each table), bring in their baskets of bread, knives, &c., leathern piggins, into which the beer is poured from a leathern "Jack," and among the rest one brings variegated candles, which are lighted and scattered about the tables. Now come the boys, who seat themselves at their respective tables, each of which has its separate nurse. All thus far prepared, precisely at seven o'clock the procession enters, consisting of the Lord Mayor, President, Treasurer, and Governors, walking two by two; the organ swells out its mighty welcome, the vast youthful assemblage stands up and joins in the psalm, which is led by the singing boys in the organ gallery, and as it proceeds the great personages take their seat on the raised dais stretching across the Hall at the farther end. A splendidly carved chair, framed from the oak of old St. Katherine's church, invites the Lord Mayor to the chief direction of the feast. Behind him, and the long row of personages who accompany him, sit the more distinguished visitors, including a brilliant galaxy of bright jewels, and brighter eyes, enough to dazzle the vision of the more romantic among those young gazers. Strangers are admitted into the gallery where Holbein's picture is placed, and also into the body of the hall. The last are also allowed the further indulgence of walking to and fro between the tables as soon as the supper is commenced, on the close of the singing, reading, and prayers. After supper the organ again reverberates through the Hall, and the lovers of music find in the anthem which is now sung not the least interesting of the features of the evening. The singing boys now join their fellows, and the nurse of the first table leads the way, followed by the boys two and two, towards the Lord Mayor, where she curtseys, and they bow, trade boys and all with their baskets (there is a smile sometimes at their expense); then along the whole length of the room towards the door, where they disappear. And thus, till the whole eight hundred and odd boys have passed in review before the high civic dignitary, continues the long procession to glide on, the organ pealing again as grandly as ever.

We must make a brief visit to the kitchen beneath the Hall, which is truly of Cyclopean architecture, with its tall and massy granite pillars, if it be only to allude to the great ameliorations that have been made of late years both in the quality and quantity of the boys' food, and for the purpose of introducing an incident, having no remote connection with the subject, which is too honourable to all parties to be overlooked. Charles Lamb is the recorder. It appears that, in spite of the small amount of food allowed, much of what was given could not be eaten, more particularly the fat of the fresh boiled beef, which was called *gag*. And, says Charles Lamb, "A gag-eater in our time was equivalent to a goule, and held in equal detestation." Notwithstanding this universality of feeling, it appears there was one memorable exception. This boy "was observed after dinner carefully to gather up the remnants left at his table (not many, nor very choice fragments, you may credit me), and, in an especial manner, these disreputable morsels, which he would convey away, and secretly stow in the settle that stood at his bedside. None saw when he ate them. It was rumoured that he privately devoured them in the night. He was watched, but no traces of such midnight practices were discoverable. Some reported that, on leave-days, he had been seen to carry out of the bounds a large blue check handkerchief, full of something. This, then, must be the accursed thing. Conjecture next was at work to imagine how he could dispose of it. Some said he sold it to the beggars. This belief generally prevailed. He went about moping. None spake to him. No one would play with him. He was excommunicated; put out of the pale of the school. He was too powerful a boy to be beaten, but he underwent every mode of that negative punishment which is more grievous than many stripes. Still he persevered. At length he was observed by two of his school-fellows, who were determined to get at the secret, and had traced him one leave-day for that purpose, to enter a large worn-out building such as there exist specimens of in Chancery Lane, which are let out to various scales of pauperism, with open door and a common staircase. After him they silently slunk in, and followed by stealth up four flights, and saw him tap at a poor wicket, which was opened by an aged woman, meanly clad. Suspicion was now ripened into certainty. The informers had secured their victim. They had him in their toils. Accusation was formally preferred, and retribution most signal was looked for. Mr. Hathaway, the then steward (for this happened a little after my time*), with that patient sagacity which tempered all his conduct, determined to investigate the matter before he proceeded to sentence. The result was, that the supposed mendicants, the receivers or purchasers of the mysterious scraps, turned out to be the parents of ——(the boy), an honest couple come to decay, whom this seasonable supply had, in all probability, saved from mendicancy; and that this young stork, at the expense of his own good name, had all this while been only feeding the old birds! The governors on this occasion, much to their honour, voted a present relief to the family, and presented him with a silver medal."

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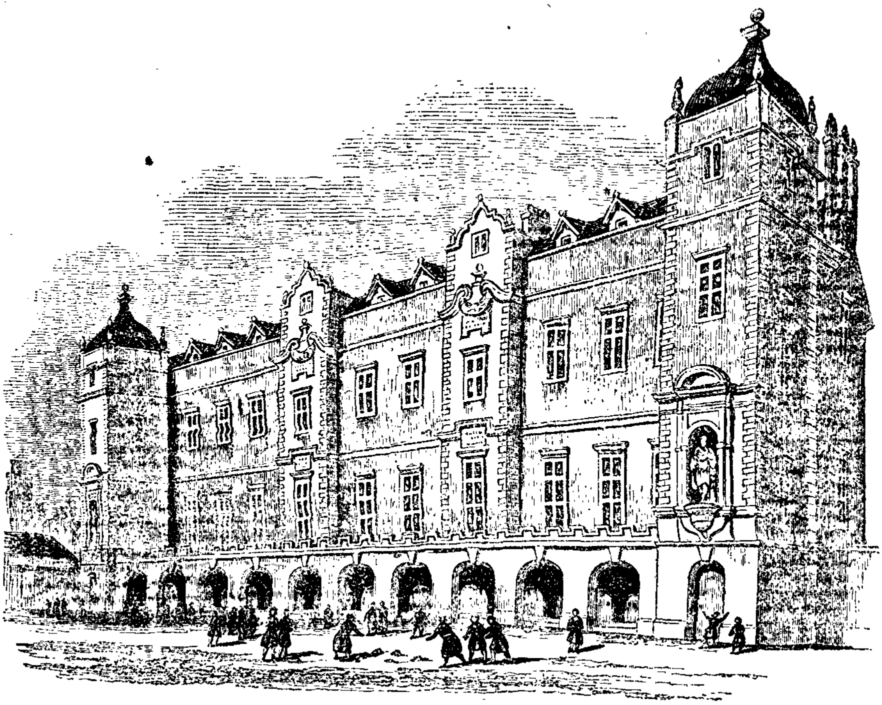
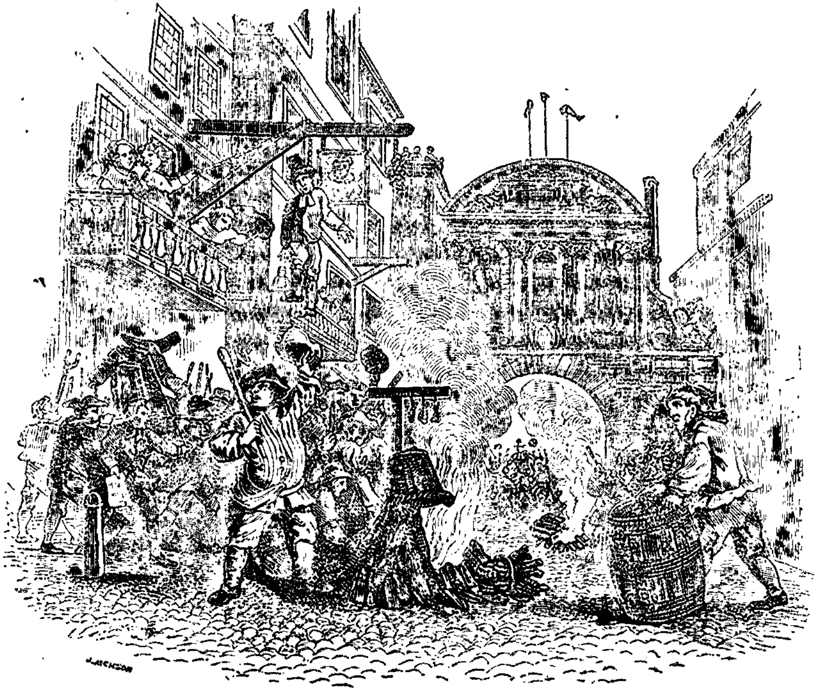
* Mr. Matthias Hathaway was appointed Steward in 1790.



[The Grammar and Mathematical Schools.]



[Temple Bar, Hogarth.]

XLVII.—SOME FEATURES OF LONDON LIFE OF LAST CENTURY.

The lapse of a century has in one respect wrought a great change on London. It may not be more virtuous, but it is certainly more safe. When we read the essays of Steele, Swift, or Goldsmith, we imagine their London, bating some of the ephemeral tricks of fashion, much like our own. Their tastes, sentiments, principles, are all familiar to us. We laugh with them; and are shocked when they are shocked. There are neither full-bottomed wigs nor embroidered full-skirted and cuffed coats in their sentences to remind us wherein they differed from us. We are more familiar with them—are more intimately acquainted with and care more for them—than we do for our honest neighbours next door, whom we know only by sight. But when we turn over the pages of some London newspaper of the middle of last century we feel transported into a city whose customs are as alien to us as those in which the squabbling retainers of the Capulets and

Montagues could only be kept from fighting by all the clubs of all the citizens: *Exempli gratia*:—

"1758, September 11. A gentleman was stopt in Holborn about twelve at night by *two footpads*, who, on the gentleman's making resistance, shot him dead and then robbed him. *Some of the villains* have since been apprehended." —"1760, February 24. An apothecary in Devonshire Street, near Queen's Square, was one night last month attacked by two ruffians in Red Lion Street, who, presenting fire-arms and menacing him with death if he resisted or cried out, carried him to Black Mary's Hole, when by the light of a lantern perceiving he was not the intended person, they left him there without robbing him. This mysterious transaction has not yet been cleared up, though they are suspected to be the same fellows who lately sent threatening letters to Mr. Nelson, an apothecary in Holborn, and another tradesman."—"1763, July 23. One Richard Watson, tollman of Marybone turnpike, was found barbarously murdered in his toll-house; upon which, and some attempts made on other toll-houses, the trustees of turnpikes have come to a resolution to increase the number of toll-gatherers, and to furnish them with arms, strictly enjoining them at the same time not to keep any money at the toll-bars after eight o'clock at night."—"1763, October 17. A man was lately robbed and barbarously murdered on the road to Ratcliffe Cross. Finding but twopence in his pocket they first broke one of his arms, then tied a great stone about his neck and threw him into a ditch, having first shot at and mangled his face in a most horrid manner. The unhappy man had, notwithstanding, scrambled out of the ditch into the road, but expired soon after he was found; and two days after another man was found murdered in the Mile End Road."—"1761, December 31. Murders, robberies, many of them attended with acts of cruelty, and threatening letters, were never perhaps more frequent about this city than during this last month. One highwayman in particular, by the name of the Flying Highwayman, engrosses the conversation of most of the towns within twenty miles of London, as he has occasionally visited all the public roads round the metropolis, and has collected several sums. He rides upon three different horses, a grey, a sorrel, and a black one; the last of which has a bald face, to hide which he generally hangs on a black cat's skin. He has leaped over Colnbrook turnpike a dozen of times within this fortnight, and is now well known by most of the turnpike men on the different roads about town."

There is, it must be owned, something of the excessive emphasis about these paragraphs which betrays quite as much indulgence in a kind of pleasurable excitement—of the same kind as is produced by listening to ghost stories—as of fear. The craving for pleasure bordering upon pain, which under the *régime* of the new police finds vent in glowing pictures of national ruin, was then contented with dread of footpads, highwaymen, and burglars. Still "where there is much smoke there is some fire;" and the terrified writers who declared that of "two footpads" "some" had been arrested, and vowed that murders and robberies had never been more frequent than "during this last month," could at least say for themselves, with some modern novelists, that their tales were "founded on facts." As a witness, an ordinary of Newgate is, on such a subject, with all due deference we say it for his sacred calling, no more *suspicione major* than the respectable caterers of paragraphs for the newspapers. A tendency to *sharpen* a tale in order to *point* a moral, has been the besetting sin of that class of functionaries as far back as we can trace them. Still, as two tipsy people, who have fast hold of each other, sometimes contrive to keep themselves from falling by reeling in opposite directions, these two rickety kinds of evidence may help to prop each other up. "He stopped," says the reverend gentleman who filled the office in 1726, speaking of one of his impenitents, "the Earl of Harborough during broad daylight in Piccadilly; one of the chairmen pulled out a pole of the chair and knocked down one of the villains, while the Earl came out, drew his sword, and put the rest to flight; but not before they had raised their wounded companion, whom they took off with them." There seems, from the account given of some other rascals by the same grave chronicler, to have been quite as little security within the liberties, as in Westminster or the suburbs:—"Their next robbery was at the house of a grocer in Thames Street. The watchman passing by as they were packing up their booty, Bellamy seized him, and obliged him to put out his candle to prevent any alarm being given. Having kept him till they were ready to go off with their plunder, they took him to the side of the Thames, and threatened to throw him in if he would not throw in his lantern and staff. *It need not be said that the poor man was obliged to comply with their injunctions.*"

Custom seems to reconcile men to anything. The insecurity was great of all who, under such circumstances, were obliged to walk abroad at night; and the apprehension evidently still greater. And yet it is most certain that people did walk abroad at night. With the assistance of Boswell, Dr. Johnson has left it on record, that for a good part of his London life he passed nightly unharmed through all these dangers. It is true that the biographer hints at the Doctor's colossal person as a reason why men of only average thews and stature should feel reluctant to attack him. But others, who certainly did not possess the Doctor's physical advantages, were equally daring. The eccentric Charlotte Charke, daughter of Colley Cibber, who, for reasons of which she makes a mystery (probably because that was the only way to lend them weight), chose to go for many years in male attire, acted, about the year 1746, as waiter at a public-house in Marylebone, then separated from London by fields and a thinly-peopled district.—"In regard to my child," says the auto-biography of this Epicene of the eighteenth century, "I begged not to be obliged to lie in the house, but constantly came to my time, and stayed till about ten or eleven at night; and I have often wondered I have escaped without wounds or blows from the gentlemen of the pad, who are numerous and frequent in their evening patroles through these fields; and my march extended as far as Long Acre, by which means I was obliged to pass through the thickest of them." Nor was this forgetfulness of danger the *cantabit vacuus coram latrone viator*: for the vagabonds of London in those days did not require a large sum to tempt them to acts of violence—the appearance of poverty was scarcely a protection. The truth is, that the old adage, "familiarity breeds contempt," was applicable even here. The annoyance seems great to us, rendered effeminate by the constant presence of a drilled and organised police, to which we can fly for protection as little masters fly to their nurse or mamma when threatened by some member of the juvenile blackguardism of the town; but in those days people were used to it.

So familiar was the contemplation to them, that till about the year 1763 they scarcely seem to have imagined that it was possible to confine the nuisance within narrower limits. In the narrative of the transactions of the gang which stopped the Earl of Harborough we are told:—"The number of atrocious violations of the law which now daily took place alarmed all those who had a regard for order and good government; and the King issued a proclamation for apprehending the offenders, and a pardon was offered to any one who would impeach his accomplices, except Burnworth, who was justly considered as the principal of the gang." The good people of these days seem to have considered that toleration was due to rogues, so long as they did not exceed all bounds—did not do all the mischief they could. As long as they stole or murdered in moderation, a kind of gratitude was felt for their forbearance. But there were limits; and then the friends of "order and good government," and the government itself, set to work, like Billy Lackaday, interrupted in reading his novel by the jangling of every bell in the house, "because they persevered." Even then the note of preparation bespoke more of weakness than energy. Three of Burnworth's associates, arrested in Holland, seem to have been guarded, at a time when the City was in its ordinary state of tranquillity, with as much precaution, and fully more ostentation, as was thought necessary in the case of Thistlewood and his accomplices:—"On the arrival of the vessel which brought them, they were put into another boat opposite the Tower, which was guarded by three other boats, in each of which was a corporal and several soldiers. In this manner they were conducted to Westminster, where they were examined by two magistrates, who committed them to Newgate, to which they were escorted by a party of the foot-guards." The rebel Lords, twenty years later, were scarcely guarded with more jealousy, or excited more the wonder and admiration of the populace. "On the approach of the ensuing assizes for the county of Surrey, they were handcuffed, put into a waggon, and in this manner a party of dragoons conducted them to Kingston. Nothing could equal the insolence of their behaviour on their leaving Newgate. They told the spectators that it would become them to treat gentlemen of their profession with respect, especially as they were going a journey. They likewise said to the dragoons that they expected to be protected from injury on the road; and, during their journey, they behaved with equal indifference and insolence, throwing money among the populace, and diverting themselves by seeing them scramble for it. A boy having picked up a halfpenny, one of a handful which Blewit had thrown among the people, told him that he would keep that halfpenny and have his name engraved on it, as sure as he would be hanged at Kingston, on which Blewit gave him a shilling to pay the expense of engraving, and enjoined him to keep his promise; and it is affirmed that the boy actually did so." We will be bound he did: it was an era in his existence—happy if the excitement did not give him a bias in favour of thieves ultimately fatal to his morals!

The most striking feature about these transactions is what must, for want of a better name, be called the absence of "moral decorum." The crowd and the thieves exchange jokes in a manner that does not imply a very deep sense either of the reprehensible nature of their conduct, or the jeopardy in which they have placed themselves; and the civil authority, notwithstanding its military auxiliaries, seems to have been obliged to tolerate the impropriety. Too happy that no rescue was attempted, justice did not attempt to check the rude, hardening merriment that attended the procession. And this reflection suggests three points of dissimilarity (in degree, at least) between London then and London now.

The first has been already alluded to—the absence of an adequately organised police. Sanatory police, to regulate sewerage, scavenging, and general security from accidents in streets and buildings, there was literally none. There are receptacles of filth and nuisances still in London; but along the great thoroughfares and in the vicinity of the abodes of the more affluent classes, at least, they have disappeared. We do not now-a-days hear of the constable of St. George's, Hanover Square, startled into unwonted activity by the exorbitancy of some cherished nuisance, instituting a crusade against what reads more like the sluttishness of Glenburnie than London:—" 1760. December 31. A great many hogs were lately seized by the churchwardens, overseers, and constables of the parish of St. George, Hanover Square, and sold for the benefit of the poor, agreeable to the 8th and 9th of William III., which makes all hogs forfeited that are bred, fed, or kept in the houses or backsides of the paved streets, or within fifty yards of the same where the houses are contiguous, within the cities of London and Westminster, borough of Southwark, parishes within the bills of mortality, and other out-parishes in the county of Middlesex." Dr. Johnson is made to say somewhere in Boswell's book, that " the kennels of Southwark ran blood two days in every week." The description given by the witnesses on the trial of the notorious Mrs. Brownrigg, of the state of the interior of her house (in Chancery Lane), is too nauseous to be repeated. Fatal accidents frequently took place at night from the exposure of rubbish during the repair of streets or building of houses, without erecting fences or placing lights round it. The streets, lanes, and courts were narrow and irregular, such as may still be seen in the neighbourhood of Clare Market, Chancery and Fetter Lanes, and encumbered with bulkheads, offering facilities for unforeseen attacks, and for the escape of malefactors. The straggling character of the suburban villages, and the numerous fields that intervened between the inhabited spots within the bills of mortality, also afforded many lurking-places.

The criminal police was equally inefficient. One illustration of the competency of the worshipful city watchmen has already been mentioned: indeed it is only very recently that the race became extinct. Stephen Theodore Jansen, who was elected Chamberlain of the City of London in January, 1765, is said to have been the " first sheriff who, for a long time, ventured to see justice executed at Tyburn, in cases that seemed to require it most, without the aid of a military force. The attempts made in 1763 to organise something like a police force in Westminster and the rest of London not comprehended within the city walls are recorded by the chroniclers of the day with an air of importance, contrasting so forcibly with their insufficiency as to leave a strong impression of the utter want of protection which must have previously existed. We read in the Chronicle department of the Annual Register,—" 1763. March 24. Every possible step is taken to put the civil power of the City and liberty of Westminster on a most respectable footing. The magistrates thereof have lately obtained a new and convenient court-house for the transaction of business, situate in King Street."—" May 31. A plan for the better distribution of justice has been settled by the acting justices in the neighbourhood of London. The business is formed into divisions, and two justices are to meet every day, in each division, from eleven till twelve, to hear and determine complaints: *to wit,* for the Tower Hamlets, at the Court House; for Finsbury division, at Hicks's Hall; and for Holborn, Upper Westminster, &c., somewhere near Soho."—" October 21. A horse patrol, under the direction of Sir John Fielding, is fixed upon the several roads near this metropolis, for the protection of his Majesty's subjects. This patrol consists of eight persons, well mounted and armed."

The next point of dissimilarity between London in the eighteenth, and London in the nineteenth century, is one of degree only—the comparatively greater number, during the former period, of that destitute and unemployed class who raise their heads in the morning, not only uncertain where they are to lay them at night, but where or how the first food to satisfy the cravings of hunger is to be obtained. In all populous cities there is a class of this kind—persons who, either from natural incompetency for continuous regulated labour have sunk down to indigence, or from half-starvation have lost the vigour and elasticity of spirit which is the main-spring of industry; and who, between the stings of want and loss of self-respect, have grown callous to the sentiment of morality. It is among the members of this class that the ready tools of vice are ever to be found. If the city, in the nooks and corners of which they burrow, is of old standing, they become hereditary, and form a sort of Pariah *caste.* We can trace them in London at an earlier period than that to which our attention is at present directed, among the young brood nestling among the cinders of the glass-house, in De Foe's 'Colonel Jack,' and the adult members of the fraternity occasionally noticed in that narrative. A few years ago London was startled from its propriety by learning that a horde of these indigenous gipsies of the city had occupied the unclosed arches of the viaduct leading to one of the new Bridges. Before and since the eighteenth century this class has abounded in London: the high or low ratio its numbers bear to the portion of society—affluent or in more straitened circumstances—characterised by settled habits, is no bad test of the civilisation of a community. It is not because their number or power was greater in London at the time we speak of than they had been at other times, but because this was the period of their empire's culmination, that renders this period of their history interesting. Those events which have comparatively lowered their numbers, and restricted their freedom of action, were now taking place. Arkwright's and Watt's mechanical inventions, and Brindley and Bridgewater's new era in the art of locomotion, were preparing staples of labour in the North, which were to act as a drain upon the surplus Lazzaroni of the whole of Britain. And at the same time the police described above was the adumbration of one more powerful destined to keep their predatory habits in check. The " beggar's bush," to which the heaven of London had sent "happy dew," and its earth had lent "sap anew," "broadly to bourgeon and gaily to grow," was withering and about to be cut down. The thunder which had, in turn, burst over the walls of Carthage and of Rome, and the golden gate of Constantinople, was muttering in the horizon of the rascality of London. The war between affluence and industry on the one hand, and destitution, *gleaning*, pilfering, robbing, and a long &c. on the other, was commencing. Before, however, attempting to trace its progress, we must point out a little more in detail the condition of the doomed race.

About the middle of the eighteenth century such paragraphs as these are of constant recurrence in the newspapers of the day :—" A house in Queen Street, Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, which had been lately repaired, and two in Gracechurch Street which showed no signs of craziness, suddenly tumbled down to the ground." Or, " An old lodging-house in Plumtree Court, Broad Street, St. Giles's, fell down, by which accident seven poor wretches were crushed to death, and many were desperately maimed. There being other houses in the court in like tottering condition, the mob assembled in a few days afterwards and pulled them down." To houses of this rickety character, when left untenanted, poor destitute creatures crawled to die. The following paragraph, bearing date the 8th November, 1763, narrates no isolated or unwonted catastrophe :—" Two women were found dead in an empty house in Stone-cutter Street, Shoe Lane. It appeared on the Coroner's inquest, by the deposition of two women and a girl, found in the house at the same time, that the deceased women being destitute of lodging got into the house, it being empty and open, and being sick perished for want of necessaries and attendance. The poor wretches who gave this evidence were almost in the same condition. Soon after another woman was found starved to death, in another house in the same neighbourhood." Even at the present day there are quarters in London where scenes only not so harrowing as these may be witnessed. There are nests of houses so squalid and rickety, that none but the most abject of the poor would inhabit them ; yet which bring high nominal rents, proportioned to the number of ragged competitors and the difficulty of obtaining payment. But it is a striking fact, and one which more than anything else is calculated to impress us with a sense of the numbers of the Pariah *caste* in London towards the middle of the eighteenth century, that while the city has been so much extended, the squalid districts have scarcely multiplied in number or extended in space, though the dens within them may have been crowded more closely together.

A mere glance at the comparatively large portion of the space then occupied by the city, over which this class of squalid dwellings extended, will supply the reader with some idea of the amount of this class of the population, over whose outcomings and ingoings it behoved the wretched police-staff to keep steady watch. Near where Fleet Ditch, which remained uncovered till an advanced period of the century, falls into the Thames—we find on the one side of this "Heliconian stream," the old Alsatia still, though to a less extent than of old, a place of refuge for questionable characters, on the other the purlieus of the Fleet prison. Shoe Lane and Stonecutter Street are mentioned, in one of the paragraphs quoted above, as full of dilapidated buildings into which the destitute occasionally crawled to die. Advancing up the stream the dwellings became less crowded, but the district had a bad reputation. Black Mary's Hole was there, to which the terrified apothecary of Devonshire Street was carried; and still further on was Copenhagen House, and the lane which derived its name from being a haunt of the notorious Du Val. Turning from Fleet Ditch to the left along Holborn, after passing between the Scylla of Shoe Lane, and the Charybdis of Field Lane, the passenger passed on the left Wheatstone Park, behind which were the environs of Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, in a very dilapidated condition, and the termination of the "Hundreds of Drury." The continuous range of building terminated in this direction with St. Giles's, of the pristine condition of which the Rookery is at this day a living monument. From St. Giles's a chain of dilapidated streets extended down by Castle Street, behind Leicester Fields, and Hedge Lane, almost joining the Sanctuary of Westminster, for a notion of which the reader is referred to Fielding. Returning to the point at which we quitted Fleet Ditch, and turning to the east, we pass through the environs of Smithfield to Moorfields. It is a sufficient indication of the character of these two districts to mention that Jonathan Wild's place of business was originally situated in Cock Alley, midway between them. Houndsditch and its purlieus formed a connecting link with Tower Hill, Rosemary Lane, and Wapping. On the opposite side of the river the Mint was still flourishing, and the frequenters of Cuper's Gardens were more numerous than select. This review of the resorts of the "dangerous classes" shows that although portions of their territory have since been occupied by the streets and dwellings of the more reputable and comfortable classes, they have not retaliated by taking up new quarters—they have rather shrunk like snails deeper into their shells at the approach of incompatible neighbours. This view of the relative positions of the two classes of society during the whole of the earlier half of last century is, if possible, more startling than the catalogue of outrages given above. The honest and opulent portion of society appear like small islands, encircled and separated by the ramifying arms of this sea of destitution and hunger for the goods of others; they are like the few spare ribs of tough mutton swimming *in gurgite vasto* of the thin broth of old Morton of Milnwood.

There remains yet another circumstance to be noted of the peculiarities of the period we are adverting to—the general coarseness of manners. The identity we recognise in the sentiments of the writers of that age and our own is in a great measure owing to their having made us in the matter of refinement what we are. The dehortations of Addison, Steele, Swift, and even Chesterfield, may be taken as historical evidence of the prevalence of the gross or violent habits against which they level their sarcasms. A high-toned and even fastidious sense of honour and delicacy among the classes which give the tone to society is a necessary safeguard to public morals. Even in Italy, where a lax system of morality prevails, the sense of the beautiful, so generally diffused and so sedulously cultivated by all classes, supplies in some degree the want of a sterner and more stringent moral code. The absence of literary or artistical tastes, and the rude amusements which were run after by the bulk of even the opulent classes of London till late in the eighteenth century, mainly contributed to the frequent acts of violence which present such a startling picture of social insecurity. The savage scenes at Hockley-in-the-Hole—the brutal and cowardly scenes of the cockpit—the swindling tricks familiar to the frequenters of the latter, and of the bowling alleys at Marylebone and elsewhere—and the innumerable small gambling-houses at which all comers, even menial servants, were received—blunted the moral sense and rendered it indifferent to suffering. The toleration of erring characters, which has its source, not in that high Christian moral which recognises and honours the features of God's image upon whatever base metal it may be stamped, or however it may be distorted or half-effaced by passion or crime—but in an obtuseness of moral feeling, and a low standard of right—was disseminated through society. Men were not restrained from crime by a delicate sense of their own honour, nor were they deterred by the fear of an entire banishment from the only circles of society with which they could sympathise. The raw ignorant lad whose colleges had been the cockpit, the arena of the prize-fighters, the bowling-green, and the tavern, violated few of his own sentiments when, finding himself a beggar, he turned to repair his fortunes by the highway. In the undeveloped state of national industry, the giant career of East Indian conquest having been scarcely commenced, there were few lines of employment open to the younger branches of good families. Out of these circumstances grew up another "dangerous class," much better deserving the name than any of the classes to which it has been applied by a recent French author. The families of the higher nobility were discarding their trains of attendants, and their ruffling followers were thrown loose upon society, without any course of settled industry to which they could have betaken themselves, even had they been inclined. He would be a bold man who would pledge himself for the principles and honour of the "Slaves of the Lamp" throughout all the gradations of the literary hierarchy of our own day, but at least the anomalous biped—the "transition series" between the serviceable bully of a Buckingham or Rochester, and the pander to the filthiest portion of the modern press of London—who hawked about his "poems" for subscriptions, and wrote lampoons, and fetched and carried lies to order, has disappeared. "Young men about town" may in many instances be no better than they should be, but assuredly no novelist of the day could hope to interest us in his hero after representing him in the receipt of the wages of a Lady Bellaston. Society repudiates what it then tolerated. The honest and dishonest classes are separated by a sharply defined and tolerably distinct boundary-line—there is no wide "debateable land" of varying extent, stretching its unhealthy moral morass between them.

This class, bad in itself, and forming a chain of communication for infection between the staid regular population and the Pariahs crowded around them, was a main agent in extending the rule of violence and rapine. Walking one day arm and arm with a nobleman—sharing it may be in the annual dinner given by the Duke of Buckingham to his "pendables" at Marylebone—crouching the next in a night-cellar, they flitted from one class of society to another, absorbing all the worst characteristics of both, and communicating to each what was bad in the other.

Smollett and Fielding have availed themselves, to a certain extent, of the extremes of society between which young men hanging loose on the world were at that time tossed backwards and forwards, to lend variety to the adventures of their heroes. But the necessity of preserving intact their æsthetic, if not their moral, characters has obliged them to stop short of the wild and startling extremes of which glimpses appear from time to time in our criminal records and in some stray autobiographies. In an earlier number we presented our readers with a picture of the once celebrated Lætitia Pilkington' flirting at her window in St. James's Street with the most fashionable frequenters of White's—generals and dukes being amongst the number. A few years only had passed over her head when she appealed to the benevolence of Richardson, the novelist, in these words:—"Thursday, 12 o'clock, December, 1745—My daughter has come home with child, naked and desolate, and because I would not let her lie in the street my landlady has padlocked the door, and turned us both here. My own writings she has secured, as well as a few small matters she (my child) had provided for her child. I have less authority to blame her than perhaps another mother would take. We have both been forced to sit up in a place they call a night-house all last night, so that my head is extremely disordered." The scene of the night-house in Hogarth's Idle Apprentice will enable our readers to figure to themselves the abject state to which this woman, once a favourite guest of Swift at his residence in Dublin, was reduced. A few days later she wrote again to Richardson:—"I know not what to do with this unhappy wretch, my daughter, or myself, in this dreadful exigence. I can procure no lodging but the floor. * * I am still in the same calamitous night-house where your young gentleman came to me, where there is no rest to be had night or day—riot and misrule reign in it."

A contemporary of Lætitia Pilkington's, whose misfortunes seem not to have been owing to vice, strictly speaking, but simply to an unsettled disposition, which could not conform to the usages of society and her sex—Charlotte Charke—has left us in her memoirs some striking accounts of the squalid places of amusement at which the dissolute and the destitute met as on a common ground. The following is an amusing specimen:—"As there were frequently plays acted at the Tennis-court, with trembling limbs and aching heart I adventured thither to see whether there was any character wanting—a custom very frequent among the gentry who exhibited at that slaughter-house of dramatic poetry. One night, I remember, 'The Recruiting Officer' was to be performed, as they were pleased to call it, for the benefit of a young creature who had never played before. To my unbounded joy, Captain Plume was so very unfortunate that he came at five o'clock to inform the young gentlewoman he did not know a word of his part. I (though shut up in the small green-room) did not dare to tell them I could do it, for fear my voice, which is particular and as well known as my face, should betray me to those assailants of liberty who constantly attend every play-night there, to the inexpressible terror of many a potentate who has quaveringly tremor'd out the hero, lest the sad catastrophe should rather end in a sponging-house than a bowl of poison or a timely dagger. * * * At last, the question being put to me, I immediately replied (seeing the coast clear) I could do such a thing; but, like Mosca, was resolved to stand upon terms, and make a merit of necessity. 'To be sure, Ma'am,' says I, 'I do any thing to oblige you, but I am quite unprepared; I have nothing here proper; I want a pair of white stockings and clean shirt.' Though, between friends, in case of a lucky hit, I had all these things ready in my pocket. * * * Her house was as full as it could hold, and the audience clattering for a beginning. At length she was obliged to comply with my demands (one guinea paid in advance), and I got ready with all expedition. When the play was ended I thought it mighty proper to stay till the coast was clear, that I might carry off myself and guinea securely; but, in order to effect it, I changed clothes with a person of low degree, whose happy rags and the kind covert of night secured me from the dangers I might otherwise have encountered. My friend took one road, I another, but met at my lodgings, where I rewarded him with a shilling, which at that time I thought a competent portion for a younger son." About the time that the daughter was thus earning a precarious livelihood, the father was exchanging repartees with the reigning beauty of the day, Miss Chudleigh, afterwards Duchess of Kingston, at Tunbridge Wells.

It almost seems as if there had been in those days two communities dwelling in London—the regular and the regularly irregular—regarding whom it had scarcely been decided which had the best right to be there, or which was the intruding party. Even a royal proclamation offering a reward for the apprehension of a well-known highwayman did not always succeed in driving him from the streets:—"A proclamation was issued, and three hundred pounds offered," says the 'Newgate Calendar,' "for taking Burnworth into custody: but notwithstanding this he still appeared at large, and gave the following among other proofs of his audacity. Sitting down at the door of a public-house in Holborn, where he was well known, he called for a pint of beer and drank it; holding a pistol in his hand by way of protection: he then paid for his beer, and went off with the greatest apparent unconcern." The boldness of such rascals did not stop here: they sometimes gave battle to the officers of justice in the public streets. "On the approach of evening," the tale is told of the same ruffian and some of his gang, "they ventured towards London, and having got as far as Turnmill Street, the keeper of Clerkenwell Bridewell happening to see them, called to Burnworth, and said he wanted to speak with him. Burnworth hesitated; but the other assuring him that he intended no injury, and the thief being confident that his associates would not desert him, swore he did not regard the keeper, whom he advanced to meet, with a pistol in his hand, the other miscreants waiting on the opposite side of the street armed with cutlasses and pistols. This singular spectacle attracting the attention of the populace, a considerable crowd soon gathered round them; on which Burnworth joined his companions, who now thought their safest plan would be to retreat towards the fields; wherefore they kept together, and, facing the people, retired in a body, presenting their pistols, and swearing they would fire on any who should offer to molest them." They were not always satisfied to act on the defensive: instances occurred of their attempting to enforce their own thieves' code, and inflict punishment on treacherous members of their society, although guarded by constables in a crowded thoroughfare:—"The circumstance of Marjoram having turned evidence being the public topic of conversation, John Barton provided a loaded pistol, and placing himself near Goldsmiths' Hall, took an opportunity, when the officers were conducting Marjoram before the Lord Mayor, to fire at him; but Marjoram observing him advancing, stooped down, so that the ball grazed his back only. The suddenness of this action, and the surprise it occasioned, gave Barton an opportunity of escaping." Perhaps, after all, the facts best calculated to show the utter want of a police force in London are, that a company of smugglers made the Fleet Prison the depôt of their "run goods" for a tract of years without detection: and that in 1778 there was a battle on Blackfriars Bridge, between a party of soldiers and a band of smugglers, in which the soldiers were only partially successful. This is bringing the scenes of Rob Roy and Guy Mannering into the very heart of the metropolis.

The impression naturally produced upon men's minds by such a state of things was, that they were living in the presence of an enemy against whom they must defend themselves. Or rather, perhaps, they looked upon the worshipful community of thieves much in the same way that settlers in a new country regard the wild beasts prowling in the forests around them. The coaches which started from London, when any celebrated highwaymen were known to have taken the road, were attended by volunteer guards who were paid for the occasion. These were in general young active fellows, attracted partly by the gratuity, partly by the excitement of the enterprise. Some of them were animated by the true spirit of hunters. "I keep a shop in Wych Street," said one of them, called to bear witness against a foot-pad he had helped to take, when asked what was his occupation; "*and sometimes catch a thief.*" There is a true sportsmanlike feeling in the reply: he was impelled by the same propensity which drives less adventurous natures to catch a hare. The more timid members of society seem to have felt towards these wild slips, as the staid seniors of a village feel towards the young scape-graces who occasionally play truant from field-labour to hunt the wolf. But wolf-hunting is not so seductive as man-hunting. When fairly fleshed in the latter pursuit our Cockney-sportsmen rarely confined themselves to the pursuit of thieves: they generally found or fancied that hunting the honest men was the better fun of the two. But of this irregularity the citizens judged as harshly as a staunch game-preserver would of the friend who shot his hen pheasants instead of confining himself to the cocks. The 'Annual Register' bears record to the untimely death of more than one soldier who had been engaged to guard (it may be) the Bath mail, and was caught robbing the Gloucester mail.

To pursue our hunting metaphor, the citizens would at times rise *en masse* and have their "tinchell," and their grand *battues*. Here is a specimen of the manner in which a London mob would at times take the law into its own hands (we quote from the Annual Register):—"1760, April 13. A quarrel happened in Stepney Fields between some English and Portuguese sailors, in which three of the former were killed.—15th. This evening, as an English sailor was walking in Mill Yard, Whitechapel, he was stabbed in the back by a Portuguese sailor, and instantly died. The murderer was pursued to Rag Fair, where the mob nailed him by his ear to the wall; some time after he broke from thence with the loss of a part of it, and ran; but the mob were so incensed, that they followed, cut and wounded him with knives, till at last he either fell or threw himself into a puddle of water, where he died." Sometimes the mob, when fairly entered into the spirit of the game, did not hold their hands after the punishment of the original offender:—" 1763, June 4. The people crowding through the postern on Tower Hill to see the fire-works [*Eheu fugaces, Posthume, Posthume, anni labuntur !*—it may be necessary to remind some of our younger readers that the 4th of June was the birth-day of George III.], the rails surrounding a well thirty feet deep gave way, and it was filled with the bodies of those falling in. Six were taken up dead, fourteen or fifteen so mangled as scarcely to be able to live; among them women with child. During the consternation occasioned by the accident a sailor had his pocket picked by a Jew, who, after undergoing the usual discipline of ducking, hopped out of the water, pretending to have his leg broke, and was carried off by some of his brethren. But the sailors, discovering the trick, and considering it as a cheat, pursued him to Duke's Place, where, at first, they were beaten off by the inhabitants; but presently returning with a fresh reinforcement, they attacked the place, entered three houses, threw everything out of the windows, broke the glasses, tore the beds, and ripped up the wainscot, leaving the houses in the most ruinous condition. With the furniture, three children sick of the small-pox were thrown out of the window." This habit of taking the law into their own hands produced its natural effects. Within its jurisdiction the mob would tolerate no authority but its own: it punished the dishonest, and it punished the officers of the law for attempting to interfere with them: a glorious despot is King Mob—*stat pro ratione voluntas*:—" 1763, March 15. Lord Warkworth, eldest son to the Earl of Northumberland, was chosen member for Westminster. The guard, placed over a large quantity of beer provided for the entertainment of the populace, getting drunk, stove the casks, and in the struggle to get at them a quarrel broke out between a party of sailors and some Irish chairmen; when the former getting the better, drove the others from the field, and destroyed all the chairs they could meet with, except one having on it these words—'This belongs to English chairmen.' The disturbances were renewed on the 17th, when a party of guards was obliged to interfere.—20th. Search being made [there was no undue precipitancy on the part of the myrmidons of the law] by the peace-officers at the houses of ill-fame about Tower Hill, several women of the town and some sailors were taken, and next morning carried before the justices for examination; but intelligence being given to their shipmates, a large body of them assembled, and threatened the justices if they should proceed to commitment. The justices applied for a guard to the commanding officer at the Tower, and a few musqueteers being sent, they were found insufficient to intimidate the sailors, whose numbers increasing, a second and third reinforcement were demanded; and an engagement would certainly have ensued, but for the address of a sea-officer, who by fair words called off two-thirds of the sailors, just as the word was given to the soldiers to fire upon them. . . . The justices proceeded to business, and made out the mittimus of eight of the street-walkers [they do not seem to have dared to meddle with the sailors]; but in the afternoon of the same day, as they were going to Bridewell, under a guard of a serjeant and twelve men, they were rescued in Chiswell

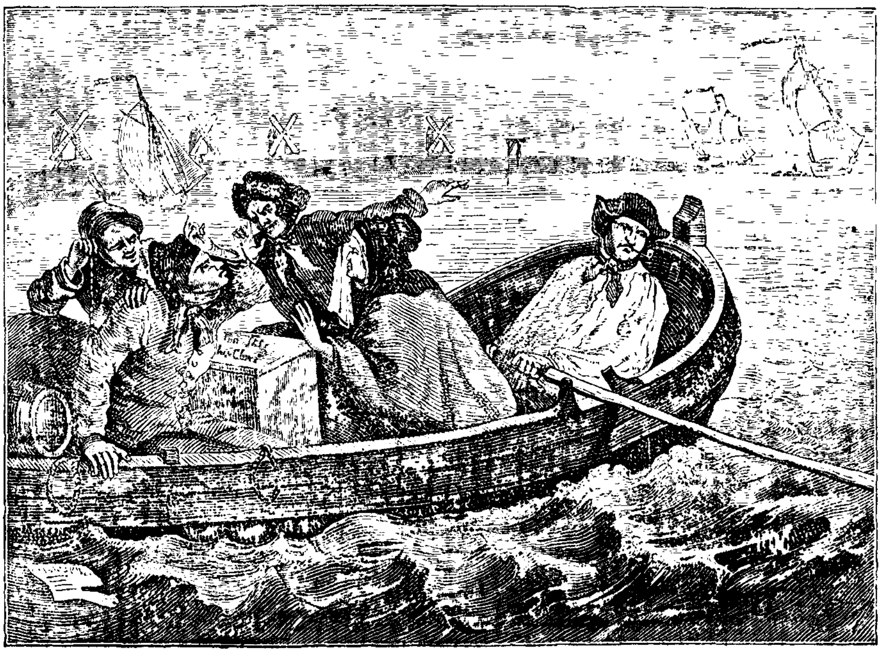
Street by a fresh party of sailors, who carried them off in triumph, after one man had been shot in the groin."

Amid these lawless scenes grew up a class of men whose profession it was, in the refined language of the *escrocs* of Paris, "*d'exploiter les positions sociales.*" The courts of law could not perform their functions without some one to take upon him the laborious task of public prosecutor; and the law of England had, and still has, omitted to make provision for such a functionary. His place was supplied by amateurs, who, if they did not don the wig and gown, and make speeches to the judge and jury, got the malefactor apprehended, ferreted out witnesses against him, and sometimes (the more impudent among them) took the management of the trial out of the hands both of the judges and counsel learned in the law. Again, people who found that the officers of justice could not protect their property, were often glad to compound with the thieves who had got it into their possession, and sacrifice a part to escape losing all. The self-appointed public prosecutors were ready to lend their assistance to forward such negotiations. The trade was originally set up by understrappers of the law; but the man who carried it to its highest perfection was a non-professional gentleman, whose name has been identified with it, and will carry its memory down to posterity. The Peachum of Gay and the Jonathan Wild of Fielding please, the one by its delicate finish, the other by its strong breadth of effect—both by their bold satire. But neither of them are so startling as their robust original, as he stands portrayed in the invective against him (published in 1718, by his rival in trade, Charles Hitchin, the City Marshal), entitled, 'The Regulator, or a Discovery of Thieves, Thief-takers,' &c., or the unblushing disclosures made by "the buckle-maker" (so called from his original profession) himself in his 'New Account,' which he published by way of reply. Jonathan was bred in Birmingham, and was unquestionably the most splendid, the most finished specimen of *brass* that has been issued from its mint. The extensive ramifications of his projects excite regret that so much ingenuity should have been squandered upon such objects. His coolness and effrontery in frequenting and taking part in the proceedings of the courts of law, long after he knew that his nefarious practices were known rather than suspected, and his insolence towards bench, bar, and witnesses, although coarse and vulgar, almost rises by its daring self-reliance to the rank of moral courage. Our space is too limited to allow of our dilating upon his exploits, even though they were sufficiently to our taste to tempt us. They who are fond of such themes may seek them in the congenial pages of the 'Newgate Calendar'—or anywhere but in the three volumes of a flash romance. One good service Jonathan did: he concentrated in his own person an intensity of hatred from both the honest and dishonest portions of society, which carried to the highest pitch the natural repugnance entertained to the trade of keeping thieves as a grazier keeps cattle, and every now and then selecting one fat enough in crime to make him worth selling to the slaughter-house. The mean petty-larceny character of Jonathan's successors in trade—the M'Donalds, Berries, Salmons, and Gahagans (each of the three kingdoms seems to have contributed its quota to this precious *ragman's* roll)—rendered it contemptible as it was disgusting; and nothing guilty can maintain its ground against contempt. In reading the narrative of Jonathan Wild it is the man and his crimes who excite repugnance; in reading the disclosures on the trial of the other four, we are revolted by a society, so callous and so helpless as to crouch for shelter behind laws which, by hanging boys for stealing to the value of eleven pence, maintaining no organised police, and offering a high price for the conviction of every thief, bribed men to make the criminals they betrayed.

Between Jonathan Wild on the one hand, however, and "flying highwaymen" on the other, society at last became thoroughly roused to the necessity of doing something for the sake of its own comfort. England has been called the land for quacks to thrive in; and its conduct under this fever-fit of terrified activity justified its reputation. Like all devotees of quacks, it fixed its hope and trust upon a universal medicine—the panacea of the moment. The gallows was the only cure for crime in which men had faith, and in the true spirit of a Lady Bountiful they proceeded to administer it right and left—by no means in homœopathic doses—without discrimination of age, sex, or rank. From Lord Ferrers to the unlettered cinder-sifter begot in sin and nursed in filth and crime; from the madman to the idiot; from the dotard of seventy to the boy of fifteen; the hempen noose was the only anodyne applied to cure this disease of dishonesty. It was in these days that Burke found the legislative sage, in the library of the House of Commons, busily devising an Act of Parliament to make the stealing of three turnips from a field felony without benefit of clergy. It was in that age the Scotch judge flourished, who, having fallen asleep during the delivery of a prosy speech about the right of property in a meadow, and being jogged by one of his brethren to deliver his judgment, mechanically muttered, before he was right awake, "Hang him!" It was gallows—gallows—nothing but gallows; except in the case of a lady convicted of petty treason, whose privilege it was to be burned. The gallows was to the judge and penal legislator what a "blue-grace" was to the pageant-poet in Fletcher's 'Valentinian'—their one idea and whole stock in trade. Never had the capabilities of the gallows for the repression of crime a fairer trial; its admirers had their full swing—or rather the class upon which they experimented had.

Not contented with the long-drawn procession to Tyburn, they paraded the grisly apparatus of death through almost every quarter of London. There is scarcely a street (of the streets then in existence) in which it has not at one time or another planted its black foot. Men did not need to make holiday to go abroad to see it, for it was "brought home to their businesses and bosoms." In 1768 John Power was hanged at Execution Dock. In 1758 James White and his brother were executed at Kennington Common. In 1760 Patrick M'Carty was executed "at the foot of Bow Street, Covent Garden." Not long after Theodore Gardelle, for the murder of his landlady, was executed in the Haymarket, opposite the end of Panton Street. Williamson, in 1767, was hanged at the end of Chiswell Street; and another criminal was about the same time executed in Old Street. The dreary list might be lengthened out through "all kinds of streets," but these specimens will suffice.

Nor were the patrons of the gallows satisfied with these transient displays; they wished more lasting memorials of its efficacy, and with that intent made its victims their own monuments. London seems to have been as thick-set with these trophies at one time as Westminster Abbey is with royal tombs. They were erected on every battle-field between the men of Thiefdom and the men industrial, on the same principle that the Greeks erected a monument on Marathon. There are many now alive who yet remember the bodies of the pirates opposite Blackwall wavering in the wind, "a gibbet's tassel"—one of the first sights that wont to greet the stranger approaching London from the sea. About the middle of last century similar objects met the gaze of the traveller, by whatever route he entered the metropolis. "*All* the gibbets in the Edgeware Road," says an extract from the newspapers of the day in the 'Annual Register' for 1763, "on which *many* malefactors were hung in chains, were cut down by persons unknown." The "all" and the "many" of this cool matter-of-fact announcement conjure up the image of a long avenue planted with "gallows-trees," instead of elms or poplars—an assemblage of pendant criminals, not exactly "thick as leaves that strew the brook in Valombrosa," but frequent as those whose feet tickling Sancho's nose when he essayed to sleep in the cork forest drove him from tree to tree in search of an empty bough. Frequent mention is made in the books, magazines, and newspapers of that period of the bodies of malefactors conveyed after execution to Blackheath, Finchley, and Kennington Commons, or Hounslow Heath, for the purpose of being there permanently suspended. In those days the ap-



[The Thames Gibbets. Hogarth.]

proach to London on all sides seems to have lain through serried files of gibbets, growing closer and more thronged as the distance from the city diminished, till they and their occupants arranged themselves in rows of ghastly and grinning sentinels along both sides of the principal avenues. And, by way of a high temple of the gallows—in a central point towards which all these ranges might be supposed to converge—like the temple at Luxor amid its avenues of sphinxes—or rather like the blood-stained shrine of Mexitli in the centre of the capital of Montezuma—stood Temple Bar with its range of grinning skulls, beneath which, when the gory heads were first stuck up, Horace Walpole saw the industrious idle of the city lounging with ample store of spy-glasses, through which passengers were allowed to peep at them "for the small charge of one halfpenny."

Talk of the "City of the Plague!" It is as nothing in point of horror when compared with—THE CITY OF THE GALLOWS.

This contest, like all others, in which habits are attempted to be extirpated by force and fear alone, only served to exasperate both parties. The vicious portion of society became more desperate and ferocious, and the honest burghers became more apprehensive and thirsty for the blood of criminals: the thoughtless looked on as the frequent victims were hurried to the gallows, and in the words of Casca, "clapped him and hissed him according as he pleased and displeased them, as they used to do the players in the theatre." In the case of Williamson, a journeyman shoemaker, who had murdered his wife by starving her to death, we are told—"The gallows was erected in the centre of Moorfields, fronting Chiswell Street. * * There were at least 80,000 persons, of whom a great number were women. * * The populace thought hanging too mild for so heinous a crime. [Perhaps they remembered that had the wife been the guilty party she would have been burned, and thought it unfair to make a difference.] He seemed apprehensive of being torn to pieces, and hastened the executioner to perform his office." And in like manner a few months later in the same year:—"The crowd that waited in the Session House Yard during the trial testified their joy by a shout when Mrs. Brownrigg was convicted; and such was the indignation they felt at the horrid, deliberate, and persevering cruelties of which she had been guilty, that those who were near the ordinary's coach when she was carried to execution, cried out, they hoped he would pray for her damnation, for such a fiend ought not to be saved." On the other hand, when not satisfied of the guilt of the convict, or when the severity of the punishment appeared disproportionate to the crime, the sympathies of the crowd excited their indignation against the law itself and its ministers. It was customary among persons ordered for execution to proceed to Tyburn with a white cockade in their hats by way of declaration that they died innocent. The high eulogium pronounced upon Mr. Jansen for enforcing the performance of executions at Tyburn without the aid of the military, shows that it was considered a service of some danger. There is something wild and fantastic in the affectionate interest the rabble evinced at times for individuals who underwent the last penalty of the law, and it had a most bruin-like method of giving vent to its indignation against those who brought them to the gibbet. We learn from the Annual Register, that in May, 1764—"The criminal condemned for returning from transportation at the sessions, and afterwards executed, addressed himself to the populace, at Tyburn, and told them he could wish they would carry his body and lay it at the door of Mr. Parker, a butcher, in the Minories, who it seems was the principal evidence against him; which being accordingly done, the mob behaved so riotously before the man's house it was no easy matter to disperse them." Less than a year previous to the occurrence of this incident, we learn from the same work that—"As soon as the execution of several criminals condemned at last sessions of the Old Bailey was over at Tyburn, the body of Cornelius Sanders, executed for stealing about 50*l.* out of the house of Mrs. White, in Lamb Street, Spitalfields, was carried and laid before her door; where great numbers of people assembling, they at last grew so outrageous, that a guard of soldiers was sent for to stop their proceedings: notwithstanding which, they forced open the door, fetched out all the salmon tubs, most of the household furniture, piled them on a heap and set fire to them; and to prevent the guards from extinguishing the flames, pelted them off with stones, and would not disperse till the whole was consumed."

This was no school of morality, but only the "finishing school" of Tom Neros, for whose career the reader is referred to Hogarth. There was greater callousness to suffering then than there is now. We hear still of children hired out to beggars, to enable them to excite compassion; and the exposure of these poor worms to the inclemency of the weather is bad enough, to say nothing of the allegation that they are sometimes pinched to make them cry; but we do not hear of such enormities as this:—"1761, April 6. The court at Hicks's Hall lately committed Anne Martin, *alias* Chapney, to Newgate, where she is to be imprisoned two years, pursuant to her sentence: she is accused of putting out the eyes of children, with whom she went a-begging about the country." How little the liberal administration of gallows contributed to frighten men from the ways of crime may be learned from brief notices like the following—so brief, indeed, that one is tempted to marvel at the simplicity of the penny-a-liners of those days. What would not one of those artists now make of such a fact to spin a paragraph from?—"1763, August 24. Since the middle of July near one hundred and fifty persons have been committed to New Prison and Clerkenwell *for robberies and other capital* offences." The reckless wretches seem almost to have crowded in, crying, "You cannot hang us all." It was like the contest of savage Indians, trying which can inflict or bear most pain. It was playing on a great scale the pedagogue's game of hardening and stupefying a boy by excessive punishments. There was no moral sense awakened by the contest: it was a mere mechanical reciprocation of violence and butchery. Even the imagination was left dormant: the dogs which lap blood from the shambles are as much instructed and edified as were the gazers with lack-lustre eye on the throttling of so many human beings. The superstitious thrill felt even by the rudest was not awakened: there were no ghosts at Tyburn or in Newgate. Indeed, in the article of ghosts, London is remarkably poor. Their real character was so little felt, that when one appeared in Cock Lane the people, so far from being scared, flocked from all quarters of the capital to visit it, as they now repair to the

Missouri Leviathan. Even Horace Walpole confesses that he visited Fanny with a party of ladies and gentlemen, and found the lane so crowded that it was difficult to get into the house. Burnworth did indeed threaten one of his keepers, a short time before his execution, that "if he did not see him buried in a decent manner, he would meet him after death in a dark entry and pull his nose." But the man was so little alarmed that he allowed the body to be hung in chains without remonstrance. From all our reading we can only recall one execution of the eighteenth century, the circumstances of which are in the slightest degree imaginative:—"1763, August 19. About twelve at noon the sky for several miles round London was overcast in such a manner, that the darkness exceeded that of the great eclipse in 1748, greatly resembling that which preceded the last great earthquake at Lisbon. This darkness was occasioned by a black sulphureous cloud which arose in the N.W.; and, attended with hail, rain, wind, and lightning, drove furiously over London, and then discharged itself chiefly on the county of Kent, where in rapidity and fierceness the storm resembled a tornado, so as to kill fowl and even sheep, and in near twenty parishes destroying all hope of crop to the amount of near 50,000*l*. . . . . . This storm made such an impression on the ignorant populace assembled to see a criminal executed on Kennington Common, that the Sheriff was obliged to apply to the Secretaries of State for a military force to prevent a rescue; and it was near eight in the evening before he suffered."

In spite of all this, the wise men of the age were resolved to narrow the range of crime by the gallows; and got angry with the criminals who would not be reclaimed by the gallows, and out of sheer spite hanged them for their obstinacy. The number of persons executed at one time went on increasing, till it was necessary to have recourse to machinery to facilitate and expedite the work of the hangman; and the "new drop" was hailed as an invention in the manufacture of morality quite as great and important as that of Arkwright in the manufacture of cotton. Judges who had pored upon the laws, and as counsel twisted and turned them, and looked at them on all sides, and tried experimentally how far they would go, until the law had entered into their souls and become a part of their being, could not conceive that the law could fail. It was not the law's fault, they averred, but the insufficient execution of the law. A sailor was once asked what he would wish for if he could have every thing he wished? "All the 'baccy in the world," said Jack. "And what next?" "All the rum in the world." "And what next?" After long thought—"A little more 'baccy." So with the sages of the law. Having got all the gallows they were likely to get, they wished for the pillory, and then for "a little more gallows." So they went on bending the broad back of their favourite instrument with greater and greater burdens, until, having tried it with so many as twenty men at a time, it fairly broke down beneath the weight. To speak without metaphor, the blood even of that callous public curdled at such a spectacle; and the practice of hanging began to abate through pure despair of achieving any thing by it. Men had not discovered any better way of attaining their object; but they were so disgusted with this that they resolved, *coute qu'il coute*, to use it less liberally in future.

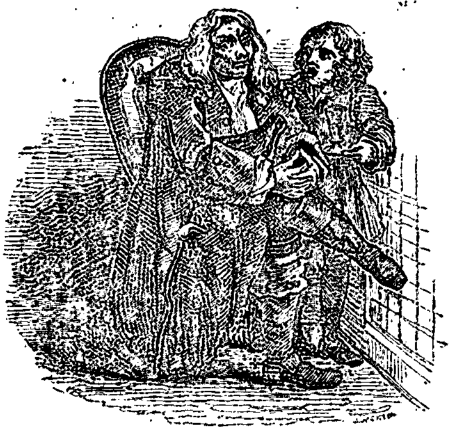
And yet since that time the increasing evil which the gallows in vain strove to stem has been rapidly abating. Whoever has marked the clearing away of one of those protracted rain-storms which, stretching through entire days, seems to gather strength from its continuance, has seen something analogous to the process by which this happy change has been effected. In the case of the rain-storm the moist clouds overhead assume a cold grey, livid complexion, more uncomfortable to look at than they have previously worn. This change, however, is occasioned by the vapours overhead becoming less dense, and allowing a tinge of the blue sky beyond to mingle with the colour of the rain-clouds. In this, as in everything, the first stage of transition, even from bad to better, is uncouth and unpleasant. So with the lawlessness of London. About the time that the close of the last war undertaken by George II. threw loose upon the metropolis numbers of idle sailors and soldiers, and, worse than either, those lawless men whom government, by profusely issuing letters of marque, had encouraged to embark in a career of licensed piracy, amid the mercenary boldness and ferocity of bands of marauders, the crimps of the East India Company, at that time engaged in laying the foundation of its colossal empire, began to ply their trade on a larger scale. Among the atrocities at that time too rife in the Great Babylon, none are more shocking than some of the details which transpired of the interior of the dens of these kidnappers. The giddy, dissipated, and licentious—young men who had squandered everything and had no friends, or whose friends had cast them off—were entrapped into engagements while under the influence of liquor; and then, as their adherence to their bargain if left at liberty when they returned to their senses was rather problematical, shut up in receiving-houses till opportunities offered of shipping them. The officers of justice were too few in number, and too deficient in organization, to hunt out unlawful transactions: as Falstaff said of Worcester and rebellion, if they lay in their way they found them. And the out-of-the-way recesses and old-fashioned buildings in the old, half-deserted parts of the town afforded opportunities for internal fortification. The spunging-houses, private mad-houses, and other tolerated nuisances of the time, presented models and specious pretexts. On one occasion we read of a man falling dead from a house in Chancery Lane at the feet of some passengers, and a search being instituted, a crimping-house of the East India Company's recruiting agents is discovered, in which a number of men are detained against their will—the deceased having been one of them, and having lost his life in an attempt to escape by the skylights. On another occasion the recurrence of funerals, performed under cloud of night, with maimed rites, and without any entry being made in the register, attracted the notice of some persons residing in the neighbourhood of St. Bride's church-yard. On an inquiry being instituted into the nature of these clandestine burials, it was discovered that the bodies had come from a receiving-house of recruits for the East India Company's service; and on that house being broken open by order of the authorities, a dead body, which they had not yet got smuggled out, was found in one of the upper apartments in an advanced stage of decomposition. These things were evils of themselves—aggravations of surrounding horrors; but they were indications of living and stirring employment which would attract and turn to account the thews and sinews, aye, and the brains of many who, if left to lounge idly at home, would have added to the number of pests of society. At the same time the impetus given to industry in the manufacturing districts diminished the numbers of those who, driven by destitution to dishonesty, had flocked to London as to an asylum. London was then almost the only town in the empire large enough to allow them to hide their heads in it with security. Thither they all betook themselves when hard pressed, as foxes to their most difficult cover. The most dexterous and daring criminals, wherever bred, gravitated by a natural attraction towards London as the centre of their system. It was their metropolis too. This supply was materially diminished at the same time that the romantic and attractive field of adventure in the East was thrown open to the young, hot, restless bloods of the metropolis. The ranks of the most dangerous portion of the "classes dangereuses"—those *not* "to the manner born," but who in their fall from purer regions had brought with them the intelligence of their earlier associates to render more malignant and powerful the propensities evolved by destitution and crime—were materially thinned.

Other influences were working too in the bosoms of those destitute classes in whom hereditary want had created a listless apathy—a want of sufficient vitality to apprehend the lessons of good—the most discouraging subjects for the operations of philanthropy. The first moving of the spirit amongst those dry bones was grotesque enough. Lackington, who began himself by being a Methodist, and who sought repose in his latter days by subsiding into his original faith, has left some highly-coloured, but not untrue, pictures of the earlier operations of their doctrines upon the rude minds to whom the honour is beyond question theirs of having addressed words of sympathy, truth, and eternal life:—"A few years since I saw in a field, not seven miles from town, a man tossing up his Bible in the air. This he often repeated, and raved at a strange rate: amongst other things (pointing to a building at some distance), 'That (said he) is the Devil's house, and it shall not stand three days longer!' On the third day after this, I saw with surprise an account in one of the public papers of that very building having been set on fire and burnt to the ground. This maniac soon after preached very often in Smithfield and Moorfields; but he did not wholly depend on the operations of the holy Spirit, as at last he seldom began to preach until he was nearly drunk, or filled with another kind of spirit; and then he was 'a very powerful preacher indeed.' But the good man happening several times to exert himself rather too much, had nearly tumbled out of his portable pulpit: these accidents the mob *uncharitably* ascribed to the liquor that he had drunk, and with mud, stones, dead cats, &c., drove him off every time he came, until at last our preacher took his leave of them with saying, that he perceived it was in vain to attempt their conversion, as he saw that God had given them over to the hardness of their hearts. But although this holy man deserted them, yet other spiritual knights-errant were not wanting, so that a little time before the heaps of stones which lay for years in Moorfields were removed for the purpose of building on the spot, I have seen five or six in a day preaching their initiation sermons from these elevated situations, until they could collect a sum of money to purchase pulpits. .. You must know many of the lazy sort of the community set up stalls in Moorfields to buy and sell apples, old iron, &c.: several of these having heard many such edifying discourses as they sat at their stalls, and observing the success which these kind of preachers met with, boldly resolved to make trial of their spiritual gifts on the heaps of stones, and have now totally abandoned their stalls and gone forth as ambassadors of heaven, though without being furnished with any diplomas as such. One of these, who cannot read, lately informed me that he had quitted all temporal concerns for the good of poor ignorant sinners." Much there was, to human view, of absurdity in all this—much perhaps of profanity—much, it may be, of self-seeking; but still it was the spirit of good ruffling the dark waters of the stagnant moral chaos. There are some people so incontinent of language that when a truth is taught them, instead of applying it to regulate their own conduct, they straightway begin to preach it to their neighbours. Many too there were, doubtless, among the early apostles of methodism, who thought preaching the easiest trade by which a man could earn his bread; and the constant lapses in the moral conduct of these professors were doubtless very shocking. No less offensive to delicate tastes were the rude riots which occurred when the unconverted mob, having detected one or two frail brethren, and jumped (like men of more pretensions to knowledge) at the conclusion that they were all alike, taunted the preachers with profane jeers, and, waxing in zeal, broke out into open violence. Many unseemly scenes took place. But amid all this there was much ardent enthusiasm and sincere benevolence, and extreme patient suffering for conscience sake. Not all words fell on barren soil, and the martyr-like deportment of many of the Methodists awoke strange feelings of ruth in stony bosoms. That fierce, vulgar excitement which kept aloof grave men and men of taste, and often "set on a parcel of barren spectators to laugh," was the rabble's school of mutual instruction; and unless they had previously gone through it, all others would have been unavailing. There was a gulf between them and the educated classes, which the latter could not pass over: it was necessary that a new soul should be breathed into them, and this the Methodists accomplished. They taught these poor creatures what they scarcely suspected before—that they were not quite beasts, and having brought them thus far, helped them to conduct themselves like human beings. "At that time," says Lackington, giving an account of his first start as a bookseller, "Mr. Wesley's people had a sum of money which was kept on purpose to lend out, for three months, to such of their society whose characters were good, and who wanted a temporary relief. To increase my little stock, I borrowed five pounds out of this fund, which was of great service to me." The increase of employment in the country preserved many of the rising generation from destitution and crime, but it could not have reclaimed those already sunk in this slough of despond. It was the Methodists who breathed into many of these objects a fresh spirit, that enabled them to wrestle out.

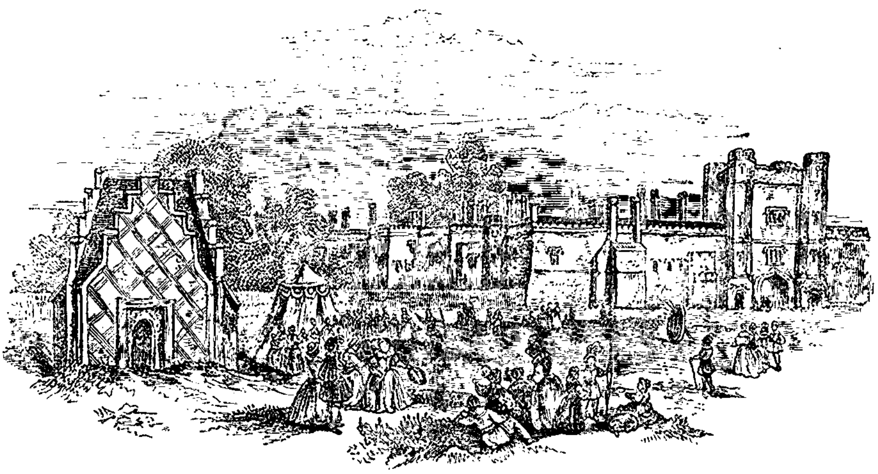
In their train followed more judicious teachers, who perfected to a certain extent what they had begun. "The Sunday schools," wrote Lackington, in 1791, "are spreading very fast in most parts of England, which will accelerate the diffusion of knowledge among the lower classes of the community, and in a very few years exceedingly increase the sale of books." At the time he wrote the increasing sale was already in progress:—"According to the best estimation I have been able to make, I suppose that more than four times the number of books are sold now than were twenty years ago." Then came Joseph Lancaster, and after him the many friends of humanity who have exerted themselves in our day to render education and books more useful and more accessible to all. The literary taste which has in all countries been the first true civiliser even of the most favoured classes, has been sinking and spreading through every successive layer of society, as a little wine poured into a glass of water spreads downward in diverging rosy globules until the whole colourless liquid is tinted. Exercise of the intellect and imagination tempers the minds of men until they are hardened against the corrosive influence of those vices which are most apt to grow into habits.

The drafting off the vicious, or those who were tottering on the verge of guilt—the awakening of a portion of the torpid demoralized class into humanity,—the diffusion of more wealth through all classes of society by the augmented productive powers of industry,—and the diffusion of literary tastes through all classes of society—these are the means by which the numbers of our native savages have been and are to be diminished and kept under. And these too are the means by which the industrious and virtuous portion of society are to be rendered more quick-witted and prompt in devising and carrying into execution measures for their own protection. This higher civilization was requisite before so simple a plan as the establishment of the "New Police" could be carried into effect; an establishment calculated, by separating the sheep from the goats, to promote the good offices of the higher intelligence and morality which has called it into being. Thus are men learning (they have still much to learn) by the calm, passionless power of benevolent wisdom, what anger and brute force strove in vain to effect. It is the moral of the old fable:—the sun and north wind trying which could most easily make a man part from his cloak.

The field of observation through which we have led our readers is a curious one; and yet, but for the moral it is calculated to impress, we question whether it would be worth while to have visited it. Deformity, moral or physical, is an ingredient which ought to be sparingly used in *æsthetics*. We tolerate it in Hogarth, Fielding, and Smollett, and the old Elizabethan writers, less as a feature in the creations of their imagination than as an historical record—something that enables us to take a peep at the real men of their time. With these authors, their occasional use of thieves' gibberish and low vice was partly adopted for the sake of enhancing by contrast their finer delineations, partly it was a smack of their age's coarseness which adhered to them. But the best of them always used it sparingly, and as a subordinate element of their fictions. Most of our modern writers who have made much use of this ingredient have over-dosed us with it. Some of them have made their gallows-birds their heroes, seduced either by a shallow, maudlin, sentimental philosophism, or by the mistaken notion that powerful accurate delineation is the source of imaginative pleasure. The object must be beautiful in itself, or no drawing can make it so: the professional thief remains a low, vulgar, debased creature, trick him out in what fantastic garments they will; and the amateur dabbler in dishonesty, once so much in vogue, is worse than the other, inasmuch as his halting between two purposes betrays greater imbecility. There is no true, healthy inspiration in the bousing-ken, the dock, or the condemned cell. It is not for anything in themselves, but as foils to enhance the lustre of others that criminals can be used in art, and even then the trick is of the stalest—the more sparingly they are employed the better.



[The Highwayman in the Gaming House. Hogarth.]



[St. James's Palace. From a Print by Hollar.]

XLVIII.—ST. JAMES'S PALACE.

The Court of St. James's is a phrase that has been heard far and wide, and has carried fear into stout hearts. In Mexico and Peru, in Hindustan, and possibly by this time even at Pekin, and in every capital of Europe, it has been known as the designation of a power not to be trifled with. A foreigner who had formed his notions of the local habitation of this talismanic word from its universal prevalence and might, must at all times have been struck with astonishment on seeing it. The dingy plainness of the structure itself—the suttling-shop bulging from its front—the utter absence of architectural pretensions in the surrounding houses, and the familiar manner in which they squeezed in upon it, were anything but calculated to harmonise with the high idea of the residence of the kings of the "kings of Inde," who occupied a house of much greater pretensions —in the east, in Leadenhall Street. If not exactly such a shock as might be supposed to be received upon finding a monkey-god enshrined in a sanctuary rich with gold and jewels, the effect on the imagination was at least that produced by finding some very plain and homely person the central object of attention to a gorgeous train of richly-apparelled attendants.

The phrase "Court of St. James's," if not, strictly speaking, one of the things we owe to our "glorious Revolution," may at least be said to have come in with it. The ground on which the palace stands was acquired by Henry VIII., who erected thereon a "goodly palace," as was mentioned in our account of St. James's Park; and "St. James's Manor House," as it was long called, has ever since been part and parcel of the palatial establishment of the Kings of England. But it was not until the burning of Whitehall in the reign of William III. that it became the royal residence—the scene of levees and drawing-rooms—the recognised seat of royalty. William resided mostly at Hampton Court, though he occasionally held councils at St. James's, and it was regarded as his town house. But Anne constantly resided there when in town; Caroline, Queen of George II., died there; George IV. was born there. "The Court," technically speaking, was held at St. James's during the whole reign of George III. (it still continues to be held there), but the domestic town residence of that monarch was Buckingham House. St. James's is now merely the pavilion containing the apartments used on occasions of state solemnity. The period during which it was a palace of Kings—a palace to live in as well as to see company in—includes only the reigns of William, Anne, and the two first Georges. The Palace of St. James's—the Court of St. James's—are phrases which belong to the Revolution era—to the time when, with the exception of one female, our sovereigns were foreigners. It is an age not to be despised, for it is the age of Swift, Steele, Arbuthnot, and Addison—of Hogarth and Fielding—of old Colley Cibber and of young Horace Walpole—and of the "charming Lady Mary Montague." And though the nation could not well understand its sovereigns—either their language or their habits—and the sovereigns were but partially acclimatised, as gardeners or introducers of a new kind of farm-stock would phrase it—they had excellent sturdy qualities of their own—grotesque enough to move our laughter, and with enough of moral power and goodness to command our respect. But we must first trace the history of the palace previous to the days of its greatest exaltation.

The Hospital of St. James, founded for the reception of "fourteen sisters, maidens, that were *leprous*, living chastely and honestly in divine service," although a religious foundation, seems to have been honestly acquired by Henry VIII. In the year 1532 he gave Chattisham and other lands in Suffolk in exchange for the site of the Hospital; and when, having thus become master of the house, he turned the sisterhood out of doors, he had the grace to settle pensions upon them. The architect of St. James's Manor House is not known, but it is understood to have been erected under the direction of Cromwell Earl of Essex, and Holbein is said to have furnished the plan, though this has been doubted. "Only a part," says Brayley in his 'Londiniana' (1829), "of Henry's building now remains, and that is in a purer style of architecture than any of the other designs of Holbein. In the filling in of the spandrils of some of the arches the Florentine (or rather the Flemish) manner is conspicuous, particularly in the chimney-piece of the Presence Chamber, the ornamented compartments over the arch of which contain Tudor badges and the initials H. A. united by a knot: from this latter circumstance we may infer that the palace was originally built for the reception of the unfortunate Anne Boleyn."

This association links the palace of St. James's with the culminating period of Henry's reputation. There was an ambition after good, or the appearance of it, that lent a certain degree of *éclat* to the first twenty years of his reign. His entering the lists of controversial theology with Luther bespoke intellectual taste, if not talent. His love of stately and gorgeous pageants, like the field of the cloth of gold, stimulated men's imaginations. His bluff, bold, somewhat homely deportment, so long as his self-will had not ripened into the terrible, won the hearts of the commonalty. As yet he had been a faithful, and, to all external appearance at least, a kind and loving husband. And if aught were amiss—if some things were done which men could have wished undone, and duties neglected which ought to have been performed—why there stood Wolsey at the King's elbow, a full-blown scape-goat, to carry all the sins of his royal master, as well as his own, on his broad shoulders away into the wilderness.

The divorce of Queen Catherine must have startled people a little at first; but then it was set off by the downfall of Wolsey, and the countenance which, from that time, was lent by the court to the innovating spirit abroad in the nation. Queen Catherine, a good, kind, pious lady, bore her wrongs in retirement, and the people, triumphant on account of the overthrow of a hated minister and the progress of popular doctrine, crowded round their monarch in the ripeness of manly strength, with his young and beautiful wife at his side, and all the splendour of his court around him. Allowance is always made for the waywardness of kings, and here was present popularity and a past good character to render men yet more tolerant, and much magnificence to obliterate the memory of the past; and the cold waves of the world's forgetfulness closed over the head of a wronged woman—but her God did not forget her. Poor Anne Boleyn, who sinned through vanity and want of thought, must have thought bitterly of the meekness of the queenly sufferer, and her own forgetfulness of woman's rights, when sharp sorrow was working out her own regeneration.

From 1527, when Henry first set his affections on Anne Boleyn, till 1536, when he caused her head to be chopped off, there was a deflection from the right path which might cause uneasiness to the stern moralist; but though the pillars of right principle were shaken, and a sense of insecurity must have pervaded the brilliant dream of those nine years, there was no omen or portent to warn men of the eleven years of blood and brutality that were to ensue. A young man may wander from the straight path, and, after some hard lessons from experience, scramble in again; but when one who has maintained a tolerably decent deportment begins to go wrong at forty, we may rest assured he will go on with his sinning. Such reflections, however, are always made too late. In Henry's case, as usual, men were too much taken up watching the run of luck in the great game they were playing, and at that time the public was winning. It was the holiday of victory over an old hierarchy, the triumph of free thought proclaiming itself abroad, not whispering, as before, in fear and trembling, in closets and corners. And the young Queen, to whom this change was in great part attributed, stood like Venus among her handmaids, the fairest of them all. And there were stately masques and solemn tournaments. And More's elegant learning and playful wit graced a part of the time, and Holbein survived it. And the chivalrous poet Surrey was yet unthreatened. These nine years were the time during which the drunkenness of absolute power was growing upon the faculties of Henry; and as wit, good-fellowship, and proud aspirations flash out most glowingly as the wine goes round—the bright lightning which presages approaching danger—so did Henry walk with a more free and stately bearing, and display his splendid tastes to more advantage, while, casting off his early sobriety, he allowed the intoxication of self-will to grow upon him. St. James's Manor, with the presence chamber, and its intertwined cipher of the monarch lover and his swan-like bride, was one of the devices of this inspired time. It has stood a monument of the brief raptures bought by trampling upon sacred ties, and a witness of the retribution which fell on his children and lineage. It is not necessary to go back to the tale of the Atridæ or of Œdipus for mysterious and terrific tales of fatality attendant upon regal houses: if rightly read, the cycle of events which dates from the lawless union of Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn presents as splendid and awful a pageant as either we have named. The premature death of the puny Edward—the isolated and gloomy life of Mary, who had a heart and a faith, but finding none who could render affection for affection, dwindled in peevishness, grew weak and cruel, and left the name of Bloody Mary behind—the more vigorous Elizabeth, whose early feelings too were chilled, and whose mingled course of glory and meanness was lost, like the waters of some mighty stream in a parched desert—all might have traced the worm which gnawed at their hearts to the false position in which the vices of their father had placed them. And that development of popular intellect and popular power which he had encouraged, not out of generous sympathy, but because it seemed to favour his private lusts, spread and grew strong, till, after having quenched the proud self-will of one of his race in his own blood, it finally shook the family in the direct line of inheritance from the throne.

The history of St. James's Palace, from the death of Henry to the Revolution, is merely a succession of scenes in this terrible drama—some of them deeply tragic, some of them gay, with a transient light like that which at times gilds for a moment the fierce black waves breaking over a stranded ship. To enumerate all would be to write a history of the government during that period; but we may be allowed to recall a few to the memories of our readers as contributing to lend a moral interest—to inform, with a human soul of sympathy and intelligence, those very commonplace walls which stand at the foot of St. James's Street, more like a county prison than a royal mansion.

The stream of events ran away rather from St. James's during the years of Edward, Mary, and Elizabeth, but with the prolific race of Stuarts it came to be used as a royal nursery. The Manor House, with all its appurtenances, except the Park and the Stables at the Mews, were granted, in 1610, to Prince Henry, who occupied them till his premature death in 1612. He was succeeded by his brother, afterwards Charles I., who retained through life a partiality for the mansion. In it was deposited the collection of statues which, with the assistance of Sir Kenelm Digby, he began to form. Here most of his children were born. And in the Chapel Royal, which he had fitted up in it, he attended divine service before he "walked through the Park, guarded with a regiment of foot, to Whitehall," on the morning of his execution. This theme has been often enough harped on. Its interest is undeniable;—it is we confess a sad sign of human inconstancy—but there has been so much emphatic moralising and sentimentalising, that we turn from the story of the father to welcome, as a change, the less hackneyed story of one of his son's adventures.

The Duke of York was taken prisoner when Fairfax entered Oxford in 1646. On the 20th of April, 1648, being then in his fifteenth year, he effected his escape from St. James's, as is narrated in the Stuart Papers:—

"All things being in readiness on the night of the forementioned day, the

Duke went to supper at his usual hour, which was about seven, in the company of his brother and sister, and when supper was ended they went to play at hide-and-seek with the rest of the young people in the house. At this childish sport the Duke had accustomed himself to play for a fortnight together every night, and had used to hide himself in places so difficult to find, that most commonly they were half an hour in searching for him, at the end of which time he came out of his own accord. This blind he laid for his design, that they might be accustomed to miss him before he really intended his escape; by which means, when he came to practise it in earnest, he was secure of gaining that half-hour before they could reasonably suspect he was gone. His intention had all the effect he could desire; for that night, so soon as they began their play, he pretended, according to his custom, to hide himself; but instead of so doing, he went first into his sister's chamber, and there locked up a little dog that used to follow him, that he might not be discovered by him; then slipping down by a pair of back stairs which led into the inmost garden, having found means beforehand to furnish himself with a key of a back-door from the said garden into the Park, he there found Bamfield, who was ready to receive him, and waited there with a footman who brought a cloak, which he threw over him, and put on a periwig. From thence they went through the Spring Garden, where one Mr. Tripp was ready with a hackney-coach." It is needless to pursue the adventure further in detail: suffice it to say that the Duke, in female attire, succeeded in reaching a Dutch vessel which was waiting for him below Gravesend.

There is something inexpressibly touching in this picture of the young Duke of Gloucester and his sister the Lady Elizabeth entirely taken up with their childish sports within the walls of what to them was a prison. Their father was a man aware of the deadly struggle in which he was engaged, but they knew not the jealous eyes that were upon them—they felt not the ruin impending over them. While all was dark around, their childish minds were lit up with glee—twin glowworms shining in the dark, stormy night. The premature closeness and self-command of their brother is a less pleasing object. Hard necessity had taught him selfishness and duplicity before his time. The craft he had to practise in self-defence in youth, and the success attending it, possibly encouraged him to engage in riper years in an undertaking beyond his very commonplace abilities. At the same time it is impossible to help enjoying the consternation caused among the greybeards who thought they had him in safe keeping on finding themselves outwitted by a mere boy. James himself has recorded, with a natural feeling of triumph, the pottering search set on foot as soon as he was missed. "He had not gone," he says, "above an hour before they began to miss him and to search for him in every room of the house, where not finding him, they sent immediate notice of it to Whitehall and to the General, Sir Thomas Fairfax. Thereupon there were orders issued out that all the passages about London, especially the northern road, and those towards Wales, should be watched—imagining he had either taken that way or towards Scotland." Orders were also issued to guard all the ports, but James had left Gravesend before the despatches arrived. The pursuit was not relinquished till news arrived of his landing in Holland.

After the Restoration James occupied this building, which must have continually recalled the gratifying recollection of his first successful exercise of that reserve which he afterwards indulged in to such an extent. It is spoken of by his contemporaries as splendidly furnished. One room was embellished with pictures of court beauties by Sir Peter Lely. Here he lost two sons—a bereavement which Coke huddles up in his narrative with a most incongruous assortment of other gossip. The King (Charles II.), he tells us, was returning from feeding his birds in the Park, followed by the narrator, when, at the farther end of the Mall, he was overtaken by Prince Rupert. "The King told the Prince how he had shot a duck, and such a dog fetched it; and so they walked on till the King came to St. James's House, and there the King said to the Prince, 'Let's go and see Cambridge and Kendal,' the Duke of York's two sons, who then lay a-dying. But upon his return to Whitehall he found all in an uproar—the Countess of Castlemaine, as it was said, bewailing above all others, that she should be the first torn in pieces." The news of the Dutch fleet having arrived in the river had just reached the palace. James left St. James's for Whitehall on the morning of his coronation; but it was in the former palace that his son was born who forced so many grave and conscientious people, who could not forgive themselves for keeping a legitimate prince out of his inheritance, to convince themselves he was not the son of his father by the vehemence of their own protestations and oaths to the contrary.

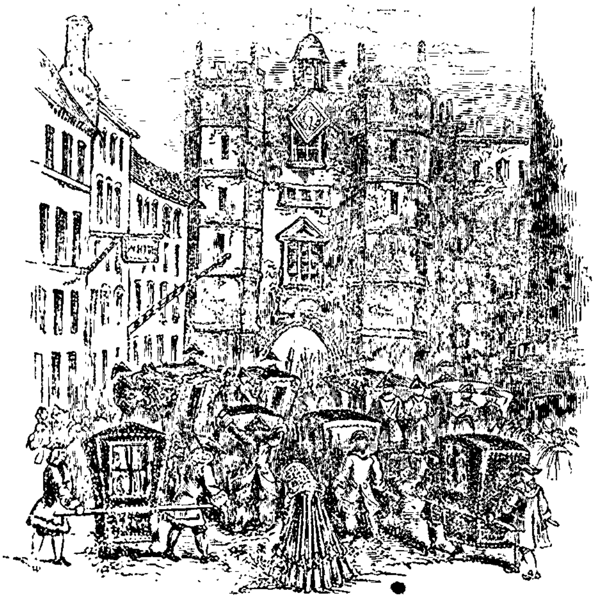
But amid the frivolities of the court of Charles II., as amid the sadness of his father's, the Destiny working out the completion of those events which had been set in motion by Henry VIII. was inexorably holding on the even tenor of its way. The self-willed James was the instrument which in a few years brought on the *dénouement*. Affairs were so ripe that his ejection was accomplished without a struggle. He walked out, and the first prince under the new order of things walked in, entirely as a matter of course.

We have now arrived at the period when the Palace of St. James's became the principal residence of the English sovereigns: not because the Revolution dynasty thought it necessary to have a new abode of their own, in which the memory of the old should not haunt them at every turning; but because, Whitehall having been accidentally burned soon after the accession of William, St. James's was at first occupied as a temporary arrangement, protracted it may have been at first from some doubts as to the permanence of the new order of things, and afterwards from the hurry of important business, which kept men from thinking of such a subordinate matter as the proper lodging of the sovereign. Until George III. the Revolution sovereigns (with the exception of Anne) never seem to have felt quite at home in England; and his reign was too busy a one to leave much leisure for palace building.

We have already observed that the presence chamber is understood to be part of the "Manor House" erected by Henry VIII. The north gateway also formed a part of that building. For many years after its erection it stood quite in the country. An idea of its appearance in this its state of isolation may be gathered from the engraving at the head of this paper.

By degrees, however, houses sprung up along the north side of Pall Mall, and on both sides of St. James's Street. After the Restoration, Jermyn, afterwards Earl of St. Alban's, contrived to obtain a grant of a large piece of ground, between Pall Mall and Piccadilly, on which he began to build St. James's Square and several streets. King Charles's grant of the site of a house on the south of

Pall Mall to Nell Gwynn seems to have been the beginning of the row of houses on that side of the street, as his grant of the site on which Bridgewater House lately stood seems to have been the beginning of the range of building fronting the western wing of the Palace. Thus it came that in the time of Queen Anne and the two first Georges the Palace was as completely in town as it now is. Nor does an attempt seem at any time to have been made to render the houses in its vicinity specimens of architectural taste. Possibly a modest forbearance rendered the subjects (with the exception of the Duke of Marlborough—and old Sarah may have been at the bottom of that) reluctant to outshine their Sovereign. Evelyn who was a commissioner for improving the streets of Westminster and London bears testimony to the shameful state of St. James's Street in his day. Bubb Doddington, with his wonted solemn emphasis, notes in his Diary, that he had been attending a committee, which had in view to pave Pall Mall—out of which, as out of most undertakings Bubb engaged in, nothing seems to have come. A paragraph in the Chronicle department of the Annual Register for 1765, apparently extracted from some newspaper of the day, after announcing the alterations made in the Strand, by "taking down of signs and fixing up of lights in a regular way," thus proceeds:—"It may be said that no street in London, paved, lighted, and filled with signs in the old way, ever made so agreeable an appearance, or afforded better walking, than the Strand does in the new. But great as the alteration in the Strand may be, that in St. James's Street greatly surpasses it." Seeing what St. James's Street still is, and bearing in mind how many improvements have been made upon it since 1765, the reader may, by the reflected light of this puff portentous, be able to see it in something approaching to the likeness of its earlier days; or, if his imagination fail him, the back ground of Hogarth's picture of the Rake, arrested by bailiffs, will help to supply its deficiencies.



[The Palace Gate.]

The environs of St. James's Palace seem to have been every way worthy of it; and one learns rather to sympathise with than wonder at the indignation of the King of Denmark's favourite, Count Holcke, at seeing his master trundled into it on his arrival in this country in 1768. "Christian the Seventh," says the editor of Brown's Secret History of the Courts of Sweden and Denmark, "was lodged in those apartments in the stable-yard that are now (1818) occupied by the Duke of Clarence, and where the King of Prussia was lodged when he visited this metropolis in the summer of 1814. When Count Holcke, a gay, extravagant, dissipated young nobleman, first saw the exterior of the place, he exclaimed, 'By God, this will never do: it is not fit to lodge a *Christian* in!' When he saw the interior, the Count was less dissatisfied."

The most remarkable feature of the Court of St. James's during the period that the Revolution dynasty was undergoing a process of naturalization—becoming English—is the unimportant part played by the Sovereign in the Court pageant. There was a Court, and there was a Sovereign; but the Sovereign, with reverence be it spoken, much resembled a dummy at whist, or a chair set up as the representative of the dancer wanted to make up a quadrille. The courtiers agreed to go through their wonted ceremonies round an impersonation of royalty, that took marvellous little part or concern in what was going forward.

Queen Anne was English, and might have been a real acting and speaking Queen, had she not been phlegmatic and somewhat timid. During the first part of her reign she was domineered over by the Duchess of Marlborough, and during the latter part by Mrs. Masham, Harley, and their coadjutors. The poor woman, after long suffering, broke from her first termagant mistress, to subject herself to a horde of taskmasters. Swift's 'Journal to Stella' shows the state of incessant alarm in which the party lived into whose arms the Queen had thrown herself, lest she should return to her old friends; and the language in which they speak of her does not augur much deference or regard for her feelings in the means adopted to keep her fast. She seems to have felt relieved when an opportunity offered of taking refuge at Hampton Court or Windsor; and when the *posse comitatus* from St. James's broke in upon her retreat, her attitude very much resembles that of an unfortunate hare surprised in its form. "There was a drawing-room to-day at court," says Swift, writing from Windsor, "but so few company, that the Queen sent for us into her bedchamber, where we made our bows, and stood, about twenty of us, round the room, while she looked at us round with her fan in her mouth, and once a minute said about three words to some that were nearest her; and then she was told dinner was ready, and went out." The poor woman had been so unceremoniously pulled about in the struggle between Whig and Tory to seize or retain hold of her, that she felt alarm when any of them came near her.

Of George I. Lady Mary Wortley Montague avers that he "could speak no English, and was past the learning of it." He must have felt in England like a fish out of water. At his first council-board there was only one minister (Mr. Wortley) of whom it is affirmed with certainty that he could speak French: in the 'Introductory Anecdotes' to Lord Wharncliffe's edition of Lady Mary's Letters, it is hesitatingly suggested that "perhaps" Lord Halifax spoke it also. German was out of the question. Walpole is said always to have conversed with his Majesty in Latin—of the purity of which his loss of half-a-guinea to Pulteney, by solemn decision of the Speaker in face of the assembled House of Commons, on a wager respecting the accuracy of a Latin quotation, is not calculated to convey a very exalted idea. So the King left matters of state, in so far as Great Britain was concerned, to be managed by his ministers. Lady Mary—but point was of more weight with her in retailing a story than truth—alleges that he never felt quite easy on the score of his right to the throne. "The natural honesty of his temper, joined with the narrow notions of a low education, made him look upon his acceptance of the crown as an act of usurpation, which was always uneasy to him." He lived in St. James's Palace like a quiet private gentleman of independent fortune. His evening parties consisted of the Germans who formed his familiar society, a few English ladies, and fewer Englishmen; who amused themselves "soberly," as Lady Townley would say, at cards, under the presidency of Mademoiselle de Schulenberg, afterwards Duchess of Kendal, whom he was suspected to have married with the left hand. When seeking pleasure out of doors of an evening he "went to the play or opera in a sedan-chair, and sat, like another gentleman, in the corner of a lady's box, with a couple of Turks in waiting, instead of lords or grooms of the bedchamber."

Yet even into this dull circle did livelier thoughts intrude. The old King, who Lady Mary says was "rather dull than lazy," liked to look upon a pretty face, and therefore affected her society much in the same way that the Laird of Dumbiedikes stuck to the apron string of Jeannie Deans. In the work already quoted a descendant of that lively lady has recorded a pleasing incident, the memory of which has been preserved by family tradition:—"She had on one evening a particular engagement that made her wish to be dismissed unusually early; she explained her reasons to the Duchess of Kendal, and the Duchess informed the King, who, after a few complimentary remonstrances, appeared to acquiesce. But when he saw her about to take her leave, he began battling the point afresh, declaring it was unfair and perfidious to cheat him in such a manner, and saying many other fine things, in spite of which she at last contrived to escape. At the foot of the great stairs she ran against Mr. Secretary Craggs, just coming in, who stopped her to inquire what was the matter—was the company put off? She told him why she went away, and how urgently the King had pressed her to stay longer, possibly dwelling on that head with some small complacency. Mr. Craggs made no remark, but when he had heard all, snatching her up in his arms, as a nurse carries a child, he ran full speed with her upstairs, deposited her within the ante-chamber, kissed both her hands respectfully, still saying not a word, and vanished. The pages, seeing her returned, they knew not how, hastily threw open the inner door, and before she had recovered her breath she found herself in the King's presence. '*Ah! la revoilà!*' cried he and the Duchess, extremely pleased, and began thanking her for her obliging change of mind. Lady Mary, bewildered, fluttered, and entirely off her guard, beginning with 'Oh, Lord, Sir! I have been so frightened!' told his Majesty the whole story, exactly as she would have told it to any one else. He had not done exclaiming, nor his Germans wondering, when again the door flew open, and the attendants announced Mr. Secretary Craggs, who, but that moment arrived, it should seem, entered with the usual obeisance, and with as composed an air as if nothing had happened. '*Mais comment donc, Monsieur Craggs,*' said the King, going up to him, *'est-ce que c'est l'usage de ce pays de porter des belles dames comme un sac de froment?'* The minister, struck dumb by this unexpected attack, stood a minute or two, not knowing which way to look; then, recovering his self-possession, answered with a low bow, 'There is nothing I would not do for your Majesty's satisfaction.' This was coming off tolerably well; but he did not forgive the tell-tale culprit, in whose ear, watching his opportunity, when the King turned from him, he muttered a bitter reproach, with a round oath to enforce it, 'which I durst not resent,' continued she, 'for I had drawn it upon myself; and indeed I was heartily vexed at my own imprudence.'"

George II. could speak English after a fashion, but he was, nevertheless, scarcely less taciturn than his predecessor. Father and son brought with them a coolness from Germany. Lady Mary attributes it to the anxiety of the Princess (afterwards Queen Caroline) to isolate her husband from his family, in order to obtain an entire ascendancy over him: probably, however, the conduct of his father towards his mother was the commencement of the domestic feud. Whatever the source of the quarrel, it ended in such a coldness towards his family as left him entirely under the government of his wife. The indolent Elector contented himself with showing his resentment by his silence towards him; and this was the situation the family first appeared in when they came to England. The strong common sense, integrity, and repressed energy of the character of George II. were things Lady Mary either could not discern or could not appreciate: to the foibles and *gaucherie* of that Prince she was lynx-eyed. Perhaps disappointment sharpened her apprehension—he had betrayed unequivocal symptoms of warm admiration till he learned that the lady frequented his father's private parties, after which he grew cool and distant.

The pride which prevented him explaining or defending any action, however startling it might appear to others, as for example the suppression of his father's will, left the parties opposed to him in all his quarrels, domestic or public, to tell their own story. He was not a man to conceal his dislikes. From the energetic mode in which he expressed them, and his carelessness of appearances, an unfavourable impression of his temper went abroad. His only marriage, however, was a marriage of affection; and till the day of his death he never attempted to describe a beautiful woman but he unconsciously drew a picture of his wife. He was stern to his son; but the boisterous emptiness of that unfortunate Prince—the "Fred, who was alive, and is dead" of the lampoons of his day—converted by faction into a thorn in his father's side, was sufficiently provoking. The simple statement of Horace Walpole, who entertained no very kindly feelings towards George II., indicates a terrible convulsion in the breast of the cold, silent monarch, when told of his son's death:—"As soon as the Prince of Wales was dead, Lord North was sent to notify it to the King, who was playing at cards. He immediately went down to Lady Yarmouth, looking extremely pale and shocked, and only said *'Il est mort.'*" His unwonted gentleness and constant kindness to the widow show that the impression was lasting. Everything in his history betrays the working of an energetic character under a rigid exterior; but the courtiers who surrounded him for the most part saw only the external effigy of a man; his thoughts were not about the matters in which they took an interest, and were not communicated to them.

A court is always more or less a scene of *persiflage*. Its habitual frequenters seek to relieve the heavy sense of the formality of etiquette by turning it into jest in their asides. In a court where the monarch, even when present in the body, might be conceived to be absent in the spirit, this disposition naturally run riot. Poor timid Anne was not a person to impose much restraint by her presence. Liberties were taken with her more energetic successors, partly because it was presumed that they did not understand what was going on, partly because the pert frivolities of the court, in an age when the aristocracy had gained so striking a victory over the Crown, could not bring themselves to believe that the great feudatories of the empire were of a higher nobility than the Peers of England, and made mockery of manners which differed from their own. The first two German monarchs remained through life exotics caged in St. James's as palpably as any canaries brought from the Rhine. Their attendants frisked in their presence with as little care and deference for them as sparrows testify in the presence of a wooden eagle.

The Whigs and Tories of the days of Queen Anne bandied angry looks even in her presence. Swift, in his 'Journal to Stella,' has an entry under the date December 16, 1711, which indicates the terms on which the hostile factions mingled within the walls of St. James's:—"I took courage and went to Court with a very cheerful countenance. It was mightily crowded; both parties coming to observe each other's faces. I have avoided Lord Halifax's bow till he forced it upon me; but we did not talk together. I could not make less than fourscore bows, of which about twenty might be to Whigs." It was only, however, for great occasions that strong expressions of feeling were reserved. They were more accustomed like cats to deal a sudden, and by the bystanders scarcely noticed scratch, from a paw of velvet. The letters of Lady Mary Wortley Montague, and Horace Walpole, and their noble contemporaries, are the perfection of the habitual style of conversation in the circles in which they moved. The genius of no single man ("nor woman either, though by your smiling you seem to say so") could have accumulated such stores of satirical gossip. The literary talents of the two writers we have named enabled them to give a lasting form to the rich materials which the collective gossips of the Court had been accumulating for half a century; and the language they employed had been polished and pointed by the successive efforts of Hervey, Chesterfield, and a whole host of kindred spirits. It was an age of lampoons. the members of the Court circle, not contented with laughing at each other, called in the public to share in the sport. "In those old days," says Lady Louisa Stuart, "people's brains being more nimble than their fingers, ballads swarmed as abundantly as caricatures are swarming at present, and were struck off almost as hastily, whenever wit and humour or malice and scurrility found them a theme to fasten upon. A ballad was sure to follow every incident that had in it a ludicrous corner from

'A woful christening late there did
In James's house befal,'

and the king's turning his son and daughter out of doors after it, down to a lady's dropping her shoe in the Park.* Though printed on the coarsest paper, sung about the streets and sold for halfpence, they often came from no mean quarter" —or were purchased by people of rank to pass off as their own.

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* To the same class belong Sir Charles Williams's "Jekyll's Ghost appearing to Sandys," in imitation of

The costume of the age assisted the development of this highly-prized talent for *persiflage*. The wearers of such solid frames of whalebone and buckram must have felt whenever they put them on that they were arming themselves to do battle. They could not converse out of them, without feeling that they were pitted against each other like controversial divines stuck up face to face in opposing pulpits. Feeling themselves armed, the impulse to lay about them was irresistible. A court so attired could not fail to grow up into a huge "School for Scandal." And on the other hand, one can scarcely conceive the spirit which animates that comedy fully developed in the pliable, accessible, modern dress. Shut up with themselves, and shut out from others by these barricades, people could not get near enough each other to acquire a fellow-feeling. This was, in great part, the secret of the constant interchange of polished sarcasms among the Chesterfields, Lady Mary Wortley Montagues, and Horace Walpoles. This tone could not survive the change of costume. When court dresses came to be assumed only upon the occasion of visits to court, their wearers did not feel sufficiently at home in them to turn them to account. Once was it our lot to see a "Reform M.P." for Birmingham, on quitting a *levee*, unable to find a coach, and obliged to walk uneasily and shamefacedly through the crowd of modern dresses; the very picture of David, essaying in vain to walk in the armour of Saul. Cumbrous it was, the costume of the Georgian era, but not so utterly fantastic and uncomfortable as men now deem it. The dress, though it looks stiff to us, sat lightly on those accustomed to it. Its wearers were not altogether assimilated to their outward integuments. They had minds above buttons, though encased in embroidered coats and seven-fold hoops: they could laugh at their own figures:—"As Prince Eugene" (the narrator is Swift, and the time 1712) "was going with Mr. Secretary to court, he told him, 'that Mr. Hoffman, the emperor's resident, said to his highness, that it was not proper to go to court without a long wig, and his was a tied-up one. Now, says the prince, I know not what to do: for I never had a long periwig in my life; and I have sent to all my valets and footmen to see whether any of them have one, that I might borrow it; but none of them had any.' Was not this spoken very greatly, with some sort of contempt? But the secretary said, 'It was a thing of no consequence, and only observed by gentlemen ushers.'" And what was defective in that age's costume in form, was made up by its richness and variety in colour; even clergymen looked more gaily then than beaux do now:—"My dress," says Swift, giving an account of a pleasure excursion in Windsor Park, "was light camlet, faced with red velvet, and silver buttons."

There have been awkward cubs in all times. In the age of chivalry, there were knights so awkward as to be sure to be unhorsed, whoever laid spear in rest against them; and in the "Augustan age" of England there were individuals

William and Margaret, and his "Jekyll's Ghost appearing to Lord Hervey." From a passage in H. Walpole's Memoirs of George II., the caricature seems to have been growing into fashion about the time of Byng's trial:—"Anson was joined in all the satiric prints with his father-in-law, Newcastle and Fox. A new species of this manufacture was invented by Charles Townshend; these were caricatures on cards. The original one, which had an amazing vent, was of Newcastle and Fox looking at each other, and crying, with *Peachum* in *The Beggar's Opera*, 'Brother, brother, we are both in the wrong.'"

upon whom court dresses and court costumes sat uneasily. "It is meat and drink to me," said Touchstone, "to see a fool." The feeling is universal: every helpless awkward lout is a Sampson in civilised society—drawn out to make mirth to the Philistines. Not that they were "all fools" to whom at times it fell to be "the cause of wit in others." Bubb Doddington was no fool: he could take tolerably good care of number one, and had a taste for books and splendid furniture. His rich birthday suits, say his biographers, were cut up to make hangings for his state-beds. But Bubb was "a full solempne man," and the sufferings of the grave Malvolio, among the high fantastical inmates of the house of the Lady Olivia are but typical of the lot of all that tribe—the men who have more weight in manner than in matter. Bubb was so exquisite in his kind, that for the flouters of his day to think of improving him seems almost like the thought of gilding refined gold, and adding a perfume to the violet. The gravity and good faith with which, when entering in his Diary the defeat of some of his "*manœuvres aux choux et aux raves*," he adds, with all the resignation of a saint, his determination to retire into private life, because "out of office it is impossible to serve one's country," seems unsurpassable. Yet the wicked wits of his day did sometimes contrive to take their game out of Bubb. "On the birthday of the Prince of Wales," says Horace Walpole, writing of the events of 1759, "Doddington standing in the circle, the Princess passed him without speaking, the Prince just spoke to him, but affected to cough and walked on; the little Princes, less apprized of his history and accustomed to see him there, talked a good deal to him. Charles Townshend, who stood behind and observed the scene, leaned forward, and in a half-whisper cried, 'Doddington, you are damned well with the youngest.'" Strictly speaking, this is firing a shot out of bounds, for this occurred at Carlton House—but it is characteristic of the class which frequented both houses. What follows occurred in St. James's, and to Lord Chesterfield—for *nemo omnibus horis sapit*—even adroit courtiers are caught napping. The Countess of Yarmouth, we learn from Horace Walpole, "had a son by the king (George II.), who went by the name of Monsieur Louis, but he was not owned." "The day Lord Chesterfield kissed hands on being appointed secretary of state, after so long an absence from court, he met Sir William Russel, one of the pages, in the ante-chamber of St. James's, and began to make him a thousand compliments and excuses for not having been yet to wait on him and his mamma. The boy heard him with great tranquillity: when the speech was at an end, he said, 'My Lord, I believe you scarce designed all these honours for me: I suppose you took me for Monsieur Louis!'"

This system of laughing and tilting at each other with lances made of wasp-stings was reserved for the especial amusement of "the order." It is customary to regard the aristocracy of Great Britain as less exclusive, less antique, than that of some continental nations. This is a mistake. The individual creations may be most of them comparatively recent, but in a great majority of instances the parties raised to the peerage have belonged already to the class which has the *entrée*—cadet branches of older houses; or if of unadulterated plebeian origin, the title has generally had to perform a sort of *semi*-quarantine, until by dint of intermarriages it was held that a sufficient quantity of noble blood had been transfused into the veins of its wearer. It is not exactly the possession or want of a title that ennobles in England; there are country gentlemen of old family, whom a new title would degrade in point of real rank. This comparative unimportance of the mere title renders, in England, the line of demarcation between commoners and the aristocracy more fluctuating and undefined; there is perhaps a wider range for the nondescript to occupy, but those within the pale do not the less on this account hug themselves on their privileges. Read what Byron, Horace Walpole, and Lady Mary say of plebeian authors who dare say a word in disparagement of "the order," or (what seems more unpardonable still) in favour of it, and as if they were acquainted with its habits and feelings. It was only these high-born or high-bred personages, who were understood to be framed of china-biscuit instead of ordinary clay, in whom such liberties were tolerated. An attempt on the part of one of the vulgar to join in the merriment immediately made the whole circle compose their features, and draw themselves up with as much reserved dignity as the Vicar of Wakefield's daughters when Miss Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs and her accomplished companion sailed into farmer Flamborough's kitchen. Even the audacious Swift, who was never at peace except when engaged in a squabble, was made to feel this and quail before it. "Arbuthnot," he says, in the 'Journal to Stella,' "made me draw up a sham subscription for a book, called a 'History of the Maids of Honour since Harry the Eighth; showing they make the best Wives: with a List of all the Maids of Honour since,' &c.; to pay a crown in hand, and the other crown upon the delivery of the book; and all in the common form of these things. We got a gentleman to write it fair, because my hand is known, and we sent it to the maids of honour, when they came to supper. If they bite at it, 'twill be a very good Court jest; and the Queen will certainly have it." This is written in the overweening confident spirit which characterises the whole of the 'Journal'—the dream that he was advancing rapidly along the high road to fortune. What follows, written after the lapse of a fortnight, reminds one irresistibly of Launce, leading his disgraced dog out of the Duke's palace—only Swift did not, like his prototype, take the whipping on himself:—"Mrs. Forster taxed me yesterday about the 'History of the Maids of Honour;' but I told her fairly it was no jest of mine, for I found they did not relish it altogether well."

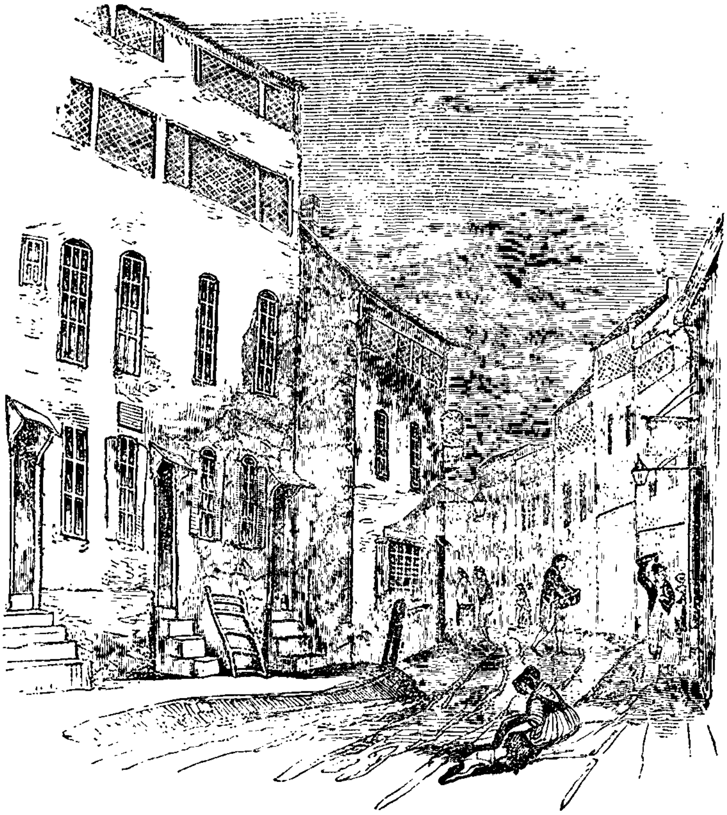
It peeps out here that the proud man of letters fretted and chafed at the position which he felt he occupied at Court. He tells Stella that he had got into a scrape by speaking his mind too freely of the quality of the wine served out to the palace-tables to which he was admitted; and he affords us a peep at the style in which his official brethren, the chaplains, were entertained:—"I never dined with the chaplains till to-day; but my friend Gastrel and the Dean of Rochester had often invited me, and I happened to be disengaged: it is the worst-provided table at Court. We ate on pewter: every chaplain when he is made a dean gives a piece of plate, and so they have got a little, some of it very old." The Court chaplains seem to have stood nearly on the same footing in the royal establishment as the Sir Rogers of the old comedies did in the families of "fine old country gentlemen." Though Swift kicked against the state of vassalage, there have been genuine Sir Rogers among the courtly brotherhood, as witness a note appended in some editions of Swift's works to the passage just quoted, with the signature N.:—"This good old custom is still observed, and there is now a very handsome stock of plate." It may be remarked by the way that about the time of Swift's venting this groan, the 'Tatler' was fighting stoutly for a more decorous treatment of domestic chaplains, in virtue of their sacred office. It is not improbable that these remonstrances had some effect, and that they began to be treated in gentlemen's families more as equals, for in a very short time the office fell into abeyance.

The maids of honour who received the jokes of the chaplains so snappishly were no unapt analogons of the Abigails who, in the old comedies above alluded to, are generally introduced as counterparts to the ghostly official. These mawkins burrowed in St. James's like does in a rabbit-warren, and each Princess of Wales had her complement. Miss Chudleigh, the celebrated Duchess of Kingston, may be considered as the ideal of this malapert sect. A story is told which, whether true or false, is characteristic both of George II. and of the lady's transcendant impudence. Apartments in Hampton Court Palace having been allotted to her mother, the King good-naturedly asked Miss Chudleigh one day how the old lady felt in her new abode:—"Oh, very well, if the poor woman had only a bed to lie upon!" "That oversight must be repaired," said the King. On this hint the maid of honour (who continued a maid of honour for twenty years after her clandestine marriage with the Hon. Mr. Hervey, afterwards Earl of Bristol) acted; and in due time there appeared among the royal household accounts, "To a bed and furniture for the apartments of the Hon. Mrs. Chudleigh, 4000*l.*" The King who, though decidedly fond of money, was a man of his word, paid the bill, but remarked, that if Mrs. Chudleigh found the bed as hard as he did, she would never sleep in it. It would require a whole book to recapitulate the scrapes and escapades of these volatile inmates of the palace.

Enough has been said to show that the Palace of St. James's during the time that it was the royal residence, notwithstanding the dullness of its outward appearance, as grotesque and stiff as the old grenadiers stuck up at its gateway in some old prints, has witnessed merry doings within its walls. Somewhat incline they did to romping. In a court where a stately, self-admiring monarch like Louis XIV. was the central point of observation, and the sovereign arbiter of conduct, a well-ordered stateliness reigned. But,—"when the cat's away the mice will play,"—in a Court where the sovereign was little more than an effigy of state, it was to be expected that the attendants would enact "high life below stairs." To such a pitch had their waywardness risen, about the time of the accession of George III., that it had attracted the *serious* attention of Selina Countess of Huntingdon; the good lady made desperate efforts to establish a mission within the walls—to introduce Whitfield—and at one time, it would appear from her letters, she even flattered herself that she had made an impression upon the mind of one maid of honour. The project failed. The Methodists made something of the ragged rascality of St. Giles's, but the devils which possessed the demireps of St. James's were not for their casting out. But what the preaching of the pious Countess could not accomplish, was effected in a good measure by the watchful and wary discipline of the consort of George III. Queen Charlotte succeeded at least in enforcing upon her maids of honour the observance of external decorum.

Having no wish to walk upon concealed embers, we refrain from touching upon the Court of George III. The Big-endians and Little-endians are still too fierce in their controversy regarding the merits of the good old King and his bob-wig to admit an impartial writer being allowed to discuss the merits of the latter with impunity. The higher affairs of state of which the memories haunt the walls of St. James's belong rather to a history of Great Britain than of London. Pass we them, then, unsung, from the appearance of the King and Queen at the balcony to see the treasure captured by the Hermione in the Spanish galleons go down St. James's Street and along Pall Mall, to the imposing procession of the periwig makers of London, to present their petition that His Majesty (then in his twenty-fifth year) would most graciously condescend to wear a wig for the encouragement of their trade—from the assault of the maniac Margaret Nicholson upon her sovereign to the ceremony of dubbing the Hatfield knights. If in the days of its glory St. James's was an unsightly husk containing a rich kernel, its local position was in excellent keeping with its character; for was there not its own stately park behind, and the shop in which Gilray's caricatures were exposed for sale before it?

Long may the structure remain undefaced by the Vandal hands of men of taste—a monument of an age of which Great Britain has no reason to be ashamed. As yet Reynolds was not, nor Byron, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Scott; and yet, without the reflected radiance of imaginative art and literature, a court did exist which for sturdy intrinsic worth and social polish was quite as good as that of any Augustuses, or Medici, or Louises of them all. Something there might be in its external appearance more akin to Hogarth than to Raffaelle—to Fielding than to Ariosto; but a fine spirit may be found inhabiting an uncouth form. The courtiers who inspired the graceful pictures of Pope were no clowns. It must have been a finished grace in the deportment of Miss Chudleigh that enabled her to win the admiration even of the fastidious Richardson. "Love's youngest daughter, fair Lepel," must have been beautiful in reality as in song. The Gunnings, Lady Mary Wortley Montague, Miss Peggy Bankes—they were less lucky in sprightly wits to celebrate their charms, but no less charming in reality than their predecessors of the court of Charles II. Nor were the men themselves to be despised. Braver soldiers than the Stairs and Conways no monarch need wish to see at his side, or more gracefully, fervidly ambitious than the Pulteneys and Pitts. Chesterfield and Horace Walpole stand high among those who knew how to lend an additional charm to the small talk of society by giving it an elegant *tournure*. And was there not George Selwyn, unrivalled in any age in his own peculiar line, with his *penchant* for executions and his stories innumerable? They were good times, and deserve to be held in honoured remembrance; as we may make our own, if we follow the example set us by the men who then lived—be what we really are, and seek our own happiness after our own fashion, without thinking too curiously "what will Mrs. Grundy say?" There was a glorious self-will about the English mind in the first half of the eighteenth century, which, if it produced much that was grotesque, gave birth to much that had the charm of a hearty sincerity about it. May the dingy walls of St. James's long stand the express image of those times!



[Pelham Street, Spitalfields.]

XLIX.—SPITALFIELDS.

Were we to speak of the "philosophy of the roofs of houses," it would doubtless be deemed an odd innovation on the established range and scope of philosophy. Yet, though odd, it is not worthless: the busy scenes presented in our streets, the diversity of purpose to which the lower stories of our houses are appropriated, the changes in form and fashion observable in house-architecture, the varied adaptation to the extended wants and tastes of the inmates,—have all been prominent objects for study, on the part of the painter, the poet, the statesman, the topographer. But is there nothing to be gleaned from a more elevated point of sight? Is the region of attics and garrets, roofs and chimneys, a barren one? Let us see.

We will suppose the reader to be accompanying us in a short trip on the Eastern Counties Railway, which, commencing in Shoreditch, cuts through a densely-populated mass of buildings before getting into the open country, and which, from the necessity for leaving space for the street-traffic beneath, is elevated to the level of the roofs. During the very few minutes consumed in the passage through this district, an active glance around shows us a remarkable similarity in the upper parts of the houses. House after house presents, at the upper stories, ranges of windows totally unlike those of common dwelling-houses, and more nearly resembling those of a factory or a range of workshops. Many streets are seen, some parallel with the railway, and others intersecting it, in which every house without exception possesses these wide, lattice-like windows; more frequently at the upper than the lower part of the house. The rapidity of our movement prevents any distinct cognizance of the purpose to which these wide-windowed rooms are devoted; yet it is not difficult to detect here and there indications of the frame-work of a loom, and of woven substances of different colours. The windows tell their own tale; they throw light upon the labours of the *Spitalfields Weavers*, who, almost without exception, inhabit the houses here spoken of. In some cases, particularly northward of the railway, the upper stories only are lighted by these wide windows; but in glancing southward the eye meets with many clusters of houses, every story of which exhibits the indication of a weaver's home.

But the *roofs* of the houses; what of them? Many and many a roof exhibits a piece of apparatus which on steady inspection is seen to be a kind of bird-trap; or else another specimen of mechanism, which, resembling a pigeon-house in appearance, seems to be used as a large cage. Other districts in London are sparingly decked out in a similar way; but so thick are the instances in Spitalfields, that they form one of the characteristics of the spot;—a characteristic expressed in other words by saying that the weavers of Spitalfields and Bethnal Green are the most famous bird-catchers in or near London. These men supply the greater part of the singing-birds, such as linnets, woodlarks, goldfinches, greenfinches, and chaffinches, found in London: sometimes spreading their nets in the fields northward of the metropolis; and at other times finding a market for their birds in the eastern part of London. The erections on the roofs of the houses have reference to these bird-fancying, bird-catching propensities of the weavers.

On leaving the railway, and the bird's-eye view which it has afforded us, and traversing the mass of streets which it intersects, the sight presented is not a cheering and pleasing one: it tells too largely of misery and wretchedness; of human beings cooped up in narrow streets; and it presents but a slender number of churches and chapels, of squares and open places, of institutions and public buildings, all of which, in various ways and in different degrees, would exercise a humanizing effect.

It is not easy to express the general idea respecting Spitalfields as a district. There is a parish of that name, or rather having the name of Christchurch, Spitalfields: but this parish contains a small portion only of the silk-weavers; and it is probable that most persons apply the term Spitalfields to the whole district where the weavers reside. In this enlarged acceptation we will lay down something like a boundary in the following manner:—Begin at Shoreditch Church, and proceed along the Hackney Road till it is intersected by the Regent's Canal; follow the course of the Canal to the Mile-end Road; proceed westward from thence through Whitechapel to Aldgate; from Aldgate through Houndsditch to Bishopsgate Street; and thence northward to the point whence the tour was commenced. This boundary encloses an irregularly-shaped district, in which nearly the whole of the weavers reside; and as these weavers are universally known as "Spitalfields" weavers, the entire district is frequently called Spitalfields, although including large portions of Bethnal Green, Shoreditch, Whitechapel, and Mile-end New Town.

By far the larger portion of this extensive district was open fields until comparatively modern times. Bethnal Green was really a green, and Spitalfields, like Goodman's-fields and Moorfields, were really covered with grassy sward in the last century. But towards the south-west corner of the district in the nook bounded on three sides by Bishopsgate Street, Houndsditch, and Whitechapel, are many antiquated buildings, and associations connected with others still more ancient. Some of these have especial reference to the name and the early history of Spitalfields; and to these we must devote a brief notice.

Bishopsgate Street is separated into two at the part where the gate formerly stood; the southern section having the appellation "Within" appended to its name, and "Without" to the northern. The continuation of the latter street is called Norton Folgate, and at the junction of the two is a small street leading eastward into *Spital Square.* Let the reader visit this quiet, unobtrusive, irregularly-shaped "Square," and look around him. He will see none but sober-looking brick houses; yet is there much material for thought. He is in the heart of the silk-district of London, the centre from whence that employment springs by which the weavers are supported. A large proportion of the houses in this square are inhabited by silk-manufacturers, who purchase raw and thrown silk from the merchants, and employ throwsters and weavers to bring it into those forms so familiar to all; the humble operatives living for the most part eastward of this spot. By carrying the thoughts back to the middle of the last century, we may view this Square as *Spital Yard,* nearly surrounded by houses as at present. A farther retrospect of another century presents the Square to our view as an open plot of ground, with a pulpit standing in the north-east corner, and a house near it for the accommodation of the Lord Mayor and Corporation during the preaching of the Spital sermons. A still more remote view exhibits this open area as part of the burial-ground immediately adjacent to the Spital or Priory from which the district takes its name.

Passing from Spital Square towards the north, we enter upon the mass of streets which occupy the space between it and the Railway; and among these White Lion Street, and portions of the adjacent streets, together with the northern side of Spital Square, point out pretty nearly the spot where the Spital once stood. The erection of this house of charity—for such it appears to have been in many respects – is dated more than six centuries back. Stow tells us in his 'Survey'—"Next I read in a charter, dated in the year 1235, that Walter Brune, citizen of London, and Rosia his wife, having founded the priory or new hospital of Our Blessed Lady, since called St. Mary Spittle without Bishopsgate, confirmed the same to the honour of God and Our Blessed Lady for Canons regular, the nineteenth of Henry III." Although the institution thus appears to have partaken of a monastic character, yet there are indications, scattered through the writings of our early chroniclers, that provision was made for poor travellers, and persons in sickness or distress. The names of the successive priors have been preserved, as have likewise those of many eminent persons who were buried within its precincts. From time to time wealthy and benevolent citizens presented sums of money to the priory, either in aid of its general funds, or for some special purpose. But the time at length arrived when this—like most other establishments of the kind in England—suffered from the ruthless hand of Henry VIII. In the year 1534 the Spital was dissolved; and at its surrender evidence was shown of the good offices to which the revenues had partially, at least, been appropriated: for "besides ornaments of the church and other goods pertaining to the hospital, there were found standing one hundred and eighty beds, well furnished, for receipt of the poor of charity; for it was an hospital of great relief." By the time that Stow wrote, the ground on which the Spital had stood, and which had been given to one Stephen Vaughan by Henry VIII., was occupied by "many fair houses, builded for receipt and lodging of worshipful and honourable men." When or by whom the priory itself was pulled down does not clearly appear. Bagford, in a letter to Hearne, in Leland's 'Collectânea,' speaks of the priory as being then standing, and as being strongly built of timber, with a turret at one corner. At various periods in the early part of the last century portions of the priory ruins were discovered in or near the houses adjacent to the northern side of Spital Square, one of which houses was occupied by the celebrated Bolingbroke.

The Square itself, which is so named by a most ingenious misapplication of terms, is nearly coincident with a plot of ground once belonging to the Spital, and devoted to open-air preaching. A pulpit existed there nearly five centuries ago, and, according to Mr. Ellis, ('History of Shoreditch,') stood at the north-east corner of Spital Square, nearly facing the spot now occupied by Sir George Wheler's Chapel. From this pulpit were originally preached the celebrated sermons known as the *Spital sermons,* forming three out of five which were wont to be preached at Easter time, one at Paul's Cross, on Good Friday, on the subject of the Crucifixion; three on the Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday in Easter week, at the Spital pulpit, on the Resurrection; and one, a kind of summary of the others, at Paul's Cross, on the Sunday after Easter. Near the south side of the pulpit was a house for the accommodation of the Lord Mayor, the Aldermen, their ladies, and persons of distinction from the court end of the town. A curious display of outward adorning took place on these occasions: for it seems that the city magistrates wore violet robes on the Good Friday, scarlet robes on the Monday and Tuesday, violet again on the Wednesday, and, lastly, scarlet on the following Sunday. The boys of Christ's Hospital, from the time of its formation, were accustomed to attend the Spital sermons; and did so annually until the pulpit was destroyed in the time of the civil wars. We meet with occasional announcements of distinguished persons having attended to hear these sermons, among whom were, on April 21, 1617, the Archbishop of Canterbury and the great Lord Bacon. On such occasions these distinguished persons became the guests of the Lord Mayor for the rest of the day, and were—as we are expressly informed, and may readily believe—"lovingly and honourably both welcomed and entertained with a most liberal and bountiful dinner." For the subsequent history of the Spital sermons a few words will suffice: from the Restoration to the year 1797 they were preached at St. Bride's Church, and since that time at Christ Church, Newgate Street.

The destruction of the Spital pulpit seems to have been soon followed by the erection of houses around the open spot in which it had been placed; and many of these houses, by the cruel and most impolitic persecution of the Protestants by Louis XIV., became after a time the abode of the master silk-manufacturers, driven from home and country by that proscription. Of this persecution and its effects we shall have more to say in a subsequent page: let us then shift the scene, and move a little to the south of Spital Square. Duke Street, Steward Street, Sun Street, and some others in the immediate vicinity, occupy the site of an old artillery-ground, once known as *Tasell Close*, where the tasells or teazles used in the cloth manufacture were cultivated. It was afterwards let by the Priory, to whom it belonged, to the cross-bow makers, for exercise in the art of shooting. Through the medium of Henry VIII. the last prior granted a lease of the ground for "thrice ninety-nine years" to the Artillery Company. The Artillery Ground was in Stow's time used by the gunners of the Tower, who repaired thither every Thursday to exercise their great artillery against a mound of earth which served as a butt. A century afterwards Pepys narrates:—"April 20, 1669, in the afternoon we walked to the old Artillery Ground, near the Spitalfields, where I never was before, but now by Captain Deane's invitation did go to see his new gun tried, this being the place where the officers of the ordnance do try all their great guns." The word "*old*," used here, may be explained by stating that the Artillery Company removed from Spitalfields to Finsbury in or about the year 1640: so that for many years there were the *old* and the *new* Artillery Grounds. The former, however, ceased to exist in our maps in the early part of the last century, although the street called Artillery Lane still remains to point out the locality.

It may now not unreasonably be asked, where and what is Spital-*fields?* We must go farther eastward to arrive at what once was the field of the Spital. A street called Crispin Street, on the western side of Spitalfields Market, is nearly coincident in position with the eastern wall of the old Artillery Ground, and this wall separated the ground from Spitalfields, which stretched out far eastward. Great indeed is the change which this portion of the district has undergone. Rows of small houses, inhabited by weavers and other humble persons, and pent up far too closely for the maintenance of health, now cover the greater part of the green spot once known as Spitalfields. Thanks to the improving spirit of the times, there will ere long be a Victoria Park, to let in a healthy breeze upon the busy world of the east end. This projected park, although somewhat eastward of the district in which the weavers' reside, will be an important improvement to this part of London, and is under the management of the Commissioners of Woods and Forests, who obtained an Act, empowering them to purchase, with the proceeds of the sale of York House, a large area of ground near Bethnal Green (now occupied principally by fields), for the purpose of converting it into a park. The plot of ground, which is of irregular shape, is a little larger than St. James's Park, and is bounded on the south by Sir George Ducket's Canal (sometimes called the Lea Union Canal); on the west by the

Regent's Canal, which here bends southward towards the river; on the east by Old Ford Lane, leading from Old Ford to Hackney Wick; and on the north by an irregular line of fields. It is intended to build elegant houses at different parts of the boundary to the park, in some degree resembling those of the Regent's Park; while the interior area will be laid out in shrubberies, grass plats, walks, drives, &c. According to the plans, which we have seen (given in the 'Westminster Review' for October, 1841), there will be no ornamental water in the Victoria Park, although in other respects no pains will be spared to render the spot picturesque, healthy, and satisfactory to all.

In the 'Map of London in the time of Queen Elizabeth,' we find the "Spittle-Fields" at the north-east extremity of London, not only fields properly so termed, but quite "in the country," free from houses on all sides, excepting the few buildings on the site of the Spital. Of the state of this field in Elizabeth's reign Stow writes, "On the east side of this (*i. e.* the Spital) churchyard lieth a large field, of old time called Lolesworth, now Spittlefield, which about the year 1576 was broken up for clay to make brick." A century later, as indicated in the 'Map of London at the Time of the Great Fire,' we find the spot still under the name of *Spittle-fields*, but greatly altered in externals. It is represented as a square field, with the Artillery Ground on the west, and a boundary of houses nearly surrounding it. There is a small pamphlet in the British Museum called 'A Faire in Spittlefields,' which throws a light on one, at least, of the purposes to which this field was at that period appropriated. The pamphlet is a kind of satirical account, in verse, of a day's proceedings at Spitalfields about the year 1658. It appears that the populace, having become somewhat chary in their belief in astrologers, conjurors, and mountebanks, were more loth than before to part with their money to such worthies; and the latter, before it was too late, determined

"to try
In one poore day to vent their foolerie;
Whereupon resolved to constitute a faire
In *Spittle Fields*, exposing each man's ware
To public view; and ere a full decay,
Having once sold their trinkets, haste away."

A sagacious resolve, but not a successful one. The pedlers deck out their stalls with "pritty whimsies," the crier opens the fair, and William Lilly appears, announcing his astrological wares, among which was "a prediction whether or no we shall have a monarchy." But no customers appeared, and Lilly made way for Nicholas Culpeper, contemptuously termed the "Vicar of St. Fools," who,

"with a handful of conceited knowledge,
Dare challenge all the doctores in the colledge."

He entreated the spectators to buy, urging them to

"bid money, tho' but little,
For night comes on, and we must leave the Spittle."

But in vain; he departed, and made way for Bowker, "whose face would fright a razor," and who announced certain secrets relating to the zodiac, &c.; with what success the last two lines inform us:—

"None would buy; wherefore they left the faire,
While people's shouts might seeme to rende the aire."

If we pass over the interval of another generation or two, we find the "Spittlefields," or the small streets which had by that time sprung up around them, the abode of a new race—a new knot of persons—who have ever since formed the most characteristic dwellers in the vicinity. Louis XIV. little thought that he was laying the groundwork for the establishment of the silk-manufacture in England when he drove his Protestant subjects from France at the point of the bayonet: there is something like a moral retribution in the result, which furnishes a lesson not wholly unprofitable. In order to understand the effect of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, in giving a spur to manufacture in England, and laying a foundation for the present system of operations in Spitalfields, it will be necessary to glance at the previous state of things in relation to the silk-trade.

It seems to have been about the thirteenth century that a large quantity of silk goods (then a rarity in Europe) first made their appearance in England. The novelty and splendour of the article seem to have excited general interest among our nobility; but the only means we have of knowing that the manufacture was commenced within a century afterwards in this country, is afforded by an Act of Parliament passed in the year 1363, in which certain restrictions were passed upon the merchants, shopkeepers, and artificers, as to the mode in which they should carry on their avocations, but with exceptions in favour of "female brewers, bakers, weavers, spinsters, and other women employed upon the works in wool, linen, or silk." From this time forward there appears to have been females designated "silk-women," employed in weaving small silk wares, such as ribbons, &c.; and for the protection of this class a law was passed in 1454 prohibiting, for the period of five years, the importation of foreign articles similar to those which were made by the silk-women of London. We have not been able to ascertain whether these silk-women inhabited any particular part of London; but it is quite certain that the districts now known as Spitalfields and Bethnal Green were at that time entirely in the country, and almost free from houses.

In 1463 a further protection was given to home manufacture by the prohibition of imported articles; among which are enumerated "laces, ribbons, and fringes of silk, silk twine, silk embroidered, tires of silk, purses, and girdles." At various times these restrictions were removed, a step which invariably led to the distress of the English silk-women: from which we may infer that the home manufacture, either in cheapness or quality, or both, was inferior to the foreign. There is evidence that down to the year 1500, and even later, the silk goods manufactured in England were small wares: for by an act of 1502, while it is made unlawful to import "silk ribands, laces, girdles, corses, and corses of tissues or points, upon pain of forfeiture of the same," any persons are permitted to import silk in other forms, whether manufactured or not. It was, indeed, more than a century after this that the manufacture of "broad-silks" (lustrings, satins, velvets, &c.) commenced in England. James I., after having in vain attempted to introduce silk-worms into this country, was more successful in advancing the manufacture: for, by affording some encouragement to Mr. Burlamach, a merchant of London, he induced some silk-throwsters, silk-dyers, and broad weavers to come to this country. A beginning being thus made in the manufacture of raw silk into broad silk fabrics, the workmen increased so rapidly, that, by the year 1629, the silk-throwsters of London formed a body of sufficient importance to be incorporated.

Several Acts of Parliament were past during the reign of Charles I., having reference to the silk manufacture. One in 1630 related to certain nefarious practices in the dyeing of silk, with precautions for its amendment; another, in 1638, laid down rules as to the dye materials which should be employed; a third enacted that the Weavers' Company (one of the oldest of the City Companies, established when the woollen manufacture formed the staple of English industry) were empowered to admit into their body a certain number of broad-silk weavers, provided the latter were "conformable to the laws of the Realm and to the Constitution of the Church of England." By the year 1661 the Company of silk-throwsters in London are said to have employed about forty thousand men, women, and children;* and an enactment was at the same time made, that no one should set up in that trade without serving an apprenticeship of seven years, and becoming free of the Throwsters' Company.

We now arrive at that period when the silk manufacture in England received its most marked change. The sad and dismal tale of the persecution of the Huguenots in France we are not called upon to narrate here: suffice it to say, that the Edict of Nantes, made by Henry IV., in 1598, in favour of the French Protestants, was revoked by Louis XIV. in 1685, and that the revocation was followed by the expatriation of vast numbers of that ill-judging monarch's best subjects, the number being variously estimated at from three hundred thousand to a million. Of these a considerable portion came to England, and those who made London their place of refuge are spoken of by Stow with equal good feeling and good sense. "The north-west parts of this parish," (Stepney, to which Spitalfields then belonged,) "Spittlefields and parts adjacent, of later times became a great harbour for poor Protestant strangers, Walloons and French; who, as in former days, so of late, have been found to become exiles from their own country for their religion, and for the avoiding cruel persecution. Here they have found quiet and security, and settled themselves in their several trades and occupations; *weavers* especially; whereby God's blessing is surely not only brought upon the parish, by receiving poor strangers, but also a great advantage hath accrued to the whole nation, by the rich manufacture of weaving silks, and stuffs, and camlets, which art they brought along with them. And this benefit also to the neighbourhood,—that these strangers may serve for patterns of thrift, honesty, industry and sobriety." It appears that in the year 1687 no fewer than thirteen thousand five hundred of the refugees were sheltered and relieved in London alone, of whom there were about five hundred families of the nobility, lawyers, divines, physicians, and merchants, and the rest artizans and husbandmen. 40,000*l.* was collected for them in one year; and four years afterwards Charles II. ordered that all such Protestant refugees should be allowed to come to any port of England with their goods and chattels free of duty; that they should receive letters of denization without charge; that an act should be passed for their naturalization; that they should have liberty to pursue their several avocations; and that they should have equal privileges with British natives.

The silk manufacture at Spitalfields, having received an extraordinary impulse from this occurrence, began to acquire considerable importance. The refugees introduced the weaving of the various silk fabrics then known by the names of lustrings, alamodes, brocades, satins, black and coloured mantuas, black paduasoys, ducapes, watered tabbies, and black velvets; but no sooner had the strangers made a firm footing in England, than, like their predecessors, they cried out for protection, and under the name of the Royal Lustring Company obtained an Act, prohibiting the importation of foreign lustrings and alamodes. The "Lustring Company" was however defeated—not by Acts of Parliament or foreign competition—but by a change of fashion, which drove lustrings and alamodes out of the markets. In 1718 the silk manufacture underwent an important change through the labours of Sir Thomas Lombe, who introduced from Italy the process of organzining (or preparing for the weaver) raw silk by machinery, and who received from Parliament a reward of 14,000*l.* for his ingenuity.

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* A gentleman, recently a partner in an eminent silk firm, informs us that this must be a gross exaggeration.

We cannot follow the history of the silk manufacture throughout England: it will be sufficient to say that in Spitalfields it advanced with great rapidity. The Weavers' Company of London, in a petition which they presented to the House of Commons in 1713, stated, that, owing to the encouragement afforded by the Crown and by divers Acts of Parliament, the silk manufacture at that time was twenty times greater in amount than in the year 1664; that all sorts of black and coloured silks, gold and silver stuffs, and ribbons, were made here as good as those of French fabric; and that black silk for hoods and scarfs, which twenty-five years before was all imported, was now made here to the annual value of more than 300,000*l.**

When Lombe's machine became used in England, it was confidently expected that the manufacture might be carried on wholly in this country, receiving from abroad nothing but the raw silk: it was found, however, that the importation of Italian organzined silk was indispensably necessary for the *warp* in the weaving process. To understand this, it will be necessary to glance at a few details relating to the manufacture. Most silk goods, like those of cotton, have obviously threads crossing each other at right angles and interlacing; and the same may be said of velvets and of woollen cloths, although the subsequent production of a *pile* or *nap* nearly conceals the threads. Those threads which extend lengthwise of the woven fabric are called the *warp* or *web*, while the cross-threads are termed the *weft* or *shoot*. Employing the terms *warp* and *shoot*, we may now state that in weaving silk these are made of different kinds of threads, the warp being formed of threads termed *organzine*, and the shoot by other threads called *tram*. The raw silk is imported from Italy, India, China, and a few other countries, in the form of skeins, and must pass through the hands of the "throwster" before the weaver is employed upon it. The throwster, by means of a machine, twists the silk into a slight kind of thread known as "singles," and these singles are combined to form tram or organzine. Tram is formed of two or three threads of silk lightly twisted together; but organzine is the result of a larger series of operations, which may be thus enumerated:—the raw silk is unwound from the skeins, and rewound upon bobbins; the silk so wound is sorted into different qualities; each individual thread is then spun, twisted or "thrown;" two or more of these spun threads are brought together upon fresh bobbins; and finally these combined threads are twisted to form organzine. The whole of these operations are included in the general term "silk throwing," and are entirely distinct from the weaving: nearly all the Spitalfields population engaged in the silk manufacture are *weavers;* the throwsters being spread over various parts of the country, and working in large factories known as silk-mills. The reader will understand, therefore, that when the weavers are stated to have preferred Italian organzine, even after the introduction of Lombe's machine, the preference relates to some particular quality in the Italian production, which fitted it to form the warp or "long threads" of silk goods, the shoot or "cross-threads" being sufficiently well made in England. This preference is said to exist even at the present day, notwithstanding the advance of English ingenuity; and Mr. Porter suggests, as a probable explanation of the alleged inferiority of English thrown silk, "that the climate may influence the quality of a substance so delicate, since it is well known that, during certain states of the atmosphere, the throwing of silk is performed in this country at a comparative disadvantage: or it may be that the fibre of the silk is injuriously affected by its being packed before twisting, or by the lengthened voyage to which it is subjected in its transit to this country; and the higher estimation uniformly evinced by our throwsters for silk of the new crop, over that which has lain for some time in the warehouse, would seem to indicate another cause for the alleged superiority of Italian organzine. It is owing to this preference of foreign thrown silk that, in the face of a high protecting duty, it has always met with a certain although limited demand from the English silk-weavers."

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* Mr. G. R. Porter's 'Treatise on the Silk Manufacture.'

During the reigns of Anne, George I., and George II., the Spitalfields' weavers appear to have increased in number, and to have been employed in various qualities of silk goods, principally those known as "broad silks;" but nevertheless, whether through any superiority in foreign manufacture, or through the influence of fashion, French silks continued to find their way into England, either by smuggling or by open trade, according to the state of the import laws. The English weavers then began to clamour for "double duties" on the foreign articles; but as the legislature did not seem disposed to grant the request, the weavers became more importunate, and went to the House of Commons on January 10, 1764, with "drums beating and banners flying," to demand the *total prohibition* of foreign silks. With this, of course, the legislature could not comply; but acts were passed, lowering the import duty on raw silk, and prohibiting the importation of silk ribbons, stockings, and gloves. The next year more demands were made, and to some extent granted, to prevent threatened outrage.

The celebrated "Spitalfields Acts" had their origin in disputes between the masters and men in regard to wages. The yielding of the legislature to the demands of the men had so emboldened them, that they took summary measures to compel an advance of wages from their employers, destroying the looms and the houses of those masters who refused to comply with the demands. To settle these disputes, an act was passed in 1773, empowering the aldermen of London and the magistrates of Middlesex to regulate, at the quarter sessions, the wages of journeymen silk-weavers, penalties being inflicted upon such masters as gave, and upon such journeymen as received or demanded, either more or less than should be thus settled by authority, and prohibiting any silk-weaver from having more than two apprentices at one time. In 1792 this act was made to include those weavers who worked upon silk mixed with other materials; and in 1811 the female weavers were brought under this regulation. These three enactments constituted the "Spitalfields Acts," which continued in force till 1824. In the present day, when the principles which regulate trade and commercial dealings are so much better understood than in the last century, the impolicy of such acts is very manifest. They were passed to get rid of an evil, but they originated an evil of a different kind: they were intended to protect both masters and men from unjust exactions on either part; but they imposed such restrictions on the mode of conducting the trade as drove many branches of the silk manufacture altogether from Spitalfields. A petition, which was presented to the House of Commons on May 9th, 1823, had so much effect in bringing about the repeal of the Spitalfields Acts, that we will extract from it a few passages showing the operation of these enactments. The aldermen and magistrates, up to that time, had the power of "limiting the number of threads to an inch in silk goods; restricting the widths of many sorts of work; and determining the quantity of labour not to be exceeded without extra wages." The petitioners stated that "these acts, by not permitting the masters to reward such of their workmen as exhibit superior skill and ingenuity, but compelling them to pay an equal price for all work, whether well or ill performed, have materially retarded the progress of improvement, and repressed industry and emulation." In consequence of an order from the magistrates that silk made by machinery should be paid for at the same rate as that made by hand, few improvements could be introduced; and "the London silk-loom, with a trifling exception, remains in the same state as at its original introduction into this country by the French refugees." Mr. Huskisson and Mr. Ricardo warmly supported the prayer of the petition for the repeal of the obnoxious acts, which accordingly took place in the following year. This circumstance, taken in conjunction with the introduction of the Jacquard loom,* (by which figured silks can be made with much more facility than under the old method,) has placed the manufacture on a more healthy footing.

The mode of conducting the transactions between employer and employed in the silk manufacture deserves a passing notice, as giving rise to many of the peculiarities observable in the Spitalfields population. We have said that silk-throwing is effected in mills conducted on the factory system; but silk-weaving in Spitalfields partakes of a different character. The manufacturer who procures his thrown "organzine" and "tram," either from the throwster or from the silk importers, selects the silk necessary to execute any particular order. The weaver goes to the house or shop of his employer and receives a certain quantity of the material, the "tram" being generally wound on bobbins, and the "organzine" in the form of what is called a *cane* (derived from the French word *chaine*, and so called from the silk being taken off the warping-mill in loops or links): this cane or warp varies from one to two hundred yards in length. The weaver takes the material home to his own dwelling and weaves it at his own looms, or sometimes at looms supplied by the manufacturer. He is paid a certain rate per ell for his labour; but, as the weavers are not remarkable for provident habits, even in the best of times, they are accustomed to "draw" money on account while the work is in progress, and to receive the remainder when the woven material and overplus material are returned to the manufacturer.

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* We may here remark that at the present time, according to a statement in the 'Penny Magazine,' vol. x. p. 478, the better class of Spitalfields weavers are engaged in fabricating a piece of silk, by the aid of the Jacquard loom, which will eclipse, not only everything that has yet been done in this country, but even the finest production of the Lyonnese weavers, among whom the art has attained great excellence. The design is an elaborate allegorical picture, all the minute details of which will be produced by weaving.

The customary arrangement of a weaver's family, in regard to work, are thus described by Dr. Kay, in a Report to the Poor Law Commissioners, in 1837:—"A weaver has generally two looms, one for his wife and another for himself; and, as his family increases, the children are set to work at six or seven years of age to quill silk; at nine or ten years to pick silk; and at the age of twelve or thirteen (according to the size of the child) he is put to the loom to weave. A child very soon learns to weave a plain silk fabric, so as to become a proficient in that branch; a weaver thus, not unfrequently, has four looms on which members of his own family are employed. On a Jacquard-loom a weaver can earn 25*s.* a week on an average;* on a velvet or rich plain silk-loom from 16*s.* to 20*s.* per week; and on a plain silk-loom from 12*s.* to 14*s.*, excepting when the silk is bad and requires much cleaning, when his earnings are reduced to 10*s.* per week; and on one or two very inferior fabrics 8*s.* per week only are sometimes earned, though the earnings are reported to be seldom so low on these coarse fabrics. On the occurrence of a commercial crisis the loss of work occurs first among the least skilful operatives, who are discharged from work." In the Evidence taken before a Committee of the House of Commons on the Silk-trade in 1831-2, it was stated that the population of the districts in which the Spitalfields weavers resided, comprising Spitalfields, Mile End New Town, and Bethnal Green, could not be less at that time than one hundred thousand, of whom fifty thousand were entirely dependent on the silk manufacture, and the remaining moiety more or less dependent indirectly. The number of looms seems to vary from about fourteen to seventeen thousand; and of these four or five thousand are often unemployed in times of depression. As there are on an average, children included, about thrice as many workpeople as there are looms, it results that ten or fifteen thousand weavers are sometimes out of employ at one period.

The vast body of weavers spoken of in the last paragraph are to be found principally in the district marked out in an earlier page; and the poverty of this district has been increased by the location of a large number of dock-porters, labourers, and others in a humble station of life. This latter circumstance has given great complication to the arrangements of certain well-meant but injudiciously bestowed charities in the district. On account of the fluctuations in fashion, of impolitic enactments, and of unthrifty habits on the part of the weavers, they have been much subject to distress, and large funds have been almost yearly subscribed for their relief. These funds, although intended for the weavers, have not always been confined to them, so that "the distribution," as Dr. Kay has remarked, "attracted to Spitalfields a considerable number of casual applicants, who hired rooms or lived in the lodging-houses during this period, in order that they might become recipients of the public bounty." Such a plan would, if persisted in, obviously create paupers instead of removing them. The recommendations of Dr. Kay, as to the most legitimate mode of relief in case of future distress, we shall not enter upon here.

It seems probable, as far as the means exist of determining it, that the weavers are principally English, and of English origin. To the manufacturers or masters, however, the same remark does not apply, for the names of the different parts of the weaving apparatus, and those of the partners in many of the firms now existing, point to the French origin of the manufacture in that district, however subsequent events may have produced an amalgamation. The Guillebauds and the Desormeaux, the Chabots and the Turquands, the Mercerons and the Chauvets, can doubtless trace their connexion with the harassed and persecuted refugees of 1685.

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* The gentleman to whom we have before alluded informs us that he frequently, soon after the introduction of the Jacquard-loom, paid weavers as much as fifteen shillings per day for the best kinds of work.

We have said that a characteristic employment or amusement of the Spitalfields weavers is the catching of birds. This is carried on principally in the months of March and October, and by the means of a kind of apparatus totally unknown in most other parts of the country. They train "call-birds" in a most peculiar manner, and conduct the whole of their operations in a very original way. There is an odd sort of emulation among them as to which of their birds will sing or "jerk" the longest. "The bird-catchers frequently lay considerable wagers whose *call-birds* can jerk the longest, as that determines the superiority. They place them opposite to each other by an inch of candle, and the bird who jerks the oftenest before the candle is burnt out wins the wager. We have been informed that there have been instances of a bird having given a hundred and seventy jerks in a quarter of an hour; and we have known a linnet in such a trial persevere in its emulation till it swooned from the perch." *

If we have, on the one hand, to record unthrifty habits and odd propensities on the part of the weavers, let us not forget to do them justice in other matters. A Mathematical Society has long existed in Spitalfields, the members of which include many of the weavers. In passing through Crispin Street, adjoining Spitalfields Market, we see on the western side of the way a humble building, bearing much the appearance of a weaver's house, and having the words "Mathematical Society" written up in front. Lowly and inelegant the building may be; but there is a pleasure in seeing Science rearing her head in such a locality, even if the temple be a humble one. It must also be mentioned, to the credit of the weavers, that they are very ready to exhibit and explain their operations to strangers. Mr. Porter speaks of "the cheerful alacrity with which the humble class of mechanics have uniformly contributed their aid by supplying information upon points which they are peculiarly qualified to explain;" and he gives the following picture of a Jacquard-weaver's family which he happened to visit:—"It once occurred to the author of this treatise, in the course of his visits among the operative weavers of Spitalfields, to visit a family consisting of a man, his wife, and ten children, all of whom, with the exception of the two youngest girls, were engaged in useful employments connected with the silk manufacture. The father, assisted by one of his sons, was occupied with a machine punching card-slips (certain pieces of apparatus in Jacquard-weaving), from figures which another son, a fine intelligent lad, was 'reading-on.' Two other lads, somewhat older, were in another apartment, casting, drawing, punching, and attaching to cords the leaden plummets or 'lingos,' which form part of the harness for a Jacquard-loom. The mother was engaged in warping silk. One of the daughters was similarly employed at another machine, and three other girls were in

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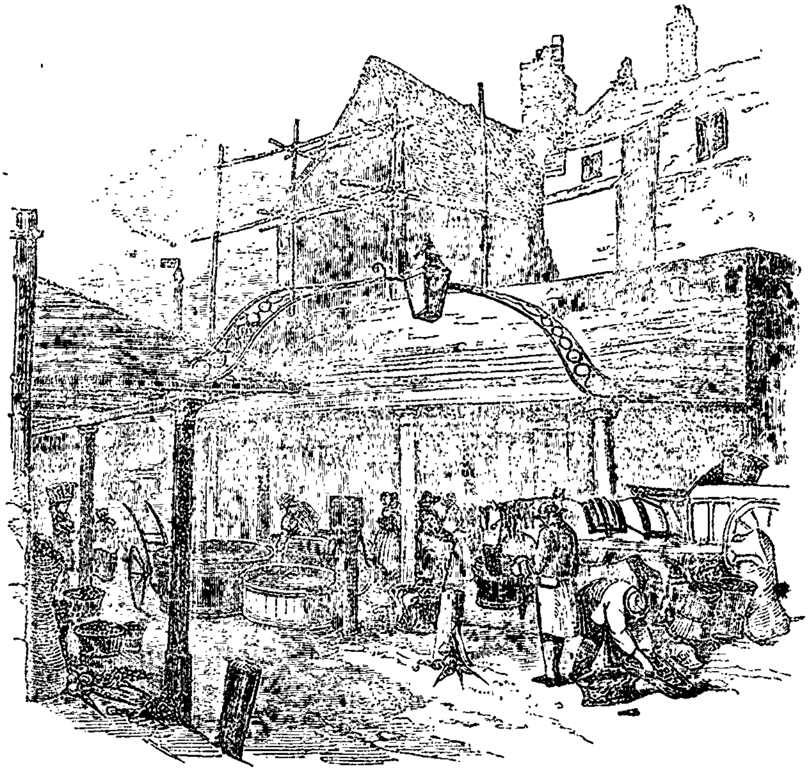
* Encyc. Metrop., 'Bird-Catching.'

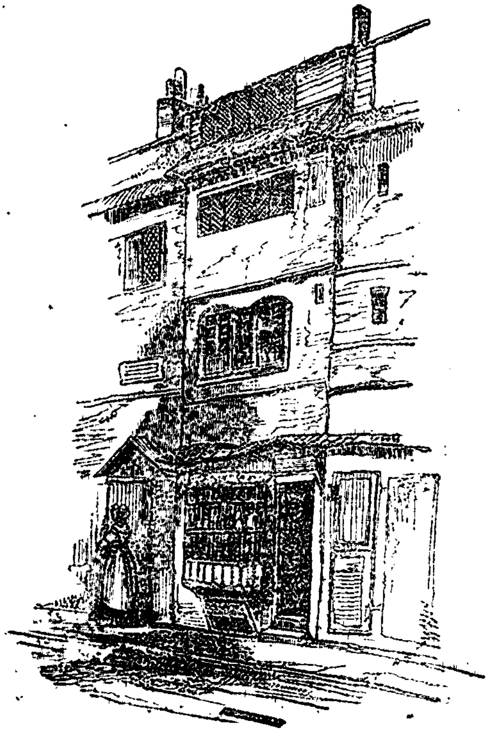


[Spitalfields Market.]

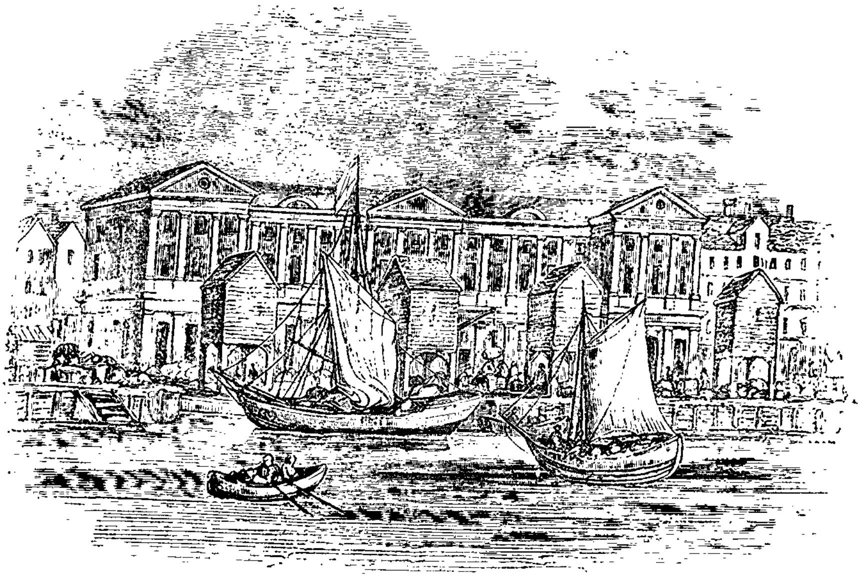
three separate looms, weaving figured silks. . . . An air of order and cheerfulness prevailed throughout this busy establishment that was truly gratifying; and, with the exception of the plummet-drawers, all were clean and neatly clad. The particular occupation wherein each was engaged was explained most readily, and with a degree of genuine politeness which proved that amid the harassing cares attendant upon daily toils of no ordinary degree, these parents had not been unmindful of their duty as regarded the cultivation of their children's minds and hearts."

It is evident that Mr. Porter has here sketched a family placed under very favourable circumstances, in which the work was of a good kind, and plentiful enough to employ all. It would be pleasing to think that such were the average state of things; but this pleasure is denied. The homes, the amount of employment, and the general circumstances of the weavers are, now at least, of a far lower grade, as will be seen from the following brief sketch, which illustrates what we believe to be the average condition of the humbler but numerous class of weavers in a season of low wages and bare employment. In passing through the districts inhabited by the weavers, with an endeavour to view the processes of the manufacture, our inquiries were too often met by the sad reply—"I have no work at present;" but at one house, situated near the northern side of the Railway, we mounted a dark staircase to the upper floor or room, occupied by an elderly weaver and his wife. The room formed the entire upper story, and was approached, not by a door, but by a trap in the floor, opening a communication with the stairs beneath. At each end of the room, front and back, were windows, of that peculiar form so characteristic of the district, and which are made very wide in order to admit light to all parts of the looms placed adjacent to them. At each window was a loom, the husband being at work at one, and the wife at the other. Near the looms were two "quill-wheels," a sort of spinning-wheel, at which the "weft" or "shoot" threads are wound upon the quills for using in the shuttles. In the middle of the room was a stump-bedstead, covered with its humble, but clean, "patch-work" quilt; and near it—some on the floor, some on shelves, and some hanging on the walls of the room—were various miscellaneous articles of domestic furniture (for the room served as parlour, kitchen, bed-room, workshop, and all). A few pictures, a few plants, and two or three singing-birds, formed the poetical furniture of the room. The man was weaving a piece of black satin, and the woman a piece of blue; and, in reply to inquiries on the subject, we learned that they were to be paid for their labour at the rates of sixpence and fourpence halfpenny per yard respectively, which, at close work, would yield about seven or eight shillings a-week each. The man was short in stature (as most of the Spitalfields' weavers are), grey-headed, depressed in spirits, but intelligent and communicative. When, after descending from this room, we looked around at the mass of weavers' houses in the vicinity, we could not but feel that most of them bore a saddening similarity to that which we had entered.

A ramble through Bethnal Green and Mile-end New Town, in which the weavers principally reside, presents us with many curious features illustrative either of the peculiarities or of the poverty of the district. We must leave Spitalfields, strictly so called, altogether to the west, in order to witness the scenes to which we allude. We will suppose, for instance, that the visitor enters Spital Square from Norton Folgate, and proceeds through Crispin Street to Spitalfields Market. Here he will find some of the usual arrangements of a vegetable market, but potatoes, sold by wholesale, form the staple commodity. He thence proceeds eastward to Spitalfields Church, one of the "fifty new churches" built in the reign of Queen Anne; and along Church Street to Brick Lane. If he proceed northward up the latter, he will arrive, first, at the vast premises of Truman, Hanbury and Buxton's brewery, and then at the Eastern Counties Railroad, which crosses the street at a considerable elevation; if he extends his steps eastward, he will at once enter upon the districts inhabited by the weavers. On passing through most of the streets in this district a visitor from other parts of the town is conscious of a noiselessness, a dearth of bustle and activity. The clack of the looms is heard here and there, but not to a noisy degree. It is evident at a glance that in many of the streets all the houses were built expressly for weavers; and in walking through them we noticed the short and not very healthy appearance of the inhabitants. It was rather painful than pleasurable to remark the large number of "Benefit Societies," "Loan Societies," "Burial Societies," &c. whose announcements are posted about the streets; for it is well known to those who have studied these subjects that the poor generally pay ruinous interest for any aid which, as generally managed, they receive from societies of this kind. Here and there we met with bills announcing that coals were to be had "at twelve pence per cwt." at a certain place during the cold weather; and at some of the bakers' shops were announcements that "weavers' tickets are taken here in exchange for bread," in allusion to tickets given by a Benevolent Association. In one street we met with a barber's shop, at which, in addition to the operations usually conducted at such places, persons could have "a good wash for one farthing;" and in another street a flaming placard announced that at a certain public-house the advertiser would attend every evening, to match his bird against any linnet or goldfinch in the world, for "one thousand guineas!" Here we espied a school, at which children were "taught to read and work at twopence a-week;" there a chandler's shop, in which shuttles, reeds, quills, and the smaller parts of weaving apparatus were exposed for sale in the window in company with split-pease, bundles of wood, and red-herrings. At another place was a bill, emanating from the parish authorities, warning the inhabitants that they were liable to a penalty if their dwellings were kept dirty and unwholesome. In one little shop, "patch-work" was sold at "10*d.* 12*d.* and 16*d.* a pound;" and in another—which we regretted more than anything else—astrological predictions, interpretations of dreams, and nativities, were to be purchased, "from three pence upwards," as also extracts from 'Moore's Almanac' for the last seventy years. In very many of the houses the windows numbered more sheets of paper than panes of glass; and no inconsiderable number of houses were shut up altogether.—We would willingly present a brighter picture, but ours is a Dutch copy from the life.



[House in Booth Street, Spitalfields.]



[Old Custom House. Destroyed by fire in 1814.]

L.—THE CUSTOM HOUSE.

"It is by the Thames," says a popular writer,* "that the foreigner should enter London. The broad breast of this great river, black with the huge masses that float upon its crowded waters,—the tall fabrics, gaunt and drear, that line its melancholy shores,—the thick gloom through which you dimly catch the shadowy outline of these gigantic forms,—the marvellous quiet with which you glide by the dark phantoms of her power into the mart of nations,—the sadness, the silence, the vastness, the obscurity of all things around—prepare you for a grave and solemn magnificence. . . . Behold St. Katharine's Docks, and Walker's Soap Manufactory, and 'Hardy's Shades!' Lo! there is the strength, the industry, and the pleasure—the pleasure of the enterprising, the money-making, the dark-spirited people of England." Such may probably be the reflections of the foreigner as some steam-vessel from the Elbe or the Rhine, from Boulogne, Calais, or Havre, sweeping past the "time-worn" Tower, brings-to off the Custom House. Before the introduction of steam-ships the continental traveller generally landed at Harwich or Dover, and the first page of his diary was in praise

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* France, by H. L. Bulwer.

(if he praised us at all) of our horses and public vehicles, of the excellence of the roads, and the rapid travelling; the verdant appearance of English scenery, the prettiness of the cottages, and the air of neatness and comfort pervading the villages and small towns through which he passed on his journey to the metropolis. Now, however, he is thrown at once into the vortex of London, without the preparation which a journey of above seventy miles affords.

The spacious and well-gravelled quay in front of the Custom House, the only quay in the port of London on which the public can walk, with the exception of a small one in front of the Tower, is deserving of more commendation than it has generally received, though beaux and belles who seek for gratification in reciprocal glances of admiration will resort to the more congenial shades of Kensington Gardens or the promenades in the Parks. This is a place for enjoyment of another kind. Here at mid-day the rays of the winter's sun seem less feeble than elsewhere under the shelter of the great building on the north, and the aged and valetudinarian feel doubly grateful for the genial influence of its rays. Why might not a few benches be placed here and there for their accommodation, as this could probably be done without inconvenience or detriment to the public business? We are, however, thankful that the public are not altogether excluded; so let us on a fine summer's day resort hither and observe what is passing before us. At the western extremity of the quay is Billingsgate, the great fish-market of the metropolis, with the small dock for the craft of the fishermen. It is nearly high water, and while the flood lasts they continue to arrive, and, by a little seaman-like manœuvring, are brought into the mooring-place provided for them. The size of the fishermen's boats is as various as their cargoes. Some have perhaps mackerel, which may either prove very valuable or be sold at a loss, according to the time at which it reaches the market; and if the tide did not serve, the steam-tug has been employed for the sake of despatch. Other boats are of smaller size, and we may see how eminently domestic is the employment of the fisherman. One or two of his boys, often at a very early age, assist him in the boat, while his wife and the remainder of the children are drying and mending the nets at home. The boats, which have already disposed of their cargoes, are got ready for leaving the dock; the sails are unfurled; and as soon as the tide turns, a number of them will pass in quick succession down the river. A little westward of Billingsgate dock are the wharfs for steam-boats for Greenwich, Woolwich, Gravesend, and other parts of the river. Their arrival and departure is incessant, and strains of music catch the ear as they rapidly pass the Custom House Quay, most of the boats being accompanied by three or four musicians, who doubtless enhance the enjoyment of the innumerable persons who seek for relaxation by a trip to the above-mentioned places. Lighters laden with coal and every kind of merchandise and produce, and whose longest voyage does not extend below the Pool or much above the bridges, are passing; country barges which come by the canals from places far inland; and small sloops which in summer do not fear a sea voyage to any part of the English coast, but in winter are employed on the canals. Then the light wherry lands its fare at the stairs or passes up and down the stream. On the right is the noble bridge with its throng of passengers, coaches, omnibuses, hackney-coaches, cabs, carts, drays, and waggons. On land and water the tide of life is flowing before us with full volume, but here, while witnessing how rapidly it hastens along, the roar of the living torrent is blended and harmonised. The flickering lights which are reflected on the surface of the river at the same time delight the eye by their varied shades and tones. But a large steam-ship advances, heaving the wave all around in its impetuous course, its deck crowded with aliens, perhaps exiles, and English tourists who have spent various periods, from seven days to as many months or years, on the continent. It is curious to watch the countenance of each individual among the successive boat-loads which are brought from the steam-ship and landed at the Custom House stairs; and to speculate upon the feeling produced in the gay sons and daughters of France, the exciteable Italian, or more sober German, on first touching English ground. In the large world of London there is an abiding place for them if they can bring the recommendation of superior aptitude and talent for whatever they undertake. The Steam Packet Baggage Warehouse is a department of the London Custom House rendered necessary by the increased passenger intercourse between the port of London and the continent; and here the duties upon articles contained in the baggage of travellers may be paid with the least possible delay. The articles upon which the duties are principally levied are books, china, musical instruments, millinery, eau de Cologne, prints, and shoes; and that from France, Holland, and Hamburg, the articles in passengers' luggage pay a duty of about 4000*l.* a-year. The regulations of the Commissioners of Customs in respect to passengers are liberal and indulgent, and they are executed in the same spirit.

All the western nations appear to have inherited from the Romans the practice of exacting certain payments on the landing and embarkation of merchandise at each seaport, and the name of customs, or some equivalent term, shows that these payments were sanctioned by immemorial usage. These exactions aided the sovereign in his necessities, and induced him to encourage the commerce of his subjects. Stow observes that merchants and retailers do not only profit themselves and enrich the realm, but "bear a good fleece which the prince may shear when he seeth good;" and this regard to the fleece rendered the interest of both parties in some measure identical. It appears from a letter to Offa, King of the Mercians, by Charlemagne, that the English pilgrims travelling to Rome frequently assumed the scrip and staff as a cloak for smuggling, introducing, as it is conjectured, articles of gold and silver without paying the customs, from which, as pilgrims, they were exempt. Charlemagne was desirous that persons who were truly on pilgrimage should "travel in peace, without any trouble;" but as to the pretenders, who are "not in the service of religion, but in the pursuit of gain, let them pay the established duties at the proper places." Rather more than a century afterwards Ethelred II. (A. D. 978-1016), in a council held at Wantage, in Berkshire, fixed the toll or custom on ships and merchandise arriving at Billingsgate, which, at that time, appears to have been the principal landing-place in the port of London. It was declared that every smaller boat should pay one halfpenny; a large boat with sails one penny; a keel (a ship, we suppose) four pennies; a vessel with wood to give one piece of wood; a boat with fish coming to the bridge one halfpenny or one penny, according to its size. After the Conquest customs were exacted not only by the King, but, at the outports, by the lord under whose protection the town was.

The Queen's Hythe (Queenhithe) appears to have been the most favoured landing-place after the Conquest. In 1224 Henry III. directed the officers of the Tower to arrest the ships of the Cinque Ports which arrived in the river, and to compel them to bring their corn to the Queen's Hythe only; and two years afterwards the same officers were ordered to seize all fish offered for sale at any other place. The privileges of the Queen's Hythe extended from the Steelyard to Blackfriars. In 1244 the bailiffs of the Queen's Hythe complained of an infringement of their rights, fourteen foreign ships having arrived at Billingsgate with fish, instead of being brought to their landing-place. A penalty of forty shillings was to be inflicted in future for this violation of their interests; but the ships belonging to the citizens of London might land their cargoes wherever the owners might appoint. In 1246 Richard Earl of Cromwell disposed of his rights, privileges, and customs in the Queen's Hythe to the city for an annual sum of 50*l.*, to be paid in two instalments at Easter and Michaelmas. This landing-place was now under the charge of the Sheriffs of London, and was so much frequented in 1302 by vessels bringing fish, salt, fuel, and other merchandise, as to require the service of more than thirty meters and porters. The principal meter had eight chief master-porters under him, each of whom employed three under-porters. The porters were to find one horse and seven sacks under pain of losing their office; and notwithstanding these charges and the small stipend which they received, they "lived well of their labours." In 1345 ships and vessels landing at Down Gate (Dowgate) were ordered to pay the same customs as if they rode at Queenhithe. A century afterwards it was ordered that if two vessels came up at the same time, one should go to Billingsgate; if three, two were to land their cargoes at the Queen's Hythe, and the other at Billingsgate, but "always the more" at Queen Hythe. At length, however, Billingsgate asserted its pre-eminence. Situated east of the bridge, it was naturally more convenient for large vessels with topmasts than the other port. Fabyan, who wrote at the close of the fifteenth century, says that the customs of Queen's Hythe had so fallen off in his time as to be worth but 15*l.* a-year. A century later Stow speaks of it as being then "almost forsaken." He confirms the superiority of Billingsgate, which, he says, "is now the largest water-gate on the river of Thames, and therefore the most frequented. Ships and boats arrived here with fish, both fresh and salt, shell-fish, salt, onions, oranges and other fruits and roots, wheat, rye, and grain of divers sorts "for service of the city and the ports of this realm adjoining." The meters and porters of the Queen's Hythe, who formerly each employed a horse for the delivery of corn and other articles in the city, no longer flourished in prosperity; and to add to their discouragement Stow informs us that "the bakers of London, and other citizens, travel into the countries and buy their corn of the farmers after the farmers' prices."

All along the northern bank of the river, in Thames Street, there were landing-places, warehouses, and cellars belonging to the merchants, who had their houses in the streets leading from the river. A few years before Stow wrote, the number of householders in the ward of Billingsgate who were aliens was fifty-one, although thirty years earlier there were but three Netherlanders. These aliens inhabited the best houses in the ward, and willingly paid 20*l.* a-year rent for houses which had before let only for four marks. The rent was highest for those houses nearest the water-side. At this period the foreign trade of the country was still almost entirely in the hands of aliens. They are described in an Act passed in 1377 as not only trading in the goods imported by themselves from abroad, but also as buying in the ports where they were established and elsewhere, at their free will, the various commodities which were the produce of this realm, and selling them again at their pleasure within the country as generally and freely as any of the King's subjects. At the end of the fifteenth century England was passing through the second stage of commercial progress of a country. "First, its poverty and barbarism invite only the occasional resort of foreigners, without offering any temptation to them to take up their residence within it: then, as its wealth increases, foreigners find even its home-trade an object worth their attention, and one which they easily secure by the application of their superior skill and resources; lastly, in the height of its civilization, and when the energies of its inhabitants have been fully developed—in a great measure revived by the impulse received from these stranger residents—its traffic of all kinds, as well as all the other businesses carried on in it, naturally falls into almost the exclusive possession of its own people."* In the early part of the fifteenth century acts were passed (in 1411 and 1415) prohibiting the circulation of silver coin, known as galley halfpence, which was brought by the Genoese, who came to London in their galleys with wine and other merchandize. Stow says that in his youth he had seen this foreign coin pass current, though with some difficulty. Galley Quay, the name of which is still preserved, was the place where the galleys of Italy and other parts discharged their cargoes; and some buildings, which were dilapidated in Stow's time, and were let out for stabling of horses and as tippling-houses for beer, are supposed by him to have been the houses and storehouses of these merchants, as those of Bordeaux were licensed to build in the Vintry. Thames Street, in those days, must have been thronged with foreigners from all the countries which had intercourse with England; and a tippling and victualling house near Galley Quay, described by Stow, doubtless often witnessed the drinking-bouts of sailors from the Hanse Towns, Venice, Genoa, and other parts. It was kept by "one Mother Mampudding, as they termed her;" and the hall of the house had apparently been built by shipwrights, the roof resembling a galley with the keel upwards, and being otherwise more like a ship than a house.

Before the foreign commerce of the country was in the hands of native merchants, the king, the nobility, and the higher clergy engaged in mercantile pursuits. Licences were not unfrequently obtained from the kings of England by popes, cardinals, and other foreign ecclesiastical dignitaries to export wool and other commodities without the payment of duties, from which the religious persons of all kinds resident in the country were exempt. The Cistercian monks had become the greatest wool merchants in England; and though the Parliament interfered in 1344, neither ecclesiastical communities nor individuals were driven from the pursuit of trade by its edicts. The exemption of laymen from the payment of duties was, on the other hand, a great favour. In 1296, by writ of privy seal, Aylmer de Valence was allowed to export twenty sacks of wool free of duty, "so that the same was done with as much privacy as could be, that other persons might not take example thereby to desire the like permission."

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* Pictorial History of England, vol. ii. p. 181.

There were custodes or customers at the different ports, and the barons of the exchequer were in the habit of directing inquisitions to be taken respecting the defrauding of the king's customs on wool, &c. The "customers" were not to be owners of ships. Merchants who attempted to evade the customs forfeited their cargo. In 1297 the mayor and citizens of London, in obedience to the king's orders, caused a scale to be made for weighing of wools, similar to the one used for the same purpose in London; and after being examined at the Exchequer, it was sent to Lynn. The place where this scale was kept, and the wharf where the wool was shipped, was, in every sense of the word, a custom-house. In 1382 John Churchman, a grocer or wholesale merchant of London, "for the quiet of merchants," says Stow, built a house upon a quay called Wool Wharf. It was to serve "for troynage or weighing of wools in the port of London;" and we are told that "whereupon the king granted that, during the life of the said John, the aforesaid troynage should be held and kept in the same house, with easements there for the balances and weights, and a counting-place for the customer, comptrollers, clerks, and other officers of the said troynage, together with ingress and egress to and fro the same, even as was had in other places where the said troynage was wont to be kept." The king was to pay "yearly to the said John during his life forty shillings, at the terms of St. Michael and Easter, by even portions, by the hand of his customer, without any other payment to the said John." This is said to have been the first Custom House in the port of London; but a wharf for shipping wool and other articles, and scales for weighing them, must have been established at some fixed place from the earliest time when they were subject to customs; and officers appointed by the king, to see that he was not defrauded of his dues, would necessarily be stationed at such wharf when shipments were made. In Arnold's 'Chronicle,' written probably at the close of the fifteenth century, there is a curious table entitled, "Thoos things that longith to Tronage and Poūdage of our Soueraine Lord the Kynge in the Cite of London."

Before the sixteenth century London had not established its commercial supremacy on a scale so greatly exceeding that of any other port. The quinzième, a duty of the nature of which no very definite explanation has been given further than that it was an impost on foreign commerce, produced in 1204 a sum of 836*l*. for the port of London, 780*l*. at Boston, 650*l*. at Lynn, and 712*l*. at Southampton. Apparently, therefore, these places did not differ much from each other in the scale of mercantile rank; and though there may be difficulties in this view of the case, yet undoubtedly the inferior means which London then possessed for the internal distribution of merchandise which arrived by the river must have checked its career, and given to other ports in different parts of the country a larger comparative share of trade than they have since possessed. By the end of the sixteenth century, however, these out-ports had fallen into decay, and the commerce of London was in a state of prosperity which it had never before experienced. The general complaint was that London had drawn from them "traffic by sea and retailing by land, and exercise of manual arts also;" and [illegible], in answer to this, confesses that navigation "is apparently decayed in many port towns and flourisheth only or chiefly at London." The decay of the [illegible] was also very favourable to the commercial progress of the capital. In

1353 the staple was fixed at nine different cities and towns in England, and here all merchandise for exportation was compelled either to be sold or brought for shipment; and native merchants were prohibited on pain of felony from exporting the staple commodities, which consisted of wool, woolfells (sheepskins), leather, lead, and tin—in fact, the chief exportable articles which the country produced. The object of the staple was the convenience of foreign merchants, and the more secure collection of the duties on exportation. In 1613 the customs of the port of London amounted to 109,572*l.*, and those of the out-ports only to 38,502*l.*; and we shall subsequently see the proportion still further increased in favour of London.

In 1559, in the first year of the reign of Elizabeth, important steps were taken which may be said to have been the commencement of the present system of collecting the customs. It was ordered that "all creeks, wharfs, keys, lading and discharging places in Gravesend, Woolwich, Barking, Greenwich, Deptford, Blackwall, Limehouse, Ratcliffe, Wapping, St. Katherine's, Tower Hill, Rotherhithe, Southwark, London Bridge, and every of them, and all and singular keys, wharfs, and other places within the city of London and the suburbs of the same, or elsewhere within the said port of London (the several keys, wharfs, stairs, and places before limited and appointed only except), shall be from henceforth no more used as lading or discharging places for merchandises, but be utterly debarred and abolished from the same for ever." For "the better answering of the revenues of the queen," twenty quays and wharfs were appointed within the port of London, where alone merchandise and produce could be shipped or landed. Some were for all manner of merchandise; others for wine and oils; one for corn only; and Billingsgate was for fish, corn, salt, victuals, and fruit, but groceries were excepted. The owners of these twenty quays were required to give security that no goods should be laid on or shipped from their wharfs until the queen's duties were paid, and that all ships were laden and unladen in the presence of the proper officers. The first three quays on the list are Old Wool Quay, New Wool Quay, and Galley Quay. Wool Wharf or Customers' Quay is applied by Stow to one landing-place, which, he says, "is now of late most beautifully enlarged and built." The quays appointed as above are still known as the legal wharfs. They are all between the Tower and London Bridge. As the commerce of London increased other wharfs were appointed called "Sufferance Wharfs," of which five were east of the Tower and eighteen on the Surrey side of the river.

The London Custom House establishment of 1559 consisted of eight principal officers, each of whom had from two to six others under him, but the principal "Waiter" had sixteen subordinates. Until 1590 the duties were farmed for 20,000*l.* a-year, but on the Queen's government taking the collection of the duties in its own hand they yielded about 30,000*l.* a-year. The control of the Government necessarily led to many improvements in the Customs establishment. The formation of the East India and other great trading companies during the latter half of the sixteenth century, and the growth of colonial commerce, augmented the trade of London and rendered the customs a much more profitable source of revenue than they had yet been. Little attention, however, was paid to the policy at that time pursued in Holland, by which, as Sir Walter

Raleigh remarked, they drew all nations to trade with them. From 1671 to 1688, according to D'Avenant, the first inspector-general of imports and exports, the customs of England averaged 555,752*l.* a-year.

The old Custom House destroyed during the Great Fire was replaced by one of rather more pretensions, which is said to have cost 10,000*l.*, and was at least of more dignified appearance than the adjoining warehouses. In the fifty years after its erection the trade of the country had greatly increased, and from 1700 to 1714 the customs for England averaged 1,352,764*l.* each year. In 1718 the Custom House was burnt down, doubtless not before it had been found very inconvenient for the transaction of the increased mass of business which had arisen out of a more wide and active commerce.

A new Custom House soon arose on the site of the old building, in which the inconveniences formerly experienced were for a time remedied. The apartments for the different officers were better arranged, and accommodation was provided for a greater number of clerks, so that the delays of which the merchants had before complained were obviated. The length of the building was 189 feet, and the centre was 29 feet deep. The edifice was constructed of brick and stone, and the wings had a passage colonnade of the Tuscan order towards the river, the upper story being relieved with Ionic pilasters and pediments. But the most striking feature of the building was the "Long Room," extending nearly the whole length of the centre, being 127 feet long, 29 wide, and 24 high. Here were a number of officers and clerks attached to various departments, and the general business of the room was superintended by the Commissioners themselves, but they were then more numerous than at present, their number in 1713 being thirteen. In 1725 the customs of the port of London produced nearly 1,500,000*l.*, being more than the whole customs revenue of England between 1700 and 1714. At the close of the century the revenue collected in the port of London exceeded 6,000,000*l.* The building was now becoming, like its predecessor, too small for the mass of business required to be transacted, when, on the 12th of February, 1814, it was also totally destroyed by fire, being the third Custom House whose destruction was caused by this element. But in the present case a new Custom House had been commenced before the old one had become a heap of ruins. The flames spread to the houses on the northern side of Thames Street, and in a short time ten were destroyed. Besides the loss of valuable property in the cellars and warehouses, the destruction of documents and papers was also to be regretted. The inconvenience to the shipping and mercantile interests was of course very great. Ships which were ready for sailing were delayed for want of the necessary papers, and the delivery of goods for home consumption and exportation, and the discharge of cargoes, was suspended. The fire occurred on Saturday, and by Monday morning temporary arrangements were made for conducting the public business in the Commercial Sale Rooms, Mincing Lane.

Several years before the occurrence of this fire the enlargement of the old Custom House had been contemplated, and it was at first proposed to build an additional wing, but, on a survey of the edifice, it was found too much decayed and dilapidated to warrant a large expenditure in its renovation and extension. The Lords of the Treasury therefore directed designs and estimates to be prepared for an entirely new structure; and those by Mr. Laing were finally selected. Between the old Custom House and Billingsgate there were eight quays, measuring 479 feet in length; but the site now fixed upon was immediately east of Billingsgate Dock, with only the intervention of the landing-stairs. One of the plans projected by Mr. Laing was to have placed the Custom House north of Thames Street, with the quay extending over the site occupied by the present building, thus dispensing with the necessity of encroaching upon the river by embankment. This plan would also have induced the widening of the narrow and crooked streets in the neighbourhood, and the formation of a dock at the eastern and western extremities of the quay. It was found, however, that the plan would prove too expensive, and it was therefore abandoned. The estimates of the new building were by public tender, and one for 165,000*l.*, exclusive of the formation of the foundation-ground and some other contingencies, was accepted. The owners of private property whose interests were invaded by the adoption of a fresh site demanded in the aggregate the sum of 84,478*l.*, and, by amicable arrangements and the finding of juries, they were paid 41,700*l.* The materials of the old building were sold for 12,400*l.*

It became, of course, an object of the first consideration to ascertain the nature of the substratum on which so large a pile was to be raised, and augers from eighteen to twenty feet in length were employed to bring up the soil. In the first instance the successive borings indicated a stratum of compact gravel, and in the bed of the river, in parts adjacent, it was found of the same description. As the soil above the lower stratum was apparently more artificial and had less compactness, it was determined to drive piles over the whole surface of the foundation, and this process was commenced in August, 1813. On trenches being made, preparatory to the foundation, the favourable appearances which had at first presented themselves were found to be wholly deceptive, the compact bed which had been met with proving altogether artificial. Mr. Laing describes the character of the ground:—"Rising from the level of the river to the south side of Thames Street, the whole of the extent was discovered to have been formerly a part of the bed of the Thames. Quantities of rushes were found mixed with chrysalids of water-insects; mussel-shells were found in different stages of decomposition; those lying at the south-east corner of the quay presented a greenish hue, inclining to the colour of verdigris, while those which were brought up from the depth of seventeen feet below the surface of Thames Street were nearly reduced to earth. It deserves remark," observes Mr. Laing, "that on this occasion three distinct lines of wooden embankments were found at the several distances of 58, 86, and 103 feet within the range of the existing wharfs; and about fifty feet from the campshot, or under-edge of the wharf wall, a wall was discovered running east and west: it was built with chalk and rubble, and faced with Purbeck stone. This wall was supposed to be either part of the ancient defences of the city of London, or of some outwork, bastion, or barbican extending westward from the Tower." It was so strongly built, that even with iron wedges it was not broken without great difficulty; but it was necessary to effect this in order to form a sound foundation. The river, then, in ancient times, had been repeatedly contracted in this place, and coins and other objects of human art were found in its old bed, on which the Custom House and its quay now stand.*

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* Mr. Laing remarks in a note—"These distinct lines of walling, [illegible]

The architect, after having caused the removal of the old embankments and foundations, which had created such formidable difficulties, proceeded to strengthen the site with piles. The following account of the manner in which this process was managed is rendered interesting by subsequent results. Mr. Laing says—"Piles were prepared of the length of 28 feet and 30 feet, and then were driven in those places whence the old walls, &c., had been removed. These piles were placed in triple rows under each wall, three feet apart longitudinally. They were shod and hooped with iron, and they were driven till the rammer of the engine recoiled. But, after much power and considerable time had been spent in driving, it was found necessary to draw many of them up again, in consequence of having been forced into an oblique direction by the resistance of some intervening portion of the old foundations. Sleepers of beech, measuring nine inches by five inches, were laid on the heads of the piles, filled in with brickwork, and a tier of beech planking was laid on these sleepers."

The preliminary difficulties having been overcome, the first stone of the new building was laid at the south-west corner by Lord Liverpool, then First Lord of the Treasury, on the 25th of October, 1813, and it was opened for business on the 12th of May, 1817. The northern elevation, fronting Thames Street, was plain and simple, but the south front, towards the river, assumed a more ornamental character, the central compartment projecting forward, and the wings having a hexastyle detached colonnade of the Ionic order. The attic of the central part of the building, comprising the exterior of the Long Room, was decorated with alto and basso relievos, in panels five feet three inches in height, representing in a series of allegorical figures the Arts and Sciences, Commerce and Industry, and characteristic figures of the principal nations with which Great Britain holds commercial intercourse. The dial-plate, nine feet in diameter, was supported by colossal figures of Industry and Plenty, and the royal arms were sustained by figures of Ocean and Commerce. The Long Room was 196 feet by 66. Unfortunately, the foundation of the edifice gave way, notwithstanding the pains which had been taken to render it secure. In the Report of a Parliamentary Committee in 1828, on the duties connected with the Office of Works and Public Buildings, the failure of the building is somewhat harshly noticed. It is said that "the fraudulent and scandalous manner in which the foundation of the New Custom House was laid, occasioned, by its total failure in 1825, a charge of no less than 170,000*l*. to 180,000*l*., in addition to the original expenditure of 255,000*l*." The total cost of the edifice has therefore amounted altogether to nearly half a million sterling. The Long Room and the central part of the building were taken down and the foundations relaid, but the other parts remain as built by Mr. Laing. The figures just described, which decorated the principal front, were removed; but though there is greater plainness, the simplicity is pleasing, if not majestic. As the breadth of the quay is not equal

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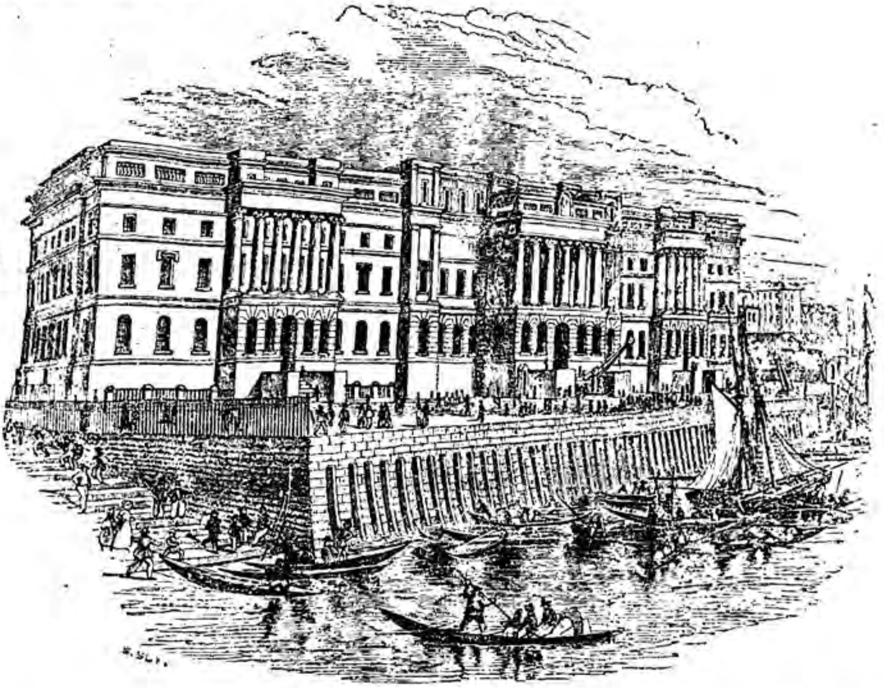
[illegible] found, and the different levels implied by these distances, suggest important reflections on the ancient [illegible] of [illegible] and on the levels to which the water rose, at high tide, anciently. It is evident that, if it rose [illegible] at the Custom House, it would rise proportionably higher at Dowgate, and into the [illegible] where it would naturally constitute a considerable lock or body of water and mud, [illegible] beyond Holborn Bridge northward, and up much of the present Fleet-street westward. It [illegible] built, though high on the ascent, was but at a convenient distance, as a [illegible] from the water of the river Fleet; and that the city walls, following the course of the ground, [illegible] were placed, with the utmost propriety and good judgment, in the [illegible] Mr. Laing's work was published in 1818.

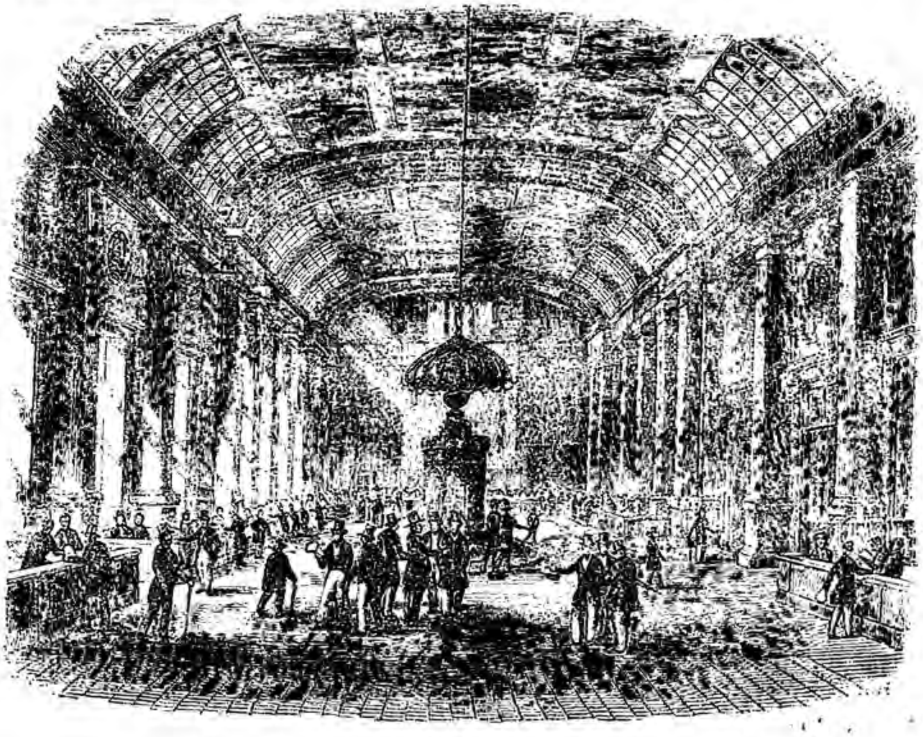
to the height of the building, it is not seen to advantage from that point, but the bridge or the middle of the river affords a better view. The river front is 488 feet in length, or 90 feet longer than the Post Office, and exceeding by 30 feet the National Gallery.



[Present Custom House.]

At the present time nearly *one-half of the customs of the United Kingdom* are collected in the port of London; and five or six years ago the proportion exceeded one-half. The amount collected in 1840 was 11,116,685*l.*, and the total collection of the United Kingdom was 23,341,813*l.* The nearest approach to London are the customs at Liverpool, which in 1840 were 4,607,326*l.* The total expenses of collection are above a million sterling for the customs of Great Britain, and above a quarter of a million for those of Ireland, being about five per cent. for the former and rather more than twelve per cent. for the latter. The expense of collecting the excise duties is above six per cent. for Great Britain. About one-half of the persons employed in the civil service of the country are in the customs, the number in this department in 1835 being about 11,500, and at present above a million sterling is paid in salaries. Not only is the immense business of its own port conducted at the London Custom House, but the Board of Commissioners which sits there has all the out-ports in the United Kingdom under its superintendence. From them it receives reports, and instructions from this central board are issued to them in return. The Custom House is one of the oldest sources of statistical information; and under the inspector-general of imports and exports clerks are continually engaged in recording the facts and figures which illustrate the commercial movement of the country, the result of their labours being frequently printed and made public by order of Parliament. In the reign of Charles II. the Privy Council for Trade urged the Commissioners of Customs "to enter the several commodities which formed the exports and imports; to affix to each its usual price, and to form a general total by calculating the value of the whole." The official persons on the establishment thought that such a task was impossible, and it was not executed until 1694, when the office of inspector-general of imports and exports was established; and the Custom House ledger, which records their value, was first kept. The 'official' rates of valuation still in use were adopted at the same time. The Act of 1694 rendered it imperative for all goods exported and imported to be entered in the Custom House books, whether by tale, weight, or measure, &c., with the prices affixed. From that date, when any article came to be exported or imported for the first time, the price presumed to be the then current value was entered in the books, which price ever after remained invariable. For example, when cotton goods were exported for the first time, the price they then bore was entered in the Custom House books, and that price is still attached to all goods exported of the same description. This is what is denominated the official value; but it soon became no measure of the current value of the articles, although it continued without any check until 1798. In that year the government of the time imposed a convoy duty of four per cent., *ad valorem*, upon all mercantile commodities exported; and, to do this equitably, every shipper of goods was compelled to make a declaration of their then actual value. This is what is denominated the 'declared or real value.' There is at present a daily publication, called the 'Bill of Entry,' which is prepared and issued at the Custom House for the purpose of affording information respecting the quantity of imports and exports, and of the arrival and clearance of ships.

Besides the warehouses and cellars, there are about one hundred and seventy distinct apartments in the Custom House, in which the officers of each department transact their business. The object to be accomplished by the architect, and which, as he tells us, he kept constantly in view, was a judicious classification and combination of offices and departments so as to ensure contiguity and convenience, and at the same time to present such accommodation as was demanded by the peculiar purposes for which each was required. All the rooms are perfectly plain, with the exception of the Board Room, which is slightly decorated, and contains paintings of George III. and George IV., the latter by Sir Thomas Lawrence. The Long Room is of course the principal object of interest, being probably the largest apartment in Europe of the kind. The length is 190 feet, width 66 feet, and height between 40 and 50 feet. It is not a gallery, where the eye embraces at once the whole width and length, but here, as the architect has pointed out, the eye cannot take in both the length and width at the same time, and consequently is at fault as to the comparative dimensions. The present room is not so handsome as the one taken down after the failure of the foundation. The walls and ceilings are tinted to resemble stone, and the floor is of wood. The room is warmed by three very handsome stoves on Dr. Arnot's principle. The cellars in the basement form a groined crypt or undercroft, built in the most substantial manner and fire-proof; the walls are of extraordinary thickness; and a temperature is constantly maintained which is most suitable for wines and spirits, those which are seized by the officers of the Custom House being kept here. The King's Warehouse is on the ground-floor, and of great extent, and with its diagonal-ribbed arches presents a fine appearance in the interior. The public entrance to the Custom House is on the northern front, and leads to a double flight of steps. On the southern side there is an entrance for the officers and clerks from the quay and river.



[The Long Room.]

The number of officers and clerks for whom accommodation is provided in the Custom House is about three hundred, and there are as many more whose business is chiefly out of doors, and who are in daily communication with the establishment. The inspectors of the river superintend the tide-surveyors, tide-waiters, and watermen, and appoint them to their respective duties for the day; and each of these inspectors attends in rotation at Gravesend. The tide-surveyors visit ships reported inwards, or which are proceeding outwards, to see that the tide-waiters who are put on board discharge their duty in a proper manner. The tide-waiters remain on board until the cargo is discharged, if the vessel is entering inwards; and in those outward bound they continue until they are cleared at Gravesend. The landing officers, under the superintendence of the landing surveyors, attend the quays and docks, and take an account of goods as they are landed; and on the receipt of warrants, showing that the duties are paid, they permit the delivery of goods for home consumption. The officers of the coast department attend to the arrival and departure of vessels between the port of London and the outports; and give permits for landing their cargoes, and take bonds for the delivery, at the place of destination, of goods sent coastwise. They appoint the coast-waiters to attend the shipping and discharging of all coastwise goods. The searchers superintend the shipping of goods intended for foreign export, the entries for which, after being passed in the Long Room, are placed in their hands, and they examine the packages at their discretion, to ascertain if they correspond. The number of supernumeraries is very large, as the amount of business is dependent on the season or on the weather. When the wind blows from a particular quarter, and the arrival of ships is very large, there are sometimes as many as two thousand persons employed in the business of the Custom House between Gravesend and London Bridge. The principal officers for the collection of the revenues are collectors, inwards and outwards; comptrollers in each of these departments, and also surveyors. The duties are computed by their deputies or assistants, and the heads of the department administer the various oaths. The business of the in-door department of the Custom House, so far as relates to the importation and exportation of goods, is all transacted in the Long Room. The officers and clerks of the Long Room, about eighty in number, may be said to form three divisions:—the inward department, with its collector, clerks of rates, clerks of ships' entries, computers of duties, receivers of plantation duties, wine duties, &c.; the outward department, with its cocket writers, &c.; and the coast department. An officer of the Trinity House is accommodated in the Long Room with a desk and counter for the more convenient collection of lighthouse dues. The class of persons to be seen in the Long Room are shipbrokers and shipowners, and their clerks, who report arrivals and obtain clearances; the skippers themselves are frequently seen for the same object; and wholesale merchants, who have goods to import or export, to place in bond or to re-export. The officers of the room occupy a space extending along each side of the four sides, within which they have their desks. On the whole, it is a place which every person should visit at least once in their lives.

The progress of an article of foreign merchandise through the Customs to the warehouse or shop of the dealer is briefly as follows:—First, on the arrival of the ship at Gravesend tide-waiters are put on board and remain until she reaches the appointed landing-place. The goods are reported and entered at the Custom House, and a warrant is transmitted to the landing-waiters, who superintend the unloading of the cargo. A landing-waiter is specially appointed to each ship. Officers under him, some of whom are gaugers, examine, weigh, and ascertain the contents of the several packages, and enter an account of them. These operations are subject to the daily inspection of superior officers. When warehoused the goods are in charge of a locker, who is under the warehouse-keeper. When goods are delivered for home consumption the locker receives a warrant from the Custom House certifying that the duties have been paid; he then looks out the goods and the warehouse-keeper signs the warrant. When foreign or colonial goods are exported the process is more complicated. The warehouse-keeper makes out a "re-weighing slip;" a landing-waiter examines the goods, which continue in charge of the locker, and a cocket, with a certificate from the proper officers of the Custom [illegible] is his [illegible]ty for their delivery. The warehouse-keeper gi[illegible]nd a counterpart of the cocket, called a "shipping bill," [illegible] exporting merchant. The goods pass from the warehouse-keeper into the hands of the searcher, who directs a tide-waiter to receive them at the water-side and to attend their shipment, taking an account of the articles; and he remains on board until the vessel reaches Gravesend, when she is visited by a searcher stationed there; the tide-waiter is discharged and the vessel proceeds; but before her final clearance the master delivers to the searcher a document called "a content," being a list of the goods on board, and which is compared with the cocket. It is then only that the cargo can be fairly said to be out of the hands of the Custom House officers. When British produce and manufactures are exported the course pursued is somewhat similar, the chief difference being that they are not, as in the case of foreign merchandise, exported from the bonding warehouse. The description and value of the merchandise is set forth, together with a declaration of its value. In cases where any export duty is payable, this declaration becomes the foundation upon which its amount is levied; and correctness in this matter is provided for, since, on the one hand, the merchant is interested in not over-valuing his shipment: while, on the other, it is the duty of the revenue officers to prevent any under valuation being affixed, and if, in this respect, the correctness of the merchant is suspected, to subject the goods to seizure, by tendering him the value which he himself puts upon them. In cases where no export duty is payable, the declaration of value is equally required, and, as the party is then without any temptation to give false returns, it is reasonable to believe that none such are made. In every case the goods themselves are subjected to proper examination, and their quantities accurately taken, either by weight, or tale, or measure, according to their nature. In addition to this, a document is prepared, technically called a cocket, for which the previous bill of entry is the foundation, and on the back of this cocket the fullest particulars of the transaction are recorded, while any unintentional errors of the merchant are rectified; so that this document, a copy of which remains in the Custom House, becomes, in all respects, a full and authentic register of the shipment.

Previous to 1825 the statutes relating to the customs had accumulated from the reign of Edward I. to the number of fifteen hundred; and were, as might be expected, a mass of contradiction and confusion which puzzled the most experienced, and were highly injurious to the interests of commerce. The country is indebted to Mr. Huskisson, and to the late Mr. J. D. Hume of the Custom House, and afterwards of the Board of Trade, for a comprehensive revision of these statutes, and their consolidation into eleven acts. The acts for the regulation and management of the customs were still further simplified by several statutes passed in 1833; and at the present time it is probable that further steps are about to be taken in the same direction, though rather with reference to the duties than to the means by which they are collected. One of the acts passed in 1833 enumerates not fewer than 1150 different rates of duty chargeable on imported articles, while the main source of revenue is derived from a very small number of articles. For example, the duty on seventeen articles produced, in 1839, about 94½ per cent. of the total revenue of customs, the duties on other articles being not only comparatively unproductive, but vexatious, and a hindrance to the merchants, shipowners, [illegible]. In [illegible] year, forty-six articles were productive of 98⅓ per cent. of the total customs [illegible].

The occasional importation of articles which are not enumerated in the tariff of duties is often productive of amusing perplexity. Mr. Huskisson mentioned a case of this nature when he brought forward the plans of consolidation already mentioned. A gentleman had imported a mummy from Egypt, and the officers of customs were not a little puzzled by this non-enumerated article. These remains of mortality, muscles and sinews, pickled and preserved three thousand years ago, could not be deemed a raw material, and therefore, upon deliberation, it was determined to tax them as a manufactured article. The importer, anxious that his mummy should not be seized, stated its value at 400*l.*; and the declaration cost him 200*l.*, being at the rate of 50*l.* per cent. on the manufactured merchandise which he was about to import. Mr. Huskisson reduced the duties on non-enumerated manufactured articles from 50*l.* to 20*l.* per cent., and of non-enumerated unmanufactured articles from 20*l.* to 10*l.* per cent. A somewhat similar case has been recently mentioned in Parliament, relating to an importation of ice from Norway. A doubt was started what duty it ought to pay, and the point was referred from the Custom House to the Treasury, and from the Treasury to the Board of Trade; and it was ultimately decided that the ice might be introduced on the payment of the duty on dry goods; but, as one of the speakers remarked, "The ice was dissolved before the question was solved."*

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* Debate in the House of Lords, Feb. 15, 1842.

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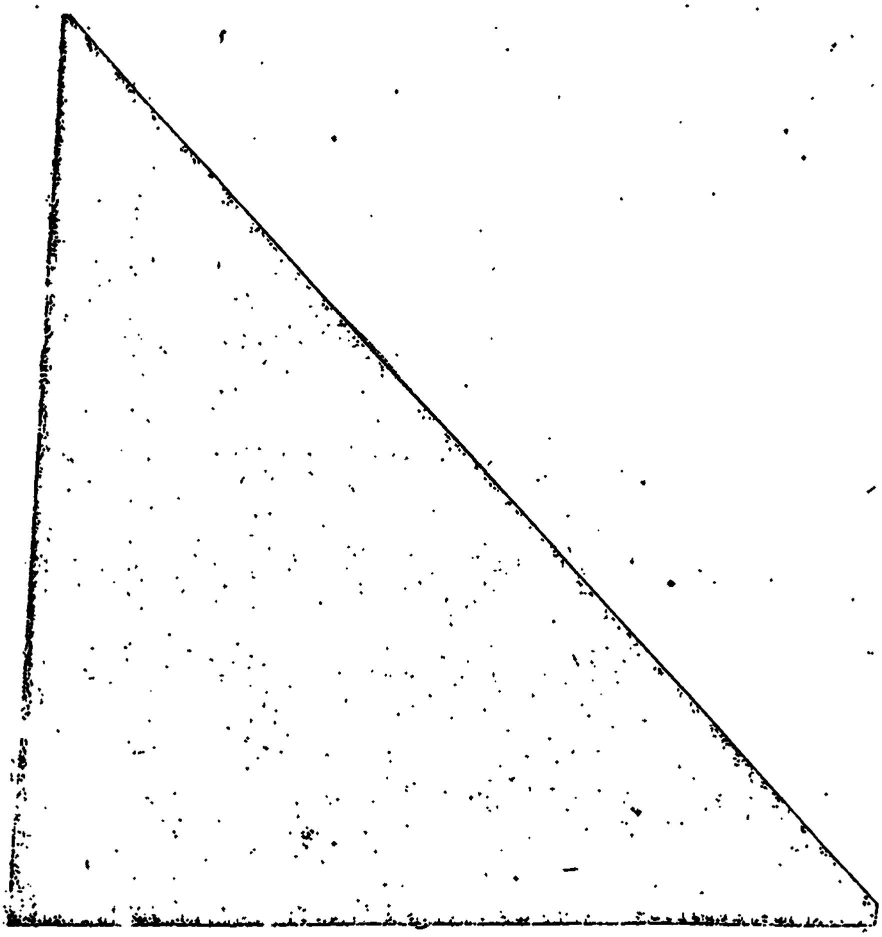

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